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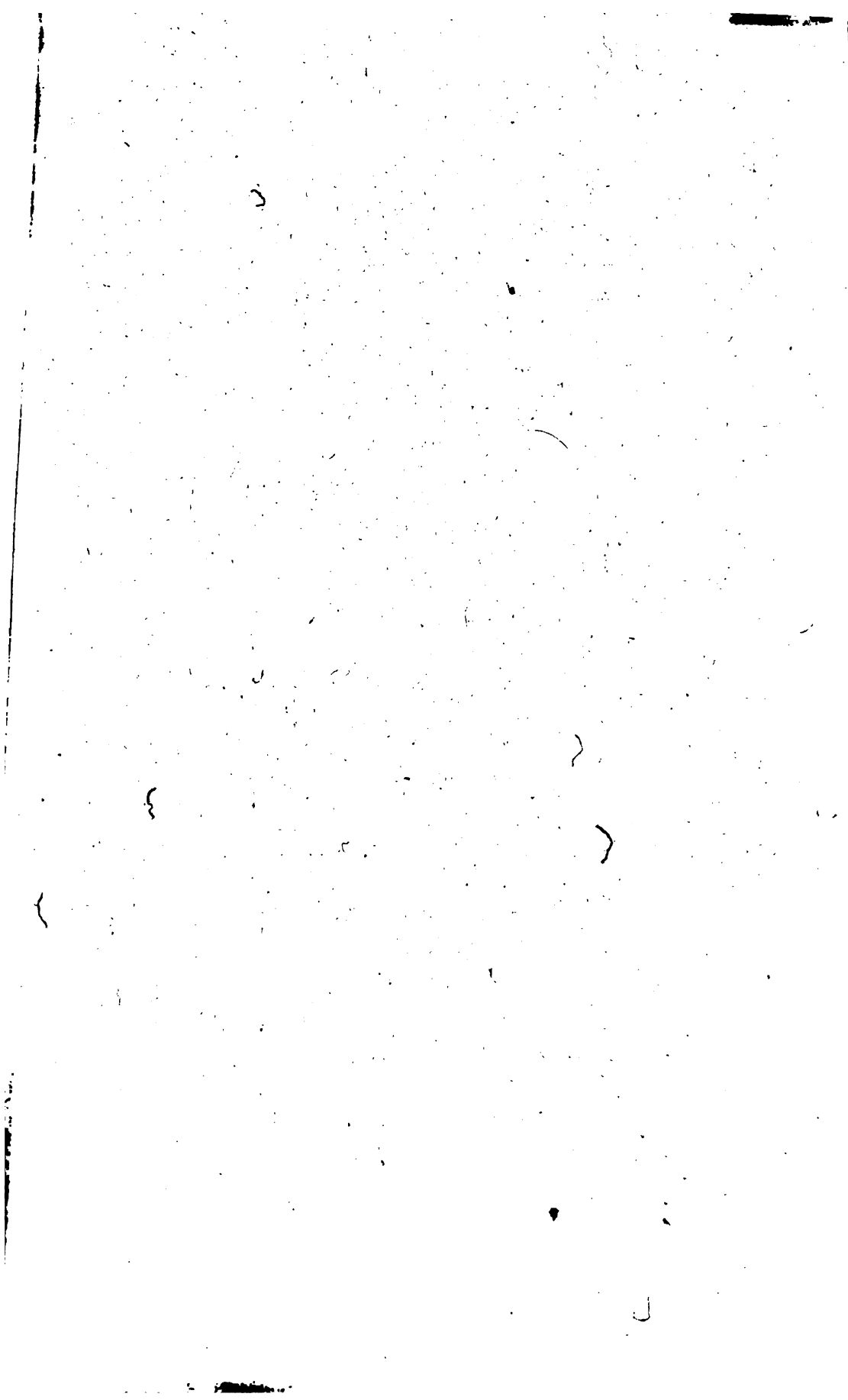
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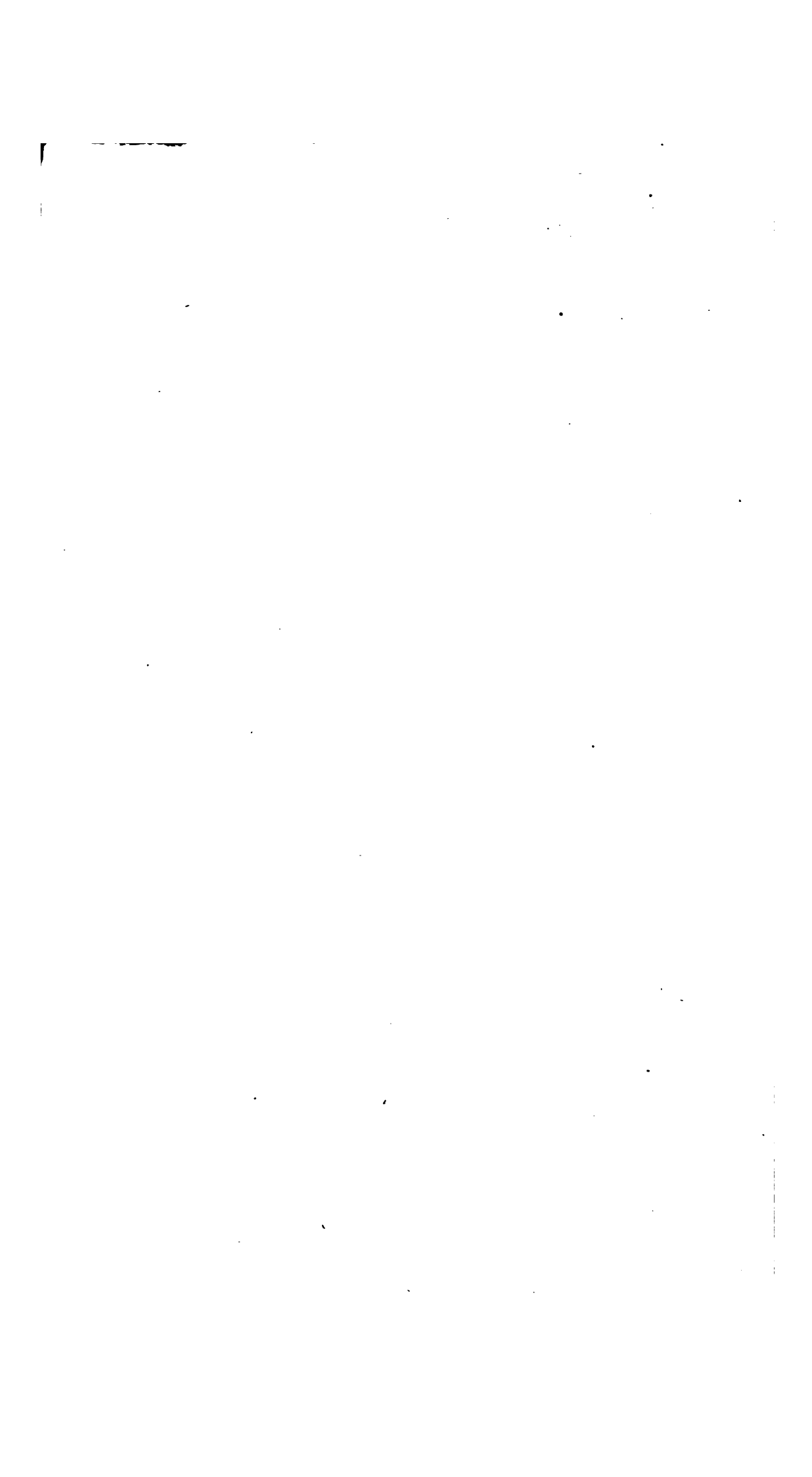
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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER:

DEVOTED TO

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

AND

THE FINE ARTS.

Au gré de nos desirs bien plus qu'au gré des vents.

Crebillon's Electre.

As we will, and not as the winds will.

VOL. X.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

B. B. MINOR, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

1844.



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SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

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VOL. X.

RICHMOND, JANUARY, 1844.

NO. 1.

THE EDITOR TO HIS PATRONS.

Hoping that a "merry Christmas" has gladdened your hearts, leaving them untouched by its frost, we again greet you with "a happy New Year." What matters it that chill Winter has come, binding all Nature in his icy chains, if he touch not with his torpor the generous impulses of noble hearts? Though his blasts howl around us, as now, making us almost idolize "our own fire side," where we so "tranquilly abide," it may still be sunshine and Spring within our minds. Let the frosts of selfishness never freeze the generous current of the soul; but let the genial warmth of kindred spirits, the ardor of chaste Love and the fervor of devoted Friendship keep it limpid, flowing and sparkling forever.

There is a glory and a use in Nature's winter, with all its cold and storm. With what grandeur and splendor the mountain rears its snow-turbaned head! What Beauty sparkles the gem-decked trees! What Joy fills the throng that glide, like spirits in a dream, over the surface of the shining lake! And beneath Winter's chilling robe spring the flowers and the grain. But what glory, what beauty, what good in the blasts of human passion, or the benumbing selfishness of Ignoble Natures!

The monarch of the sunny clime could not be persuaded that Winter ever laid his stiff hand upon the flowing streams and made them bear the tramp of men. If he was as ignorant of the freezing coldness of the heart, what Bliss he knew! May the constant sunshine of Christmas mirth, New Year happiness and every day joy keep you from experiencing it, and make you as incredulous of it as was the Eastern King of the existence of ice.

Another year, with its hopes, its duties and its aims, is opening before us. Different occupations invite the energy of our spirits. Go on with brave hearts and strong hands—the wilderness of Life will fall before you and smiling homes and spreading, teeming fields will reward and bless your efforts.

We approve the custom of the Editor commencing each volume with a little friendly chat with his patrons. He has to thank the firm and steadfast, to incite the faltering, to arouse the supine and invoke anew the aid of all the friends of Literary Enterprise. He has to congratulate his readers upon the delight he has afforded them, to unfold to them his plans, and to commune with them about his prospects—ah! and he has to regret that many are so indifferent to the noble cause, in which he is engaged, as to withdraw, or withhold their encouragement and support. How can any, whose hearts and minds have been visited by the "Day-star" of

Knowledge, rest content, whilst any scheme for Intellectual improvement and Literary honor is demanding their support!!

For the ensuing year, our own efforts shall be unremitting and we will receive the constant aid of many of the ablest pens in the Union;—Essayists, Poets, Novelists, Critics and Historians. They have assured us of their good will and some have given solid proof of their intention to sustain us. THEY DEEM IT ESSENTIAL TO THE SOUTH TO HAVE SUCH A WORK AND CRY SHAME UPON HER SONS FOR NOT SPEEDING IT ON WITH MORE GENEROUS AID. Nothing is wanting, in order to sustain, in the heart of the South and with the South in its heart, the best toned, best printed and best filled Magazine in the whole Union, but Patrons; or, to speak more plainly, prompt, paying subscribers.

We foresee that the pretended, or supposed cheapness of lower priced Periodicals will be an obstacle in our way. Common honesty requires that those who do not furnish but three dollars' worth should demand no more. Is it not better, judicious and economical readers, to give a guinea for a guinea than a shilling for a sixpence; or, what is still worse, than imitate the gourmand, who gave his last guinea for an ortolan? Many think, that after their money has been changed into good Messenger paper, they get what is worth a premium. The existence of the Messenger, with its distinctive tone, is and has been worth to the South more thousands than enough to establish it forever. The Messenger can not be too large for a month's reading. By reduction of size and loss of character, it could be brought to the level of three dollar cheapness,—but no true friend can desire to see this done. You may lop the noble oak, until nothing is left but its unsightly trunk, fit only to be burned; or you may cut it down and leave only its misshapen stump; but, in order to enjoy its beauty and shade, you must extend its spreading branches, by watering its roots and fertilizing its soil. Sooner than see the Messenger disparaged and brought down from its present exalted position, we had rather see it fall. Southerners, you can preserve it, as it stands; and who had not rather see the proud monument, reared in honor of some noble achievement, shattered by the lightning, or uprooted by the earthquake, than suffered to moulder and decay, by the neglect of those who should have cherished and perpetuated it.

What are the few thousand patrons of the Messenger to the vast number of those to whose interest, to whose patriotism and appreciation of laudable enterprise it strongly appeals? We can

not rest satisfied, nor feel *proud* of the South until she has sent us TEN THOUSAND subscribers.

We are almost ready to resolve that we will have this number if we have to go through the land, a second Peter the Hermit. Come then, ye sons of the South, who love your own land, and ye sons of the North, who wish a bond of union with your brethren—who wish to reciprocate that generous patronage which your every effort receives from us;—Come and enroll your names in behalf of the Messenger. To you, most generous and steady Patrons, we owe unbounded thanks, and shall strive, unremittingly, to requite you for your favors, by sending you a work worthy of yourselves. To effect this, let none be Patrons in name only—but all in deed and in truth. Let every friend enlist his friends; every gifted pen pour fourth its treasures and all unite to rear a monument of talent worthy of the Fathers we have buried, of the land which they left us, of the privileges we possess and the destiny that awaits us.

At this season of Christmas Gifts and New Year Presents, it may be expected that we should offer you something more substantial than sentiment, or exhortation. Alas! alas!! we have neither "Mysteries of Paris," Newspaper "Annals," nor any other unrivalled "Premiums," to offer you. A cordial greeting and our Messenger's stores—our "heart and lute"—are all we can give you. Oh! ye grown up children, will not these suffice? If not, then sincerely do we hope, that St. Nicholas has well filled your hanging socks with sugar plums and fire-crackers. But ye, whose devotion did not propitiate the bountiful Nicholas, be not disconsolate; for your fond mothers have, or will, no doubt, award you the portion of that "big boy,"

"Little Jack Horner,
Who sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie."

But indeed we are disposed to be liberal—yes we will astonish you by our generosity. Then, "dear friends, sweet friends," if you will only turn over a new leaf with us, what will we not do for you?—Yes, yes, we must be liberal. We will give you free permission to read the Messenger through—and—to pay for it. Nor shall your precious privileges end here; for, in the best faith, we promise to renew this "charter of your Liberties" when, with the blessing of Heaven, we come to celebrate the birth-day of another year. Till then, Joy, Peace and Truth attend your steps.

To think rightly is of Knowledge; to speak fluently is of Nature;

To read with profit is of care; but to write aptly is of practice.

To be accurate, write; to remember, write; to know thine own mind, write.

Tupper.

IPHIGENIA AT TAURIS.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

IN FIVE ACTS.

(Translated from the German of Goëthé.)

The Grecian host, destined for the destruction of Troy, was assembled at Aulis. All was now ready and each Grecian bosom burned to avenge the injured Helen. There lay the ships freighted with heroes and all the munitions of war; but in vain they waited for propitious winds: Agamemnon, "King of Men," the commander of this mighty host, had killed the favorite stag of Diana, and the Goddess, in displeasure, allowed "not one favoring breeze to swell his flagging sails."

Calchas "disclosed the fates" and demanded the costly sacrifice of Iphigenia, Agamemnon's cherished daughter, to appease "the Queen dispensing light." The father's love hardly yields to the Greek's devotion; but the wily Ulysses is sent to lure the dedicated victim and her mother to the camp, under the pretence of marrying Iphigenia to the Great Achilles. The hour arrives, the Altar is prepared and the victim, now willing, is ready to die; but Diana ransoms the maiden, and enshrouding her in a cloud, bears her away to Tauris, in the present Crimea, and makes her priestess of her Temple there. What happened there the play will best unfold.

Euripides, in his works, has celebrated Iphigenia both at Aulis and at Tauris. The German poet has represented some incidents differently from him. The name of the author of the following translation would give it weight; but we must confine ourselves to saying, that it has been highly approved by a German scholar and by an excellent judge of its English Dress.—*Ed. Mess.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

IPHIGENIA, Priestess of the Temple of Diana at Tauris and Daughter of Agamemnon.

THOAS, King of Tauris.

ARCAS, his Minister.

ORRESTES, Brother of Iphigenia.

PYLADES, his friend.

SCENE.—The grove before Diana's Temple.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Iphigenia alone.

Through your deep shades, ye high and waving summits,
Of this old consecrated leafy grove,
As in Diana's silent sanctuary,
I move, e'en now, with shuddering emotion,
As if I pe'er before had trod your mazes;
Nor does my soul yet find itself at home.
So many years have I been here concealed
By that high will, to which I meekly bow;
And yet, as at the first, I am a stranger.
For ah! From all I love the sea divides me.
And, standing on the shore the five long day,
My yearning spirit, o'er the watery waste,
Stretches herself to seek the shores of Greece!
While to my sighs the roaring waves give back
Their mullen, hoarse, unsympathizing voice.
Wo to the wretch, who, far from home and kindred,
Must mourn in solitude life's dearest joys
Dashed from his lip. His thronging thoughts still roam
Back to his Father's halls, back to the scenes,
Where first the fair Sun to his eye disclosed
The face of Heaven; where the sports of childhood,
Strengthening the ties of blood, still closer drew

The silken bands that heart to heart unite.
 I do not quarrel with the Gods. But ah!
 The lot of Woman is indeed most sad.
 In Peace man governs, and in War commands;
 In stranger lands, his hand still guards his head.
 Possession gladdens him, and Victory crowns;
 And glorious Death ends all. But fate binds Woman
 To make obedience to a Tyrant Husband
 Her duty and her only consolation.
 And oh! How wretched should a hostile fate
 To strangers in strange lands consign her. Here,
 Thus noble Thoas keeps me. Solemn—holy
 The bond that binds me; yet am I a slave,
 And blush to own with what reluctant service
 I wait on thee, oh Goddess! thee to whom
 I owe my life; to whom that life should be,
 With free unforced devotion dedicated.
 Yet have I trusted, and I still do trust
 In thee, Diana, who, in thy soft arms,
 And to thy holy bosom didst embrace
 The disowned daughter of the King of men.
 Daughter of Jove, if thou the illustrious man
 By thee afflicted for his victim child,
 If thou the God-like Agamemnon, who
 The darling of his heart brought to thine altar,
 Hast led in glory from Troy's prostrate walls
 Back to his fatherland; his treasures there,
 Wife—son—and daughter, all preserved by thee,
 Oh! give me too at last to those I love;
 Me, whom from Death already thou hast saved,
 Save from the living Death I suffer here.

SCENE 2.

Iphigenia. Arcas.

Arcas. Greeting and hail to great Diana's Priestess
 The King by me hath sent. Tauris to-day
 For new and wondrous victories gives thanks
 To her protecting Goddess; and the King,
 Followed by his triumphant host, approaches.

Iphigenia. We are prepared to give them fit reception;
 And great Diana now the welcome offering
 From Thoas' hand, with gracious smile, expects.

Arcas. And thine, much-honored Priestess! Were thy
 smile,

Oh! holy virgin, also clear and bright,
 How happy were the omen. Secret grief
 Still preys upon thy heart; and still in vain
 For years we've listened for one trustful word.
 That self-same look, I still, with shuddering awe,
 Have seen, since first I saw thee in this place,
 And still, as if forged down with iron bands,
 Deep in thy inmost breast, thy soul remains.

Iphigenia. As best becomes the Exile and the Orphan.

Arcas. Art thou an Exile and an Orphan here?

Iphigenia. Can a strange shore become our Fatherland?

Arcas. But now to thee thy Fatherland is foreign.

Iphigenia. Ah true! Most true! And hence my heart
 still bleeds.

In Life's first dawn, while yet the unpractised heart
 Is hardly conscious of the tie that binds
 To Father, Mother, Kindred; while the scions,
 That cluster round the root of the old stem,
 First Heaven-ward begin to strive; Oh! then
 A curse seized on me, and, with iron grasp,
 Sundering that tie, bore me from all I loved.
 Then perished Youth's best joys; then withering shrunk
 The bud of promise. Rescued from the grave,
 What am I, but a shadow to myself,
 Wherein no flush of joy again can bloom.

Arcas. Still so unhappy! Pardon my presumption!
 Is it not rather that thou art ungrateful?

Iphigenia. Thanks you have always.

Arcas. Aye, but not the thanks
 That recompense the benefit; the look
 That speaks a heart content in grateful love.
 When, many years ago, mysterious fate
 Placed thee a Priestess in this holy fane,
 Thoas received thee, as a gift from Heaven,
 With reverence and love. To thee this shore
 Gave kindly welcome, tho' to all beside
 So full of horror. For what stranger else
 Had entered our realm, who did not bleed
 At Dian's altar, a devoted victim
 According to time-consecrated custom.

Iphigenia. Breath is not life; and what a life is this,
 Chained to this holy spot, as if a ghost
 Were doomed around its grave ever to wander.
 Is this a life conscious of life and joy,
 Whose every hour dreamed fruitlessly away,
 Can but prepare the soul for that grey twilight,
 Which, on the shores of Lethe, the sad host
 Of parted spirits celebrate in draughts
 Of deep oblivion,—even of themselves?
 A useless life is but an early death:
 And such is Woman's fate—such most is mine.

Arcas. The noble pride that sees not its own merit
 I pardon but lament it; for it robs thee
 Of what thou prizest most, and well hast purchased.
 Thou hast done nothing here, since thine arrival!!!
 Who then has cheered the troubled soul of Thoas?
 Whose gentle influence has, from year to year,
 The old and barbarous custom held in check,
 Which cruelly fore-doomed the hapless stranger
 To bleed a victim on Diana's altar,
 And often has sent back from certain death
 The ransomed captives to their native land?
 Whose winning prayer has soothed the injured Goddess,
 That she, without displeasure, sees her Temple
 Robbed of its victims, and still leads us on
 To victory and triumph? Who but thou
 Has softened the stern spirit of the King,
 Who, wise and brave, our councils and our arms
 Directs, that lightly sits the yoke of duty,
 While he, rejoicing in thy presence, takes
 The infection of thy mildness? Is this nothing?
 This to be useless? When thy very being
 Sheds balm on thousands? When the Gods have made
 thee

A source of comfort to the happy people
 To whom they kindly gave thee, and a refuge
 To the lone stranger on this deadly shore,
 Where, but for thee, his doom were sealed.

Iphigenia. What's done
 Dwindles to nothing, in the eye that looks
 Forward, and sees how much is left to do.

Arcas. But is it just to undervalue merit,
 Though in ourselves?

Iphigenia. 'Twere surely better so
 Than rate ourselves too highly.

Arcas. Both are wrong;
 The Proud, who scorns applause when justly due:
 The Vain, greedy of praise, who asks too much.
 Believe and listen to the words of one
 Sincerely—faithfully devoted to thee.
 Should the King speak with thee to-day, take kindly
 What he intends to say.

Iphigenia. Your words tho' kind
 Distress me: Often and with pain have I
 Evaded his proposal.

Arcas. Yet bethink thee
Of what thou dost, and what is best for thee.
Since his Son's death, the King no longer trusts
His followers as before. None—absolutely
Few he trusts at all. On every youth
Of noble birth he looks with jealousy,
As the successor to his vacant throne;
While, for himself, lonely and helpless age,
Or rude rebellion and untimely death
Seem to await him. In the arts of speech,
The Scythian takes no pride. He least of all.
Accustomed to command, and prompt to act,
The art, by devious and well-chosen phrase
To steal upon his object, is to him
Unknown. Make not his task more difficult
By coy refusal, or by wilful dulness.
Meet him complacently. Meet his wish half way.
Iphigenia. Must I accelerate what threatens me?
Arcas. Callest thou then his suit a threat?
Iphigenia. Most dreadful.
Arcas. Then for his love at least give confidence.
Iphigenia. Let him first free my soul from fear.
Arcas. But why
Dost thou from him thy origin conceal?
Iphigenia. It is, that secrecy becomes a Priestess.
Arcas. Nothing should be a secret from the King;
And tho' he questions not, he deeply feels,
In his great soul, the studied cold reserve,
In which thou shroudest thyself.
Iphigenia. Does he then cherish
Anger against me?
Arcas. So it almost seems.
He speaks not of thee, but unguarded words,
At random uttered, show his steadfast purpose
To win thee. Do not leave him to himself,
Lest his displeasure change to that, which well
May make thee tremble, and too late remember,
With deep regrets, my faithful counsel.
Iphigenia. What!
Designs he then that which no noble man,
Who honors his own name, and in whose heart
Due reverence of the heavenly beings reigns,
Should ever meditate? Means he by force
To drag me from the altar to his bed?
Then on the Gods I call, and chief on Diana,
Resolved and faithful: She will not deny—
A Goddess to her Priestess—her protection—
A Virgin to a Virgin.
Arcas. Fear not that.
The heart of youthful blood drives not the King
To the audacious violence of Youth.
But—thinking as he does, I much do fear
A sterner purpose, which his thwarted will
Most surely will accomplish. Firm he is,
And fixed in his designs. I pray thee then
Be thankful—trustful, if you be no more.
Iphigenia. Tell me what else thou knowest.
Arcas. Learn it from him.
I see him coming. Thou dost honor him.
Obey thy heart, and meet him as a friend.
Give him thy confidence. The noblest men
Most readily submit them to be guided
By a kind word from woman.

[*Exit ARCAS.*]

Iphigenia. I see not
How I can follow this true friend's advice.
But gladly I obey the voice of duty;
And, for his many favors, to the King
A kind word will I give. Oh! that I could
Tell him with truth that which would please him best.

SCENE 3.

Iphigenia. Thoas.

Iphigenia. With royal blessings may the Goddess bless
thee!

Victory and Glory, Wealth and Happiness
To thee and thine may she profusely grant,
With the fulfilment of each pious wish,
That, as the multitude o'er whom thy reign
Extends its blessings, be the rich abundance
Of thy rare happiness.

Thoas. Enough for me
My People's praises. All that I have gained
Is more enjoyed by others than by me;
For he is happiest, whether King or Peasant,
Whose home is happy. Thou didst share my sorrow,
When from my side my Son, my last, my best,
The hostile sword lopped off. Then, while Revenge
Possessed my spirit, I felt not the void
Of my lone dwelling. Now—my rage appeased—
The hostile realm laid waste—my Son avenged,
I look at home for bliss, and look in vain.
The glad obedience which I once beheld
Sparkling in every eye, is now exchanged
For dark-browed care, and dumb anxiety,
While each one, musing on the doubtful future,
Obeys his childless King because he must.
Now, to this temple, which so oft I've entered
To pray for Victory, or to render thanks
For Victories won, again I come to-day,
And in my bosom a long cherished wish,
To you not new, I bear; the wish—the hope
To bear thee to my dwelling as my bride,
A blessing to my People and myself.

Iphigenia. Too much thou offerest to one unknown,
Oh King! The exile stands abashed before thee,
Who, on this shore, sought nothing but repose,
And the protection thou hast kindly granted.

Thoas. And is it right, from me as from a Peasant,
The secret of thy origin to hide?
In any country this would be ungrateful:
But here, where strangers tremble to encounter
What Law and stern Necessity denounce,
From thee, enjoying every pious right,
A guest received with favor, one who lives
According to her every wish and fancy,
From thee I hoped at least the confidence
Due to a faithful host.

Iphigenia. If I concealed,
Oh, King! the name of Parents and of race,
'Twas in perplexity and not distrust.
Didst thou but know who stands before thee here,
Whose the accursed head thy pity shelters,
Horror, perchance, would seize thy noble heart,
And shuddering, thou wouldest drive me from thy realm,
Instead of asking me to share thy throne;
Thrusting me forth, ere yet occasion offers
To end my wanderings in a blest return
To all I love;—forth to the misery
Which, hovering round the exile, clings to him
Frighting his soul with its strange icy grasp.

Thoas. Whate'er the counsels of the Gods decree
Against thee or thy house, here every blessing
Their bounty can bestow has still attended
Thy cherished presence. I can never think
That I protect in thee a guilty head.

Iphigenia. Thy bounty wins the blessing, not thy guest.
Thoas. Bounty to crime is never thus required.

Then lay aside thy coy reserve, and give
Thy confidence to one too just to wrong it.
Holy to me thou art, as unto her

The Goddess, who to me delivered thee,
And to her nod I still submit my will.
Let but occasion offer to return
To home and friends, that moment thou art free.
But if the homeward path be barred forever,
Thy friends expelled, or crushed by huge misfortune,
Then, by more laws than one, I claim thee mine.
Speak then. Thou knowest me faithful to my word.

Iphigenia. Unwillingly my tongue resumes its freedom
From long accustomed bondage, to reveal
The deep hid secret, which, when once disclosed,
To the heart's sanctuary never more
Returns for refuge; but becomes henceforth
The potent minister of good or ill,
E'en as the Gods decree. Know then my lineage.
'Tis from the race of Tantalus I spring.

Thoas. A word of Power! And yet thou speakest it
calmly.

Was he thy ancestor, whom all the world
Knew as the man much favored by the Gods?
That Tantalus, whom, of old, to his high councils
And to his table, Jove himself invited:
He, in whose time-earned wisdom and experience,
Uttered in words oracular, the Gods
Took pleasure.

Iphigenia. 'Tis the same. But Gods should not
Converse with men, as with their equals hold.
The mortal race, too weak to bear such honor,
Grows dizzy with the unaccustomed height.
He was not base; and he was not a Traitor.
Too great to be a servant, yet being Man,
He was no fit companion for the thunderer.
His crime was human, but severe his doom,
For Poets sing that indiscreet presumption
Down from Jove's table to the deep disgrace
Of Tartarus hurled him; and alas! his race
Still bears the hatred of the Gods.

Thoas. But bears it
Only ancestral guilt? None of its own.

Iphigenia. Ah, True! The mighty mind and Titan strength
Too sure descended both to Sons and Grandsons;
And their stern brows, girt with an iron band,
(Such was Jove's Will) repelled advice and prudence—
Wisdom and patience from their fierce dark glance
By his decree concealed. In them each wish
Became a passion, boundless in its rage.
Pelops, the strong of will, the much-loved Son
Of Tantalus, the beauteous Hippodamia
Daughter of Ctenomachus to his bed
By treacherous murder won. She to his love
Two children, Atreus and Thyestes, bore.
These saw with envy that their father's heart
Clung to an elder son, the first born fruit
Of his first love. Hatred to him unites them.
A brother's blood, in secret shed, first stains
Their hands. Suspicion on their mother falls.
Pelops of her demands his son, and she
Flies from his rage to self-inflicted death.

Thoas. Silent! Speak on. Thou hast no cause to rue
Thy confidence. Proceed.

Iphigenia. Ah! Happy he
Who can his fathers' memory recall
With joyful pride. Who to the listening ear
Delights to tell their greatness, and exalts
To trace the bright links of a nobler lineage;
Himself the last. No family at once
Breeds demigods or monsters. Good or bad,
There is a series, which ends at last,
In the delight or horror of the world.
Their father dead, Thyestes rules with Atreus

In joint authority the subject State.
But short their concord. For Thyestes soon
His brother's bed dishonors, and is driven
An exile from his throne. But long before,
Full of malignant purpose, he had stolen
A Son from Atreus, and the petted boy
Had brought up as his own. He fills his mind
With evil passions, frenzy and revenge,
And sends him to the royal court to murder,
In him he deems his uncle, his own father.
His purpose is discovered; and the youth
Dies by his father's sentence, as the son
And murderous agent of a hated brother.
Too late the truth is known, that his own Son,
Before his drunken eyes, had died in torture.
Deep in his breast he locks the purposed vengeance
And calmly meditates an unheard deed.
He seems composed—indifferent—reconciled,
And lures his brother back into his kingdom
With his two sons. The boys he seizes—murders,
And to the father's table serves them up,
Disgustful, horrid food! Thyestes, gorged
With his own flesh, is seized with boding gloom;
Asks for his children, listens for their step,
And thinks he hears their prattling at the door,
When to his shrinking eye Atreus displays
The visage grim in death, and severed limbs
Of either victim. Shuddering, thy face,
Oh King! thou turnest away. And so the Sun
His countenance averted, and his chariot
Turned from the eternal deep-worn track aside.
Such are the Fathers of thy Priestess—such
Their doom. What else their wicked hearts have prompted
Night's heavy pinions hide, and but reveal
The dreadful twilight.

Thoas. Let them rest in silence.
Enough of horrors. Say now, by what wonder
Thou from this savage race hast sprung.

Iphigenia. My Father
Was Agamemnon, oldest son of Atreus.
In him, through life, I may presume to say it,
I've seen the model of a perfect man.
The first born of his love for Clytemnestra
Am I. Electra next. In peace he reigned,
And rest, so long denied the house of Tantalus,
At length enjoyed. But to a father's wish
A son was wanting. Soon that wish was granted,
And now between two sisters young Orestes
Grew up the joy of all; when new misfortune,
Prepared already, burst upon our house.
Fame to your ears has brought the sound of War,
Which, to avenge the wrong of one fair woman,
With all the powers of the Kings of Greece
The walls of Troy beleaguered. Whether they
The conquest have achieved, and their revenge
Appeased I know not. All the host of Greece
My Father led. Baffled by adverse winds
In Aulis long they waited; For Diana,
By their great chief offended, thus detained
The eager host, and by the mouth of Kalchas
The first born daughter of the King demanded.
They lured me with my mother to the camp,
And at the altar this devoted head
Was offered to the Goddess. She, appeased,
Sought not my blood, but veiled me in a cloud
And bore me hither. In this temple first
From Death-trance I awoke to consciousness.
'Tis I. 'Tis Iphigenia—the grand child
Of Atreus; it is Agamemnon's daughter,
Diana's property, who speak to thee.

Thoas. Thou sprung from Kings, thou hast no stronger claim

Upon my favor or my confidence
Than when unknown. 'My offer I renew.
Then go with me and share in all I have.

Iphigenia. My King, how can I hazard such a step?
The Goddess who preserved me, she alone
Has claims on my devoted life. She chose
This as my place of refuge, and, perhaps,
Reserves me for the solace and delight
Of the declining years of one whom she
Enough has punished. Who knows, even now,
That my deliverance is not at hand,
If I, unmindful of her holy will,
Thwart not her plan. Devoutly have I asked
A sign by which her pleasure may be known.

Thoas. It is a sign that here thou still remainest.
Seek no excuses, for they speak in vain,
Who would involve denial in smooth words.
The baffled suitor only hears the "No."

Iphigenia. My trust is not in words that only dazzle.
I have disclosed to thee my inmost heart:
And knows not thine own heart how mine must yearn
To see my Father—Mother—Brother—Sister—
To see, in that old hall, where sorrow still
May sometimes lisp my name, Joy's reign restored,
Twining its columns with fresh blooming wreathes,
As for one newly born? Oh! send me thither,
And give new life to them, to me, to all.

Thoas. Go then. Obey thy wilful heart, and spurn
The voice of Heaven and of friendly counsel.
Be quite a woman. Yield thee to the impulse
Which, unrestrained, hurries her where it will;
For let but passion burn within her bosom,
No holy tie can keep her from the arms
Of him who lures her from the faithful care
Of Father or of Husband. Let that sleep,
And golden-tongued persuasion pleads in vain,
Tho' urged sincerely, and enforced by reason.

Iphigenia. Oh! King, bethink thee of thy noble word,
Nor let my confidence be thus requited.
I thought thee well prepared to hear the truth.

Thoas. I was; but not for this—so unexpected!
But what else could I look for? Knew I not
I had to deal with woman?

Iphigenia. Do not rail,
O King! against our sex. It is indeed
Not lordly, like your own, but not ignoble
Are Woman's weapons. Trust me that in this
To thee I am superior, that I know,
Better than thou, that which should make thee happy.
Full of fond hope as well as good intentions,
Thou urgest me to yield: and I have cause
To thank the Gods that they have given me firmness
To shun a union not approved by them.

Thoas. It is no God that speaks. 'Tis thy own heart.

Iphigenia. 'Tis only through the heart they speak to us.

Thoas. Should not I hear that voice as well as thou?

Iphigenia. It speaks in whispers, and the storm out-
roars it.

Thoas. Then 'tis the Priestess only that can hear it.

Iphigenia. The Prince, above all else, is bound to listen.

Thoas. Oh no! Thy holy office, and thy claim
Hereditary to the Thunderer's table
Have placed thee nearer to the Gods than me,
An earth-born Savage.

Iphigenia. Thus it is I suffer
For confidence that thou hast wrung from me.

Thoas. I'm but a man. 'Twere better we stop here.
My word is steadfast. Serve the Goddess still

Her chosen Priestess. But may Dian Pardon
My fault, that I so long, against our Law
And my own conscience, have withheld from her
Her ancient sacrifice. From oldest times
Death was the certain doom of every stranger,
Who touched this shore; till thou with blandishments,
In which I thought I saw a daughter's fondness,
And hoped at length to see the silent love
Of a young bride, beguiled me from my duty,
Spell-bound, with magic bonds and rocked to sleep,
That I heard not the murmurs of my People.
But now they charge my Son's untimely death
But as a visitation on my guilt,
And I no more for thy sake will restrain
The crowd that clamors for the sacrifice.

Iphigenia. Not for my sake I asked it. He, who thinks
The Gods delight in blood, mistakes them widely,
Charging on them his cruel purposes.
Did not the Goddess save me from the Priest,
Preferring to my blood my service here?

Thoas. 'Tis not for us, with ready sophistry
To mould our holy usage to our will.
Do thou thy duty. Leave me to do mine.
Two strangers, in a cave near to the Sea,
Have just been found concealed. They bring no good.
I hold them captive, and the injured Goddess
Shall take them as her due,—(the first that offer,)
For sacrifices now so long delayed.
I send them hither, and thou knowest the rest.

[Exit.]

Iphigenia. Thou hast clouds, my kind deliverer,
Clouds to screen afflicted Virtue,
Winds to waft the victim, rescued
From the iron hand of Fate,
Across the land—across the Ocean.
Wise art thou to scan the future;
Still to thee the past is present;
And thine eye upon thy servants
Rests, as thy light, the life of night,
Calmly rules the silent earth.
O! withhold my hand from blood!
No Peace, no blessing can attend it.
Though slain by chance, the victim's spectre
Haunts the casual perpetrator
To dog and fright his hour of woe.
For good men to the Gods are dear,
Wherever such on earth are found;
And they this fleeting life vouchsafe
To mortals, whom they freely suffer
To share with them the cheering aspect
Of their own eternal Heaven.*

[END OF ACT I.]

* The translator is aware that this hymn sounds strangely in English. Perhaps it will be as unacceptable to his readers as to himself. It was his wish to have preserved the measure, giving a rhyming close to the lines, but he relinquished this purpose in compliance with the request of a German friend, at whose suggestion he undertook the translation. It was the wish of that gentleman to exhibit Goëthé to the American public in a dress resembling as nearly as possible his German costume. His metre, therefore, is exactly copied throughout. Hence, too, the translation is literal to a fault, as it sometimes happens that certain words are quite unpoetical in one language, while the corresponding word in another is consecrated by custom to the Poet's use. The translator is not conscious of any greater liberty than that of rendering "grasp" for "faust," "fist," and "nod" for "wink," which means the same in German as in English.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT LAW.

Views in regard to an extension of the privileges of Copyright in the United States, to the citizens of other countries, in a Letter to the Hon. Isaac E. Holmes, of South Carolina, member of Congress. By the author of "The Yemassee," "The Kinsmen," "Richard Hurdie," "Damsel of Darien," &c.

HON. I. E. HOLMES:

House of Representatives, Washington.

DEAR SIR:—You have done me the honor to request my views of the effect of the Copyright Law, as it exists at present, upon the interests of domestic authorship, and of such an extension of its privileges, as will enable the citizens of foreign countries to partake of its securities, in common with our own. Upon a subject of so much doubt and disputation, I should have been better pleased to refer you to more experienced writers than myself—to those whose greater knowledge of the business of Literature, and higher distinction in its walks, would entitle them to speak with more authority, and with less doubtful claims to the respect and consideration of the country. But, regarding the question as a vital one, and in the silence of those whom I myself should much prefer to hear, I do not feel altogether at liberty to decline the task to which I am invited. Believing, as I do, that the condition of the law as it now stands, endangers, and will long continue to jeopard, the best interests of the country, as regards its intellectual progress, not less than the minor, but still important interests of the American author, considered simply as an individual,—I feel, as an additional incentive to your application, the sense of a pressing, not to say imperious duty, which obliges me to speak. I am not conscious, however, that I can throw any new lights upon the subject. I do not know that I can furnish one additional argument to those which have been so frequently set before the American people, and, seemingly, in vain; but, I can, at least, in good faith, present an additional witness in the cause, and array, in simple order, those suggestions of my reason and my experience, which have inclined me, after frequent deliberation, to place myself on the present side of the question.

Perhaps, as a preliminary to this discussion, important, if not absolutely essential to a just perception of all its bearings, it would be well to take a hasty survey of the past history and present condition of American Literature. It is important to show, that something has been done by native authorship, to justify what might else seem to be an importunate and impertinent clamoring at the doors of Congress, for a species of bounty and shows of favor, for the benefit of those who can exhibit no proper title to consideration. We admit the necessity, on the threshold, of showing that American Literature, is not a name merely, but a thing;—that it has been a thing of works and triumphs;—

that it has honored the country abroad, and has been serving it at home; and that, to American authorship, not yet thirty years old, the nation is largely indebted for much of its public morality, its private virtues, its individual independence, and that social tone which prevents the absolute and general usurpation of opinion, in matters of taste, by foreign and inferior models;—to the rank influence of which we are particularly exposed by the premature and excessive growth of our commercial tendencies.

I trust that it will not be demanding too violent a concession from any citizen, when we assume, that a Literature of some kind is absolutely necessary to every nation that professes to be civilized. It is, perhaps, the highest, if not the only definite proof of national civilization. It is contended that a foreign Literature is not only not enough for the wants of such a people, but that, in all cases where it is suffered to supersede their own, it must prove ultimately fatal to their moral, if not their political independence. It is contended, and on sufficient grounds, that a people, who receive their Literature exclusively from a foreign land, are, in fact, if not in form, essentially governed from abroad;—that their laws are furnished, if not prescribed, by a foreign and, frequently, a hostile power; and that, as it is only through our own minds that we can be free, so, when these are surrendered to the tutelage of strangers, we are, to all intents and purposes, a people in bondage.

The proposition, however startling it may seem, is by no means too strongly put. Unhappily, our own national experience furnishes us with an illustration, which is beyond the denial of the most bigoted mind. It applies, with singular force and directness to the actual relation, in which we have long stood, and still measureably stand, to the controlling intellect of Great Britain. There is no disguising the pernicious influence, which, to this day, she maintains over our moral and mental character. There is no concealing, as there is no defending, the odious servility with which a large portion of our population, in the great cities, contemplate her haughty aristocracy; borrow their affectations, ape their arrogances, adopt their prejudices, and shackle themselves, hand and foot, in the miserable folds of their meretricious and highly artificial society. The disgusting meanness which hangs upon the heels of her travellers,—which beslaughters them with caresses, and, subsequently, requites their natural scorn with blackguardism, is shocking to the national pride and debasing to the national character. Unhappily,—though I am pleased to think that the great body of our people, particularly the rural portions—revolt at such proceedings and keep from participation in them,—the few who are guilty of this servility find too facile a sanction for its exercise, in the readiness with which, as a whole, we receive the opinions, adopt the laws, and bor-

row the institutions of a country, the entire habits and objects of which are singularly adverse to the leading ideas upon which our own government is founded. We still, as a people, entertain most of those feelings of implicit deference for the men and measures of Great Britain,—her opinions and some of her worst prejudices—which distinguished our provincial dependency upon her; and so conscious is she of this fact, that, but recently, within a few months, one of her leading reviews has had the audacity to assert, that we cannot confer reputation at all; that domestic opinion, in the United States, cannot, in Literary History, distinguish a favorite son;—that the verdict of British authority is absolutely necessary before we can dare take to our hearts, and acknowledge with pride, the intellectual achievements of a native. Mr. Alison, in his recent *History of Europe*,—a work in which it is difficult to say whether the ignorance, or the malignity of the author, in all that concerns the United States, is greatest,—adds his testimony to the same effect. He says, “Literature and intellectual ability of the highest class meet with little encouragement in America, the names of Cooper, Channing and Washington Irving, indeed, amply demonstrate that the American soil is not wanting in genius of the most elevated and fascinating character, but their works are almost all published in London—a decisive proof that European habits and ideas are necessary to their due development.”* As if the same writers, and a thousand more, were not also published in America! But the assertion, and not its correctness, is what we have to deal with. That it is not wholly correct, we know—that it is sufficiently so, however, to prove the servility of an influential class

* The ability to create, should be, we think, *prima facie* evidence of an equal ability to judge of the thing created. The country which produces the genius cannot be incapable of determining his degree. One faculty seems inevitably to involve the other. The reflection of a single moment would stifle the absurdity which denies it; and, if it cannot silence the malignant sneer of our enemies, should be sufficient to overcome the doubts and cavils of our friends. Our own people, at least, may learn from the fact a satisfactory lesson of confidence in themselves, which should tend very much to free them from the usurpations of foreign judgment. But the statement of Mr. Alison, quoted above, goes one stride further in absurdity. That the writings of certain American authors are published in London, “is a decisive proof that European habits and ideas are necessary to their due development.” It is impossible to say where that law of logic is to be found, which leads to any such conclusion. As well may we say that, as the writings of Walter Scott and Bulwer are published in New York, it is “a decisive proof that American habits and ideas are necessary to their due development.” The fact is, that this view of the case presents an additional argument in its favor, derived from the greater diffusion of their books among us than is probably the case in England. The number of copies in an American edition of a successful novel writer is very far greater usually than the English editions—a fact arising not from any superior appreciation of the merits of the author, but simply from the greater cheapness of the volumes.

among us, and to justify our complaint, is, unhappily, beyond all question. Such a condition of dependence must always prove a difficult, but not, I trust, an impassable barrier to the moral progress of any nation which has not gone through an infancy of its own. Its feelings, tone and character, however different may be its necessities, its objects, its climate and condition, will still be impressed and determined, in the absence of an independent native Literature, by all the qualities which marked it as a colony. The mere severance of that public interest which bound it to the maternal nation, by no means constitutes mental, or even political independence; and the enfranchised people, may, in most respects, be as thoroughly, if not as explicitly, the subject people still, as at that humiliating period when their proudest distinction was to prove their loyalty under stripes, and to add the tribute of free gifts, to the unsparing exactions of a power of which they felt little but the weight. It was the policy of the Mother Country then, as it is her *hate* now, which sought to keep down the national intellect, to suppress thinking, to throw every impediment in the way of knowledge, and to perpetuate her tyranny over American industry, by paralyzing, to the utmost extent of her power, the original energies of American genius. The declaration against printing presses and newspapers, so bluntly made by one of the Colonial Governors—Berkeley, of Virginia—was the insidious, if unavowed, principle of the powers which he represented, in all that related to the concerns of America. That the colonies should be officered from abroad—that the provincial should neither preside in the cabinet, nor command in the field, was one of the admirable means by which she contrived for so long a season to maintain this policy. It was this portion of her scheme, however, more than any other—more than tea-acts or stamp-acts, or butcher acts—that led to the final throwing off of her authority. It was the native mind of America beginning to assert its claims to self-government—beginning then, to assert in politics that which the same native mind, within the last twenty years, has, for the first time, begun nobly to assert for itself in letters and the arts. It is still the policy of Great Britain that we should not succeed in this assertion—that we should still be her subject province, in one respect, if not in all. Her thought, on this subject, is very much the offspring of her wish!

A native Literature is the means, and the only means, of our perfect independence. Of the importance of this agent to a people, and to the American people in particular, it may be necessary that we should fortify our own views, by reference to those of a deservedly great authority. We are the more anxious to do this, as it appears to us that our people have really but a very imperfect appreciation of the subject, and regard with a strange

indifference, as if the matter did not in any ways concern them, the great and singular struggle, now in progress, between the native and the foreign genius;—the *genius loci* now, for the first time, struggling into birth and claiming to be heard; and that maternal mind, throned in the empire of song and thought, and upheld by the mightiest masters of art that ever made a nation famous, from which we proudly claim to have derived all the qualities which should accord, in the progress of time, a like eminence to the genius of our country! We take, from the writings of Dr. Channing, the following lucid and comprehensive paragraph.

"The facility," says that great writer, "with which we receive the literature of foreign countries, instead of being a reason for neglecting our own, is a strong motive for its cultivation. We mean not to be paradoxical, but we believe it would be better to admit no books from abroad, than to make them substitutes for our own intellectual activity. The more we receive from other countries, the greater the need of an original literature. A people, into whose minds the thoughts of foreigners are poured perpetually, needs an energy within itself to resist and to modify this mighty influence; and without it will inevitably sink under the worst bondage—will become intellectually enslaved. We have certainly no desire to complete our restrictive system, by adding to it a literary non-intercourse law. We rejoice in the increasing intellectual connexion between this country and the old world. But sooner would we rupture it, than see our country sitting passively at the feet of foreign teachers. Better have no Literature than to form ourselves unresistingly on a foreign one. The true sovereigns of a country are those who determine its mind—its modes of thinking—its taste, its principles; and we cannot consent to lodge this sovereignty in the hands of strangers. A country, like an individual, has dignity and power only in proportion as it is self-formed. There is a great stir to secure to ourselves the manufacturing of our own clothing. We say, let others spin and weave for us, but let them not think for us. A people, whose government and laws are nothing but the embodying of public opinion, should jealously guard this opinion against foreign dictation. We need a Literature to counteract, and to use wisely, the Literature which we import. We need an inward power proportionate to that which is exerted upon us, as the means of self-subsistence. It is particularly true of a people, whose institutions demand for their support a free and bold spirit, that they should be able to subject to a manly and independent criticism whatever comes from abroad. These views seem to us to deserve serious attention. We are becoming, more and more, a reading people. Books are already among the most powerful influences here. The question is, shall Europe, through these, fashion us after its plea-

sure! Shall America be only an echo of what is thought and written under the aristocracies beyond the ocean!"

No language could put the importance of this subject more clearly before the mind; and, without dwelling upon the point, we will proceed to show that the necessity of a national Literature, great as it is, to the people of every country, is of far more importance to the people of the United States, than it can, by any possibility, be to any other. In our case, the colonial habit of deferring to the Mother Country is maintained and strengthened, in spite of our political emancipation, by our employment of the same language. Could we have found a new dialect—a tongue of our own, suitable to our condition, and expressive of our liberties, on the same battle-field where they were won, we should, by this time, have been in possession of a Literature, in which they might have been proportionably and permanently enshrined. The securities for mental independence on the part of France, Germany and other great nations of Europe, are to be found chiefly in the obstacles which their several languages present, as it were, upon the very threshold, to the invasion and usurpation of strangers. The unknown tongue stands to the intruder in the guise of a bearded sentinel, jealous of every approach, and resisting the ingress of all not possessing the *parole*. We have no such securities. The enemy approaches us with the smooth and insidious utterance of our mother tongue, and we are naturally slow to suspect hostility in any such approach. How admirably may we illustrate the important bearing of this isolated fact, by a reference to the social and political relation in which we stand, comparatively, with France and England. The former we know, almost entirely, by acts of kindness. By her aid, we struggled into national individuality. With the exception of the *quasi* war with the Directory, the result of that Ishmaelite aspect in which that body stood to all the world, she has borne towards us, from the first day of our political freedom, the most encouraging and friendly countenance. Such, too, has been the aspect of her people. The books and bearing of her distinguished travellers among us have been marked by an equal sense of urbanity and justice.* England, on the contrary, almost

* Would the British people desire the best, the most honorable and impartial commentary on the character of their feelings toward this country, let them compare—contrast rather—the deportment of the distinguished Frenchmen who have honored us with their presence, and that of their own travellers. Let them read the Beaumonts and De Tocquevilles, and turn from their thoughtful, candid, and elevated views, to the sickening spite, the low malice, the cavilling and querulous peevishness, the dishonest representation, the perverse will, which cannot be made to see the brighter aspects of the object, but turns perpetually to the more grateful survey of those which may offend, by which the volumes of the Marryatts, the Trollopes and

from the beginning, has put forth all her energies to enslave or destroy us. Failing in this attempt, she resorts to others, which, if less dangerous and hurtful, are as little legitimate, and prove the character of her feelings to have remained unchanged. To this day, her writers, her travellers, her leading men, with few exceptions—the officers of her navy—the agents of her government, and those who give utterance usually to her feelings and opinions—speak of us, habitually, in terms either of frank hostility, or downright scorn and contempt. Yet the affinities suggested by the employment of a language in common, make us tolerate all the insults of the one, as if we still yearned for the ancient wallow of colonial dependency;—and with what miserable time-serving sycophancy does a large and active class among us contrive to solicit the contumelious expression of such among them, as deign to look in person upon us,—examining our ways and means—our manners and customs, as if we were in reality, by nature, an inferior people, and not, unfortunately, too nearly like themselves not to be confounded with them in every other part of the world!* On the other hand, dealing with the French, and prompted by the hostile sentiments which a foreign tongue seems naturally to inspire, we are ready to quarrel on the slightest provocation. Of their Science, Arts, Literature,—their inventions and discoveries, we have little, or no general knowledge, except through discolored British media, the prejudices of which we unconsciously imbibe, and thus form antipathies to a great and friendly nation, with the same unhappy facility, with which we take on trust all the tastes, sentiments and opinions of a master, by whom we are much more frequently reviled than instructed.

The birth of a home Literature is the great and sufficient remedy for all these errors and absurdities—and that Literature is born! The war of 1812 gave an important blow to the mental supremacy of Great Britain over this country. Prior to that war, what was the humiliating position in which we stood to that nation! Politicians will not have forgotten the scornful reproach, uttered, it is said, in the very ears of our President, (Madison,)

the Dickens's, are blackened and branded. The commentary is not less fatal to the nation which receives, than to the travellers who write, with such goût, narratives, which, if true, should give pain rather than pleasure, to the people, who are told such enormities of their kindred and descendants.

* This, so far as our relation to the people of Great Britain is affected, is an amusing truth which reflects the happiest commentary upon the ridiculous pretensions of the latter, on the subject of manners and politeness: on the continent, John Bull and Brother Jonathan are usually put into the same category, and pronounced equally incorrigible. If, in the estimation of the politer nations of the South, there be any difference between them, it is that Bull is more insolent, and his descendant more impertinent. We know not, so far as other nations are concerned, that either of them, on this score, has any thing to boast.

"You cannot be kicked into a war with Great Britain." What was the language of the British Commissioners at Ghent, met just after war had been declared, to treat with our own, for the consummation of peace?—a proceeding which smacked so much of national timidity, as almost to justify the insolent demands of the enemy! The substance of their language was, "we do not care to grant you peace, 'till we have subjected you to a sound thrashing." But that the honor of the nation was entrusted to sound native minds,—men of stubborn, independent intellect—it must have been dishonored.* But what must have been thought of the *morale* of the nation when, even in time of war, its special representatives were approached in such a spirit by the very people with whom we were in conflict! The intellect of the nation was despised, rather than its spirit. The spirit of a civilized nation depends so greatly upon its intellect, that the estimate which we make of the one, involves the other also. What had the United States done in intellectual matters, to compel the respect of other countries? Nothing! literally nothing! Our orators were numerous and able, it is true—but the achievements of the tribune and the forum are usually of domestic recognition only. They present no enduring, or obvious memorials, before the eyes of foreign nations. Our commerce was increasing our manufactures. We had shown no mean ingenuity—no inferior skill, in contending in most of the arts of trade, with rival nations. But in the superior arts, in the sciences, in poetry, painting, statuary, classical and general Literature, the nation was totally unrepresented abroad! There was no sign-manual, characteristic of American genius, to be placed before the eyes of legitimate and reluctant Europe. Before this sign-manual could be made, it was necessary that the American mind should be emancipated from its memories of colonial servitude. The war of 1812 gave the first impulse to a consummation so desirable. The scornful deportment of Great Britain forced upon our people, in their own spite, a painful, but proud feeling, of their individuality;—made them sensible of what was due to national character and national pride. Perhaps, the lesson was only taught and learned in part,—but it was a first lesson;—to be followed up by others. The savage excesses in which the British soldiery indulged—their horrible outrages at Hampton and other places, and the Hunlike brutalities at Washington, contributed to disturb our sympathy with British superiority, while making us properly resentful of their arms. The very disgraces to which the nation was subjected in Canada, were produc-

* The commissioners at Ghent were Clay, Adams, Bayard, Gallatin and Russell—statesmen, who, whatever may be the estimate put upon their course and abilities in home matters, it must be admitted, were about the best persons who could have been chosen to treat with an insolent foreign enemy.

tive of admirable effects, in impressing upon us, even through shame and stripes, a better sense of national dignity than we seemed before to entertain. Our ocean-victories followed, at the happy moment, to confirm in us the new-born sense of pride and patriotism. That war, so equally distinguished by humiliating disasters and exhilarating successes, did very much to sever the links that bound the mind of the nation to its old colonial faith. A general intellectual awakening seemed to follow it,—and we suspect that the records of our patent office, (taken as one of the signs of intellectual progress, though in matters merely utilitarian,) will show a more remarkable advance in the history of domestic inventions, from the year 1815 to that of 1835—a term of twenty years—than can be shown by any other country, of similar population, in the same space of time. The arts are kindred. Those of mere utility and those of beauty and refinement, however dissimilar in their uses and habiliments, belong yet to the same great family. They are not hostile, though the one presides at the piano, while to the other is deputed the humbler duties of putting the household in proper order. The physical wants of the individual supplied, those of his intellect clamor for their dues. It is a sufficient proof of the natural intellectual tendencies of the American people, that their anxiety for their mental supplies did not linger and wait upon those which concerned the animal nature only. The non-intercourse with Great Britain, which had cut off the supplies of blankets, woollens and other commodities of like nature, had been far more decidedly beneficial in cutting off the supply of books. It was in the very midst of the conflict that American Literature, such as it is, first sprang into existence. The *Port-Folio*, by Dennie, one of our best periodicals, was first published in 1812. This was not the only instance. The laws of demand and supply did not fail to produce their effects, and the same national spirit, which clamored for our own manufactures, was equally busy, if less clamorous, in striving to supply the lack of Literature. The preparation of school and classical books, which has since become one of the most extensive businesses of the American publisher, may be said to have begun at this period. At all events, we shall be perfectly safe in saying that, prior to 1815, the issues from the American press were not only reprints wholly from foreign sources, but were confined chiefly to works of science and education. We need make no special exception in behalf of the domestic histories, which, in small editions, were generally so many appeals to local patriotism, and accordingly, most usually, were published by subscription. As little may be said of the young poet, who, here and there, in some one or other city, sent forth his slender volume at his own expense, rather with the view to seeing his verses in print, than with any sanguine hope of finding pur-

chasers for them. For this was the period, rendered somewhat famous by the contemptuous sneer of the British critic, contained in the phrase,—since made proverbial by the noble commentary which American Literature has passed upon it—“Who reads an American book?” Verily, up to this period, writers of American books were few indeed. The national mind, in every thing that belonged to the fine arts, belles-lettres and the superior sciences, seems to have acknowledged its incapacity, and to have surrendered itself, passively, to the foreign teacher, which had so recently been its tyrant. No works of art issued from the native press—no fancy, no fiction, no humor, no romance! The imagination of the nation—the resources of which are, in reality, wondrous and unsurpassable,* crouching in shadow, with wing folded, and head drooping upon its bosom,—was not even conjectured to have an existence!

It was natural enough that, in the newly-born passion for thorough independence, which distinguished the feelings of our people at the close of the war of 1812,—and which led to the adoption of a government system for the protection of domestic manufactures,—the policy which this feeling declared, should also extend itself to other objects than those which concerned the physical being only. The policy which declared for making our own woollens, necessarily gave some thought to books. But no such protection was afforded by government to this branch of domestic industry. The notion seems to have been, if our bodies are

* This remark may surprise those, who, not regarding the thousand circumstances which have tended to discourage the progress of the American imagination, in its legitimate direction, infer its absence, from the deficiency of its imaginative Literature—a deficiency, which, we hope to show, exists only in the ignorance of our critics as to what the nation has really done. But the proofs of the most vigorous imaginative presence are every where around us—in the boldness of our public and social designs—in the rapid and vehement energies of our people,—in the very extravagance of their contemplations, the unfamiliar elevation and novelty of their modes of speech, their swelling character, and really remarkable progress. The history of the people of the United States is itself a great and astonishing romance. It is a history belonging to that school of which Robinson Crusoe is an admirable example. Here is a nation, like the individual, cast naked upon the desert, ignorant, unlettered, poor, desolate, yet, out of themselves and the wondrous resources of their nature, contriving means against all enemies, without and within—shaking themselves free from the “old man of the sea”—no inappropriate term for the mother country—founding a great empire, building great cities, sending forth noble fleets,—penetrating the wildest regions—winning the mastery every where, and now confronting the masters of the old world and challenging them to a fair field and no favor. This is the cause of quarrel and vexation, of sneer, and hate, and disparagement. And all this the work of fifty years! Verily, if this do not prove the presence of a daring wing, then never nation possessed one. The imagination has more to do with the ordinary works of utilitarianism, than ordinary people seem to imagine.

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free from foreign dominion, it matters little that our thoughts, our feelings, our souls, should still remain in bondage. The noble and emphatic sentiment, already quoted, of Dr. Channing,—“We say, let others spin and weave for us, but let them not think for us!”—suggesting, as it does, the only great, true and patriotic principle, upon which the opinions of a citizen should be moulded, in all that concerns such a relation, would have shocked the genius of the spinning Jenny, and caused the throes of a moral earthquake in every manufacturing mart from Passamaquoddy to Pittsburg. The slavish nature, however, which thus preferred the most ordinary interests of humanity, to those which are calculated to lift it into excellence, and to the rarer walks of achievement, was rebuked by the better genius of the nation: and, without any protection from government, without a tax on any other branch of business, that of American Literature was begun. To the genius of Fennimore Cooper, we feel confident in saying, we owe the first signs of a power, the first unfoldings of a wing, which has since soared so famously, and which is destined to still higher flights, if not denied and delayed by untoward and unfriendly circumstance. The first writings of this author appeared in 1819. How closely upon the footsteps of war! How soon was the question of the British Reviewer—“who reads an American book?”—answered by the writer, whose works, but a few years after, were read in the language of every nation in Christendom! As if to illustrate the contest through which the nation had just gone, and to maintain the vigorous spirit which she had shown in dealing with an enemy equally insolent and powerful, the earliest work of his pen, which drew the eyes of the country upon him, was founded upon events in the great struggle, with the same enemy, in 1776! The publication of “The Spy,” which was the work in question, had an effect upon the American people, infinitely beyond any pleasure which they might have gathered from its perusal, as a romance. It was contemporaneous, in publication, with “The Pirate” of Walter Scott—a work which did not give such ample development to the powers of its author, and thus afforded an additional opportunity to the American reader, to institute comparisons between them, not unfavorable to the native writer. Even as a successful imitation only of Walter Scott, it was an event to rejoice a youthful people, hitherto doubtful of their resources—nay, denying them—ashamed, for the first time, of their own previous unperformance, and solicitous of fame in new departments;—when they discovered, suddenly rising in their midst, a genius—until then unknown—full of vigor, and marching, with admirable bearing, upon the very track hitherto trodden only by the “Great Unknown!” The event opened the eyes of the nation, already anxious to give the lie to the scornful re-

proach of incapacity, urged, not more by the British reviewer, than the European reader. Her eyes suddenly became unscaled, purged, like those of the eagle, whose mighty youth had been mewed up; and the universal feeling of her people might be compared, without extravagance of figure, to that of the explorer,—long desponding, wearied in his search and hopeless of success,—who, at the least expected moment, sees land!—sees the green slopes, the wild, gorgeous shrubbery, and the huge mountains of the unknown empire, suddenly standing out upon his sight! The “anch’io son pittore!” of the modest painter, was suddenly ours. We, too, could have our possessions in the intellectual, as in the natural world. All was not a blank in taste and Literature. Europe shall yet receive us, and we shall have our word in her high places of politeness and refinement! The conviction, that we too might put in our claims to appear among those nations which had long before been endowed with the universal tongues of art and song, was one of those convictions that never sleep until they have realized all the proofs which are necessary to the full establishment and recognition of their pretensions.

It does not militate against the claim here advanced for Mr. Cooper to show that the novels of Charles Brockden Brown—works in fiction of a rarely imaginative and highly original complexion—were published in America so far back as 1798, 1801. We could show, with little difficulty, that there were other names of men of genius, at periods equally remote, by whom—the mere date of their publication being alone considered—the writings of Mr. Cooper were anticipated. But, so far as their effect upon the public taste and spirit is concerned, they might as well have remained unpublished to this day. Their works had no circulation, did not, in the least degree, affect the popular feeling, and prompted no farther search after a vein which was equally rich in quantity and kind. It is to their misfortune and to the reproach of the country that this was the case. But the truth is, *the nation was not then prepared to recognize its own genius*—had not then the courage to assert a genius at all, without first securing the British imprimatur. Her training for this, from necessity, the hands of the foe—defeat, shame, foreign and domestic reproach—was yet to come. *The genius of American Literature was born and could only be born, when the American people were prepared, to receive and entertain her, to acknowledge her charms and to assert her pretensions. Such seed is seldom wasted—it comes with the occasion that demands it, and is very apt to come, “broad cast,” when the soil is ready for its growth.* There is a potential significance in this last little paragraph, upon which we have need to linger. The Literature of a nation, having but the single audience, cannot long exist, or must exist under

the most humiliating disadvantages, if that nation, whether through ignorance of just standards, deficiency of taste, or imbecility of will—or all combined—is incapable of awarding an original decision upon the merits of its authors. The only authors of a nation, who illustrate its career, and help its progress in the paths of moral improvement, are those who represent its spirit and partake its characteristics. This is more particularly true of a nation whose government recognizes the people as the only sources of its power. If the nation, then, be base and slavish, distrustful of its own resources, and doubtful of the genius of its sons, their achievements will be watched with distrust, and met with every species of discouragement. Zimmerman gives a most deplorable picture of the degraded intellectual condition of the German nation,* in this very particular, in their servile homage to the French genius in the time of Voltaire—the French being the courtly language, and French philosophy, (so called,) in the accursed scepticism it taught of all things noble, having fairly emasculated the popular spirit, equally of its originality and its faith. The wonderful birth and progress to excellence of native German genius, but a few years after the lament of Zimmerman, is equally astonishing and encouraging, as it shows this prostration of a nation's mind to depend, not upon any thing radical or organic, and to be eradicable by certain conservative influences which are probably deeply seated in the genius of every nation. Where this intellectual prostration is found, the motive to authorship is almost wholly wanting; and the superior genius, in obedience to his intellectual tendency, in utter despair of his country, expatriates himself; and, in the countenance afforded by other countries, quickly learns to forget, and even to repudiate his own. This melancholy history is true of several Americans, whose patriotism, under the existing

circumstances, it would be difficult to reproach. Nor is it the least evil of this condition of the national mind, that it will not examine the intellectual claims of its own citizens, and dare not award its judgment upon them. It is not content with being passive merely: with the sycophancy which is characteristic of such servility, it seeks to anticipate the foreign arbiter by judgments hostile to the pretensions of its sons—taking for granted—with the usual littleness of a self-esteem that lacks all the other essentials of judgment,—that an unfavorable decision is a safe one—at least for itself—and permits it the privilege of seeming to assert the position of the judge, when, really, it maintains only that of the executioner. American criticism has but two frequently exhibited this one characteristic of judgments only, in considering the claims and performances of American authorship.

What followed from the first successes of Mr. Cooper and the appreciation of his countrymen? We say appreciation, for the fact is undeniable, that public opinion in America, did not wait in his case, as it had ever done before, for the award of British tribunals. The verdict was equally instantaneous and favorable; and the courage which dictated it was the result of that new spirit of independence, which was the great fruit of the war of 1812. Of the long line of beautiful fictions, the work of his hand, which adorn the infant Literature of our country, it is not within our province to speak. Our present objects will not admit of individual analysis, which might seem invidious, and is not essential to our history. But the effect of his successes upon the native intellect, in stimulating its movements, giving courage to its exertions, and converting it from a concern of amateurship and *dilettantism* into an employment and a profession, was absolutely wonderful! and here, by the way, it may be well to remark, that the Literature of a people depends wholly upon the fact that it is made a profession. Nothing has ever come from amateur performances in letters or the arts. It must be a daily work, an habitual labor, exercise leading to perfection, and the stimulus of daily necessities impelling to daily exercise. If the reader would learn any thing on this head, let him look to the history of British Literature. He would see how little we owe to the Sachvilles, the Rochesters, the Carews; the Sacklings, *et, id omne genus*—the tribe of clever gentlemen about town,—and how much we owe to the day-laborers in letters—the constant workies—the Shakespeares, the Johnsons (Ben and Sam) the Popes, the Drydens—not forgetting that wondrous galaxy of genius, which, in spite of degradation, poverty, public scorn and private misery, still fondly labored at the shrine of the British Dramatic Muse, leaving a vast storehouse of material, wild song and wondrous story, from which the more slenderly endowed moderns will long continue to replenish their exhausted censers. I need not

* Here is a passage by way of sample. The American reader will be apt involuntarily, to apply the language of Zimmerman, spoken of the Germans, before the awakening of the national genius, to his own country. The histories are not unlike, as well in the sleep as the awakening.

"In Europe (America?) there exists a great nation distinguished by laboriousness and industry, possessing men of inventive faculties and of great genius; in as great number as any other, little addicted to luxury, and the most valiant among the brave. This nation, nevertheless, hates and despises itself; purchases, praises and imitates only what is foreign; it imagines that no dress can be elegant, no food or wine delicious or even palatable, no dwelling commodious, unless stuff, Taylor, clothes, cook, wine, furniture and architect come to it at an excessive expense and from abroad, and what adds a zest to all, from a country inhabited by its natural enemies. This singular nation exalts and praises solely and above measure, the genius and the wit of foreigners, the paintings of foreigners, and especially with regard to Literature, foreign books, written in the most miserable style, are solely purchased, read and admired by these insatiable people, who know little even of their own history, save from the faulty, unfaithful and malicious relations of foreign authors!"

more especially designate the Beaumonts, the Fletchers, the Massingers, the Fords, the Dekkars, the Shirleys, the Rowleys, the Middletons and hundreds more—the true depositories of English genius—springing up in legions, as if, to use the humble figure employed in a previous paragraph, they had been sown, *broad cast*, by the lavish hands of a Deity who never sows in vain! That, up to the period which we have designated as the commencement of American Literature, the writings of Americans were not, and could not, be held in estimation, was due simply to the fact that Literature among us had not arrived at the dignity of a profession. The song was written by the gentleman in night-gown and slippers; the tale by one who apologized, usually, for this wandering into forbidden grounds—possibly alleging a vacant mind, or an erring mood, for the solitary trespass; and promising, if forgiven for this, never, in like manner, to offend again. It would be something wonderful, indeed, if the expectations of the reader, under such assurances, should be extravagant—still more wonderful if he should attach any importance to a pursuit, which the amateur seemed, *prima facie*, to regard as trifling if not improper. That this will be the natural condition of the popular thought, in a country subject to new and trying necessities of the humblest kind, is natural enough. That it should continue to be the popular thought, when the necessities of life are overcome, when want is driven from our doors, when plenty smiles upon the land, and other lands are drained for their luxuries, would indicate a most miserable intellectual inferiority, which, happily, is not our case. On the contrary, as we have shown, a national necessity led to the birth of a national Literature. With the requisitions of the people, the professional author sprang into existence. From a single belles-lettres writer, we soon possessed hundreds, eager for notice in the new vocation; and struggling, on short commons, to be heard in song and story. If they could *live* by this profession, their demands, as is every where the case in the history of British Literature, were readily satisfied. Those who allege cupidity and mercenary views against the literary man, because he seeks adequate compensation for his toils, betray a singular ignorance of literary history. With a few splendid and recent exceptions, authorship has been most usually the least productive of occupations. There is scarcely an original living writer, whether in America or England—as there has been no dead one—who, if pecuniary results were his objects, would not instantly resort to any other occupation. I can scarcely direct my attention to any other, in which the employé is not more at ease in his worldly concerns—better provided with the luxuries of life, and better prepared for the enjoyment of them. Literature is a self-denying vocation, taxing thought, and imagination, and sensibility—

vexing the dreams—depriving the nights of renovating rests, enfeebling the frame and souring the temper. Its consolations are chiefly from within, in the exciting nature of studies and contemplations, which, while they exhilarate the fancy, by their intoxicating effects, enfeeble and destroy the frame. "Poetry," says Coleridge—himself one of the greatest geniuses of the age in which it starved—"has been to me its own exceeding great reward," and what he has said so felicitously has been probably felt by all who have ever professed, what seems to me to have been singularly misnamed, when called "*La Gaie Science*." Such it may have been to the Minstrels of Provence: To the professional poet, however, its pleasures may be said to "be born of pain and nurtured in convulsion." The law of nature, however, by which they are born poets—"poeta nascitur"—keeps them in shackles. Their obedience is maintained in spite of them. They acknowledge an iron necessity not less unyielding than that of the Grecian Fates!

If such, in all countries, seems to have been the destiny of the belles-lettres writer—if such are his sufferings, (and the painful history of British Literature abounds in proofs,) and such, and so unsubstantial his rewards, what are the inducements, even under the best circumstances, to authorship in America!—Here, where we receive unlimited supplies of the best books, in every department, and in our mother tongue, from Great Britain; here, where the same books are presented to us at one fifth the cost at which they are sold in the country where produced; here, where a general doubt almost universally seems to have prevailed, as to the intellectual capacity, for such writings, of our own people; here, where we were accustomed to defer to a foreign country the highest and noblest duty of a people, that of forming, upon intrinsic standards, our own judgments in almost every intellectual matter! With all these things to discourage,—the public looking on indifferently,—the publisher receiving reluctantly,—the mental productions of the native, the local genius could not be restrained; and, stimulated by impulses born equally of patriotism and the muse, the first offerings of American Literature promised to be equally valuable and abundant. It would exceed our limits were we to attempt any *catalogue raisonnée*, of what has been done by native authorship, within that period which we have allotted to the achievements of American letters; but, by the help of a valuable pamphlet which is before us, prepared and published in London, by Mr. George Putnam, of the publishing house of Wiley & Putnam, we are enabled, without trouble, to array some facts bearing upon this subject, which are better calculated than any thing we could say to prove the importance and patriotism of American authorship. This pamphlet, we may say in this

place, contains some admirable answers, drawn chiefly from the *argumentum ad homines*, in reply to the sneers of the British critics, on the subject of American intellect. It is shown that, in nearly every department of Literature, American writers have advanced to a position of the highest respectability, frequently equality, and sometimes superiority, in comparison with those of Europe,—that hundreds of American books are annually republished in London, frequently as English books, with their titles altered, their prefaces suppressed, and all those distinguishing marks obliterated, by which their origin might be detected;—that some of their most distinguished Reviews do not scruple to appropriate entire articles from American periodicals, taking care to alter the ear-marks, the titles, the signatures, &c., and sometimes to suppress the word America and substitute that of England. We make an extract from Mr. Putnam's preface in illustration of these startling assertions, the shocking dishonesty of which is only best understood, when it is remembered, that they decry us, in the very moment of their robbery, with the declaration that we have nothing fit to steal.

"But, 'who reads an American book?' asks the Edinburgh Review. A good many do so, without being themselves aware of it. The case of the 'oldest' London Review appreciating the articles of the 'North American' well enough to appropriate some of them entire, as *original*, *accidentally* omitting to mention their origin, is not a solitary one. American periodicals have contributed 'considerably' to those of England, in mutually innocent unconscionableness. Some few American writers would scarcely recognize their own offspring under their new names and foreign dress. Who, in looking over a list of titles, would suppose that 'Quebec and New York, or the Three Beauties,' was the same as 'Burton, or the Sieges,' and 'Cortes, or the Fall of Mexico,' a reprint of 'The Infidel';—that 'The Last Days of America' is no other than Mr. Ware's 'Probus,' and 'Montacute,' only a new title for 'A New Home,' that Mr. Muzzey's 'Young Maiden' and 'Young Wife,' are translated into 'The English maiden' and the 'English wife,' and Mr. Spark's 'Life of Ledyard, the American Traveller' is only made more attractive as 'Memoirs of Ledyard, the African Traveller' (anon), and two volumes of his 'Writings of Washington,' in 12 vols., are reprinted with the original title and apparently as if complete. Dr. Harris' 'Natural History of the Bible,' 'Bancroft's Translation of Heeren's politics of Greece,' and Everett's 'Translation of Buttmann's Greek Grammar' were all reprinted and sold as English books. Judge Story's 'Law of Bailments' was chopped into fragments, and appended, here and there, by Mr. Theobald, in his notes on Sir William Jones. These are a few specimens. One more may be mentioned: Mr.

Neal, of Philadelphia, published, about 1839, a volume called 'Charcoal Sketches,' with illustrations; his name appended in full. This volume appears *entire*, plates and all, in the middle of 'Pio Nic Papers,' etc., 'edited by C. Dickens, Esq. 3 vols: London, 1841,' &c. The American books reprinted in England, as English, within the last ten years, according to the same authority, are reported as follow:

Theology	-	-	-	-	68 works,
Fiction	-	-	-	-	66 "
Juvenile	-	-	-	-	58 "
Travels	-	-	-	-	52 "
Education	-	-	-	-	41 "
Biography	-	-	-	-	26 "
History	-	-	-	-	22 "
Poetry	-	-	-	-	12 "
Metaphysics	-	-	-	-	11 "
Philology	-	-	-	-	10 "
Science and Law	-	-	-	-	18 "

Total, 382.

This will help us to an understanding, not only of what has been done by American authorship in ten years, but what is the estimate of its value, by a people, to whose opinions we slavishly defer, and whose judgments upon us are always studiously disparaging. Mr. Putnam, in farther considering this subject, adds:

"We have also good English authority for the opinion, that the Hebrew Grammar, by Nordheimer; the Hebrew-English Lexicon, by Robinson; the Greek Lexicon to the New Testament, by the same; the Commentary on Isaiah, by Barnes; System of Theology, by Dwight; Geography of Palestine, by Robinson; Anthon's Text Books; Prescott's 'Ferdinand and Isabella'; 'Medical Jurisprudence,' by Beck; Ray's 'Jurisprudence of Insanity'; and 'Webster's Dictionary of the English (!!!) Language,' are all the *best works*, in their several departments, in the language."

The popularity of Cooper and Irving and Brockden Brown, and others of our belles-lettres writers in England is already known, and Mr. Putnam tells us that the "*only translations known in English of the classical works of Eschenburg, Butmann, Gesenius, Jahn, Ramshorn and Winer are the American*." From the same comprehensive pamphlet, we take the following table, which will assist the reader greatly in his inquiry into a subject hitherto too little regarded. It proposes to show, though necessarily very imperfectly, the number of American publications for the last fifteen years.

SUBJECTS.	ORIGINAL AMERICAN.	REPRINTS.
Biography	106	122
History and Geog. (Am.)	118	20
" " (Foreign)	91	195
Literary History		12
Metaphysics	19	31
Poetry	103	76
Novels and Tales	115	unknown.
Greek and Latin Classics, } with original notes	36	none.
Do. Translations		36
Greek, Latin and Hebrew } Text books	35	none.
Medical, Law and Miscel- } laneous not ascertained		
Total,	623.	Total, 492.

Here the domestic supply exceeds the foreign one, and this is the result of but fifteen years of exercise in a department entirely new to the intellect and the energies of the nation. This table too, it may be well to remember, includes only the publications of the chief marts of literature, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and New Haven. The publications of obscure presses in cities not notoriously publishing are scarcely likely to enter into such an estimate. But let us give another of Mr. Putnam's tables, giving the American publications for one year only,—that of 1834.

SUBJECTS.	ORIGINAL AMERICAN.	REPRINTS.
Education	73	9
Divinity	37	18
Novels and Tales	19	95*
History and Biography	16	17
Jurisprudence	20	3
Poetry	8	3
Travels	8	10
Fine Arts	8	
Miscellaneous	59	43
Total,	251.	Total, 198.

This table fails to include the law and medical publications. It fails also to regard the periodical works which form and have always formed—and, we may add, will always form—so large a portion of American Literature;* but with all these defi-

* The vast extent of our territory, and the sparseness of our population, will always tend to the large employment of periodicals, particularly monthly and weekly publications, for the diffusion among the more remote settlements of the amount of literary, social and political knowledge which they require. This condition of the country leads to the publication of a large proportion and greater variety of these works, than, we suspect, is the case in any country, however extensive, of Europe. Not only do most of the States possess their literary periodicals, whether quarterly, monthly or weekly, but, in some of the States, they are numerous, of all sizes and degrees of power. In addition to these there are numerous literary newspapers (so called) which furnish that strange *melange*—a sort of mental olla-podrida,—with which our English brethren seem to be particularly disquieted. The taste of these publications is certainly none of the best,—wanting in congruity, and jumbling together, in one mass, the most irreconcilable objects of study and reflection. But they are addressed to a poor people, who have just a sufficient appreciation of Literature to demand the commodity, and who have not yet reached that degree of literary acumen which prompts them to resolve upon quality in preference to quantity. In Europe, the same class of persons want bread rather than literature; and, so far, the fact is not unfavorable to the American. Of our periodicals, if they cannot claim to be fully equal to the ablest of the foreign, they at least make such an approach to it as to render some of their articles, (as we have seen,) acceptable as original, to the pages of London and contemporaneous reviews. Our monthly periodicals we regard as quite equal, and, in some respects, superior to the average of British monthlies. That they are more honest, as more independent of book publishers and political parties, is beyond either doubt or question. Nor do they emanate from a single publishing section, but appear in almost every quarter of our widely extended country;—a circumstance which, besides the advantages which it af-

ciencies, it cannot fail to be remarked with pride and wonder, that the domestic is still far superior to the foreign supply, showing conclusively the fact that the intellectual resources of the nation are fully adequate to its wants; and that, with no more encouragement than is required to put the native on a simple footing of equality, in the market, with the foreign author, the latter must have been nearly, or wholly superseded. Thus we see, that, in almost every department of letters, the works of original American production—Education, Theology, History, Biography, Jurisprudence, &c—exceeds the reprints of foreign in a proportion, not less than *three to one*; the one exception to this fact, to which we have drawn the attention of the reader by an asterisk (*)—that of novels and tales, or, as we may say, purely original and inventive Literature—being one to which we may be permitted in this place to devote a few moments of consideration. Lest any hasty judgment may conceive the relative deficiency in this class of writings, in the American side of our table, to result from any want of those creative and imaginative resources which are chiefly requisite to the production of all works of fiction,—we may suggest some of the peculiar disadvantages and difficulties under which this particular branch of native authorship exists. This disability results from the greater proportion of writers engaged in this species of composition than in any other. While, for example, Great Britain possesses not more than five living historians, she possesses more than fifty professional writers of fiction, not to speak of hundreds more, who occasionally go aside from other walks, to try their powers in this department. The American writer of fiction is consequently exposed to a degree of competition, to which no other branch of literary labor is subjected. Some idea of this competition may be gathered from the vast number of the reprints of European novels and tales (95) reported in one year of our table; and yet these form but a really small number of the works of this class produced annually in Great Britain. The seductions of this species of writing brings hundreds into the field of competition, while the colder and more laborious character of the studies in history, biography and metaphysics, serve always to keep the number of laborers within certain and easily defined limits. Besides, we do not find that the American biographer or historian is at all engaged in competition with the European. The works of biography and history, written by Americans, are

fords of easy diffusion, tends also to the greater originality and independence of their tone, modes of thinking and expression. In addition to these, similarly scattered over our immense territory, are 1640 newspapers, daily, tri-weekly or weekly, all of which, in greater or less degree, furnish their readers with a certain amount of original and selected varieties, and are, to a certain extent, injurious to the regular business of a professional literature. ●

most usually devoted to American subjects, subjects of which the European student is either totally unaware, or to which he is, in all probability, wholly indifferent. Thus, with the exception of Irving's *Conquest of Granada*, which is semi-historical in character, and Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*, we do not, at this moment, recall the name of a single American historian who has gone out of America for his subject. It follows from this, that, while the American historian, or biographer, free from competition, is almost sure of a publisher,—the American novelist must take his chance, in the same field, with hundreds of others, all of whom, as their works cost nothing to the American publisher are likely to be preferred before him. Unless he has already obtained a local reputation, which renders it inevitable that an eager demand will be found for his writings, he may wait for months, and even years, without provoking the consideration of the publisher; and hundreds of works are written, equal in merit to one third of the European reprints, which, as the authors have not yet acquired the "magic of a name" are offered to the publishers, *gratuitously*, and in vain. This is a point which shall be resumed hereafter.

Enough, we think, has been already said to show the value of American Literature, its sudden rise into importance, the number of its productions, their great variety, and intrinsic value. This value, too, we have endeavored, incidentally, to show, being attached to them, not merely by any excess of national self-esteem, but, in the absolute want of it, and, even against their own will, by our hereditary enemies. We have seen that, while the British continue to sneer at the American intellect, its resources in fancy and imagination—the arts of general letters, they do so in the teeth of the vital fact that they are consuming—nay, preferring—the fruits of American Literature, in almost every department—our works of history and education—our belles-lettres, theology, and jurisprudence. We do not dwell upon the humiliating fact, that they are making these appropriations clandestinely, disfiguring the commodities which they steal, in order to prevent their recognition. It is enough for our purpose, that they make use of the commodity, that they approve of it, applaud it, and frequently prefer it to their own.

Such, then, is the history of American Literature for the twenty years in which it was struggling into existence. Such were its triumphs and achievements in spite of every disadvantage, in spite of the competition with the intellect of the maternal nation—speaking the same language—in possession of the same market, and secure, not only of the market, but of the exclusive faith and confidence of the American people. In that brief period, amidst these disadvantages and disabilities, we produced our metaphysicians, our historians, our philosophers, our poets, our novelists, and, through

them, compelled a hearing in the European courts of art and refinement, as we had already done, through our statesmen and warriors, in the cabinets of European politics. What might have been augured from such a beginning? What a long and glorious future was to be inferred from such a dawn! The calculation rests with every reader. Enough for us to say that, according to all reasonable measures of conjecture, it would seem to be impossible, easily,—the circumstances being suffered to remain unchanged—

"To fix a barrier to the giant's strength
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race."

But the circumstances of his career were not suffered to remain unchanged. His strength has suddenly been paralyzed, his swiftness has been curbed, his limbs are no longer free, his flight is no longer upward, onward, contending for the goal. He lies prostrate—his limbs fettered—his strength and spirit humbled and prostrate in the dust. American Literature is as suddenly silent as if it never had a voice. Its authors, if they have not ceased to write, have almost ceased to publish. Some of them, through sheer necessity, are driven to other and less congenial occupations; and the books which are now given us from the press, are a kind which, evidently, if they give bread to publisher and printer, can afford little or nothing to the writer. The inquiry into the cause of this singular and sudden change must be reserved for another communication.

I am, sir, with sentiments
Of real respect, very
Faithfully yours,
W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Woodland, Nov. 10, 1843.

NIGHT.

BY ANNA MARIA HIRST.

There is a holy silence in the air,
An audible stillness soothing to the ear;
The moon is passing in a golden glare
Over the azure of the starry sphere,
Save, when a cloud of fleecy, silvery grey,
Dims for a moment her delicious ray.

Hail to the Night, the noble, nun-like Night!
The city slumbers in a sleep, as sound
As though some seraph on an earthward flight
Around the scene a heavenly charm had wound,
And over mortal eyes a spell had shed
To make this seem—a city of the dead!

Nought breaks the silence but the cricket's note,
An orison that breathes the singer's bliss,
Poured thankfully from out its tiny throat
Upon the low breeze that my brow doth kiss—
A lay of love in joy, in rapture given,
To One, who hears it 'mid the hymns of heaven.

I gaze from out my lattice, and I see
 Each loftier object glow with liquid light;
 Palace and prison, temple, spire and tree,
 Rise up, like Titans, gleaming on the night;
 And far away the river runs, its breast
 Dimpled with stars that lie in dreamy rest.

I love the day, the sun, the liquid sky,
 Undimmed and stainless as was once my heart
 When life was like a garden, and my eye
 Had seen no sorrow, nor I'd felt its smart,
 For it doth seem a warrior, clad in light;
 But more I love the melancholy Night—

The noble night; for, over my spirit's care,
 She breathes a soft and all subduing charm;
 And, in the coolness of the midnight air,
 When seated in my chamber, dark and warm,
 I trace the presence of God's guardian things,
 And deem its breath the fannings of their wings.

Philadelphia, August, 1843.

B. B. DONNA FLORIDA,

A Poetical Tale, by the author of "Atalantis," *Southern Passages and Pictures*, &c. Charleston, Burges and James. 1843.

The Author of this Poem, Mr. Simms of South Carolina, is the most extensive, and one of the most popular writers in the South. Every department of authorship has engaged his attention, and in each no inconsiderable success has crowned his efforts. Even northern exclusiveness has admitted him to a participation in the bright rewards of fame. Had his literary efforts been even far less successful, great would have been his meed of praise, for his high aims and noble resistance to the tendencies and circumstances by which he was surrounded. The genius of the South is glowing, but yet how little is it employed in sustained and continuous literary pursuits! The eloquence, which so often pours forth in the forum, the legislative hall and on the hustings can be and is transferred to the inspiring page; but how seldom and, comparatively, by how few! Hence, it often happens that the pens of scholars and orators amongst us are rude and most ungraceful. Yet, Mr. Simms has made Literature his profession, his maintenance and his delight. History acknowledges his services; Fiction, well pleased, exultingly bears his conceptions to Nature and Nature owns them; and Poetry greets him with her smile; whilst Virtue makes no complaint for the injustice too often inflicted upon her. Were Mr. Simms to present himself to the Goddess of Poetry to receive the most welcome smile, to which he is entitled, he would not take "Donna Florida" as his offering; but we do not hesitate to say that this offering would be acceptable. "Atalantis" is of a higher aim and higher attainment, and "Southern Passages and Pictures" would better sustain the author's title to the reputation of a Poet.

After two careful perusals, we commend Donna Florida to our readers, because its perusal will well repay them, because it has beauty and humor; because it is a continuous poem, with variety of incident and delineations of character. One who looks into Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America," will find that we have an almost countless throng of poetical writers; and, when he has gone through that long list, he can sum up many others not included in it, and who are just as worthy of a place as many who are. If he be a lover of poetry and ambitious of his country's fame in this charming department, he will ask, where are the bold conception, the sustained design, the outwrought idea of the master mind? Here, some production will arrest his attention, displaying no common genius, but the subject is often unworthy, is not elaborated and is evidently hastily despatched. The monthly, the weekly, the daily call and they print. Hardly one "longing after immortality," one ray of Hope beyond the grave, inspires their song, or illuminates their pages. Poets, of America! be not so impatient;—hoard your wealth; garner your thoughts in the store house of your minds, and let them "tarry long in their inner chambers." So shall the little you may do outweigh, outlast, outshine all that you ever have done, or ever can do, as you now seek Fame. Better far to leave one rare jewel to your children, never having seen it sparkle on yourselves, than deck yourselves with imitation gems whilst you live. Value not so much the mere sheen and flash, as the excellence and preciousness of that which emits it. Aim higher. You versify enough; but walk more difficult paths, attempt higher flights, that will require the sustained wavings of your bright pinions. Plan, study, execute for immortality. Eagles of thought, fly straight towards the Sun!

But, in our earnestness, we forget Donna Florida. This poem, occupying four cantos, was mostly the production of the author's youth, and, as such, he confesses a partiality for it, which induced him to publish it, notwithstanding some weighty objections in his own mind. Being of that class of persons, who endeavor to form a just judgment relatively to all the circumstances, we are glad it was published. The author's candor has, in the preface, given a fair criticism of the poem and, of course, he must expect many to concur with him. The metre and style of the Poem are borrowed from Don Juan, which the author thinks unfortunate. All poems are likely, in these respects, to resemble others that have been written; yet the more celebrated and unique the model, the more will the imitation suffer from the contrast. But the author has not borrowed his thoughts, nor his subject from Byron. It is true that the waywardness of his reflections, and the *melange* of pathos, humor and sober thought are copied after the Noble Bard, and there are many points of resemblance, many

concurrent ideas; but the delineations of character are the author's own. Still the poem suffers greatly from the contrast with its original, in every respect, but one. It discards, with one or two slight exceptions, the impurity of its model. Having said thus much, we will proceed to consider the poem, pretty much as if Don Juan had never been written.

The subject is the Love of Don Ponce De Leon and his adventures in America, whither he comes in search of the fabled "Fountain of Youth." The constant readers of the Messenger may recollect an article that appeared some time since, from the pen of another South Carolinian, on this subject.

The story purports to be told by the author's grandam, on whose tongue many legends warmed, "some beyond scope of rhyme and more of reason."

The poet says,

"And if to you such legends be dear,
Sit down, and while the warm South is breathing o'er us,
We'll bring the spirits of the Past before us."

There lived in Arrágon, a most beautiful, though fickle and teasing maiden, the envy of every lass and the adored of every beau. She did not scruple to trifle with the hearts that sought her favor, and returned with scorn the hate of the envious;

"She heard the sighs of man and groans of woman,
With an indifference that was scarcely human."

Her various charms the poet sets forth with almost wearying prolixity; and makes her, indeed, a lovely coquettish creature. "Her eyes the polar lights in Love's astrology;" her mouth, "*that rosy bible on which love has sworn*." She was young, scarce sixteen—"graceful as any willow by the wave;" and very much like Araby's daughter;

"Lovely as any pearl beneath the tide,
Down 'neath the Mexic waters, deep but clear."

But we do not see the beauty of the useless repetition in these two lines. The Poet heaps too many pretty things upon his heroine and the description is so unnecessarily protracted, that it is interrupted in several places. Yet the author seems to have "had his eyes open;" for he boldly declares,

"With a tradesman dread,
Lest you should not appreciate my wares,
I'll dwell at large on each particular head, &c."

He should have remembered that tradesmen sometimes prevent an appreciation of their wares, by dwelling too much on their value.

This fair girl had a sire, "a thick, short, gouty, drowsy, frowsy knight," who cared for nothing, but "how to boil eggs," and left her to do as she pleased. Among the numerous suitors of the Lovely Leonora, there was one whose fame, won in the Moorish wars, had filled the nation. This was Ponce de Leon, the bravest of the brave, but time had laid its silver on his head, and something of its stiffness on his limbs. He woos the lass, reckless of her mischief; and, Othello-like, strives to move her by his dangers past and glories won. But

"When he boasted in his loudest strain,
She said, 'ah! me, you can't do that again!
You're old now, good Don Ponce, your brightest days
Have vanished in the wars.'"

The sturdy knight laid vigorous siege; but his attacks were less effectual, than they had been upon the Moorish castles, and he was forced to retire in despair; but not without a serious expostulation with Leonora. Most disconsolate Ponce—and all, the Poet says, for want of Quirk's patent wig! But the Romantic tale of a Portuguese sailor soon revives his hopes, and the withering Ponce dreams of tasting a draught of immortal youth. He rushes to the presence of Leonora, who mocks at his wondrous tale, though related by the "soberest man on earth" and attested by the Alcayde. Ponce holds up the record and beseeches her to read it.

"The maiden laugh'd more merrily than ever;
'You read it, good Don Ponce;' she slyly cried.
'What, take precedence of a lady, never!—
'No, dearest, I would have you satisfied';
Again the lady laughed; the knight was clever;
Prompt at evasion, though it touch'd his pride;
For on his cheek a deep red flush'd the brown—
But still he kept the paper upside down."

"And, spite of all her laughter, he proceeded:
'Be mine, dear Leonora. Let us seek
That fountain, then—its waters, haply needed
By all, will bring back beauty to my cheek;
Life, youth and love, not ignorantly pleaded,
From heaven, shall be our ministers, and speak
For each desire that gathers in the breast,
Ere yet it rises to our thoughts confess'd."

"The youth that is perpetual, won from heaven,
Shall bless us twain on earth. The flow'rs shall bloom
Perennial, and all blessings shall be given,
Unqualified, untainted, free from doom;—
No treasure then can from our grasp be riven,
Life shall have no denial, earth no tomb;
Days dawn and set, and every day endear ye
To other days!—'Ah!' said the maid, 'how weary!"

"What, shall there be no quarrels—no commotion,
Will tempests sleep—shall I not use my tongue;—
Will the storms cease to scare us on the ocean;
Shall we no more by sweetest woes be wrung;
No widowhood!—no children!—'What a notion!"
Replied Don Ponce. 'Why, shall we not be young,
Forever loving, Leonora'—'can, sir,
You stop awhile,' said she, 'and take my answer?"

"This fountain, should you find it, is a treasure,
That richly must repay your toil and care;
When you have found it, it shall be my pleasure,—
Provided always that it makes you fair,—
To be your wife, sir, at your earliest leisure,
On one condition more, which you shall hear:
Namely, that you shall bring across the ocean,
Some dozen bottles of this princely lotion."

"They shall be bottled by your knightly hands, sir,
That so there may be no deception done;
You shall, to have the bottles clean, command, sir,
At least three days of washing for each one;
Fill'd, then,—cork'd, sealed and labelled,—understand, sir,—
And thenceforth sacred to my use alone;
You shall, in all your troubles, storms and strifes, sir,
Watch these same bottles as you love your life, sir."

"These unto me deliver'd, and your youth
Renew'd, as you avow it then will be;
Your love the same as now, soul full of truth,
No loss of member or of strength to see;
My promise, which I make to you in sooth,
Shall be fulfill'd, bear witness, heaven, for me;
Provided, while you're seeking youth o'er sea, sir,
There comes no lovelier youth a-seeking me, sir."

Leonora then sings him a Lay, very unequivocal in its insinuations. "Fizz, fuzz, pop, bang, the knight's rage was terrific." Still, he protests that the waters when bottled lose much of their virtue, and urges Leonora to go over as his bride and see him quaff the rejuvenescent draught,—but she was

"Sorry she could not then afford relief;
Must first behold the change on beard and hair;
And then, if no one better graced came seeking,
He might renew, on terms, his present speaking."

Leonora's treatment of Don Ponce is malicious and heartless; but, allowing for the intentional exaggeration and burlesque of the author, true to Nature. What a dance, do young belles, even now, often lead "old bachelor" lovers! The ordinary associations connected with this subject constitute one defect of the Poem; but there are many accessories, skilfully used by the poet, which counteract their influence.

No alternative is left the defeated Ponce, but to seek that enchanted Fountain. With saddest heart, tho' tearless eye, he bids adieu to Spain, and follows the sun as he goes "down behind the billow's breast."

Like Harold, he pours forth his lament, which suffers from the contrast, though there are some good things in it. His indignation breaks out against the relentless beloved, for

"Packing him forth o'er sea and wood and mountain
To bottle water for you from that fountain."

Hope of gain, love of adventure, flight from punishment and attachment to himself had collected him a bold and motley crew. Among them was "a tall, brave looking lad, whose sparkling eye secured the Knight's attention."

"Your name? Who are you?"—thus to the unknown
Spake Ponce de Leon.—"We have met before!"
'Perchance,' replied the youth; 'but I am one
You know not—of my lineage proud, but poor;—
Of friends bereft, by cruel fate undone,
I seek my fortune on the Indian shore;—
I feel that I have in me soul and strength,
And trust in God to make them known at length."

"'Tis a brave spirit;—but, declare your name!"
'That I must make;—a pride that will not bear
The sting of sympathy, and feels its shame,
Forbids me yield my father's to your ear:
Too proudly chronicled by deeds of fame,
Let it be silent till mine own appear;
When I have won my laurels I will speak,
What now would bring the blush upon my cheek!"

"Meanwhile, I am Don Ferdinand de Laye,
Provençal lineage;—this shall be my style;
Till, with occasion, I may pierce my way
To glory, that my deeds may win one smile!"

'Ha! then, you love?'—The youth responded 'yea,'
And a slight redness tinged his cheek the while,—
'I love, Don Ponce, but love without a penny
Is sure, in Spain, the maddest love of any.'

"Unless it be the grey-beard love;" our knight
Thoughtfully murmured. 'Strange!' he mused a space;
'This youth and I were both in better plight
Were we but fortun'd in each other's case;
Had he my wealth, his barriers would be slight,
Mine were all tumbled an I wore his face;—
The devil take these women—how they worry us,
Tease, tear, vex, wear, and flurry, hurry, scurry us!'"

Don Ponce makes this proud lad his confidant and unceasingly pours his laments into his ear. This De Laye was Leonora's own Alphonso: and when no one was near he feasted his heart with her love-breathing letter. De Laye, too, sings his parting strain:

"That sun which sinks with glorious train
Beneath the dark blue sea,
Shall hail me when he soars again,
Far distant, love, from thee;
Yet when he rises in the east,
I'll fancy that he bears
A tribute from thy heaving breast,
Affection's gift of tears."

"Yet, though the soothing dream be vain,
Of joys at future meeting;
Of early bliss renew'd again,
As dear and not so fleeting;
Yet shall the bird of better days
From memory's labyrinth wander,
To glad the pilgrim's devious ways,
With music sweeter, fonder."

"Yes, thou wilt watch that sun's last tint,
As in the west declining,
Thou seest him leave his latest print
On rocks where I am pining;
And think and fancy brighter days,
When we may see it streaming
Its fires upon our mutual gaze,
In milder lustre gleaming."

"Farewell, the home that hope endears,
Where young contentment found me,
Nursed in the arms of friendly years,
With spring-flowers bursting round me;
Farewell, dear maid,—yet, ah! the song
That wakes such fond emotion,
Is silenced in that thunder gong,
That shakes the realm of ocean."

After a long voyage they reach America, where opens the fourth and best Canto, containing much really heroic. The author now invokes the Muse and takes occasion to pay a patriotic tribute to his country. The Poet should ever seek to celebrate and exalt his land.

"She must have health and strength—a wing that soaring
Through cloud and storm may make the heavens her own;
An eye that far, thro' depth of sky exploring,
May challenge the keen glances of the sun;
A wealth of thoughts and images outpouring,
Worthy the wondrous world; her wing hath won;
And, still subservient to her song, the splendor,
Of all that makes her realm, of rich, and wild, and tender!"

"Her rocks, her streams, her mountains as they stand,
Homes of the pure, the beautiful in heaven;
Skies softly set, that, spreading o'er the land,
Show brides of rare beauty, morn and even;
And oh! the mighty rivers, wild and grand,
With seas that leap from heights by thunder riven;
And all the thousand tributary sights,
That in our forest land, reveal such dear delights.

"Of these must she partake,—whatever glory,
Boon Nature yields us of the bright, the fair,
Shall, in her every feature, have its story,
Prove her original and make her dear:
The giant tree by years and moss made hoary,
The wondrous cavern and the fountain clear;
Hills, vales and streams must still reflect her beauty,
Inspire her strain and win her constant duty.

"A rare and wondrous form, she rises slowly,
Even by her own magnificence oppress;
Though proud her glance, yet is her aspect holy,
As speaking the sweet peace within her breast;
Though distant still, yet neither dim nor lowly,—
The single star that flames upon her crest
Shall blaze upon the nations till they own,
The sovereign is most worthy of the throne."

Don Ponce and his hardy warriors, De Laye second in command, are soon engaged in deadly conflict with the Indians. Leonora is their watchword; and as De Laye even more loudly utters that dear sound, the ignorant Ponce applauds his devotion to his leader. Foremost in the fight is De Laye. He breaks the ranks of the enemy, "whirls, shouts and stands alone." Now comes the gallant Seminole to meet him. What can be more grand than the noble son of Nature, stepping forth in the pride of prowess, the solemnity of battle and the majesty of his free forest and mountain spirit! Thus appears Mico.

"Never did Art in happiest hour unfold,
So proud a presence;—never to the eye,
Did mortal, fashioned in superior mould,
The cunning scrutiny of Art defy;
Or woman love, or rival man behold
A shape more perfect in its symmetry:
The Apollo, with his ready shaft to strike,
Was only not inferior, yet how like!

"The lion in his port, and in his glance,
The eagle, free, commercing with the sun;
Yet, subtle as the serpent's, to entrance,
The victim that he only looks upon;
How swift and yet how graceful his advance,—
How fearless, as with fight already won;
He seeks no common foe, no feeble prey,
But, scorning all beside, at once confronts De Laye."

We wish we could venture to give, in full, the conflict between the two champions. It was of varied success and of doubtful issue for some time; at length, the horse of De Laye is slain and his sword shivered by the battle axe of the Indian. Whilst the Spaniard is avoiding the fast blows of the vigorous chief, and all escape from death seems well nigh hopeless, a pistol shot prostrates the Indian; but the magnanimous De Laye spares his fallen foe and he is borne from the field. Don Ponce did not appreciate this noble chivalry and blamed De Laye

for sparing the heathen's life. "Saul had slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands," and jealousy was now burning in the breast of De Leon. In rage, he strode the bloody field, muttering curses on his rival, and coldly slaying the wounded Indians. Now, too, he complains of De Laye's taking the name of Leonora upon his lips. Still his jealousy he conceals, and

"Smiling, smirking, like an ancient sinner,
He kept his wrath in cool till after dinner."

Thus abruptly terminates Donna Florida, before we have got to the title of the book. We have dwelt so much upon it, because it is a Southern poem, which afforded us pleasure, and gave us occasion to offer a few suggestions, deemed important; and because we wished, by a full analysis, to give the public, whose award the author awaits, the means of deciding whether it shall be continued and finished. It is but an "introduction" to a story sufficiently interesting in the sight of the author and susceptible of poetical embellishment to make him desirous of giving it a proper shape and utterance." Whether he will continue it, in this form, or not, depends upon the decision of the reading public. We can not but deem it injudicious and unsatisfactory to invoke the public judgment of a contemplated production from a mere "introduction," which confessedly furnishes no clue to the interest of the sequel. We say yes; not because the author would stake his reputation upon it; but because, without attempting a great deal, it is interesting and highly creditable, and the American Muse should be encouraged to take extended and contiguous flights. The sequel, too, will command the matured powers of the author and will certainly embody a pure and lofty home-patriotism.

With a few critical remarks, we will dismiss the Poem. The digressions are, to use the author's own words, "too long and too artificial, for the success of a composition, which, forbearing personal sarcasm and domestic satire, makes no appeal to those vulgar tastes, which delight in nothing half so much." The reflections are often just and well-timed; but sometimes the author, we suppose, gives place to humor rather than to his true sentiments. In some passages, the good and bad in human nature are well contrasted, as in the case of woman. Sometimes, too little attention is paid to perfecting the rhyme and metre. However, a little irregularity may relieve monotony. We have marked some places where there appears to be too sudden a descent in the style, or sentiment; as in this, when De Laye spares Mico;

"A generous feeling in his bosom swelling
Denies that one so fearless, battling so,
Should perish prostrate, weaponless and maim'd;—
A feeling that Don Ponce severely blamed."

Leonora would hardly speak thus to Alphonso, in a love letter:

"Perchance 'twere wisdom to impose a check on
Your ardent spirit, when you reach those shores,
Lest you should find some Indian's venom'd arrow,
When you least think it, *sticking in your marrow.*"

In description, a writer may ridicule and burlesque any thing, however serious, if it suits his humor or his purpose; but when he puts language into the mouth of another, it must be suitable to the feelings and sentiments of the speaker. Fickle and coquettish as Leonora was, she would not trifle with De Laye. She might use the following, in ridicule of Don Ponce:

"Yet should you of these waters get supplies,
Fill me some dozen bottles, cork and seal 'em,
Or find a way from old Don Ponce to steal 'em."

Still it may be doubted whether the poet has not been a little inconsistent in making Leonora *satirise*, as it were, her sex's weakness and love of cosmetics.

We were struck with the truth of the following paradox in social and domestic philosophy—

"Its (the world's) double singles and divided pairs."

It well expresses the too frequent divisions of closest unions and the resources of individual happiness. We wish we could, in conclusion, give you the *denouement* of the tale. Let us guess. De Laye gains verdant laurels in the South; turns out to be the son of Don Ponce, is acknowledged by him, receives his wealth, marries Leonora, and brings her to this country, where she becomes Donna Florida. Thus Don Ponce consoles himself with a daughter-in-law instead of a wife and goes down to the tomb, his youth as unrenewed as if he had never heard of the immortal Fountain.

CHAOS.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

ORDER sprung out of Chaos! Darkness deep
Enshrouded Earth, which had no form nor mould,
While howling winds the turbid waters sweep
Along the shore in mountain billows rolled;
Here, satyrs 'mid the gloom fit converse hold,
And spirits of the deep their counsels laid,
While sea to shore the solemn mysteries told
In whispering ripples, when the storm 'was staid,
To give its audience to the silent sternade.

The beetling crag raised high his rugged brow,
Like some dark prince of night in awful mood,
Till wide-spread, wild convulsion laid it low,
Leaving its fragments where it once had stood;
Or there the shifting rock sublimely rude,
Denuded of its soil in silence lay,
Without a root to spring in solitude;
Or fierce volcanic fires intestine play,
Heaving a thousand hills and strata while they may.

No fertile vale retired in modest bloom,
To shrink from sight while decked in beauty's robe,
No fragrant flowers shed round their rich perfume
To please the sentient wanderers of the globe—

Nor birds nor bees the honeyed goblets probe;
No lofty trees their fruitful branches rear,
No gladdened beasts the annual yield consume,
No sun rolls round to mark the changing year—
The darkened spot of earth is desolate and drear.

And this was CHAOS! Nature knew no rest,
But the loud roar of Ocean with its surge
Poured full upon Oblivion's awful breast
Its wrathful, deep, and unrecorded dirge;
Alarmed at sounds like these, the shores emerge
In mural cliffs, and every element
Which spoke its ragings to the farthest verge
Of Earth's extended void, in wildness spent,
Sported with earth and sea and rent the firmament.

But order, peace, and law must be supreme,
And Anarchy must leave his terror-throne;
To die away at Heaven's effulgent beam
And leave no impress where he once was known;
Then on the lab'ring void a ray was thrown,
Leaping in glory from the fount of light,
Owning no source but God's command alone
To fill the wide expanse, and make it bright,
And drive to deeper gloom the shadowy veil of night.

Behold the change, and with unshaken eye,
And strong unwavering powers behold the scene!
See where the fallen and conquered princes lie,
Tamed and subdued to see the light serene,
As Day flings forth his broad reviving sheen;
See the wild ruin on the page of gloom,
Which stamped its heel upon the young terrene,
As, just escaping from the troubled womb
Of unknown night, it felt its vigors spring and bloom.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!" and all the universe
Awoke in smiles to greet the dawning year,
And the glad song with ceaseless praise rehearse;
Creation strung its lyre, and swept its clear
And rich, harmonious tones from sphere to sphere;
Joy leaped upon its course with quickened bound,
Till realms illimitable gladly hear
The swelling notes, and catching quick the sound,
Send it to farther worlds to speed its course around!

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

A book of thoughts and arguments, originally treated. By Martin Farquhar Tupper, Esq., M. A. of Christ Church, Oxford. London, Joseph Rickerby (1st. series) 1838. J. Hatchard and Son, 187 Picadilly, second series, 1842. Philadelphia, Herman Hooker, both series in one vol; 1843.

We had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Tupper's brilliant thoughts, several years ago, in Philadelphia, during a most joyous period, at the house of a clerical friend, to whom the first series of the London Edition had been presented. Charmed with its Christian philosophy, its deep reflection, its exalted sentiment and its poetry, its pages gave no little delight. We were not long in seeking to possess it. Sure enough, Jonathan had found out its merits; but being too anxious to turn a penny, had jumbled its nicely divided verses into close paragraphs. It was too much like finding favorite poetry printed *en masse*, and

we declined the purchase. Since then, several efforts to obtain the work proved ineffectual, until a short time since, when, in Philadelphia, we borrowed our old acquaintance and were able to procure the second series of the London Edition. But now we are indebted to Mr. Hooker for the entire Work, neatly and beautifully arranged like the original. We wished it for the purpose of treating the readers of the Messenger to some of its gems. There is one circumstance connected with the American edition important enough to be mentioned. In the absence of an International Copyright Law, Mr. Tupper sold his *imprimatur* to Mr. Hooker and called upon the honor of the American publishers, not to interfere with his reward.

That the work will commend itself to all tastes as it does to ours, we do not expect; for some have a horror of philosophy and of sober serious reflection. In these days of laughter-loving and comicality, many like humor only. We derive much enjoyment from a hearty cackination, and we trust have an appreciation of wit, of which, among all the fun so prevalent, there is now so very little. But that mind is not to be envied which enjoys the light and the humorous only and always, and has no taste for moral and religious sentiments. Tupper's thoughts are numerous, and many of them exquisite and poetically expressed; but there is hardly a light one among them; though he finely exhibits the value and importance of smallest trifles. The chapters are short and can be read at intervals, thus not wearying any with their lofty seriousness. Some will say, "Have we not the proverbs of Solomon, and who wants any more?" Tupper himself shall answer—

"What, though a guilty man renew that hallowed theme,
And strike, with feebler hand, the harp of Sirach's son?
What though a youthful tongue take up that ancient parable,
And utter faintly forth dark sayings, as of old?
Sweet is the virgin honey though the wild bee have stored
it in a reed;
And fair the living flowers, that spring from the dull cold sod.
Wherefore, thou gentle student bend thine ear to my speech?
Commend thy mind to candor and grudge not as though thou
hast a teacher,
Nor scorn angelic Truth for the sake of her evil herald,
Heed not him, but hear his words and care not whence they
come.
The viewless winds might whisper them, the billows roar
them forth.
Let us walk together in the shaded paths of meditation;
And charity not be a stranger at the board that is spread for
brothers."

Surely the reader must now be prepared to judge with mildness and charity, and will not let his "Judgment set her seal until she hath poised her balance."

The topics treated are numerous and diverse; familiar, yet important; associated with the home-spun duties of life and yet linked with the loftiest aims and aspirations of the human mind. In his graspings after the sublime, the author sometimes

becomes turgid and a little grandiloquent; after the original, sometimes incongruous, but seldom obscure. To many, his thoughts will appear often labored; and the wonder will be whence came this,—it is strained and not the spontaneous outpouring even of a gifted mind. This is, doubtless, sometimes true. But some minds are so full of thought, so expanded in the range of their associations, so teeming with rich suggestions, that their ordinary flow seems forced to those of more contracted sphere. It is as natural for Niagara to pour its earthquake flood as for the rivulet to trickle down the hill. Tupper draws from every legitimate source; and the useful Arts and Practical Sciences have furnished him many beautiful and striking illustrations. How beautifully and forcibly he has unfolded some of the many paradoxes in human life! "Truth in things false;" "Good in things evil;" "Hidden uses;" "Indirect influences;" "Trifles" and the like. The tone of the whole is deeply religious, as are many of the subjects.

"To meanest matters I will stoop, for mean is the lot of mortal;
I will rise to noblest themes, for the soul hath an heritage of glory;
The passions of puny man; the majestic characters of God;
The feverish shadows of Time, and the mighty substance of Eternity."

These are the themes and for the most part they are worthily and wisely treated. Wisdom must have charms and communion for one who can thus portray her.

"Few and precious are the words which the lips of wisdom utter:

To what shall their rarity be likened? * * * * *
They be chance pearls, flung among the rocks by the sullen waters of oblivion,
Which Diligence loveth to gather and hang round the neck of Memory:
They be white-winged seeds of happiness, wafted from the islands of the blessed,
Which Thought carefully tendeth in the kindly garden of the heart:
They be drops of the golden dew, which the wings of angels scatter,
When on some brighter Sabbath, they quiver most with delight.
Yet more, for the half is not said of their might and dignity and value;
For life-giving be they, and glorious, and redolent of sanctity and Heaven.
As the beaded bubbles, that sparkle on the rim of the cup of Immortality;
As wreaths of the rainbow spray, from the pure cataracts of Truth.
They be gleams of the day spring from on high, shed from the windows of the skies."

For the sake of brevity, the collocation of some of these has been altered, which mars their beauty.

In such a work, one would suppose that every thing was suited to all political creeds. But this, like all others, exhibits one of the characteristic

glories of the English mind; its complete identification with the land of its pride. How thoroughly imbued are British authors with a spirit of Nationality—ever upholding and maintaining the principles and policy of their vast empire! American Literature will want its stimulus and its reward, until a like spirit sways our national mind. For this end, we must be more cut off from the constant imbibing of British and other foreign ideas and feelings, which now strangles and drowns our nationality. These United States are the most curious and in some respects the sublimest Paradox and wonder in the world. Standing in the midst of powerful opponents, who are almost omnipresent by the influence of their genius and the improvements of Art and are anxious to fulfil their prophecies and wishes, by making our system prove a failure, we receive, with open minds and arms, every thing foreign, whether in Literature, Science or Art, however it may militate against the principles on which our Institutions are founded, or the interests that cement us. The thoughts of Legitimacy and Aristocracy are not as our thoughts; their hopes, wishes and plans are not as ours; and when sentiments and feelings and agencies engendered by and suitable to them are brought to bear upon us, what can prevent them from producing an effect? The virtue and intelligence of the Nation have resisted and expelled, a great deal that is most pernicious, but the poison may be stronger than the antidote; the tares may choke the wheat; and the enemies of our Principles are designedly and incidentally sewing them thickly in the fertile and now too open fields of this Union.

Foreign ideas are thus constantly imported and imbibed; and to think they have no effect is to dispute the whole doctrine of influences, of cause and effect; to deny the power of mind. At this time, changes are wrought and systems built and overthrown mostly by the power of intellect. Pawns, knights and castles are banished from the political chess board and the game played with Kings, Queens and Bishops. Ten thousand agencies are continually operating unfavorably upon the National sentiment and men of intelligence take foreign texts, (from Alison, for example,) and preach against the vital principles of our National existence, in their gloomy harangues upon the evils under which they say we suffer. Mind must counteract mind. We have Genius of our own. Imbue it with a lofty home-spirit and encourage its labors. An International Copyright Law will do much towards this, and there should be no delay in adopting it. It may be asked, were not Tupper's works published under a *quasi* copyright law; and would a regular International Copyright Law prevent the publication of English and other foreign works? Certainly not; but the value and character of those published would have to be higher. But we need a counteractive and that will be found only in an

elevated National Literature, breathing the very soul of American Liberty and filled with the spirit of American patriotism. To produce this, the Copyright will have vast influence.

Leaving the subject of International Copyright to the abler pen of Mr. Simms, we will pursue our objections to Tupper. In the chapter on Subjection, he enforces submission to "the powers that be;" but does not seem to have drawn the distinction between subordination and submissiveness;—between obedience to Lawful rule and subjection to tyranny. In many passages, just obedience is inculcated; but in the fervor of his compliments to the then Maiden Queen, Victoria, and his zeal for British Policy, he oversteps the bounds of Truth and Justice and makes a mock at freedom.

"Whence then cometh the doctrine, that all should be equal and free?"

It is the lie that crowded hell, when Seraphs flung away subjection.

No man is his neighbor's equal, for no two minds are similar; And all things, from without and from within, make one man to differ from another."

Mr. Tupper here only repeats the stale objections to the celebrated passage in the Declaration of Independence; which objections we recollect to have met with in the works of one Harriet Martineau. No sensible mind could ever have thought that Thomas Jefferson and his compatriots had not observed the inequalities in the personal endowments and conditions of men. These very inequalities demand that they should all be *equally* at Liberty to fall into, or to rise to those ranks and positions, for which their differences fit them—not upholding a besotted fool, nor an arbitrary despot on a throne; nor binding perpetually the proud heart and lofty spirit in the shackles of subjection. Thus are all men equal:—to rise, or fall; to enjoy, or suffer; to rule, or bow the neck, as Heaven and their own wills and deeds may direct and prepare them.

The author proceeds—

"Woe unto him, whose heart the syren song of Liberty hath charmed;

Woe unto him whose mind is bewitched by her treacherous beauty;

In mad zeal flingeth he away the fetters of duty and constraint,

And yieldeth up the holocaust of self to that fair Idol of the Damned.

No man hath freedom in aught, save in that from which the wicked would be hindered;

He is free toward God and good; but to all else a bondman."

To be "free toward God and good," he must often be free from man and evil. The smile of approbation can never rest upon him who lightly yields his heart to resistance. But we infer from the ideas of the author, that what he would call "in mad zeal flinging away the fetters of duty and constraint," others whose hearts are charmed by that sweet, not Syren, song of Liberty, would deem and maintain as a laudable assertion of rights. Tupper's philosophy of subjection not only does not suit *this* people, but, it appears to us, would have upheld the infamous John in his mean and despotic career; and have repressed every longing of the British nation for louder strains of the "Syren Song of Liberty."

THE TWO WARRIORS.

BY N. C. BROOKS.

He ordered his winding sheet to be carried as a standard
through the city and a crier to proclaim "This is all that
remains to the mighty Saladin, the conqueror of the East."
Russell.

I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course.
I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me
a crown of righteousness.—2nd Epis. Timothy, Chap. iv.

I.

Around the dying conqueror hangs
His panoply of war;
The shield and the battered helm that shone
Amid the thick ranks a star,
His blade that had led the battle on—
His lance, and his iron mail
Where oft the sabre's lightning flashed,
And hurled the arrowy hail.

II.

And festooned around the emblazoned wall
The captured banners droop,
While with heavy folds his gonfalon
Bends o'er with an eagle swoop.
To the polished steel and the purple fold
The warrior's eye is dim;
And deaf is his ear to the battle's call,
And to victory's pealing hymn.

III.

Like mockery rise to memory's view.
The deeds of his early fame—
The fields he had made all red with blood—
The imperial halls with flame;
And vain is that guerdon of his toils
The bauble of a crown,
Distained with the blood of countless hosts
In the battle cloven down.

IV.

Now of all the wealth of the cities, poured
In tribute at his feet,
Of all the pride of the captured crowns,
Is left but a winding sheet;
And the heralds bear its snowy folds
Where swept his flag of state;
"Lo! this is all that now remains
To SALADIN THE GREAT."

V.

On his buckler of a thousand fights,
The weary warrior bows
His head, with its tresses silver white,
And with blanched and withered brows;
No helmet is now upon his head,
Nor is cuirass on his breast.
His sword is sheathed—his warfare is o'er,
And soon he will be at rest.

VI.

Yet his dim and aged eyes grow bright
With the rays of heavenly truth;
And his face with the kindling glory burns
Of an immortal youth,
Where'er his vision doth fall upon
The Cross he has borne abroad,
With the Spirit's flaming sword unsheathed,
That was stained by the Son of God.

VII.

No guilty victories can dismay
The soul of the dying brave;
He bore his sword in the name of God,
And he wounded but to save.
Now the song of triumph greets his ears
In heavenly strains begun;
And his dying eyes behold the crown
That his valorous arm has won.

VIII.

In deathless bliss, by the stream of life
He will tread the ambrosial shore,
Where the summer's heat and the winter's cold
Can pain the sense no more;
His weary feet shall no longer fail,
That the burning desert trod;
And his eyes, grown dim in the cause of Heaven,
Shall behold their maker God.

MR. WEBSTER'S BUNKER HILL ORATION.

(Concluded from the December number.)

The most objectionable feature in Mr. Webster's Oration is a learned attempt to trace back three hundred years, through the phases of philosophical history, for two operative causes, producing in their effects a desire for commercial gain on the one side, and a longing for religious liberty on the other, and then assuming the consequences of these two causes as the two *motives*, so opposite in merit, which induced the settlements of Virginia and Massachusetts, and then instituting upon this false basis an invidiously unjust comparison between them;—the motive of gain being assigned to those who colonized Virginia, that of seeking religious liberty to the settlers of Massachusetts. First, then, as to the motive of gain as charged upon Virginia.

The motive of commercial gain cannot be proven from history to have planned and executed the expedition to one State more than to the other. For argument sake, I concede the motive assigned to Virginia, and can conceive nothing wrong or disreputable in it—nothing in which she cannot honorably maintain and challenge the most scrutinizing comparison with Massachusetts. Having, then, made the concession of motive on the part of Virginia, it is left for me to prove from history a like motive influencing and fitting out the expedition to Massachusetts. I quote, therefore, from the accurate and learned Bancroft, the favorite historian of New England, vol. I., p. 305: when speaking of the settlers of Massachusetts, who sailed from Leyden, he says—"The whole company constituted a numerous partnership; the services of each emigrant were rated as a capital of two pounds, and belonged to the company; all profits were to be reserved till the end of seven years, when the whole amount, and all houses and lands, gardens and fields, were to be divided among the share-holders according to their respective inte-

rests. The London merchant, who risked one hundred pounds, would receive for his money tenfold more than the penniless emigrant for his entire services." Mr. W. may contend that this proof is only applicable to the projectors, who fitted out and dispatched by their means the expedition, and not to the real and actual settlers, whose intention, by their emigration, was permanently to locate themselves. But does he not perceive that the argument cuts both ways? and that, if a distinction is to be introduced to exculpate the actual settlers of Massachusetts from the motive of gain, and to inculcate the projectors of the expedition, the distinction also carries with it the same force in the case of Virginia to free the one class and to bind the other? Having, then, conceded for Virginia, and proven on the part of Massachusetts, that the colonizing expeditions of both were influenced by the same *motives*, and that if a distinction is to be drawn between the projector and settler, that it is of equal and binding force upon both States, I have, therefore, in the *motive of gain*, proven a parity between the two settlements, and consequently the falsity of the positions assigned them in the comparison instituted by Mr. W., on that ground, in exaltation of the one at the expense of the other.

Civil society, in all ages of the world, has been divided and subdivided into different classes of men, contradistinguished one from the other by the different *manners* and *customs* belonging separately and peculiarly to each. These *manners* and *customs* are the arbitrary and legitimate laws established by nature, by which the *motives* of action and the general principles found to exist in each people separately are made manifest, and traced, with undeviating accuracy, from every posterity of the present to its remotest ancestry of the past, thus forming a consanguineous chain, linked together by *manners* and *customs*, to subdue, by its distinguishing marks, the almost immeasurable chasm between the most distant lineage and its far off descent. Mr. Justice Blackstone defines those *customs* to be legally binding as law and in themselves evidence, that have been used so long "that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." *Customs*, therefore, that do now and have immemorially existed in Virginia and Massachusetts, are the proper and accurate criteria by which the principles and motives of action that influenced the settlers of each state, are to be determined. Virginia generosity and hospitality have now become the universal axiom for refined civility. A Virginian's intercourse with his fellow man has ever and always been marked by an effacement of all penuriousness of conduct. Profuse to a fault, that noble trait of character often opens the portals of his heart when prudence would dictate them to be closed. The frosts of adversity nip not his fellow-feeling and the blight of years rolls by him in the exercise of hospitable civility, whilst neither want

nor penury can congeal the warm flowing of his generous bosom. The utmost idea of the kindest welcome, that the generosity of nature can offer to man, extends not beyond "Virginia hospitality." Golden thoughts of intellect have been incased in the mutilated language of olden time by the flight of centuries, yet they have rolled on under the weight of mind and genius without finding a phrase to impair its meaning. The languishment of poverty, hitherto untasted, may blanch the blushing cheeks of her daughters, may sear the bloom of expectation in her ardent sons, yet that warm glowing welcome, that generous effusion of soul, found embedded in hearts moulded by nature and culture to ennoble the relations of life, like the natural mass that lessens visually, but indestructibly defies division, will remain to the last without change or diminution by nature or time. We have, then, the habits and immemorial customs of Virginians to establish their generosity and want of penuriousness from the present day, up to the period of their first emigration hither; and, therefore, from these immemorial *customs*, we have abundant *evidence*, that the persons, who composed that emigration, exercised in all the relations of life an unbounded generosity, and handed it down to their posterity; and, of consequence, were not led hither as "creatures of gain," as asserted by Mr. Webster.

Directly the reverse of this might be proven in the case of Massachusetts, by adopting the same method of argument in tracing out the *motives* of her settlers by their manners and customs, as they do now, and have immemorially existed; but enough has been done by vindicating, I trust conclusively, the assailed reputation of the Fathers of Virginia, without desiring, in a spirit of vindictiveness in pursuing the subject farther, to consign the position, from which, by irrefragable proof, they have been removed, to their compatriots of Massachusetts.

It has long been a saying, that folly has its corner in the brains of every wise man; the verity of this proverb becomes strikingly accurate after perusing our colonial history, in endeavoring to reconcile truth and facts to the declaration of Mr. W., "that the stars which guided the settlers of Massachusetts, were the unobscured constellation of civil and religious liberty." I am aware that prejudices of the strongest cast are to be combatted in proving the negative of this assertion, for "it is not unusual for the world to reject the voice of truth because its tones are strange." Virginia, however, is yet the victim of the contrast, and the stern, unbending record of history must become her champion and vindicator; for her settlers are, by inference and force of comparison, made to acknowledge as *their* guide a "constellation" opposite to that of "civil and religious liberty." First, then, as to civil liberty. The quantum, that influenced each settlement hither, can only be es-

timated by the different systems of government established by each after their arrival. The foundation of our civil liberty, according to Mr. W., consists "in free forms of government founded on popular representation." I suppose there are no people, who would consider their civil liberty safe, when its total preservation depended upon local or municipal representation without any form of general government. That State, therefore, in which we find the first representative assembly of the people convened, was more thoroughly animated, both before and after its organization, by the spirit of civil liberty. Consequently, Mr. W., by his own testimony, completely vindicates the colony of Virginia from the taint of his own declaration, and places her far in advance of Massachusetts in proclaiming "civil liberty" and equality of rights: for he tells us that the people of Virginia sought for a charter that would allow them "to constitute and establish the first popular representative assembly which ever convened on this continent—the Virginia house of Burgesses." To Virginia and to Maryland alone belongs the sole credit of establishing the first organic system of government founded upon representation—the only legitimate source of civil liberty in the New World. Twin sisters of the same origin, by a singular coincidence of circumstances, the same sun that smilingly shed his glory upon the birth-day of civil representation in the one, permitted not another ray to the other, without carrying with it from the shades of night, the tidings and the possession of a similar regeneration. For, as the learned Bancroft observes, "just one day before that memorable session of Virginia, when the people of the ancient dominion adopted a similar system of independent legislation, the representatives of Maryland convened in the house of Robert Slye," (the present ancient and venerable, yet beautiful and splendidly situated mansion of Mr. Edmund J. Plowden of St. Mary's County,) "voted themselves a lawful assembly without dependence on any other power in the province." It was not until many years afterwards, that Massachusetts, warmed and influenced by the spirit and example of these two noblest assertors of our "civil liberty," organized a representative assembly to direct her affairs of government. So much for "civil," now for "religious liberty." I know not what Mr. Webster may understand by the term "religious liberty," but if he means to convey the idea of an exclusive worship, only permitting toleration to itself and denying freedom of conscience to all others—trampling upon intellectual liberty by banishment, or sacrifice at the fagot and the stake—if such be his understanding of "religious liberty," then I readily concede that its "unobscured constellation" led thither the settlers of Massachusetts. But if the Jewish Synagogue, the Cathedral of the Catholic, or even the "Mosque of the Mussulman," when reared beside the hundreds

of temples of protestant piety, be evidences of that brotherly charity and universal toleration, which is the true and only meaning of "religious liberty;" then do I emphatically deny that the settlers of Massachusetts sought either in spirit, precept, or truth, a jot or tittle of "religious liberty;" and I ground and defend my assertion upon the very explicit and conclusive statement of Mr. Bancroft, himself a New Englander; who says, that

"Roger Williams, upon landing at Boston, found himself in direct opposition to the whole system upon which Massachusetts was founded," because, (mark now the reason,) he was the advocate of "the sanctity of conscience; and declared that the civil magistrate should restrain crime but never control opinion; should punish guilt, but never violate the freedom of the soul,—because, he would blot from the statute book the felony of non-conformity; would quench the fires that persecution had so long kept burning; would repeal every law compelling attendance on public worship; would abolish tithes and all forced contributions to the maintenance of religion; would give an equal protection to every form of religious faith; and never suffer the authority of government to be enlisted against the Mosque of the Mussulman, or the edifice of the fire-worshipper, against the Jewish Synagogue or Roman Cathedral."

Though lengthy, I have transcribed the above quotation, because its members should form a sentence, that should be memorialized not only to remind us of the requirements of our own constitution, but to awaken in our bosoms the gratitude due to one of the two boldest assertors of intellectual regeneration. It was for advocating these cardinal principles of "religious liberty," for lending his capacious and comprehensive mind "to quench the fires that persecution had so long kept burning" in Massachusetts, that Roger Williams was condemned and banished from her soil; being considered by her settlers too liberal and heretical to remain within their confines, whilst holding opinions of religious freedom, that proclaimed his ostracism, "because, upon landing at Boston, he found himself in direct opposition to the whole system upon which Massachusetts was founded."

It has been our pride and boast that we live under a government of such mildness, that in the administration of its many parts, not a drop of human blood has been shed for State crimes. Would to God that the annals of Massachusetts did not deprive us of the higher and still nobler boast, that the soil of our country has never been stained by the disgraceful slaughter of one human being at the unhallowed shrine of religious persecution. Proudly may we point to every other colony of our nation, and no foul stigma of bloodshed in religious warfare crimson a blush of disgrace upon our escutcheon: but to the everlasting misfortune of our Fame, a few harmless and innocent Quakers dared to sunder the chains, that were forged for the intellect, so far as to question the conscriptive principles of the Plymouth Theocracy, and they calmly yielded life to the murderous exactions of a religious code, that imprinted a disgrace, which man-

ties all time with its pall, and calls up the crimson blush of posterity. It is exceedingly painful thus to scarify old sores, and to call up the truthful records of history to chide the deeds of our sisters of the union; but it should be remembered that such a course is forced upon us in defence of the fair fame of an illustrious member of our confederacy, against the unjust assault and invidious comparison of him, who, by the election of his own State, has become the expositor of her sentiments, and by his commanding talents "a monument of national illustration." It is the only effective remedy left to soothe and eradicate a wound otherwise mortal from the skilful shafts of the assailant. The contest was forced upon us—Mr. Webster is the aggressor—the panoply of truth and reason are our shield and defender. If after defending our outposts, the war has been transferred to Africa, we have but returned the sword for the lance—"legem sibi dixerat ipse." Mr. Webster labors to establish his positions and comparisons by reasoning out his premises to their natural results, but it seems to me irreconcilable with a regard for truthful deduction, when professing to cull those premises from the historical narrations of the colonization of British America, that he should have omitted the vast influences of the settlements of a Penn, a Rogers, a Calvert and others, who brought hither the *genuine* spirit of religious philanthropy, and founded an asylum of reception for the persecuted of all nations. Calvert and Rogers particularly were the champions of intellectual liberty, as distinguished from that mere corporeal freedom that would permit equal liberty to the body in civil affairs, but at the same time fetter the action of thought when directed to religious observances, by laws restrictive and penal against the sanctity of conscience. It was at a time, (as history somewhere remarks,) when the fearful feuds of religious warfare deluged the greater portion of Germany in the blood of its own citizens; when the vengeful ire of captious faction swept desolation over Holland; when France had yet to boil in the fast warming caldron of the approaching contest; "when England was gasping under the despotism of intolerance;" and some years before Descartes planted modern Philosophy on the doctrine of free reflection—that Williams and Calvert asserted and proclaimed, both by word and in their colonies, the sublime precepts of intellectual freedom; from which as a necessary and inevitable consequence every other species of liberty must flow. By their becoming the authors of the emancipation of the mind from the incubus of religious tyranny, they were fortunate above the rest of mankind in leaving a superior claim upon our gratitude. He, who sang the immortal *Æneid*, touchingly tells, in lines that melt the soul into pity, of the untimely fate of Nisus and Euryalus, and leaves preserved in golden verse a memorial of their dying friendship—it is no less appropriate as an apothegm

to keep alive the memory of our two moral Lights of man's intellectual regeneration:

"Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo."

"The colonists of English America were of the people, and a people already free." To answer Mr. W., I must borrow the idea of an eloquent defender of "ancestral fame," "our boast then should be that we have preserved, not originated a government"—that our constitution existed in crude and undigested elements, intangibly scattered through the theoretic systems of England, which required but the plastic touch of the compiler to methodize what has been heretofore pronounced the sublimest original of all human conceptions in government—that its framers were but the plagiarists of English invention, the promulgators of English, not American doctrines—that they have usurped the title of "Fathers of the constitution," and deceptiously promulgated an absolute, instead of a "derivate" claim to originality in its formation—that being "a people already free," the prize, for which they braved the toil of eight years of war and carnage, was but an illusive phantom of the imagination, magnifying oppression—rendering the result and its consequences alike unimportant, whether victory crowned or defeat blasted their efforts. Such doctrines are too palpably absurd, too erroneous in themselves to admit of serious refutation, even when supported by the high authority of Mr. Webster.

But he continues, "England transplanted liberty to America." To answer this declaration, I shall, by quoting Mr. Webster's own Oration, permit him to apply a complete and unqualified answer in confutation of himself. He says that France after forty years of revolution, bloodshed, and suffering, obtained the declaration, that "all Frenchmen are equal before the law." "What France had received only by the expenditure of so much blood and treasure, and the exhibition of so much crime, the English colonists obtained by simply *changing their place of residence*, and leaving behind their *political institutions*." The colonists then were not "equal before the law" previous to "*changing their place of residence*, and *leaving behind their political institutions*," and that government, which deprived any portion of its citizens of this boon, cannot be said to have possessed, or dispensed through its laws, political or civil liberty; but England, according to Mr. W.'s declaration, *did* deprive a portion of her citizens of this boon; consequently England cannot be said to possess or dispense through her laws political or civil liberty. And if she does not either possess, or dispense liberty, by what process of reasoning or regard for accuracy can Mr. W. make her "transplant, to America," what she never possessed! Again: he continues. "But another grand characteristic is, that in the English colonies, *political affairs were left to be managed by the colonists*

themselves." Consequently, the colonists were the authors of their own liberty, being left the management of their own "political affairs," by England; and, therefore, neither England nor any other power "transplanted liberty to America;" and more thoroughly does Mr. W. confute his own statement of the transplantation of liberty by England, by his very true remark, "that home government was the secret of the prosperity of the North American colonists." For there is no fact better established than the cold, unnatural neglect of her colonies by England. Their bodies alone, to use the Doric phrase of Mr. W., were "*transplanted*" "*on bare creation*," 3000 miles from the civilization of man, to conquer the wilderness and its savage inhabitants, though often oppressed by the pinchings of hunger and starvation. America, however, by "leaving behind the political institutions" of England, and by the infusion of liberalism into her laws and governments, after a few centuries, became a theme of the sublimest contemplation to the statesman of England. Her mountains and her valleys, her prairies and her forests dotted the vast expanse of a continent possessing every variety of soil, visited by the temperature of every climate, washed by two oceans that bore to her ports the contributions of the world, and watered by the most majestic bays and rivers, with their bosoms burdened by the industry of her sons—such a country could not but attract the cupidinous gaze of the most ungrateful of parents. Our Mother Country, attracted by the glare of wealth, no longer permitted "home government" to her offspring, but instead of liberty, "transplanted" a tyranny to America in the shape of "imposts and excises to eat out our substance" and to replenish her exhausted coffers from the treasures, that ourselves and ancestors had carved from the bosom of the wilderness. At this period she demanded an absolute, unconditional submission and obedience to her will. Our Fathers met the aggression in a becoming spirit and proclaimed in their sublime declaration of Independence, that they were not "a people already free," but struggling to be free, that although they enjoyed, from the time of their emigration to the revolution—a rude species of liberty, yet it was but a *vacation* of authority, not a *relinquishment* of the right to rule; that England, always tyrannical in her external administration of government, had ever held her dread power in terror over them. But apart from this, can any one read the immortal instrument of Independence in which is enumerated a catalogue of the darkest and most atrocious actions of tyranny that ever disgraced a government, and afterwards come to the conclusion, that whilst subject at all times to the decrees of such a government, we were ever "a people already free," and that England ever "transplanted liberty to America!" Impossible! Because no one believes that the signers of that instrument published a libel upon

England, and deceived the world, and (which is more culpable) their allies by that solemn declaration of the usurpations they had endured. If our territory, instead of offering to the cupidity of the Mother Land a rich mine of almost exhaustless treasure by taxation, had presented nothing else but a beggarly waste, thinly inhabited, like the barren rocks of Nova Scotia, or Cape Breton, that appealed by their distress to her sympathy and humanity for relief, we would have lived until dooms-day, undisturbed, in cold neglect; would yet have been permitted "a home government," would yet have been unmolested in "leaving behind the political institutions of England," and would, perhaps, yet have been a colony of England, with a government not of *English*, but of essentially *American* origin. The great error of Mr. W. consists in confounding the institutions of America with those of England, in taking from America and bestowing upon England the credit of political systems, which we either as Americans by *nativity*, or Americans by *emigration*, when we ceased to be Englishmen by Leaving England, established and founded. And hence his great error in searching for the origin of our liberty, by riddling and sifting the phases and convulsions of civil society in England for two hundred years, to find the seed of a Liberty-tree, which (to give his idea) was planted by the emerging of a "middle class" from feudal bondage, sprang up by the doctrines of the reformation, was nurtured by an hundred years of commercial adventure, and, I suppose, to perfect the allegory, matured by the combined influence of all these causes, till all England reposed under its shade, and "transplanted" a scion from its trunk to America. The figure, however, to a sagacious rhetorician of Mr. Webster's celebrity, wants a completion other than that I have given it; for inductions deck not allegorical members. The historian has given the finish, which Mr. W.'s research should never have omitted—the art of printing—which has done more by its influences to enlighten mankind and awaken them to a just sense of their wrongs, and thus to infuse liberalism into the English government, and every other species of government, than the three grand causes combined, of emersion of the middle classes, of the reformation and of commercial adventure, brought forward by Mr. Webster. Mr. Hallam, who has excelled all ancient or modern writers in giving a clear and concise exposition of the origin and several parts of the British constitution, declares that "we (the English) are deceived by the comparatively perfect state of our present liberties, and forget that our superior security is far less owing to positive law, than to the *control* which is exercised over government by *public opinion*, through the general use of *printing*, and to the diffusion of liberal principles in policy through the same means." Mr. Webster's perception of consequences would not have permitted his omission of

this important *cause*, in searching for the origin, or rather in giving the progression of English liberty, did he not know that its influences were calculated almost to destroy the *effects* of the *causes* that suited his proposition, by its superior force in establishing his deductions. *They* were auxiliaries to the *main cause* of *printing* and it is a gross perversion of history, by Mr. Webster, in making them the *chief and operative causes* in the gradual production of English liberty. Another brief reference to Mr. W.'s Oration and I have done with its many inaccuracies. In his enumeration of the institutions of England that came hither with the settlers of Massachusetts, he says, "the *habeas corpus*" came. Although "*habeas corpus*" was an express provision of "*Magna Charta*," yet by disuse, or political necessity it had become entirely obsolete. For there is no recorded instance in English history to put an end to false imprisonment during the Plantagenet rule by the writ of "*habeas corpus*;" and the high notions of prerogative, under the Stuarts and Tudors, made its use very rare. But by the statue of Charles II. it was rendered "actively remedial by express enactment of parliament." Now the reign of Charles II. commenced in 1660, and the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth in 1620, just forty years before the use of the writ of "*habeas corpus*" became known in English jurisprudence. Its *use*, therefore, had no *existence* in England previous to the settlement of Massachusetts, and consequently it was not only morally, but metaphysically impossible for the settlers of Massachusetts to have conveyed hither the *use* of a thing, or custom, when that use did not exist. So much for this chronological error of Mr. W., used by him with great effect in completing his very labored *apotheosis* of the Massachusetts settlers. The ornamental parts of Mr. W.'s Oration I have left untouched, thinking it of more importance to show his falsifications of history, and by it to exhibit the erroneous reasoning of his Oration.

NOT AGAIN.

BY A. B. MEEK.

Not again, not again
Can my heart its dream renew !
Brighter forms may meet my view ;
Sweeter tones may wander by,
With a dreamier melody ;
Spirits beckon through the trees,
White robes flashing on the breeze ;
But they lure and tempt in vain ;
My sad heart will wear its chain
Not again !

Not again, not again
Wine, that on the sand is poured,
To the cup may be restored ;
Fragrance, on the wild breeze shed,
Bless the floweret whence it aped ;

Music seek the broken lute,
Long forgotten, longer mute :
And the heart, once quelled by pain,
Can its early bliss attain
Not again !

Not again, not again !
Tempt me then no more, sweet girl,
To imbibe the liquid pearl !
Though your face might win a saint,
From his temple's dim restraint,—
Yet my heart, while owning this,
Turns insensate from the bliss.
In its gloom it must remain,
Doomed to smile in beauty's train
Not again !

Not again, not again !
For, in bright and trusting youth,
Wounded was my bosom's truth :
O'er my heart was thrown a spell
Stronger than weak words can tell,
And a face, as angel's bright,
Darkened Hope's devoted light :
Joy to me since then is vain,—
I can trust Love's syren strain
Not again !

Alabama.

BLINDNESS AND THE BLIND.

No. IV.

Before I pass to a short notice of the most celebrated Institutions for the instruction of the Blind, with which I intend to close these few desultory remarks, it may not be thought inappropriate to say a few words upon a question which has lately appeared to claim the attention of several distinguished philanthropists, viz: the expediency of uniting into one Institution a school for the Blind and one for Deaf mutes. To a superficial observer, such a union must appear preposterous on account of the difference in the mode of instructing each class, and yet such a union is not only possible but in many respects would appear to present decided advantages. In countries where no Institution for either class of these unfortunates has been established and where their numbers do not appear sufficiently large to warrant the erection of two separate Institutions, the friends of both may unite in recommending to the public to establish one compound Institution, and thus united, they may effect what neither alone would have been able to accomplish. There can be no doubt, also, that on the score of economy, such a union would be very desirable as the expenses of one compound Institution containing one hundred pupils would be materially less than those of two separate establishments containing fifty pupils each.

The proper mode of viewing this question, however, is to investigate the effects which this union must produce upon the intellectual, the moral and the physical welfare of both the Blind and the Deaf

mutes. To do this, understandingly, we must premise a few observations on the peculiar situation of Deaf mutes, the means which are generally employed to obviate their misfortune and the success which appears to attend the efforts which are thus made in their behalf. The peculiar condition of the Blind has already been sufficiently explained.

Deaf mutes are born with the same internal faculties, emotions and passions as other men, they have by nature the same desire and the same mental capacities, but they are deprived of one of the most important physical organs, by the use of which man converses with his fellow-man. Each individual presents the phenomenon of an immortal and thinking spirit, pent up within what is, without a metaphor to him, a prison-house of clay. The imprisoned spirit seeks to effect its escape. It longs to break down the wall of separation which divides it from its fellows, for man by his very nature is disposed to "*exteriorize*" himself, to express *outwardly* what he feels *inwardly*. In endeavoring to communicate with his fellow-man, the Deaf mute is compelled, in the absence of words, to resort to the indication of present objects, and to the delineation by motion and gestures, of those which are absent. This language, if it deserves the name of language, wants the lightness, the simplicity and the precision of our oral language; it is unwieldy in its material and burdensome in its use, therefore but little adapted to become the medium of communication between man and man. But, besides, this language is not understood by the vast majority of mankind. Although the most simple of the natural signs which the Deaf mute employs, may be comprehended by all with whom he comes in contact; there is a variety of natural signs which are not so obvious in their meaning. The very infirmity under which the Deaf mute labors leads him to examine surrounding objects with extraordinary minuteness, with a view to describe them to those with whom he communicates, and though the signs which he employs in his descriptions may be natural, they may not be readily comprehended by those who have observed these objects with less care than himself.

The great object, therefore, in the education of Deaf mutes is to give them a knowledge of the language which forms the medium of intercourse between their more favored fellow-men either by a visible representation of our audible sounds, that is, by making them understand the meaning of our written words, or by teaching them to imitate the motions of the lips, etc. of speaking persons and informing them of the meaning of these motions. For this end alone numerous Institutions for Deaf mutes have been established which, whatever their beneficial effects in other respects may be, must expect to stand or to fall according to their success in this peculiar task.

Without wishing to detract aught from the fair

fame of those who conduct these Institutions, truth obliges us to say that the results have not realized the expectations of the philanthropists. We could point out several individuals of good talents, who, after a residence of five or six years in a Deaf mute Institution, cannot write the English language intelligibly, and we believe that the oldest Institutions in this country have not produced one single graduate able to write the same language with ease and fluency. To use the expression of one of the most distinguished of Deaf mute instructors; "the art of instructing the Deaf and Dumb, may be said, notwithstanding what it has accomplished in past times, to be materially in arrears of the science."

The reason of this failure can be made very plain to every philologist who is aware of the fact that the study of language is not the study of a science, but the study of an art, and that it must accordingly be prosecuted not by the method of abstract principles but by the assiduous exercise of familiar practices. No doubt there is a *science* of language, and that a very profound one, and there is also a science of each individual language, as there is an anatomy of each individual man, but you must have the man before you can dissect him, and you must *know* the language (vulgarly speaking) before you can make a science of it. What is the practice of nature in the matter? How do little children learn languages? It is a very simple matter, but a matter like all the great primal truths of existence, the neglect of which, in the study of languages, has puzzled many a hopeful scholar and perplexed many a famous pedagogue. It is by the continued and persevering repetition of a certain sound, in plain, palpable and direct connection with a certain known and familiar object that a child learns both to understand the words of a language when spoken and to speak them himself with understanding. By the institution of nature, therefore, it appears that to learn a language easily and profitably a person must be put into an atmosphere, so to speak, impregnated with it, and he must remain in that atmosphere for a certain considerable period, greater or less according to his capacity of perception and imitation, till these signs, in connection with the things of which they are the symbols, have become an habitual and customary part of his associations, and every artificial or imitative system of teaching languages must be good or bad according as its machinery approaches to, or recedes from, this original norm which nature has set up. We meet daily with the proof of this fact. Among so many children who receive instruction in the French language, we see that not one succeeds in acquiring even a tolerable knowledge of it, except those who have been forced for some length of time to use that language exclusively as the medium of communication with the persons who surround them. A still more striking example of this is often witnessed on the continent of Eu-

rope amongst the fashionable Englishmen, who, with their attendants, repair to the baths of Germany; for while master and mistress hear nothing but French and English from the fashionable society that frequents the baths and return from their German tour as guiltless of a Teutonic guttural, as if they had never left their native land, their servants, on the other hand, have heard the native dialect from the mouth of the German grooms and chambermaids, and have, with very little perceptible trouble, in three months, acquired a more practical knowledge of a language, of which they know not a single printed letter, than many a famous scholar has done by solitary study in three years.

The application of this principle to Deaf mute Institutions is very simple. We have already shown that the only *natural* method which a Deaf mute has of expressing his thoughts is by the features of his face and the gesticulations of his body, especially of his arms and hands; these gesticulations constitute his *natural* language, consequently the language of his choice, the medium in which he loves to communicate his thoughts, especially if he be with other Deaf mutes. Our letters and words not being familiar to him, he will not use them except he is obliged to do so. In common Deaf mute Institutions, ninety-five hundredths of the inmates being deaf and dumb, the temptation to use the natural sign language, a language readily understood by all and natural to a large majority of them, is very great. They are like English children learning French in an English boarding school; you may by strict discipline coerce them to speak French, but the moment that coercion is removed they will prattle away in English. Still, to learn the English language well, a constant practice of it is indispensable; it is not sufficient that in school-hours they be taught how to translate their thoughts from the sign language into English; they must learn to *think in English*, or else their language will always have the labored stiffness which characterizes translations. A union with blind persons in the same establishment must, therefore, have the most beneficial effect upon this great object in the instruction of the Dumb. The natural signs being mostly if not entirely taken from the visible properties of objects and being addressed to the eye, it cannot be made the medium of conversation between the Deaf and the Blind; they will have to resort to alphabetical language, in which constant practice will soon render them perfect. That this kind of intercourse, can and will take place, has been fully demonstrated by experience. About two years ago, some of the Blind pupils of the Virginia Institution undertook a journey through the Eastern part of this State, in connection with some Deaf mutes of the same Institution. Nothing was done on the part of their teachers to promote intercourse between the two classes, and still in the short time which the jour-

ney occupied, most blind persons had learned the different positions of the hand which constitute the alphabet of the deaf and dumb, and could converse with their mute fellow-travellers as far as these had a knowledge of alphabetical language. Laura Bridgeman, the celebrated deaf, dumb and blind girl at the Boston Institution, converses readily with the blind girls who surround her; she has not been allowed to use any natural signs, and has, in consequence, acquired a wonderful dexterity in the use of the manual alphabet. Not only can she make herself the letters with great rapidity, but she reads them as fast as an expert sign-maker can make them. In the European Institutions at Zurich, Stockholm, Grönd, etc., in which both Blind and Deaf mute persons are instructed, these two classes mix together in harmony and appear to enjoy the society of each other; it is said that the instruction of the Deaf mutes in these Institutions is divested of its greatest difficulties by their intercourse with the Blind.

But the intellectual advantages which the deaf and dumb would derive from associating with the blind would not be confined to mere improvement in language. Any one who has been acquainted with Deaf mutes and Blind persons of the same age, who are under instruction, can not fail to have perceived how greatly superior the Blind are in all kinds of knowledge that does not depend immediately upon light and shade, or colors. This arises, not from any natural superiority, but from the fact that the Deaf are obliged to spend a long time in learning language, which the Blind learned as other children do, while playing about the house, and that before he acquires a knowledge of language the Deaf mute must be totally unacquainted with all those things which are removed from his immediate field of observation. The advantages which the Deaf mutes would derive from daily intercourse with persons superior to them in knowledge must be obvious.

The moral effect which such a union would produce upon the Deaf and Dumb must necessarily be salutary. If inclined to be vain, the sight of beings, also deprived of the use of an important organ, and still far superior to him in knowledge would teach him humility; and if melancholy repinings should oppress him, he has before his eye a number of beings whom it has pleased Providence to visit with an affliction as great as his own.

Let us now see what the effect upon the Blind would be. Intellectually they would not derive as much benefit as the Deaf, because being superior in mental development and acquirements, they would be rather the communicants than the recipients of knowledge, but we know that nobody can teach without learning. The Blind, therefore, could not be losers; indeed, the effort which they would be obliged to make, in order to use the manual alphabet with facility, would be a useful exercise to them. Physically considered, it would be a great

advantage to the Blind to be associated with the Deaf; the Deaf could lead the Blind, they could explain many appearances of things which the Blind can not get a knowledge of by handling, and in the work department there are many articles which the Blind could readily make, all to nice finishing, which requires sight; this might be done by the Deaf mutes.

In conclusion, we must say, therefore, that we hail with pleasure the announcement that attempts are being made to unite in this country the instruction of the Deaf mutes and of the Blind, because, we believe that by such a union, the instruction of both classes will be materially facilitated. We trust that the eminent philanthropist who first broke the ice in this undertaking will not be discouraged by the difficulties which private interest and dogmatical ignorance are sure to throw in his way, but that he will pursue the noble course which he has so well begun until success crowns his efforts and fulfils his most sanguine expectations.

Virginia Institution for the Blind. }
Staunton, 1843. }

THE COMING ON OF NIGHT.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

Down drops the dying sun:
The low breeze creeps among the nodding boughs
And over the shutting flow'rets gently flows—
Night cometh robed in dun.

Her quiet step is heard,
Like the far echo of some trickling spring,
Or the faint murmur of the downy wing
Of some lone woodland bird.

And from the dreamy sky
The moonbeams fall, fringing the trees with light,
Or playing on the river pure and bright,
That wanders singing by.

And from the sleeping stream
The mirrored stars a spiritual light
Fling hazily over grove and rock and height,
That smile beneath their beam.

Forest and field are still.
Nature seems wrapt in slumber, wholly dumb,
Save, when the frog's deep bass, or beetle's hum,
Or wailing whip-poor-will,

Disturb her weary ear;
Or the far singing of the silver rill,
That sings while leaping joyous down the hill
Her dreamless sleep to cheer.

It is a night of love!
Oh! blessed night! that comes unto the poor
And rich alike, bringing us dreams that lure
Our souls to One above.

Philadelphia, March, 1843.

CHEAP LITERATURE: ITS CHARACTER AND TENDENCIES.

BY A SOUTHERN.

Much has been spoken and written of late, concerning the recent system of cheap publication, so extensively adopted in the larger cities, and from thence, radiating into all sections of our Union; and varied, as the minds and characters of the writers, have been the speculations to which it has given birth; and we only venture to contribute our mite, because we entertain some peculiar views upon the subject, which we desire to submit to the dispassionate judgment of the public; for which, the writer of this article, and not the Review must be held responsible.

That this movement has been productive of important results, no thinking man can doubt—and infinite has been the self-laudation of enterprising publishers, who first set the ball in motion; and proportionably bitter their assaults upon the "grasping Book-Barons," whom they charge with the crime of *lèse-majesté* against the Sovereign people!—the privilege of acting as the high priests of literature, being considered ample reward for them; and the desire of profit, unworthy of their high vocation.

"Wisdom" now, literally "cries aloud in the streets, and no man regards her;" if the ragged urchins who throng the thoroughfares, and dog the footsteps of strangers, vending cheap publications, may be regarded as her heralds. Books are thrust before you as you walk the public streets, or, plunged in dreamy reverie, inhale the fragrance of your mild Havanna on the balcony of your hotel; the shrill cry of the news-boy rises above the din of the crowded streets, blends with the splash of the steam-boat paddles, and even the swift whirl of the locomotive cannot bear you beyond it. Time was, when books were so valuable for their rarity, as to be chained like criminals to the desks of libraries, which became shrines of pilgrimage to the earnest votaries of thought; but the order of things has been totally reversed; men do not seek books now, but are happy to escape from the venders of them; and beholding these things, the glad public claps its hands and cries aloud, that a "new era has dawned upon the world, when knowledge, so long the privilege of the few, has become the property of the many!" and that the intellectual millennium has at length arrived. And if, amidst this exulting uproar, a dissenting voice is raised, it is either totally disregarded, or scoffed at, as inimical to the great interests of the people. Unpopular as the avowal may be, we yet do not hesitate to declare that our sympathies in this matter are with the minority; for we not only believe, that this system tends to lower the standard of excellence among the educated few, but go still further, and openly assert as our belief, that it is calculated to

lower and debase the minds of the great mass of the people. This assertion may seem to involve a startling paradox, since it would appear, that the multiplication of books at almost nominal prices, would naturally tend to diffuse information among all classes of the community, and to spread the light of knowledge as well "into the huts where poor men lie," as into the luxurious mansions of the rich; but there is one important consideration usually lost sight of, and it is this, that to ensure a healthy state of mind, as well as of body, more care should be paid to the quality, than the quantity of food provided for it. "All knowledge is not nutriment;" far from it! there is a knowledge of evil, as well as of good;—a philosophy of vice, as well as of virtue,—and woe to that people, who are dependant for their mental food, upon the foul jackalls of literature, who revel only in its garbage and corruption.

That this point has already been reached by the American people, we are not prepared to assert; but that such is the inevitable tendency of the state of things now existing, we expect to prove to the satisfaction of all candid and unbiassed minds.

The question, then, rests upon the inquiry, not as to the number or price of the books published and circulated, but as to their general character, and the influence which they are calculated to exert upon the public mind; thrown, as they have been, suddenly into the hands of multitudes of those, whose previous reading (to say the least) had been exceedingly limited. And here, in the outset, let us not be misunderstood,—the strictures about to be made, are applicable only to the "cheap publications," strictly so called; the reprints of standard works, which the old publishing houses have been recently driven into, to counteract (if possible) this movement, are neither, when collected, so cheap, nor as widely circulated as the penny publications of obscure publishers in New York and elsewhere; the New World press, and a few others also, deserve to have it said of them, that if they have effected but little good, they also wrought but little *positive harm*; having been outstripped in the race for public favor by more unscrupulous competitors, who now have the field; and it is against these "petty instruments of mighty mischief" that we now declare a war "even to the knife."

We arraign them then, at the bar of public opinion, because, in the first place, they have crushed the hopes of our American authors, and blasted our prospects of possessing a national literature!

In the second place, because they have lowered the scale of national honor, by enticing our people to participate in, and benefit by a wholesale system of injustice and fraud, both against foreign authors and publishers, whose property they have fraudulently appropriated! often adding insult to injury, when the wrong was complained of!

And in the third place, because the character of the works which have had the most widely extended circulation, is such, as to taint and corrupt the youth of our land, by their open and shameless licentiousness. Such are a few out of the many charges which might be preferred, but these are sufficient for our purpose, if we can prove them, and this we now intend to do, as far as such charges are susceptible of positive proof. In an article recently contributed to the Democratic Review, by one of the most vigorous and original thinkers of the day, the remark is made, that "the present tendency with us, is to the creation of a literature, which levels downwards and not upwards: instead of feeling it an imperious duty to instruct and elevate the mass, the tendency among us is to take our law from the mass; and to bring thought down to a level with the narrow views, crude notions, and blind instincts of the multitude." And he then adds, that "if this tendency is continued and encouraged, our whole intellectual world will become superficial and void, and American life too feeble a thing to be worth preserving!" This is a strong and by no means a flattering picture; but let any candid man look around him, and answer, whether it be not a faithful one; and if so, let him then decide, whether he will lend his voice to swell the popular clamor, or singly, if it may be, raise it to vindicate, what he believes to be the right; for our own part, the ground we have assumed, we are now prepared to defend. But before entering into the proofs which substantiate our first charge, it may not be amiss to trace the connexion necessarily existing between the *tendency* complained of and the want of a national literature; creating the relation of cause and effect, the latter being the cause, the former the effect.

It is admitted on all hands, that the first great requisite of a free people's is the general possession of an enlarged intelligence; an ignorant people cannot possibly long continue a free people, because, to ensure the maintenance of rights, the intelligence to detect infractions of them is required; and this is especially the case in a country like ours, where everything being dependent on the popular will, it is of vital importance that that will should be guided by the dictates of an enlarged and liberal reason.

The only certain mode of securing this desirable end, is by extending to the whole people the advantages of education; not alone by the more obvious means of primary schools and colleges, wherein the rudiments only are required; each man's education, properly speaking, only commencing at the period of his terminating his collegiate course; but by throwing open to the student a national literature, wherein works adapted to the "form and pressure" of the time and country in which he lives, may be found to teach him his rights and duties both as a man and an American citizen. For information on these points, he must turn over in

vain the classic pages of antiquity, or the productions of modern authors, living under forms of government totally adverse to our own. In all enlightened times and countries, this matter of possessing a national literature has been regarded by sagacious statesmen as the one thing needful, to cement the jarring and discordant elements, which constitute a people, by a feeling which all could share—a feeling of national pride in the productions of its own citizens, forming a kind of neutral ground, on which conflicting sects and parties, casting aside their differences, might meet in friendship, as the tribes of Greece were wont to assemble at their Olympia. Not alone valuable on this account, since it is the most enduring, as well as the most useful of a nation's possessions; for, embodying the choice thoughts of her most gifted sons, it is bequeathed to posterity, as that nation's richest legacy; the undying portion of her, which is to preserve her memory intact, long after her feats of war and state-craft have been interred in the "Limbo of Vanities," among other forgotten things. For does not England owe a greater debt to her Spenser and her Shakspeare, than to her long line of forgotten Kings? Does not the antiquarian, even now, seek to trace the records of her early history on the vivid page of Chaucer, rather than in the musty tomes of the Domesday Boke, or other ponderous folios, which slumber in the dusty nooks of old libraries? Well did that statesman understand how deeply the character of a nation is tinged by its literature, who asked "to have the making of the songs of a people, and he cared not who made their laws;" for he knew that the laws were engraven only on their memories, while the simple songs sunk deep into their hearts, and were transmitted to their children's children.

Tried then by this test, what is the condition of our own country. Does it not present the strange anomaly of a thriving, energetic, and resolute people, whose physical wants are all supplied by their own unaided efforts; who claim as their highest privilege, the right of governing themselves, yet totally dependent on foreign nations for their intellectual food! thankfully receiving the crumbs, which fall from the tables of their German, French, or English masters! Well might Mr. Hillard exclaim, in that noble discourse delivered at Boston, that "A nation, skilled in all the arts that multiply physical comforts and conveniences, but in which the imaginative faculty lies paralyzed and lifeless, disturbs us with a sense of something, incomplete and imperfect; it reminds us of a world without children!"—rather let us say, of a gigantic body, perfect in all its parts, but moved by a complex mechanism and not by a living soul; a monstrous Polyphemus, with but a single eye, and that turned only to the acquisition of sordid gold—blind to the priceless treasures of intellect and heart, which constitute the only true wealth of a nation.

Dreadfully indignant were we, years ago, when Sydney Smith sneeringly asked, "who reads an American book?" and if words could kill, immediate would have been the death of that reverend jester; yet the question might almost be reiterated now, with the slight change of "who writes one?" for American authors are becoming, as a class, valuable for their rarity, and unless a favorable change takes place, threaten to be soon extinct. We do not here mean to class as authors, the writers for magazines and daily newspapers, though probably the greater part of the talent of the country is driven into that narrow channel; many of them being men of great ability, who, under a better state of things, would be authors of high celebrity; but the fleeting existence of the journals for which they write, and the ephemeral nature of their contributions, chiefly on matters of local interest, do not permit them to be ranked among authors by profession. If then, so many of these writers have evinced, even on the contracted theatre they have chosen, abilities of no common order, why is it, that none of them attempt sustained and elaborate works; works such as "Posterity will not willingly let die!" because there is no encouragement for literary effort; because the public seeks amusement and not instruction! because even our authors, who have already gained a continental reputation, fail to gain the ear of an indifferent public; and in despair lock up their writing-desks, and hope for better times.

It is true, that there are a few illustrious exceptions, for Prescott, Sparks, Bancroft and a few other kindred spirits, to whom the love of historical research brings its own reward, still prosecute their useful labors; in the field of fiction, Cooper, like his own Leather-stocking, still treads with elastic foot the green sward and the prairie, while Simms, our Southern novelist, "abates no jot of heart or hope," but perseveres in the career he has so well begun; Stephens has opened for us a wide field of speculation by his discovery of ancient cities in our new world; and an occasional burst of melody from the Northern lyre, touched by the fingers of Bryant, or Lowell, gives us the assurance, that though unstrung, it is not yet shattered: yet these are but "rari nantes in gurgite vasto," and the support and maintenance of American Literature now mainly depends on the zeal and honesty of a few of our best magazines, which have the penetration to know and love the forcible and true, in thought and expression; and the integrity, unawed by popular or party clamor, to publish and proclaim it!

Where are our authors, and how employed? Washington Irving, taking lessons in diplomacy at the grave Spanish court! Bryant, the editor of a party print, the most prosaic of all human occupations; Halleck, turning his attention from book-making to book-keeping, of the two, we doubt not,

far the more profitable employment ; Cooper, almost the only one who keeps the field, waging war against a pestilent horde of hornets, which have been attacking him, much to the delight of the public, who however should recollect that, "Insects have driven the lion mad ere now," and that it is an indication of a very unwholesome state of public feeling, (to say the least of it,) when such attempts are not frowned down by an indignant public. Where then is our literature, we ask again ? and the only reply which can be given is, that it must be sought for in the ephemeral pages of Magazine or Review, or in the still more fleeting columns of the weekly, or daily newspaper ; and in these fragile depositories, we often meet with bursts of eloquence, of pathos and of poetry, worthy of a stronger casket ; and evincing the hidden germs of talent needing but light and culture to spring up in full life and vigor, and produce a boundless harvest.

It is a mournful thing to contemplate, when the voice of a free and prosperous people can find only such an imperfect utterance as this ; not naturally dumb, but finding none to listen to its first imperfect utterances, and train it to clear and open speech ! It is a proof, that there must be something at bottom radically wrong—what that something is, it behoves us to investigate. Let us see if we can trace it. It may be replied to this, that we have inherited a literature with our language, that the English literature, with its world-renowned names and priceless treasures of thought, is ours by right of birth, and that we need no other ; but is this true, can any one pretend, that the works of the master minds of England, are familiar to the great mass of our people ; and their names regarded as household words ; alas ! it is not so, and every educated man knows and deplores the fact. Some of them no doubt are familiar to the people, as Shakespeare for example, but he is the property of the whole civilized world ; so too with Milton, and probably a few of the more recent English authors ; but to the great bulk of our people, the "well of English undefiled," from which they are told to drink, is a sealed spring, and they are driven to quench their thirst at the muddy and polluted streams of German mysticism, or French licentiousness. Our very language has shared in the general deterioration ; it is no longer the bold manly Saxon tongue which is spoken now, but a piebald jargon of mingled Latin, French and English. It has become *ungenteel* to speak good English, it must be plentifully interlarded with scraps of French, or Italian, to please the fastidious ear of "good society," and the sweet and simple ballads which made music of the English tongue, when warbled by some artless girl, have given place to Italian "Cavatinas," and "Dolce Concentes." We know that these opinions may subject us to the charge of being "Gothic" and "old-fashioned," and to such other elegant phrases of fashionable contempt ;

while with another and better class, we will be accused of underrating the intelligence of the American people ; since many well-meaning persons do not scruple to affirm, that for the diffusion of knowledge our country is preëminent. The statement of one simple fact will answer these : by the recent census it was ascertained, that there were in the United States 540,000 free white persons over the age of twenty years, unable to read or write ; and it was further proven by the same document, that 45,000 of these were to be found in the State of New York, the very centre and focus of this cheap publication. When we consider the natural repugnance men always feel at avowing their ignorance, we must be convinced that the number instead of being exaggerated falls far short of the reality, and the state of things it exhibits should be anything but flattering to our national vanity.

In the early stages of colonial existence, the people did not feel the want of a literature, because they were in fact too busy to read ; their very existence was but a continued struggle against cold and hunger ; their time fully occupied in felling gigantic forests, and contending against the wiles and artifices of savage men, the supply of their animal wants, and the support of their wives and families left no leisure for the cultivation of their intellects. The descendants of the Puritans, again, thought One Book all sufficient, they cared not for what was written in any other book, than the Book of God. Possessed with a gloomy fanaticism, they turned with sullen scorn from the accomplishments, as well as the frivolities of their foes, the Cavaliers, and despised the cultivation they had never known. In the South alone was literature regarded ; the descendants of the Cavaliers, absorbed in reverential love for Mother England, (no step-mother then,) acknowledged her literature, as well as her laws ; both sufficed for them. Under such a state of things, American Literature could not be expected to take root ; and accordingly, we first find indications of a growing Literature, after the revolution, when a Literature peculiar to the men and country sprang up, some relics of which we still possess ; such, for example, as Trumbull's "McFingal," Barlow's "Columbiad" and other similar productions strongly imbued with the spirit and prejudices of the time. But they, too, were a busy race,—busied in framing constitutions and making laws ; and for a long time the death struggle between the Federal and Democratic parties convulsed the whole country and absorbed the minds of all intelligent and educated men ; for some time subsequent to the Revolution, the facilities for obtaining education were limited to a few, and these chiefly became political leaders, but the excitement gradually subsided, and the long breathing-time of peace which intervened, gave leisure and opportunity of mental culture, which was not neglected by the youth of the country. Education had al-

ways been duly regarded by the early settlers, and Harvard and others had set the example of founding colleges, and contributing a "bushel of books" to begin with; but now the school-master rose into importance, and by his humble, but useful labors, became an important element in the prosperity of the American People.

With increasing cultivation and intelligence, a demand for native literature arose and American authorship raised its lead; Paulding and Irving in "*Salmagundi*," proved to the people, that wit and humor were not confined to one side of the Atlantic; and the publication of the "*Sketch-book*" convinced our neighbors, over the water, of the same fact. C. B. Brown showed that Godwin might be rivalled, if not surpassed, in powerful delineation of single passions, and delicate anatomy of the human mind. Edwards, in his acute and powerful work "*on the Will*," proved that America possessed a metaphysician fully able to cope with any in Scotland, or elsewhere; and Bryant and Halleck strung their lyres to notes of rival sweetness. But the arts of peace were again banished by the clash of arms, and, when that ceased, by the contests of rival political parties, continued, under different names, and with different principles and watchwords, down to the present time; during which time Literature, though not very ardently cultivated, was yet slowly but surely progressing, as many names, eminent in history and fiction can testify, when the death-blow was given by some of her pretended friends, under the pretext of "introducing her to the Million." It is a curious thing, that, from time immemorial, there has seemed to be a natural enmity existing between authors and publishers, although from their close connexion one would suppose otherwise; in most other trades, between the maker of a commodity and the vender of the same, a friendly relation subsists; not so with authors and publishers; from the time that the "learned lexicographer" knocked down his bookseller, to the present day, the quarrel has been kept up, until the final blow has been stricken, which has brought Literature, (in this country at least,) down to the "last stage of a decline." Under a system of liberal remuneration to authors, and moderate profits to publishers, both parties were gradually progressing to the entire satisfaction of the public; when the idea suggested itself to the mind of an "enterprising publisher" in New York, that this was but a slow way of getting rich, and that a "good speculation" might be made by establishing a system of small profits and quick returns; and inasmuch as piracy was more profitable than free trade, he determined to reprint in a cheap form the popular English Magazines, for which, as he paid nothing, he had but to reimburse himself for the expense of paper and printing. This scheme was carried into execution; the moral sense of the public was, at first, a little shocked;

it did appear somewhat unfair, that an editor, who paid fifty guineas for an article of Macaulay's or Wilson's, expecting to reimburse himself by the circulation of his review, should thus be forestalled, by one who had not paid a cent for it, except the postage on his single number sent him by his "London correspondent;" but then the work was *so* cheap, and the times *so* hard, that the public shut its eyes and gulped the dose. But the hole opened by one, others thought they might creep through too. The misfortune of encouraging an immoral principle, does not always appear in its immediate effects, but in the consequences to which it inevitably leads. Other publishers were smitten with the value of the discovery and pressed on in the footsteps of their brother, the sympathies of the good-natured public were enlisted by the assurance that it was their interest the publishers had at heart in this move, that they had long been grievously imposed upon by the regular publishers, and as a proof, they could now procure from them the same works at one tenth of the former price. The eager public swallowed the bait so skilfully offered; dreadfully incensed were they against the mercenary publishers, who had so long, as they thought, been plundering them; and proportionably grateful to the public-spirited citizens who had opened their eyes to the fact.

The newspaper press, too, which, in this country, in nine cases out of ten, follows, instead of attempting to lead the public sentiment, took up the cry, and Cheap Literature literally deluged the land. In spite of Shakspeare's opinion to the contrary, every day's experience teaches us, that "much is in a name," and it was verified in this instance; for the public did not pause to inquire whether this literature was cheap or not, but took it for granted, and proceeded to act accordingly; they did not reflect that there is a kind of Literature which would be dear at any price, or even at no price at all; They did not consider that *money* is not the only standard of value, though the most common and obvious; and that even a gift, might be dearly paid for, if the acceptance of it entailed a breach of moral honesty upon the acceptor; and, therefore, the wrongs sustained both by authors and publishers of the pirated works, were not reflected upon; they did not consider that this cheap system was founded in fraud and supported by injustice, and heedless, or forgetful of the true but homely adage, "that the receiver is as bad as the thief," each individual shifted the responsibility off his own shoulders, and profited by the fraud which he thus aided in sustaining. Nay, some of the publishers rendered bold by impunity, and the apparent sympathy of the public, had the effrontery to tax with ingratitude the indignant authors, whose labors they had appropriated to their own profit, reproaching them with an indifference to fame, because they murmured at robbery; the American who can read with-

out a blush, the letters of Carlyle and Sydney Smith, upon this subject, must entertain very different views of moral honesty from ours ; since the reasoning of the publishers to them, resembles closely that used by the sage Augustus Tomlinson in " Paul Clifford," who comforts the dispirited traveller, whose pockets he has rifled, with the assurance, that he has been made to perform a benevolent action in relieving the wants of the distressed.

We are aware that these are hard truths, but as we believe them to be true, no sensibility shall prevent our giving them utterance, and expressing plain things in plain words ; to the motives of those who differ from us, we accord all due credit, but it does seem to us that no chain of reasoning, however subtle and ingenious, can do away with the force of the plain statement of facts set forth above. We are not ignorant of the fact, that many ingenious defences have been made for the publishers to palliate their invasion of the rights of authors ; some even going so far as to deny that an author has any property in the creations of his own mind, and that by the act of publication, he makes them the common property of all mankind, and loses all claim upon them ; this argument cannot possibly stand the test of a moment's reflection ; if admitted, it would strike at the root of all intellectual labor, and make the very existence of copyright a continued injustice.

Can it be seriously urged that one Butcher and Tailor, who cater solely to our physical wants, shall be amply remunerated ; while he, whose labors are directed towards the cultivation of the most noble portion of our nature, who addresses himself to the immortal mind of man, shall lay his priceless gifts at our feet, and there, like a poor pensioner, humbly wait for the alms which we may be pleased to bestow upon him : if such are to be the rewards, and such the position of those, who waste the flower of their youth and the vigor of their manhood, in painful and protracted study, " *Slaves of the Lamp*," uncheered by the sweet smile of woman, or the inspiring plaudits of the crowd ; how mad must he be, who would voluntarily incur a doom of such painful drudgery and abject slavery !

The topic is a fruitful one, but we think enough has been said to sustain the positions we have advanced, viz : that the system has crushed and destroyed all native authorship, and that it is based upon the most glaring wrong and injustice ; and we therefore proceed to substantiate our third charge, which is, that the character of the most widely circulated publications of this class, is such, as to taint and corrupt the minds of our youth. The injury complained of in the second charge is of a nature not immediately perceptible to superficial observers, the bad effects being consequential, rather than immediate ; but this last evil is of such an open and glaring character as to be obvious to the dullest perception, and of itself, sufficient to

cast the whole system into disrepute, if fully proven and sustained.

The first works with which this movement commenced, as we before observed, were the republications of English Magazines ; then succeeded the rapid and cheap republications of English novels ; the sale of these was so profitable that reprints of standard works of fiction followed next, with occasionally, a work of grave and solid character, to give a character to the undertaking. A thirst for works of fiction was thus created among the reading public, the demand exceeded the supply, and they were compelled to eke out with works of very inferior merit, and these tended to vitiate still further the public taste by the application of stimulants until solid food was distasteful to them ; although, as yet, no positive evil has been done. But the unprecedented success of this new movement called another class into the field ; the harpies of Literature came flocking in unbidden to the banquet, and defiled with their filthy touch the food which was to be set before the people ; the licentious novels of Charles Paul de Kock and George Sand (Mdme Dudevant) and other kindred spirits were translated and published in pamphlet-form, thrown before the public just at the time when it was thirsting for new excitement ; they spread like wildfire, and were followed by others of similar character, until the public sentiment, in the large cities, became so vitiated, that works of gross immorality were openly vended in the public streets. Nor did the evil stop here, for it spread in a black and filthy stream over the length and breadth of our land.

It may be thought that we had exaggerated the extent of this evil, but we do not speak from hearsay, but from the evidence of our own senses. During the last two years, we have visited almost every section of our Union, and the books which met our view more often than any other, were the pestilent French novels to which we have alluded ; through the untiring energy of agents, these books have penetrated into the most secluded villages, tainting the public morals and scattering the seeds of vice broadcast over the land ; and this is the substitute which " Cheap Publication " has given us for a wholesome Literature of our own.

De Kock has been called " The Bulwer of France," but the very coupling of their names together is an insult to the latter, who, if he has at times deviated from the strict line of propriety, would yet scorn to prostitute his talents to the detail of scenes of low vice and criminal indulgence, and such seems to be the sole aim and end of the French novelist, to render virtue ridiculous and vice attractive, and the very talent he displays in the prosecution of his task renders his novels the most dangerous as well as the most fascinating to inexperienced youth. But they are " very cheap," " only one shilling," and, therefore, prudent fathers

of families must encourage a system which reduces so much the price of books, &c.

George Sand (M^{de} Dudevant) is, if possible, worse in her morals, (if the term may be applied to the absence of all morality,) than Paul De Kock. but as she is a lady, or at least a female, we will pass both her and her novels by in expressive silence. Is it wonderful then, that the moral tone of a people, who encourage and foster a system based upon fraud and productive of such fruits, should become lax and licentious in the extreme; and is not this tendency already indicated, by the rapid and alarming increase of crime, in every portion of our country where a dense population affords facilities for its commission?

Is not repudiation both by States and individuals daily becoming more fashionable? Are not breaches of trust becoming matters of every day's occurrence? Is not the defaulting cashier of a bank now regarded only as an able financier? and is not the confidence between man and man each day shaken more and more? Let him who can shut his eyes to the fact with the proofs staring him in the face; we cannot if we would. The great want of this country is a want of faith; we do not mean religious faith, but use the term in its most comprehensive sense of confidence in human integrity and honesty, without which, enlarged views and liberal feelings cannot exist among a people; for the public mind, for want of some nobler subjects of contemplation, will be absorbed in projects of speculation, and narrowed down to mean and selfish views of human nature and human life.

The phrase, "knowledge of the world," was once construed by a sarcastic wit to mean "a knowledge of all the rascals in it," and this definition would seem with us to have become a part of the popular creed, since one of our most upright and honest statesmen has been declared "impracticable," from his open sincerity of character!—a stronger commentary on the state of public feeling could not be made than that afforded by this simple fact. There is but one remedy for this unwholesome state of public feeling, and that is, the diffusion of intelligence, not by a Cheap Literature, but by a wholesome and a manly one, of native growth, and suited to the temper and spirit of our people and to the institutions under which they live; such a Literature as would spring up spontaneously in our free country, were the foul weeds which choke its growth unsparingly rooted out. The wise and good of our country have perceived this and struggled to effect this end, but the hydra-headed monster, Cheap Literature, stands in the path and bars all further progress; how then can we combat this monster, who deludes the people into accepting poison in place of food; there is but one remedy, and that is a remedy which the most respectable authors and publishers of our country are now combined in praying for, and their prayer is echoed by the

plundered authors and publishers on the other side of the Atlantic, and it is the passage by Congress of an International Copyright Law. A measure which will do no more than an act of simple justice to foreign authors, and will free our native authors from the deadly incubus which now stifles and paralyzes them with its hateful pressure. For the honor of the American Congress, we trust that it will no longer sanction, by its silence, this barefaced system of piracy and plunder, but proclaim Martial Law, and hang up to the yard-arm all who shall hereafter violate the laws of national courtesy and national honor.

E. D.
Columbia, S. C.

De Leon

THE AXE OF THE SETTLER.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

We are not aware that the following poem has ever appeared. The authoress thinks it has not, though she once gave it another direction.—*Ed. Mess.*

Thou conqueror of the wilderness,
With keen and bloodless edge—
Hail! to the sturdy artisan
Who fashioned thee, bold wedge!
Though the warrior deem thee weapon
All unseemly for the brave,
Yet the settler knows thee mightier
Than the tried Damascus glaive.

While desolation marketh
The course of foeman's brand,
Thy blow aye scatters plenty,
Abundant through the land.
Thou op'nest the soil to culture,
To the sunlight and the dew;
And the village spire thou plantest
Where of old the forest grew.

Thou hew'st forth mighty navies
From the erst unyielding wood;
Their keels on every tide to float,
Their flags o'er every flood.
When the broad sea rolled between them
And their own far native land;
Thou wert the goodly ally
Of the hardy pilgrim band.

They bore no warlike eagles,
No banners swept the sky;
Nor the clarion, like a tempest,
Swelled its fearful notes on high.
But the ringing wild reëchoed
Thy bold, resistless strokes,
Where, like incense, on the morning
Went up their cabin smokes.

The tall oaks bowed before them,
Like reeds before the blast;
And the earth put forth in gladness,
Where the axe in triumph passed.
Then hail! thou noble conqueror!
That giv'st us to possess,
With the freehold of its fastnesses,
The ancient wilderness.

New-York.

THE "STONE HOUSE."

The "Stone House," as it is called, is perhaps the most curious and interesting relic in Virginia. Two accounts of it appeared some time since, one in the Richmond Whig, the other in the Farmer's Register. From them the following description is gathered. The "Stone House" is situated on Ware Creek, a tributary of York River, in the county of James City. It is distant from the mouth of Ware creek five miles, from Williamsburg fifteen, and from Jamestown twenty-two. The walls and chimney which remain are composed of sandstone. The house is eighteen and a half feet by fifteen in extent. It consists of a basement room under ground and a story above. On the West side is a door-way six feet wide, giving entrance to both apartments. There are loop-holes in the walls, measuring on the inside twenty by ten inches, on the outside twenty by four. The walls are in the basement two feet thick, in the upper story eighteen inches thick. The masonry bears marks of having been executed with great care and nicety. The house stands in an extensive waste of woods, on a high knoll or promontory, around the foot of which winds Ware Creek. The structure fronts on the Creek, being elevated one hundred feet above its level and standing back three hundred feet from its margin. The spot is approached only by a long circuitous defile, the comb of a ridge, in some places so narrow that two carts could not pass abreast. This defile is, besides, involved in such a labyrinth of dark ridges of forest and deep gloomy ravines, mantled with laurel, that it is said to be next to impossible to find the way without the aid of a guide. Nor is the place more accessible by water. The surrounding country is described as the most broken and desert track to be found East of the Blue Ridge.

The singular structure of the old "Stone House" and its wild secluded desolate site have naturally given rise to several traditions and conjectures as to its origin and purpose. It is said, that there is a neighborhood tradition, that the house was erected as early as thirteen years after the landing at Jamestown—and that it was built by the famous pirate Blackbeard, as a depository of his plunder. This hypothesis, however, involves a serious anachronism; since it is well established that Blackbeard did not figure in the waters of Virginia until about the year 1717—more than a century after the landing at Jamestown.

Another fanciful conjecture is, that the "Stone House," like the cave where Dido entertained Æneas, was a sort of rendezvous meeting-place of Captain Smith and Pochahontas! This is rather too romantic.

Another conjecture, much more plausible than either of those above-mentioned, is that the house was built by the adherents of Bacon in his rebel-

lion, who, after their leader's death, still held out so pertinaciously against Governor Berkley. This surmise, however, would seem to be unfounded. Firstly, it is well known that those followers of Bacon, occupied West-Point at the head of York River, strongly fortified it and made it their place of arms. That post in their hands actually proved impregnable against repeated assaults of the Governor's forces under Ludwell. And Sir William Berkley at length, fatigued by their resolute defence, in order to induce their surrender, was obliged to offer the rebels there a general pardon, which nothing less than the last necessity could have extorted from him. The position occupied by Bacon's adherents at West-Point being so strong and every way convenient, there could have been no motive to prompt them to build another fortification on Ware Creek.

In the next place, it is altogether improbable that the vindictive vigilance of Berkley would have suffered Bacon's followers unmolested to erect such a work as the "Stone House," whose elaborate construction would seem rather to indicate that it was built in the leisure of peace, than in the anxious precipitancy of a hard-pressed and hopeless rebellion.

Lastly, of Bacon's rebellion, there are several minute circumstantial accounts and it is improbable that Beverley, T. M. and others would have omitted a fact so interesting as the erection of a fortified work on Ware Creek, when they were detailing so many other particulars of less consequence.

So much for these conjectures. I now beg leave to suggest another, founded on the following passage:—

*"We built also a fort for a retreat neere a convenient river, upon a high commanding hill, very hard to be assailed and easie to be defended, but ere it was finished this defect caused a stay. In searching our casked corne, we found it halfe rotten and the rest so consumed with so many thousands of rats that increased so fast, but their originall was from the ships, as we knew not how to keepe that little we had. This did drive us all to our wits end, for there was nothing in the country but what nature afforded." * * "But this want of corne occasioned the end of all our works, it being worke sufficient to provide victuall."—Smith's Hist. of Va., B. III., p. 227.*

Upon lately meeting with this passage in Smith, I was forcibly struck with the coincidence between the fort thus spoken of by him and the "Stone House." If the conjecture be well founded, it will entitle that structure to the claim of being the oldest house in Virginia, if not in the United States, as the fort mentioned by Smith was erected about the year 1608-9, only two or three years after the landing at Jamestown, which would make it about two hundred and thirty-four years old. Smith says "We built also a fort for a retreat;" that is a retreat from the Indians, in case Jamestown should have been overpowered. "Neere a convenient

river." The "Stone House" is about a hundred yards from Ware Creek. "A convenient river,"—by the description given above, it is seen that no situation could have been more eligible. It may be worth while to observe that the name of the river is not given; now, in all probability, Ware Creek at that early day had not been named by the English, being an unimportant stream. "Upon a high commanding hill;" this answers exactly to the site of the "Stone House." "Very hard to be assailed and easy to be defended;" all the descriptions of the "Stone House" fully confirm these particulars. "But ere it was finished, this defect caused a stay," &c. * * "But this want of come occasioned the end of all our works," &c. Now the "Stone House" is apparently incomplete and there is neither roof nor floor; this unfinished appearance seems to have puzzled some of its visitors. Smith's statement, however, that it was left unfinished, may at once solve the enigma.

From all these corroborating circumstances, there seems to be good reason to conclude, that the "Stone House" is the fort mentioned by Smith. Its antiquity, the associations connected with it, the superstitious fancies to which it has given rise and its wild and sequestered situation, all conspire to render the old "Stone House" an attractive object to the tourist and the antiquary, and, perhaps, not uninteresting even to the novelist and poet.

YORKTOWN.

At Yorktown, at the residence of William Nelson, Esq., there are to be seen portraits of William Nelson, President, (who built the house) and Elizabeth Barwell, his wife. It is said that those portraits during the revolution, when the British were making incursions into Virginia, were boxed up and sent to Hanover Court-House for preservation from the enemy. The British, however, found them in Hanover and mutilated them there.

This house was, at the time of the siege of York, the residence of General Thomas Nelson. It was a good deal damaged by the American artillery,—traces of the damage being yet visible. A pannel in the wainscoat is still loose, from the effects of a cannon-ball, or bomb-shell.

The Old Church, at Yorktown, was built 150 years ago. The Hon. Francis Nicholson contributed twenty pounds sterling towards its cost, as appears by the following paper, that appeared some time since in the Richmond Enquirer:—"the following is a literal copy from the records of York County Court:

"York County October ye 26th 1696. I promise to give five pounds sterling towards building the Cott-house at Yorké Towne and twenty pounds sterl'g if within two years they build a brick church att the same townne. As witness my hand ye day and year above written.

Sra: Nicholson."

"Stiphen ffloward

Robt. Bill; November ye 24th: 1696.

The above writing p'ented in cott: and according to order is committed to Record.

p. William Sedgwick cl. cur."

I had the pleasure some years ago of visiting the remains of the Old Church at Yorktown. Nothing was left but the walls. These are composed of stone marl, which it is said, soft when taken out of its native bed, becomes hardened by time and exposure, until it acquires the firmness and durability of solid stone. The roof was open to the eye of day and foxes might peep, by moonlight, out at the dismantled windows. Adjacent lies the old grave-yard, enclosed by an antiquated brick wall. Here are several tomb-stones of the Nelsons and others, some with Latin inscriptions, some with English, and adorned with the insignia of heraldry. The site of the church is superb, immediately on the lofty bank of the sparkling cerulean waters of the majestic York. The spot is consecrated by the ashes of the illustrious dead, the charms of nature, its antique recollections and the classic associations of the siege and surrender.

The patriotism of the North has erected a sublime monument on Bunker Hill, to commemorate the portentous dawn of the revolution; when shall the patriotism of the South raise such an one, on the field of Yorktown, to commemorate the parting glories of the sunset?

ROSEWELL.

Rosewell, formerly the seat of John Page, Esq., sometime Governor of Virginia, is situated on the North bank of York River, in the county of Gloucester, and nearly opposite the mouth of Queen's Creek. The house stands a short distance back from the river, and, as seen from the water, is an imposing and venerable monument of the olden time. It is a cube of ninety feet, with fourteen windows in front. Its appearance is singularly solid and massive. The interior is pannelled and wainscoated in the old style; some of the apartments in black walnut highly polished and which, it is said, were formerly waxed as floors now are. The old hall is a superb room: around the panneling are some antique hooks, on which the tapestry hangings were suspended. The tapestry was still preserved there a few years ago. The mahogany of the hall stair-case is richly carved. The doors are arched over-head. There are four stories; the upper, when I saw it, a good deal decayed, the floor in some of the rooms having "settled." There are twelve rooms. The bricks, it is said, came from England. They are of the species styled oil-bricks, so called from the oil used in moulding them. They are laid, alternately, lengthwise and endwise, the end-bricks being glazed according to the fashion of that day. The walls, where most exposed, are tinged with verd-antique

mould and the cornice in some places is decayed. The roof is flat and sheeted with lead. The story that there was once a fishpond up there, is fabulous. Tradition mentions that Mr. Jefferson and Governor Page, there, in the evening, sometimes enjoyed conversation and the moonlight scenery of the York. The view, therefrom, embraces about ten miles both up and down the river. The York is there wide and magnificent, clear, fresh and sparkling as the ocean.

Formerly there was a vineyard in front of Rosewell house and a garden in the rear. There are now few or no trees in front of the house, and this circumstance perhaps enhances the effect. It seems to stand in proud and silent solitude, like some old baronial castle. Rosewell, besides its own interesting associations, is remarkable as standing near Werowocomoco, the spot where Smith was rescued from death by his guardian genius, Pochahontas.

WEROWOCOMOCO.

Next to Jamestown, Werowocomoco is perhaps the spot most celebrated in the early chronicles of Virginia. As Jamestown was the seat of the English settlers, so Werowocomoco was the residence of the great Indian chief, Powhatan. It was the scene of many interviews and rencontres between the settlers and the savages; it was at Werowocomoco that supplies for the colony were frequently obtained; here that Smith once saw suspended on a line between two trees the scalps of twenty four Payanketanks recently slain,—here that Powhatan was crowned by Newport, and here that occurred the most touching scene in the whole colonial drama, the rescue of Smith by Pochahontas. Werowocomoco is on the York river, in the county of Gloucester. It may surprise some readers to hear, that the rescue of Smith took place on the York, since, in the general neglect of our early history, it seems to have been taken for granted by many that it took place on James River. Smith and Stith, in their histories, put the matter beyond dispute. Smith, Book II., p. 117, describes the Pamaunkee [now York] river as follows:

"Fourteen myles northward from the river Powhatan is the river Pamaunkee, which is navigable 60 or 70 myles, but with catches and small barks 30 or 40 myles farther. At the ordinary flowing of the salt water, it divideth itself into two gallant branches. On the South side inhabit the people of Youghtanund, who have about 60 men for warres. On the north branch Mattapanient, who have 30 men. Where this river is divided, the country is called Pamaunkee [now West Point] and nourisheth neare 300 able men. About 25 myles lower, on the North side of this river, is Werowocomoco, where their great king inhabited when I was delivered him prisoner."

Again, Book II., p. 142, Smith says:

"At Werowocomoco, on the North side of the river Pamaunkee [York] was his [Powhatan's] residence, when I was delivered him prisoner, some 14 myles from James Towne where, for the most part, he was resident."

Stith, as quoted by Burk's History of Virginia, Vol. I., p. 111., describes its position as follows:

"Werowocomoco lay on the North side of York river, in Gloucester county, nearly opposite to the mouth of Queen's Creek and about twenty-five miles below the fork of the river."

Upon a short visit made to that part of Gloucester county a year or two ago, I was satisfied that Shelly, the seat of Mrs. Mann Page, is the famous Werowocomoco. Shelly is on the North bank of the York river, in the county of Gloucester, said to be about 25 miles from West Point at the head of the river, and is nearly opposite the mouth of Queen's Creek, lying somewhat above. It is true, the word "nearly" is indefinite, and it might be supposed that Werowocomoco, perhaps, lay a little below the point opposite the mouth of Queen's Creek instead of a little above. But the marshy oozy character of the bank of the York below Shelly, rendering it apparently uninhabitable, seems to forbid the supposition. Werowocomoco then, it may be taken for granted, was either at Shelly, or at some point above Shelly. But as Shelly is nearly opposite the mouth of Queen's Creek, it is obvious that the further you proceed up the river, the less appropriate will become the expression "nearly opposite."

Carter's Creek, emptying into the York at Shelly, forms a safe harbor for canoes. Smith, in a passage already quoted, mentions that Werowocomoco is 14 miles from Jamestown. In Book III., p. 194, he says, that "he went over land to Werowocomoco some twelve miles; there he passed the river of Pamaunkee in a salvage canow." Now, as it was 14 miles from Jamestown to Werowocomoco, and 12 to the point on the South bank of the York, where Smith embarked in a canoe, it follows that Werowocomoco was only 2 miles from that point. And Shelly, I take it is just about 2 miles from where it is probable Smith went into the canoe on that occasion.

Shelly adjoins Rosewell, (formerly the seat of John Page, Esq., sometime Governor of Virginia,) and was originally part of the Rosewell plantation; and I learned from Mrs. Page, of Shelly, that Governor Page always held Shelly to be the ancient Werowocomoco and accordingly he, at first, gave it that name, but afterwards, on account of the inconvenient length of the word, dropped it, and adopted the title of Shelly, on account of the extraordinary accumulation of shells found there. The enormous beds of oyster-shells deposited there, particularly just in front of the Shelly house, indicate it to have been a place of great resort among the natives. The situation is highly picturesque and beautiful and looking, as it does, on the lovely and majestic York, it would seem, of all others, to have been the befitting residence of the lordly Powhatan. According to Captain Smith, the circumstances of his rescue were as follows:

At last they brought Smith to Werowocomoco, the residence of the King Powhatan. Here, while Powhatan and his attendants were adorning themselves in their best attire, more than 200 grim savages stood gazing in amazement at the captive, as if he had been a monster. On Smith's entering the royal wigwam, he found Powhatan before a fire, upon a seat resembling a bedstead. He was covered with an ample robe of raccoon skins. On either hand sat a young female of 16 or 18 years, and along each side of the wigwam two rows of men and behind them as many women, with their heads and shoulders painted red, the heads of many bedecked with the white down of birds; every one with some ornament and all wearing a long necklace of pearls. Upon Smith's appearance before Powhatan, the savages raised a terrific shout. The queen of Apamattuck was appointed to bring Smith water to wash his hands; another female offered him a bunch of feathers instead of a towel to wipe his hands. After feasting the prisoner in their barbarous manner, a long council was held. That concluded, two large stones were brought and laid the one upon the other before Powhatan. Then, as many as could, laid hold of Smith and dragging him to the stones,* thereon laid his head, when brandishing their war-clubs to put him to death, Pochahontas, the King's dearest daughter, finding that no entreaty would avail, flew to Smith, bent over him, clasped his head in her arms and laid her own upon his to shield him from impending death. Pity triumphed! Powhatan relenting, spared the captive's life, that he might make tomahawks for him and bells and beads for Pochahontas. History nowhere affords a scene of more exquisite pathos; the lapse of time will continually enhance its interest and in ages of the distant future the traveler will linger at Werowocomoco, a spot blessed with the lovely charms of natural beauty and consecrated by the tender heroism of Pochahontas.

Petersburg, Oct. 41, 1843.

C. C.

*These, some suppose, were what the Indians termed pawcorances, i. e. altar stones, which Powhatan was accustomed to use in the execution of criminals.

TO E—, WITH A WITHERED ROSE-BUD.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

The rose you gave me, love, has lost
The beauty of its blooming hour,
But yet a fairy fragrance clings
Around the ruined flower;
And so the smile you gave me, love,
Shone but an instant on my sight,
And yet its memory remains
To thrill me with delight.

And now I give the rose again,
Content that memory should be
The only thing to call me back
To thought of love and thee.

For lo, our lots are set apart,
And mine is all too sad a way
To shadow with its cypress boughs
The morning of thy May.

Philadelphia, September, 1843.

GEORGIA SCENES.

I take for granted, Mr. Editor, that the greater number of your subscribers are familiar with the admirable "Georgia Scenes," of Judge Longstreet, which have been issued in one volume from the press of the Harpers. But I suspect few of them have ever seen the characteristic sketches which I send you, entitled "Little Ben" and "Darby Anvil," from the same graphic native writer. They are taken from the columns of an obscure Georgia paper, which is now no longer published. That they may produce in your readers many a hearty cackination, is my reason for sending them to you, and will be your sufficient justification for giving them the wide circulation which they merit. It should be a part of your policy to bind together in your family sheaf, these stray leaves of Southern genius when they fall under your eye; and I am very sure that a department of your journal devoted to the select passages which occasionally find their way—one knows not why—into the columns of the ordinary newspaper,—would be very grateful to many who look into newspapers for very different matters. Let me make a farther suggestion—that for the sake of your readers you seek to secure the original contributions of Judge Longstreet for your Messenger. He—I am told—is not unprepared to unfold a budget full of as good things as ever relieved the cares of Nestor, and led him into hearty worship at the side-rendering shrine of Momus.

ASHLY RIVER.

The readers of the Messenger have already enjoyed "many a hearty cackination" over several of the inimitable "Georgia Scenes," and among them "Little Ben." As but few of them, however, may have read "Darby Anvil," it gives us pleasure to present it.

It is indeed our policy to bind together the "stray leaves of Southern Genius;" but we hope that the gifted author of these graphic sketches will not leave us to collect his "leaves" as they stray; but send them to us in all their birthday freshness.

The Harpers have recently issued another edition of the "Georgia Scenes," but it does not embrace either "Little Ben" or "Darby Anvil."—*Ed. Mess.*

DARBY ANVIL.

I well remember the first man who, without any qualifications for the place, was elected to the legislature of Georgia. He was a blacksmith by trade, and Darby Anvil was his name. I would not be understood as saying that none had preceded him, but men of profound wisdom or even notable talents—at the time of which I am speaking, such were not to be found in every country in the state—but that none had been deputed to that body who were not vastly superior to Anvil in every moral and intellectual quality.

Darby came hither just at the close of the Revolutionary war; and if his own report of himself is to be believed, "*he fit*" in that memorable struggle. True, he never distinctly stated on which side "*he*"

fit;" but as he spoke freely of the incidents of the Revolution, and at a time when tories were very scarce and very mute, it was taken for granted that he fought on the right side.

Darby established himself upon a lot in the then village of —, which cost him nothing; for in his day, town lots, and even large tracts of land were granted to any one, who would occupy them for a given time. Two log huts soon rose upon Darby's lot; into one of which, he stowed his wife and children, and in the other his blacksmith's tools. He now plied his trade assiduously; and as all trades flourished at that time, he grew rich apace. A year had hardly rolled away before a snug framed house rose in front of his log dwelling; and his shop gave place to one of more taste and convenience, from the hands of a carpenter. The brand of horse-shoes upon the shop door, no longer served Darby for a sign; but high over the entrance of the smithery from a piece of iron work, of crooks and convolutions unutterable, hung a flaming sign-board, decorated on either side, with appropriate designs. On one side was Darby in person, shoeing General Washington's horse—I say it was *Washington's* horse, because Darby said so, and Billy Spikes, who painted it, said so. Certainly it was *large* enough for Washington's horse: for taking Darby, whose height I knew for a gague, and the horse could not have been less than five-and-twenty feet high. On the other side was a plough, with handles nine feet long, by the same measure; studded with hoes, and axes, staples and horse-shoes. Every thing around Darby bore the aspect of thrift and comfort. In short, his fortune increased, even faster than his children: and this is no small compliment to his industry and economy; for Mrs. Anvil had not, for many years, suffered eighteen months to pass, without reminding him, with a blush through a smirk, that she would "soon want a little sugar and coffee and sweeten'd dram for the little stranger." Darby had just received the tenth notice of this kind, when he resolved to turn politician. Whether they had any influence upon him in forming this rash resolution I am not prepared to say, but certain it is, that he had received these notices for several years preceding, with a rapidly declining interest; insomuch, that when the last came, it gave to his countenance an expression better suited to dyspepsia than to such joyous tidings; and he was proceeding to make a most uncourteous response, when the kindling fire of his lady's eye, brought him to an anticlimax of passive gentility. "Why, Nancy!" said he, "Lord a' massy on my soul! I don't grudge you the rum and sugar and coffee; but—'a'ly it *does* seem to me—that we're havin' a powerful chance o' children, some how or nother." I am digressing a little, but I cannot resume my subject, without doing Mrs. Anvil the justice to say, that she defended her dignity with becoming spirit, and by a short but

pungent syllogism, taught Darby that he had more cause for self-condemnation, than for *grudgings* or *astonishment*.

Darby Anvil, though ignorant in the extreme, had some shrewdness, and much low cunning. He knew well the prejudices and weaknesses of the common people of the county, and had no little tact in turning them to his own advantage.

Two attorneys of eminence, who had repeatedly served the state in her deliberative assemblies, during and after the war, were candidates for the popular branch of the legislature, when Darby determined to make a third and supernumerary candidate. He announced his aims in the only way in which he could have announced them without exposing himself to overwhelming ridicule; for the people of those days pretty generally harbored the superstitious notion, that talents were indispensable to wholesome legislation.

There was a great barbecue in the county. It was the wager of a hunting match, and consequently every body was invited, and every body attended. During the festival, when Darby and ten or twelve of his own class were collected round the bottle, "boys," said he, "how 'bout the 'lection this year?"

"Oh," says one, "there's no opposition."

"No opposition!" continued Darby; "by zounds, that'll never do; we'll have no fun. I'll be ding'd if I don't offer myself, if I can't git a smarter man to offer, rather than have no fun at all. What do you say, Bill Rucker; wont you go in for the old blacksmith against the lawyers?" smiling and winking to the bystanders.

"Oh yes," said Bill, carelessly, "I'll go in for you to a red heat."

"Well, that's one vote for the old blacksmith, any how."

"Johnny, you'll stick to uncle Darby, agin the lawyers, I know, won't you, Johnny?"

"Yes," said John Fields, "I'll stick to you like grim death to a dead nigger."

"Jimmy Johns 'll go—oh no, I've no chance of Jimmy's vote; bein' as how he's a mighty takin' to lawyers since his brother Bob's case was *tryn*. How 'bout that Jimmy?" with a dry, equivocal laugh.

"Blast there infernal souls!" said Jim, "I'd vote for the devil 'fore I'd vote for either of them. They made out my evidence was nothin' 't all but swearin' lies for brother Bob from one eend to tother."

"Well, Jimmy," pursued Darby, "you mustn't mind uncle Darby's laughin', my son. I can't help laughin' every time I think how mad you was when you come to my shop that day; but you know I told you you'd get over it, and vote for the 'squires at last, didn't I?"

"Yes, and you told a lie too, did n't you uncle Darby?"

Here Darby roared immoderately, and then becoming suddenly very grave, he proceeded:

"But boys, puttin' all jokin' away, its wrong, mighty wrong, for any body to be puttin' upon any body's charricter after that sorts, I don't care who they is. And if I was in the legislater, the first thing I'd do would be to stop it."

"Well, uncle Darby, why don't you offer?" said Johns; "I'll go for you, and there's plenty more'll go for you if you'll come out."

"Yes, that there is," said Job Snatch, (another sufferer in court.) "I'll go for you."

"And so will I," said Seth Weed.

"Why boys," interrupted Darby, "if you don't hush, you'll make me come out sure enough. And what would I do in the 'assembly?"

"I'll tell you what you'd do," said Sam Flat, crustily, "you'd set up in one corner of the room, like poor folks at a frolic, and never open your mouth. And I'll tell you another thing—my opinion is you want to offer too, and you're only fishing for an excuse to do it now."

Darby burst into a loud laugh; but there was enough of chagrin mingled with it, to shew plainly that he felt the truth of Sam's remark. It was near a minute before he could reply:

"Oh no, Sammy, I've no notion of offerin', unless it mout be just to have a little fun. And if I was to offer what harm would it do? I couldn't be elected; and if I wasn't, I wouldn't care; for it wouldn't be no disgrace for a poor blacksmith to be beat by great folks, that's beat every body."

"Well," said Jimmy Johns, "may I say you's a cand'date?"

"Jimmy, you is a free man, and has a right to say what you please."

"And I'm a free man, and I'll say what I please too," said Job Snatch.

"And so am I," said Seth Weed.

"Why what's got into these boys!" chuckled out Darby. "I b'lieve they're gwine to make me a cand'date whether I will or no. I didn't know I had so much pop'larity. Let me git away from here or I'll be made a great man in spite of myself. But I must take a drink before I go. Come boys, let's take a drink; and I'll give you a toast:

"Here's wishin' that honest man, who's 'blige to go to court to swear,
May not be 'low'd to be made game of by lawyers of the BARE."

This sentiment, like many electioneering harangues of equal merit in the present day, was received "with unbounded applause;" and amidst laughter and entreaties for a repetition of the toast, Darby hastened away to a small party of marksmen, who had made up a match, and were trying their skill apart from the throng. To these, he made himself obsequious, while his friends spread the news of his candidacy. It soon pervaded the whole assembly, and many went to him to know the truth of the report. His answers to such were regulated by the tone and manner with which they put their

questions. If they exhibited no astonishment, he told them, that "he had tried to git off, but his friends kept plagueing him so to offer, that he was 'blige to give up, or make 'em all mad, and, therefore, he told 'em they mout do as they pleased." If the inquirer exhibited signs of wonder and incredulity, Darby gave him an affirmative, with all the tokens of irony. Among the rest came Smith and Jones, the two candidates. They happened to meet him just as he was returning to the crowd from the shooting match, and when no person was with him.

"Darby," enquired Smith, "is it possible that you are a candidate for the legislature?"

"Why not?" returned Anvil with a blush.

"Why you are utterly unqualified—you will disgrace yourself."

"I know," rejoined Anvil, "that I'd make a mighty poor out of speaking agin lawyers, but I reckon as how, I could vote as good as them."

"You are mistaken, Darby," said Jones. "It requires a better head to vote right, than to speak well. The business of law making, is a very delicate business, which should be managed with the nicest care, especially in this country. It is true that it has been much simplified in the several states by our admirable form of government. A vast variety of subjects, and those too which the people at large, are generally best acquainted with, have been withdrawn from the state legislature. But still, the States are sovereign; and possess all power not specially delegated to the general government—

"You should have said," interrupted Smith, "that the state legislation has been *diminished*, rather, than that it has been *simplified*. In truth it has been rendered more intricate by our novel form of government. In other countries, the law-giver has only to study the interests of the people, and legislate accordingly: but here, in addition to the ordinary duties of a legislator, he has others of infinite difficulty and infinite importance to discharge. He is one of the guardians of a State, which is both *sovereign* and *subject*—sovereign, by constitution—subject, by concession. He must consider well, therefore, the powers which she has ceded, and yield implicit obedience to them; he must study well the powers which she has reserved, and fearlessly maintain them. An error on the one hand is a step towards anarchy—an error on the other is a step towards slavery"—

"Why," interrupted Darby, "I don't understand head nor tail of all this *sarment*."

"I was not addressing myself to you," said Smith, "though I confess that what I was saying, was meant for your improvement. I was in hopes you would understand enough of it to discover your unfitness for the legislature."

"I think," said Jones, "I can convince Darby of that, in a more intelligible way."



"Darby, what does a man go to the legislature for?"

"Why, to make laws," said Darby.

"True; and to mend such as have been made. Now do you know what laws have been made?"

"No."

"Do you know how those have operated which have been made?"

"Operated!"

"I mean, do you know whether they have proved good or bad?"

"No, I tell you; I don't know notin' 'tall 'bout 'em."

"Well, now suppose a man should come to your shop and offer to work for you a month—at plough-making we will suppose—and when you asked him if he understood making such ploughs as were used in Georgia, he should reply, that he knew nothing at all about ploughs—his whole life had been spent in shoe-making; but that if you would lay two ploughs before him he could tell you which he thought best, and that, whenever you wanted his opinion, or vote, upon shop matters, he could give it as good as any one. What would you think of him?"

"Then 'cordin' to your chat, no body ought to go to 'ssembly but lawyers," said Darby.

"I do not say so; but that no one should go there who has not some little knowledge of the business, which he has to do. If he possess this knowledge, it matters not, whether he be lawyer, farmer, merchant, or mechanic."

By this time quite a crowd, mostly of unlettered persons, had collected round the candidates; and though it was impossible for Darby to hide his chagrin while he and his competitors were alone, it became less and less visible with every accession to the group; so that by the time Mr. Jones concluded his remarks, it was entirely dissipated; and Darby stood before the company, decidedly the most self-confident of the three.

"Well," said he, planting himself astraddle, and placing his arms akimbo, "now I've heard you all through, let me see how the old blacksmith can argify with two lawyers at a time. I know I'm nothin' but a poor ign'ant blacksmith that don't know nothin' no how; and furthermore I don't think no body ought to go to the 'ssembly but lawyers nether, bein' as how they're the smartest people in the world. But howsomedever, that's neither here nor thar. Now Mr. Smith, you say I'd disgrace myself to go to the 'ssembly; and I reckon it's so, for I'm like my neighbors here, hard working people, who ha'n't got no business doin' nothin' but working for great folks and rich folks no how. But howsomedever, that's nither here nor thar, as the fellow said. Now I want to ax you a few questions; and you mustn't git mad with me, for I only want to git a little larnin'. And firstly of the first place, to begin at the beginnin', as the fellow said. A'n't a poor man as free as a rich man?"

winking, with a smerk to the bystanders.

"Certainly," said Smith.

"And didn't they fight for libity, as well as rich ones?"

"Yes."

"Well—hem!—and a'n't they as honest as rich men?"

"No doubt of it."

"Well, if a poor man is as free as a rich man," (*now you mustn't git mad with me,*) and they fit for libity as well as them, and is as honest; how comes it, that some people that's the smartest in the world, votes for no body, havin' votes, but them that's got land!" Here several of the bystanders who had been interchanging winks and smiles, in token that they foresaw the dilemma into which Darby was leading his antagonist, burst into a loud laugh.

"Now a'n't he the devil!" whispered one.

"I tell you what it is," said a second, "the law-years a'n't gwine to git nothin' out o' him."

"Mighty smart man"—said a third, gravely—"powerful smart, for his oppitunities!"

"I advocated free hold suffrage," returned Smith, "in the convention that framed the constitution, not because I thought the rich man entitled to higher privileges than the poor man; but because I thought him less exposed to temptation. Indeed, my proposition made no distinction between the poor and the rich; for there is not a farmer in the state who has not more land than would have entitled him to a vote under it. But I apprehend the time will come, when our state will be inundated with strangers and sojourners among us—mere floating adventurers—who have no common interest, feeling, or sympathy with us, who will prostitute the right of suffrage to private gain, and set up their votes to the highest bidder. I would, therefore, have confined this right to those who have a fixed and permanent interest in the state—who must share the honors, or suffer the penalties of wise, or corrupt legislation."

"If Smith is to be blamed," said Jones, "for his course in the convention, so am I. I differed from him to be sure in *measure* but agreed with him in *principle*. I would have had a small *property*-qualification, without confining it to *land*; but his answer to this was decisive. If the amount of property required were *large*, it would disqualify many honest voters who are permanent residents of the State—if it were *small*, every stranger who brought with him money enough to bear his travelling expenses would be qualified to vote. But we were both overruled."

"Gentlemen," said Darby, "you talk too much dictionary for me. I wasn't raised to much book-larnin', nor dictionary larnin'. But howsomedever; I think squire Smith, you said any body that didn't own land would sell their votes to the highest bidder; and I reckon it's so, for you great folks knows more than me; but 'the proof of the pud-

din's in chawin' the bag,' as the fellow said; therefore, let's see how the thing 'll work. Jimmy Johns, you don't own no land, and therefore 'ccordin' to the squire's noration, you'll sell your vote to the highest bidder. What'll you take for it?"

"No body better not tell me," said Jim, "that I'll sell my vote; or I'll be dad seized if I don't fling a handful o' fingers right in his face in short metcher—I don't care who he is."

"I did not say," resumed Smith, "that any man now in the State would sell his vote—nor do I believe any true *Georgian* by birth, or adoption, ever will; but the time will come when idle, worthless vagabonds, will come amongst us, who will sell their votes, for a pint of rum, if they can get no more."

"Well squire, now it seems to me—but I don't know—but it seems to me, some how or nother, that it'll be time enough to have land votin', when that time comes; and not to begin upon poor folks now, to stop mean folks when we're all dead and gone. Them folks, I reckon, can take care o' themselves."

"Then it will be too late," interposed Jones. "Men who have a marketable article, will never give it away, or allow it to be taken from them. Should they be willing to renounce it, there will be factious demagogues enough to prevent them from so doing. No, Darby, if you would establish a good government, you must do it at its organization. Thenceforward there is a ceaseless war between the governors and the governed. The rulers are ever usurping the rights of the people, or the people are ever resuming the rights of the —"

"Stop a little thar," interrupted Darby. "You say thar's a war 'tween the governor and the government. Now what's the reason I never hearn of that war? I've hearn of the old French war and the Revolution war, and the Indian war; but I never hearn of that war before."

"I don't say," continued Jones, impatiently, "that there is a war—a fight——"

"Oh, well, if you take that back, why we'll start agin. But howsomever, when I'm gwine to a place, I always try to take the right road at first, and then thar's no 'casion for turnin' back."

"Well, Darb," said Jones, "you are certainly a bigger fool than I took you to be, and that's not your worst fault."

"Well, now you see," said Darby, bristling, "that kind o' chat ain't gwine to do for me no how; and you must take it back, quick as you did the war, or I'll make the fur fly to the tother sorts."

"Yes, I'll be dad seized if I didn't," said Jimmy Johns, becoming furious—"talkin' 's talkin,' but callin' a man the *fool*, 's no sort o' chat."

"Uncle Darby," said John Field, "you gwine to swallow that? If you do you needn't count on John Field's vote."

"No, I'm not," continued Darby, touching his

coat. "Gentlemen, I didn't go to squire Jones; he come to me and brought on the fuss, and I don't think I'm to blame. My charricter is as good to me, as his'n to him, and—gentlemen I'm a plain, hard working man, but I'll be burn'd if I can bear every thing."

"Strip yourself, Darby," said Snatch, flinging off his coat, as if it were full of nettles, and pouring forth a volley of oaths without order or connection—"strip yourself—you shan't be imposed upon—I'll see you out."

"Oh, well now," said John Reynolds, (the bully of the county,) coolly, "if there's to be any furling here, I must have a little of the pulling of it. And Darby, you're not going to knock the 'squire till you walk over me to do it. He's holpt my wife and children too often when they've been sick, for me to stand by and see him imposed upon, right or wrong—that's the racket."

"Well, Johnny," said Darby, readjusting his coat, "I always liked the 'Squire myself, and always voted for him—don't you know I did Johnny—but then you know yourself that it's mighty hard for a man to be called a fool to his face—now a'n't it Johnny?"

"Why it's a thing that don't go down easy, I know; but then look at t'other side a little. Now you made out the 'Squire eat his words about the war; and that's mighty hard to swallow too. Now, he told you he didn't mean they fit; and you know any body's liable to make mistakes any how, and you kept makin' out that he had to back out from what he said and——"

"Yes, Darby," said Jimmy Johns, "that's a fact. Johnny's right. You brushed the 'Squire a little too close there, Darby, and I can't blame him for gitten' mad. I'll stick by you when you're on the right side, but I can't go with you there. I couldn't a stood it myself."

"Yes, Darby," said Fields, "you must confess yourself that you began it; and therefore you oughtn't to got mad—That was wrong, Darby; and I can't go with you them lengths."

"How was it?" said Snatch, as if he were at the beginning of the affray. "How was it?"

"Why," said Johns, "Darby made out the 'Squire eat his words; and then the Squire called Darby a fool."

"Oh, chuch!" said Snatch, "was that the way of it! Darby's wrong. If I'd o' know'd that, I wouldn't 'a' open'd my mouth."

"Well," said Darby, "I b'lieve I *was* wrong there Johnny; and if my friends say so, I know I was; and therefore, I am willing to drop it. But I was only jokin' with the 'Squire and didn't mean to make him mad; and I am willing to drop it—I always looked upon the 'Squire as a mighty good, kind-hearted man."

"Oh yes," said three or four at once, "drop it."

"I was just waitin' to see a row," said Sam

Flat, (bully number 2,) "and I'd 'a' kept up all sorts o' rolling and tumbling over this barbecue ground, before I'd 'a' seen the 'Squire hurt."

"Oh, but Sammy," said John, Fields and Snatch, in one voice, "its all over now. Drop it—We all see Darby was wrong."

"Oh, yes," said John White, reeling under a pint of rum, "drop it; it's all got in—a wrong—fix—by not knowin'—nothin' 'bout it. I heard it every bit—'Squire didn't say what Darby said — and Darby didn't say what 'Squire said — and none of you didn't say what all of you said and that's—the way—you all got to quarr'lin' and fightin'. We're all friends and — let's go take a drink. Which whipp'd!"

Before White concluded this very luminous and satisfactory explanation, the attorneys and their friends had retired; and Darby proceeded:

"Gentlemen, when I first talked 'bout bein' a cand'date, I had no notion of bein' one—I jest said it in fun, as all the boys here knows; but now you see since they go to puttin' on me after this sorts, I'll be blamed if I don't be a cand'date, even if I git beat. This is a free country, in which every man has a right to do as he pleases, and 'ordin' to their chat, no body ha'n't got no right to be cand'dates but lawyers. If that's the chat, I don't know what our rev'lution was for, and I fit in it too. Gentlemen, you see how I've been persecuted!"

Darby's resolution was applauded by some, and his insulted dignity soothed by others. He now surrendered himself unreservedly to electioneering. His first object was to secure the favor of John Reynolds; for the bully of a county was then (as he still is, though lessened much in importance,) a very desirable auxiliary in a canvass. This was easily effected by a little kindness, and a little hypocrisy, and Darby wanted neither when his interest was at stake. He soon persuaded John, that all he had said to Mr. Jones was a joke, or, (what was the same thing to John) an error in Darby; and as the bully of a county is too much occupied in seeking glory, to attend much to his trade or his farm, and is therefore constantly in need of some little assistance from his more industrious neighbors, Darby had opportunities enough of conciliating John by kind offices. These he improved so handsomely, that John was soon won by gratitude, and came out his open supporter. Marvellous was now the "change" which "came over the spirit of" Darby's "dream." His shop was committed to the entire management of Sambo and Cuffy, and his "little strangers," to Nancy. He rode night and day—attended every gathering in the county—treated liberally—aped dignity here, cracked obscene jokes there—sang vulgar songs in one place, talked gravely in another—told long, dry stories—gave short, mean toasts—jested with the women, and played with the children—grew liberal in suretiships—paid promptly—dunned nobody—

and asked every body to vote for him. By these means, his popularity increased wonderfully. Three months lay between the barbecue and the election; and before the expiration of the first, the wise began to fear, and the foolish to boast, that Darby Anvil would be elected. Another month placed the matter beyond dispute; and left to either of the other candidates the alternative of making common cause with Darby, or of staying at home. The temptation was too strong for Smith's integrity. He formed a secret alliance with Darby. It was affected with great care, and much cunning; but it was soon exposed by his conduct, and its results. It was the first instance of such self-abasement that I ever witnessed in Georgia, (would that it had been the last!) and it was received with becoming indignation by the virtuous and intelligent of the county. They took the field almost to a man in behalf of Jones; and but for his magnanimity, they would have succeeded at last in giving Smith the just reward of his treachery. But Jones implored them, by their regard for the future welfare of the State, to level all their forces against Anvil, and not against Smith. "If Smith," said he, "is returned to the legislature, he will serve you with profit, if not with honor; but if Darby be elected, he will be worthless as a member, and ruinous as an example. Encouraged by his success, hundreds of stupid asses like himself, will make their way to the General Assembly; and the consequence will be, our government will become a despotism of fools, and a disgrace to republicanism." By these, and many other more forcible arguments, which I have not room to repeat, Jones prevailed upon his friends to sacrifice their private prejudices to the public good, and to bend all their exertions to the exclusion of Anvil. They did so, and for a time, wonderful were the effects of their efforts. So commanding was their position, that even the common people were attracted by it, and many came over to them from the ranks of the coalition. Smith was cowed by the noble bearing of his old friend towards him, and remorse greatly paralyzed his exertions. Darby, too, grew so much alarmed, that he became serious; and by as much as he grew serious, by so much did he lose his influence. In short, there was every reason to believe, that after all, Darby would have been beaten, had not a little incident occurred, which secured his election, in spite of opposition. It was a strange incident to be followed by such an effect.

There is an old Scotch song which says:

Be a lassie e'er sae black
An' she hae the name o' siller,
Set her upo' Tintock tap,
The wind will blaw a man till her.

The winds are not more propitious to the "siller'd lassie, than unpropitious to the candidate. If ever he has committed a fault, no matter when or where, the wind will blow a babbler to him. It was

so with Darby—though *unfortunate*, only in a moral, not a political sense.

About three weeks before the election, a traveller stopped at a public house in the county where several persons had collected, and among the rest was *Your Uncle Nicky Bugg*. This was a title which he assumed himself, and which was accorded to him by universal consent. The company were all supporters of Jones, and their conversation turning upon the approaching election, they denounced Darby Anvil in unmeasured terms. The stranger, probably emboldened by their sentiments, after putting a few questions as to Darby's personal identity, stated, that Darby had left Virginia *between two days*, in order to avoid a prosecution for perjury. The stranger said, he was not himself personally acquainted with the facts, but referred to a number of persons in Virginia, who would confirm his statement by certificates. The certificates were immediately written for; and to make their effect the more decisive, it was resolved by the company, that they would not whisper the important discovery, until the certificates arrived. Fortunately for Darby, they did not arrive until the evening before the election. At an early hour of the succeeding day Darby made his appearance at the court-house, at the head of about thirty men—some in wagons, some on horseback (single and double) and some on foot. They all had their tickets in their hats, with the names of Smith and Anvil, written on them, in large characters. As they proceeded to the polls, they made the village ring with shouts of "Hurra for Smith!" "Hurra for Anvil!" "Hurra for the Blacksmith, and the people's candidate!" Darby had provided a table and a dozen bottles of rum, to which he led his friends, and told them to drink freely and vote boldly. He was reminded, that if he should be elected, he would have to swear that he had not gained his election by *treating*, canvassing, &c., &c., to which he replied, that he "could *swallow* that oath mighty easy, for he reckoned nobody wa'n't so mean as to vote for him just because he treated 'em."

Owing to some misunderstanding of the magistrates who were to preside at the election, or from some other cause unknown, the polls were not opened until an hour or two after the usual time. The delay was extremely annoying to Darby; for in the interim his friends paid such profound respect to his first injunction above mentioned, that several of them were fast becoming *hors de souffrage*, if I may be allowed the expression. At length came the magistrates however, and no sooner had they entered the court-yard, where was collected an immense throng, than your uncle Nicky took the topmost step at the door of the court-house, and demanded the attention of every gentleman present. The demand had to be repeated several times before it was heeded by all; but it

finally succeeded in gathering round him every voter on the campus. They were soon reduced to silence, and Bugg commenced reading, in a slow and audible voice, the cruel certificates. In the meantime Darby, as one very truly observed, "look'd powerful bad." He stared like an owl at noonday, and trembled like the shoe of a grist-mill. He changed feet as rapidly as if he had been upon hot embers; and as for his hands, suffered them to do as they pleased; and they pleased to go through evolutions that no pen can describe. I can only say of them, that they seemed to be in frantic search for the mind that had deserted them; for they wandered all over his body and all through his apparel—giving occasional hints to the materialists, that the mind may at last be seated, where none of them have ever yet placed it. To add, if possible, to Darby's embarrassment, your uncle Nicky was one of those men to whom a fight was an accommodation; Darby could not therefore with safety resort to the usual expedient in such cases—a quarrel with the author of his mortification. He received a consolation, however, the most grateful that could have been offered to his tortured feelings, even before Bugg had disposed of the certificates—it was from the cry of "persecution!" which issued from a number of voices, accompanied by other consolatory expressions, which increased as soon as Bugg had concluded.

"It's too bad," exclaimed one, "to attack a man so, right on the 'lection day, to his face, when he ha'n't got no chance o' defending himself!"

"Ah, well now," said a second, "if they go to takin' these in-turns upon a fellow, they a'nt gwine to get no good of it; and you 'll see it. The clean thing's the clean thing; but this whapping a fellow up all at once, when he's no chance, is no sort o' doin's."

"Walk ticket!" exclaimed a third, (*tearing up a ticket on which was Jones' name*) and come over the old blacksmith! Into my hand *fitter*: fair play's a jewel; and that's what I goes for in 'lectioneering as well as every thing else." "Never mind, Darby," added a fourth, "you a'n't dead yet, if you are down and kicking. There's enough here'll stand by you yet, keep a stiff upper lip and you'll come through yet."

"I swear," added a fifth, "it's too bad! It's enough to hurt any man's feelings to be so put upon *unbeknownens*."

These and many other expressions of the like kind so far restored Darby's equanimity, that he was able to take the step in his defence, as soon as Bugg descended from it. When he mounted the rostrum, his appearance was quite unparliamentary. He was dressed in a full suit of mud-colored homespun; the workmanship of Nancy's own hands, from the carding to the weaving. His pantaloons were supported only by his hips, for suspenders were not then worn; and even with this

advantage at the one extremity, they were full five inches too short at the other. They reached his socks only, when he stood firm on both legs—that is, when they were suffered to hang in a right line: but as Darby rarely used both limbs at the same time, there was an alternate flashing of naked skin from either limb, of the most agreeable and bewitching novelty. His vest was more uncourteous to his pantaloons, than were his socks; for no position of Darby's body, could induce it to come within an inch of them. His under-garment, however, acted as a mediator between them, and gracefully rolled out into the vacant space, seemingly to encircle the orator, with a sash of coarse, but clean, white sausage. Darby wore no cravat, and from accident or design, (the former, I suppose,) his shirt collar was thrown entirely open; leaving exposed, an most unsightly *Adam's-apple*, that gave to his neck the appearance of a little dromedary. Upon his coat, Nancy had obviously "*spread herself*," as we say in Georgia. She seemed to have taken the pattern of it from the wings of a horse-fly. From a point about seven inches above the os coxygis, it *debouched* to the right and left, with daring encroachments upon his calves. Two large, plano-convex, covered buttons, marked the salient points of the skirts; and as many (on either, skirt one,) their nether limits. The moulds of these gorgeous ornaments were cut by the measure of a half dollar, from a dried gourd: of course, therefore, it was in the covering that they took the shape, which I have given to them. Five buttons more, *ejusdem generis*, stood in open order upon each lapel; and from every button, advanced in marvellous length a button-hole, worked with "indigo-blue," so that they looked like two little detachments of artillery, drawn up in battle-array against each other. Coarse sharp-pointed shoes, and a low crowned, broad-brimmed white hat, completed the costume of the first orator that I ever had the pleasure of hearing address the electors of a county in Georgia. Indeed, he was the last also; for though it is not now an unusual thing, for candidates "to respond in strains of glowing eloquence" (see gazettes *passim*) at dinner parties and barbecues, it is a very rare thing for them to address "the sovereignty" when assembled to exercise the elective franchise. But Darby had no alternative. The greetings which he met with from the crowd, when he ascended the tribune, were such as would have confounded any one, who did not understand the spirit with which they were uttered. Strange as it may seem to the reader, they were meant for encouragement, and were so understood by Darby.

"Hey Darb!" vociferated one, "you're too strong in your runners; you've pushed your legs too far through your breeches!"

"Never mind that, Darby!" cried another.

"Tuck in your shirt tail, and *norate* away the best you can; we'll see you out!"

"Why Darby," cried the third, "what makes you *swaller* so? Stand up to your fodder like a man! You've got a plenty o' friends here yet."

"Why, gentlemen," proceeded Darby, "it's enough to make any body *swaller*, and feel bad too, to be put upon after this sorts, all unbeknownens, when he ha'n't got no chance o' defendin' himself—no manner o' chance. Gentlemen, I fit in the revolution, and if I'm now to lose my character, because I'm took all unawars, I shall think it the hardest case I ever hearn of in all my born days. Gentlemen, my charricter's as much to me, and any hard workin' man, as any man's charricter is to him; if he's lawyer, or a doctor, or a store-keeper, or I don't care what he is. For what's a man worth that a'n't got no charricter? He's like a pair o' *bellowses* that ha'n't got no nose, or a saw that ha'n't got no handle—they a'n't no manner o' count—you can't use 'em at all. ('That's the truth, Darby,' interposed a voice, gravely.) Gentlemen, I've lived a long time with you; did any of you ever hear of my usin' per'j'ry? I reckon if I had time I could get ce'tificates too; but you all see I a'n't got no time at all. Gentlemen, I don't think I ever seed any one that was so persecuted, in all my born days; and if I'm beat now, I shall think I'm beat by persecution, and there's my wife and ten children, and they must all lose their charricters too, just by bein' taken unawars. I never knowed nobody to git nothin' by persecutin', but if me and my wife and children's all to lose our charricters by it, why I s'pose it must be so; but I shall think it mighty hard. Gentlemen, you can do as you please with me; and whatever you do I can't help it."

The cry of "hurra for Anvil!" from many voices, as Darby descended from the steps, plainly testified that he had the sympathies and support of the majority. In vain did Jones and his friends reason with them, upon the difference between exposing vices, and persecuting innocence. It was in vain that they argued against the injustice of visiting Bugg's fault, (if fault it was,) upon the head of his friend Jones. The time, and the severity of the attack, were sufficient to transfer Darby to an object of persecution, in their eyes. To make matters worse, if possible, for Jones, your uncle Nicky undertook to reason with the malcontents. This was a very unfortunate step: for though he was fully competent to reason, and reason well, with reasonable beings, he was the last man on earth who, in this way, should have undertaken to reclaim those, who were won to Darby's support, by what we have seen. He was easily excited, and utterly intolerant of folly. Irritable as he was, however, he rarely gave signs of anger, either in voice or countenance: so far from it, his composure was always greatest just at the fighting point.

The first that your uncle Nicky undertook to correct, was Jimmy Johns, who had pretended to have a great friendship for him, for reasons to be found in Jimmy's deportment to John Reynolds.

"Jimmy," said Bugg, "you surely are not going to vote for that fool, Darby Anvil!"

"Yes I is," said Jimmy; "and the more and the better of it is, I mean to give him a plumper too."

"What, to such a despicable character!"

"Yes; despicable or no despicable character, I can't go agin a persecuted man, with a wife and ten children—Miss Anvil is——"

"But it's no persecution to tell the truth on a man; especially when the truth goes to show that he is unfit for an office to which he is aspiring. Your way of reasoning will make rascality a passport to office."

"Oh, I don't blame *you*, uncle Nicky—I know what you did was for the best: but now you'll confess yourself—now won't you, uncle Nicky!—that if he was 'spirin,' and 'passport,' you aughtn't to come down on him as you did, right at the 'lection. That was rubbin him too hard—now wa'n't it, uncle Nicky! 'Twas enough to make any body feel sorry for him, and Miss Anvil——"

"What difference does it make, when or where you expose a villain? And what has *Miss Anvil* to do with it? Is she a candidate?"

"No, but she's a mighty good woman, and you know yourself, uncle Nicky, *she* a'n't to blame. And wouldn't it be wrong to hurt her charracter? now, I leave it to yourself, uncle Nicky. Jist take it to yourself—s'pose you'd been guilty o' parj'ry and Miss Bugg——"

"Stop a little Jimmy," said Bugg, very calmly, "until your uncle Nicky tries another argument better suited to your capacity, and which I think will brighten your ideas." So saying, he "fetched Jimmy a sentimental jolt," (as one afterwards described it.) in the burr of the ear, that laid him out in short order.

Jimmy "hollo'd" in time to arrest uncle Nicky's experimental philosophy at the first blow and the second kick. Jimmy would have fought longer with another man; but with uncle Nicky, he knew that the longer he fought, the worse he would be flogged; so he acted wise for once at least.

In this way did your uncle Nicky proceed to dispense light among the *plebs*, until he raised a battle-royal in the court-yard. At one time I observed not less than eight couple, who were engaged in interchanging uncle Nicky's ethics.

The day rolled away, and at 10 o'clock at night the state of the polls was announced. Darby and Smith were elected. They were both hoisted, and borne about on the shoulders of their friends, with huzzas of triumph. They then invited all who lingered about the court-yard at that late hour to a supper at one of the public houses of the village.

Here they ate, drank, sang vulgar songs, and told more vulgar stories, until about one o'clock; when they, or some of them, sallied forth, and with drom and fife and yells, drove sleep from the village, until the dawn. An inveterate hostility between Smith and Jones followed this election, the traces of which may be seen in their descendants to this day. Darby was elected again and again; and though he did nothing in the legislature but vote as Smith voted, and drink grog in the recess of the session, he always returned to his constituents with wonderful stores of what "*we* did," and "*we* tried to do." In the mean time, things about home began to run rapidly to decay. Sambo and Cuffy worked up immense quantities of iron, for they both worked a great deal harder, as they said themselves, when massa was away than when he was there; "jist dat white folks might see dat nigger didn't want no watching; and that massa might know how to trust 'em," but then they had little or nothing to show for it. A number of good customers deserted the shop; some from political hostility to the owner, and others because Sambo and Cuffy were always too busy to attend to them. Mrs. Anvil grew dissatisfied with politics, as soon as Darby returned the first time from the legislature with no money in his pockets; for she had taken up the idea that all who stepped into the assembly, stepped into a fortune; she therefore advised Darby "to quit it, as not bein' the thing it was cracked up to be; and to come home and mind his own business." But Darby had become too much enamored of the public service to take her counsel. He told her it would never do in the world for him to take his name down—*his party* would never forgive him. This logic was unsatisfactory to Nancy, at first, and it became still more so as troubles thickened about the house; she therefore became crusty, petulant and boisterous by turns; greatly to the disturbance of Darby's domestic peace and tranquillity. He had anticipated this emergency, and took to drink privately, before hand; but he now began to come home drunk, out of spite; and Nancy gave him spite for spite. Still, however, wife-like, she struggled hard to keep things together, and save her family from ruin; and her increased industry and economy would probably have balanced Darby's waste from drink, and kept a support in hand till he burnt out; but alas! tickets began to pour in upon them by the deck, from the courts of conscience, and other more unconscionable courts, inviting Darby to appear here and appear there, to answer for countless debts of his constituents. Then came the officers of justice and reduced them to beggary. A little before matters reached this crisis, Darby was beaten for the legislature; and it distressed him beyond measure. The friends for whom he had done the most, were the first to desert him; alleging as a reason, his want of qualification, and their thorough con-

viction, after three years' reflection, that the Virginia certificates were true. Thus ended Darby's no-mothetic career; but here ended not the consequences of it. Encouraged by his success, worthless candidates sprung up in every county. If their presumption was rebuked, they silenced the reprover and repressed their own shame, with "I know that I am better qualified than Darby Anvil." Under this plea, and by such artifices as Anvil had used, they made their way to the councils of the State, where they became the worthy progenitors of a series of acts extending through many years, which, for extravagance and folly, have no parallel in the codes of enlightened nations. The penalties of these acts are now upon our heads; and upon our children's children will they descend with unmitigated vigor. I forbear to follow the consequences farther—in charity to my native land I forbear. And yet I am not so sure but that such charity is treason to the State, and allegiance to her most deadly foes. Presumptuous ignorance should be reprimanded with a fearless tongue; its sins should be proclaimed abroad, in warning to the people; and all good men should unite their efforts to redeem the state entirely from its dominion. But I leave these offices to be performed by persons of more skill and influence than

BALDWIN.

WIDOWED GRIEF; A PAIR OF PORTRAITS.

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE."

There is a look of uncomplaining sadness

Which, to the unpractised eye, might seem a smile;
There is a tone, most like the voice of gladness;
And yet the heart is withering all the while.

List to that song! How cheerful is the strain!
Her lip is smiling, tearless is her eye;
Yet none who hear can sympathy refrain
For one who strives with grief so gracefully.

That smile deceives not. In that faithful heart
Hope soothes the grief that preys upon its core;
The blessed Hope that they may meet who part,
And dwell in bliss celestial evermore.

"AND ON THIS."

The Lady sat by a new-made grave,
And her tears are swelling the sparkling wave
Of the limpid brook, that, rippling by,
Murmurs a voice of sympathy.

That stream had witnessed the plighted vow
Of the gentle youth that sleeps below;
And she swears by its waters, never to leave
That spot, while it flows by her Lover's grave.

"O, Lady! Permit me your grief to share,
For my cherished friend was your Lover dear.
But alas! he is gone. He will never awake.
Suppose now you try to love me for his sake."

The Lady looked, with a tearful smile,
On the youth who would thus her woes beguile;

On his lips and cheeks, his eyes and brow;
Then murmured softly "My vow! My vow!"

"Nay, Lady, I ask no place but this
To be the scene of our wedded bliss."

"Lord! His Ghost would haunt us and I should scream;
Don't you think 'twere better to turn the stream?"

DE MORTIER; A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Old times were changed—old manners gone,
A stranger filled the Stuarts throne.—*Scott*.

— Louis totters on his throne. I have scented the coming storm, and believe me, *La Frere*, winter comes not in peace to France.

You may be a true prophet, Duc, but I doubt it. Whence think you the storm menaces, and whom?

Ere long, and Louis ceases to tenant the throne of his fathers. He has trampled upon a people—that people will turn and sting him. Oppression has nerved them to despair—they have nothing to lose, every thing to gain; muttered discontent, and sullen endurance will give place to mad defiance and unbridled license. A people will burst from their thralldom, and the excesses of the emente will blow the spark of rebellion into the flame of revolution.

And why—Think you the Canaille of Paris can subvert a throne strengthened by an existence of centuries? The mob may be spurred by oppression and misery to madness: they may turn with their unarmed hands upon their tyrants, and drench a street with gore, or wrap a Faubourg in flames; but, as their madness knows no bounds when the passion is upon them, so will the fever heat of destruction soon cool in their veins, or the bayonets of the National Guard quench it in their blood. Rebellion there may be, but revolution never.

Aye, revolution, and at no distant day. The torrent of their sufferance has been too long pent up, and when graded into desperation they burst its barriers, it will gush forth strong and powerful, bearing upon it the corse of Louis and the fragmentary wrecks of royalty. They have before their eyes the shining example of America, and already dream of republicanism and liberty. France never can be free, but she will struggle manfully with her oppressors. We shall soon see the day when the country will be deluged with blood, and Paris be but one great shamble for the best and bravest.

De Mortier, you are mad! exclaimed his friend. The cause of the king will succeed, and the Canaille are as contemptible as rebellious. But beware how you speak thus. Those who know you not so well might think you too would stir the people to the commission of the folly you predict.

The name of De Mortier alone would refute the suspicion. Hated as I am by Barentin, he dare not

breathes against me the slander. I favor not rebellion, but noble as I am, would give to the people that representative weight which is justly their right. I would stand between the oppressor and his victim, not urge the oppressed to imbrue their hands in the blood of their tyrants.

Will not the attempt prove futile and dangerous? True, they would stretch their regal power too far; but will not they who seek to place the crown, the noblesse and the *Teirs Etats* upon their proper respective footing, only bury themselves in the ruins of the temple they seek to rear?

It may be, gloomily responded *De Mortier*. It may be—it may fall and crush us; but man can not die in a nobler cause, or one more worthy the noble, the patriot, or the philanthropist. For me, it would be better far than to find a living grave in the dungeons of the Bastile, or fall in the indiscriminate slaughter of a *Jacquerie*. And though my imagination may conjure into being scenes which may never exist, there sits brooding upon my very soul a dark and fearful presentiment that, unless we can place the government upon the proposed basis, the one or the other will be my fate, and if mine, that of many of my peers.

How, think you that Louis or his ministers dare lay hands upon men who would give to the crown its legitimate power?

Not if they would measure that legitimacy by the standard of kingly will, but when they dare say to royalty that it shall not grasp the sceptre of a despot, and bend alike the necks of a people and the laws of a nation for its foot to trample on. Are not nobles nightly snatched from their homes, and immured in dungeons because they would set a limit to the prerogative of their king—a king weak and passionate, the tool of designing women and intriguing ministers, battling with his parliament for that he should not dare to ask, and seeking to rear a standard under which no honorable man can enlist; resorting to the infamous means of *Lettres du Cachet* to place at his power a body, which has shown, that although willing to support a throne, that throne must be held by one who can learn a lesson of wisdom and moderation. Look at the Royal Sitting of this morning, how, with a despot's voice, he quashed the resolutions of the assembly, denied the recognition of the *Tiers Etat* and demanded submission to the mad dictates of his imperious will, seeking, with threats and menaces, to awe men whose souls, fired with the love of liberty, are led on by such a man as *Mirabeau*. The royal madman acts as such men as *Barentin*, *Condé*, *Artois* and *Conti* direct, for *Necker* has shown his hand and plays now for the people. He goes to the Bastile, or is an exile before he grows many days older.

I dread not the Canaille, but more that the despotism of the fourteenth Louis may be erected upon the ruins of the awed and conquered assembly.

They may dictate, but I much fear they will yield.

Yield! never. There are too many who have staked their hopes upon the throw now to be made. Few waver, and the burning appeals of the eloquent *Mirabeau* will confirm them in their determination. What is the next scene in the play is more than I can tell; but, be it what it may, 'tis fraught with mighty interest to France.

* * * * *

On the second floor of *La Bassiniere*, the eastern of the huge towers of the Bastile, was a long, low passage, floored and arched with rough dark granite. On either side massy doors, secured with bar, and bolt, and chain, afforded entrance into narrow cells intended for the confinement of state prisoners.

At the farther end of this vaulted corridor was a small cell whose only furniture was a low camp bed, a rickety table, and an old worm eaten chair. By a small window, which, though closely grated and strengthened with heavy stanchions, commanded a view of a portion of *Rue St. Antoine*, leaned a young man scarce three-and-twenty, though the sternly compressed mouth and lofty brow, marked with deep lines of careful thought, would, in the eyes of the casual observer, have given him ten years more. He was tall, and while his proportions were symmetrical and graceful, his whole appearance bespoke a physical power second only to his intellectual strength.

He had been no false prophet. With his compeers in the struggle, he had sought to curb too closely the sovereign will, and like them had been borne by a *lettre de cachet* to that prison house, which sad presentiment had whispered as his home. Ere he had been incarcerated, he had seen more than one step of his prophecy fulfilled. Noble after noble, and common after common had been made away with by the same means, and the crown had seen, as its reward, the clamorous threatening and angry denunciations of the mob stepping into the ranks, where, hitherto, delegated authority alone had hoisted the standard of opposition.

It was the fourteenth of July, and he saw the human mass eddying to and fro in the narrow street which lay open to his view. He knew that the wild spirit of the people was uncaged—a people goaded to madness by suffering, and borne on by the whirlwind of passion and revenge. As yet, nothing was to be heard but the sullen tramp of thousands, save when the breeze bore fitfully to his ear an execration or a yell. He knew that there was some dark work to be done—that those who guided that mighty mass, had not called their latent ferocity into action for naught. Some great scene of violence was to be enacted—there was to be open rupture between the rulers and the ruled. He read it in all around him; what it was, he could not, dare not, surmise.

Sick at heart, he turned from the window, and cast himself upon his low, mean couch. Hiding his face in his hands, he fell into deep and melancholy reverie.

He thought not of himself, though painfully aware that the power in whose hands he was was stranger alike to justice and clemency. A dungeon beneath the mote; imprisonment for life, torture, starvation, or the block might be his fate; yet, with this fearful uncertainty hanging over him, and danger menacing in a thousand forms, he thought not of himself, nor of that France, which, loving even better than life, he saw, when he essayed to look into the future, either prostrate beneath the feet of an incensed tyrant, or torn and dismembered by lawless irresponsible factions and unbridled mobs.

When first he had entered that gloomy abode, his attention was diverted from his own situation by a cortège which at that moment arrived from an opposite direction. Closely guarded, came the old Count Reilley, whose tottering gait and snowy head might well have secured the short remnant of his days from the cruel imprisonment he was compelled to undergo. But the object of De Mortier's attention was the youthful Countess Anne, who had been included in the punishment of her father. Scarcely seventeen, her figure was already fully developed, and the most perfect beauty pervaded her slight but striking shape. To a mind which had already won for her distinction in the fashionable and literary circles in which she sometimes mingled, she united that pure feminine beauty which was so well adorned by her queenlike carriage and grace of manner. She was beautiful, supremely beautiful, and to yield the palm to the youthful Countess Anne was no detraction from the claims of the loveliest lady who adorned that brilliant court.

Thus, for the first time, they met—each preëminent in those qualities which adorn their sex, each indeed unfortunate. The eye of De Mortier was rivetted upon her, and his brow grew darker when he saw that tyranny could stoop to wreak its vengeance upon so fair a victim; and, if his heart ever grew bitter against a throne, stained by a thousand acts of oppression, it was when he contemplated this its work. She did not pass him by unobserved, and though maidenly modesty denied her the same means of evidencing her interest, he felt his heart throb more quickly as, when he stood aside to give precedence to her cortège, she returned his involuntary bow with a melancholy, yet pitying smile. Following close upon their footsteps, he saw Delaury close upon her the door of the cell next to the one destined for his own reception, and he entered his narrow home with a lighter heart, for she was near him.

How strangely are we influenced! When we believe the dark cloud of adversity to have settled

down upon us, how often there breaks through the gloom some soul cheering ray, and though it may produce a pang, by showing us how deep is the desolation in which we are shrouded, it oftentimes lights us along our path, cheering us onward, when, were it left away, even hope would settle down into despair. And how often do the events of a moment change the current of existence, rendering tenants of our hearts feelings and emotions hitherto strangers, and expelling those heretofore most firmly and deeply rooted.

Weeks had rolled by, and that face was before the mind's eye of De Mortier. Oft had it presented itself, and he thought it but the natural result of circumstances. But again and again it came. It flitted before him in the long lonely hours of the day, in the dark watches of the night. 'Twas present in his dreams, and whether sleeping fancies placed him in the gay salon, the royal banquet hall, the noisy assembly, or the quiet retreat of his own dear home, it was there. He met her in the romantic valleys of his own domain—gracing the courts of foreign climes—in exile in distant lands—the mob was deluging Paris with noble gore, his hand alone could wrest her from their grasp—he stood upon the scaffold waiting to bare his neck to the glaive, and she too was there, with the same sad smile of resignation as when he had met her for the first, last and only time.

He looked anxiously into his own heart, for surely it could not be mere passing fancy which brought her image so constantly to his thoughts, associating her as it were with his very being. He felt that it was a deep enduring love, his first, he believed it would be his last. He loved and yet must nurse his passion unwhispered to its object. He could not even look upon her, and willingly would he have added another year to an imprisonment which was to last he knew not how long, for one short hour's converse with her.

Deep, deep was his reverie. He thought of her and her future lot—what might it not be! Callous regarding his own, he was fearfully sensitive respecting hers. How was she even now? Imprisonment and sickness might have wasted her fair frame, and death, even now, stand waiting for its victim. If not, might not a more fearful fate await her? She might be doomed to die by inches upon the rack—they might hurry her to the block, or freeing her from the prison walls, yield her up to the tender mercies of the mob. He saw her in their hands, her name hooted in derision, insults heaped upon her head, her person violated by the licentious passions of the Canaille, and in momentary delirium the Duc leaped to his feet, and rushed toward the door.

Scarcely had he advanced a step, when there broke upon his ears a fearful and unusual din. Ten thousand voices hoarsely echoed, "The Bastille! The Bastille!" while, sharp above the human tempest, rang

the blows of huge hammers upon the gates. The Emeute was gathering without, and every moment came the shouts wilder and fiercer. Now there was a pause more fearful to the astonished prisoner than the din which had preceded it. In that ominous silence, nothing was heard but the heavy tread of men without and his own hurried breathing. Then louder and more wrathful came the cry, "down with the Bastile!" eddying up from fifty thousand human throats, and piercing through those massy walls, rang echoing through corridor and cell. Scarcely had the sound broken fairly upon the ear, when it was drowned in the sharp rattling of musquetry. Thus was the enigma solved—the pealing musquetry and vengeful yells told that the Bastile was the aim of the infuriated multitude—that garrison and mob battled for the mastery. How fearfully broke the conviction in upon him. Would it give freedom or death to her? Should the garrison hold out, her fate would be no better—nay, fear of their liberation might hurry them the more quickly to the block. If the mob triumphed, might they not escape, or would the mass, frenzied by resistance, in the mad exultation of victory, give them to a speedy death? Well, well, better die with her, than live imprisoned and alone.

Bang! bang! crash! and some mighty weight came thundering to the earth. De Mortier rushed to the window, but nothing was visible except that unbounded sea of human heads. Had the draw-bridge fallen? It must be so, for nearer came those shouts and yells and execrations. Again rattled the musquetry, and louder and louder roared the multitude, while every weapon seemed to play a part in the wild clashing. On they came—louder and louder—and then the old walls shook 'neath the rumbling peal of cannon. Mixed with the shouts of the assailants, were the shrieks of the wounded, and the ear scarce could compass the deafening clamor. Silence reigned once more, and then the heavy tread of feet echoed through the gallery.

"Now shall I know my fate," muttered De Mortier. "I can but die, and will meet death as a brave man should. And she!—but I will not think of her, 'twill but bring bitterness to death," and with folded arms and stern compressed lip, the brave young noble calmly waited whatever destiny might befall him.

"The gray haired scoundrel said he had caged him in the last hole," exclaimed a strong, manly voice, "he might have lied, but I'll set him free, or make every scamp in this cursed slaughter-house pay for it," as some one strode to the door and struck it with his heavy weapon. Quick and lustily fell the blows upon the heavy bolt and hinges, but they defied his greatest exertions.

"Mort de ma vie," shouted the enraged man, "they were determined to mow him up safely enough. Here, Jacques, your hammer, 'tis twice as heavy as this plaything of mine. Hah! you wont,

but you shall," and snatching the ponderous sledge from his companion's hand he dealt a blow upon the door with all his strength—another, it yielded—a third, and he fairly hurled it into the room. Springing into the cell, he threw his weapon upon the floor, and catching up the Duc in his arms, could only mutter, as the tears ran down his swarthy cheek, "Mon Cher Maitre."

"Mon Père Nourricier," exclaimed De Mortier, "again you have saved my poor life."

"Aye, and will do it again if you'll only give me half a chance," answered the happy smith; "but mon Charle, are you safe—if the scoundrels have hurt a hair I'll make"—

"Safe, all well, Francois; but what has become of her," he interrupted, as springing from the artisan's embrace, he caught up the sledge and rushed from the apartment.

"Whew! hot as ever, and a sweetheart here in the bargain," laughed the smith, but his foster-son was away before the words were half uttered.

Rushing to the door he found several mechanics endeavoring to force it—he motioned them away, but they paid him little heed.

"Clear the track there, boys," shouted Francois, "I am something of a man myself, but I'm a baby to him, young as he is. Back I tell ye."

"Cut loose then, Citizen," laughed a huge mason, "but if you knock that door open, you are a stronger boy than I take you to be. Bon Dieu but you are," he continued, as, whirling the sledge with a single arm around his head, De Mortier brought it against the lock, shivering it into atoms.

Entering the cell, he beheld the object of his solicitude, kneeling in the attitude of prayer. Impelled by her example, he too bent his head in humble adoration to his God, while the rude men without, watching the contagion and casting aside the ferocity of their mirth, bowed their heads in respectful silence.

A few moments and he raised his head. She still kneeled—no motion gave evidence of life, nor was any change of position visible. Springing forward, he clasped her in his arms; she was as inanimate and inert as death. Placing his hands to her mouth he found that she had ceased to breathe, but her heart still beat, and there was hope.

"Water, Francois, water!" he exclaimed, "she has fainted."

Placing her upon her narrow couch, he bathed her brow with water, at the same time chafing her wrists and temples. Presently she moved, and her large full eyes opened, but they were dim and glazed.

"Mortier," she murmured, and was again as powerless as before.

"Here, Anne, here, safe and at your side, all!"—

"Give her a little of this brandy, Citizen," interrupted the mason, handing him a flask; "'Twill soon open the pretty bird's bright eyes."

As the mason predicted, it soon restored her to consciousness. For a moment, she gazed shrinkingly around her, and extending her hand to De Mortier, murmured, "my father"—

"Is here, my dear child, to bless thee," exclaimed the feeble old man, as tottering into the cell he cast himself upon the couch beside her.

Motioning to those around to withdraw, De Mortier and Francois left the father and daughter for a few moments together, though but a short time could be allowed them for tears and gratulations. The men grew impatient of delay and soon wished to be moving.

"Time presses, Duc," exclaimed Francois, "we must move. These brave fellows and a few more I can trust will attend you beyond the barriers, and then I alone am enough to take care of you. 'Tis better now to go as prisoners."

Picking their way, under the guidance of Francois, among the corpses which strewed the gateway, they emerged from their hated prison with an escort of about twenty well-armed stalwart men.

Slowly they wound their way through the crowds which thronged the Rue du Faubourg, St. Antoine, almost unnoticed among the human stream that flowed around them. Now and then, some huge mechanic, whose blood-bespattered hands and clothes bespoke his part in the deeds of violence which had been committed, would bend a searching glance upon the cortège as it passed along, but none interrupted their journey, until passing the present Place du Trône they encountered a large body of the rabble somewhat intoxicated, and singing by turns snatches of the Marseilles hymn and obscene ballads. Crossing their path, so as to obstruct their progress, a huge butted-browed operative demanded whence they came and whither they went.

"Bah! Jean," shouted Francois, "just a bird or two we have taken from their cages in the Bastille. You are wanted at the Hotel de Ville."

"Aye, Francois, you would gain the gold alone, would you, but you must share it with my brave citizens here—our pockets are empty, and our throats dry."

"Gold, indeed," was the reply; "think you our needy King would leave the people's champions gold, when he takes their liberties. 'Twas our cause placed him in the Bastille, and our hands must keep him from their clutches. The day he falls into our oppressors hands he dies."

"Then we will help you to defend him," exclaimed the grim leader in changed mood, "though we have to cut our way through ten thousand of our Swiss butchers."

"I told you that other work called you," was the answer; "I and mine are all that he will need. Get to the Hotel de Ville as soon as you can."

Falling back, they made room for the cortège to pass on, *Vive la Nation* ringing fearfully their parting salutation.

Beyond the barriers, they took their way among straggling buildings, and soon entered the yard of a dilapidated house. Here Francois whispered a few words to the mason, who advanced to De Mortier, extending his hand.

"We must trust you now to Francois, Citizen—with his aid and that of this good sabre, you must defend yourself. The maiden's cheek is too fair to be dabbled with blood, and that old man has lived too long to die by the headsman. One word of advice from a plain man, drop the 'Duc,' for times are coming, when the man with the shortest name will keep his head longest on his shoulders. If you ever happen to need a strong arm and a willing heart, call upon Jacques Briète—and now, farewell."

Grasping successively the hard hands extended to him, he would have divided among them his purse, but the movement was restrained by the remonstrance of Jacques.

"Keep it, Duc, we would not be worse than the King, and rob you of the little he has left you. We shall all soon revel in the gold to which we have been so long strangers. Once more, farewell."

Placing his fingers to his mouth, Francois gave a short deep whistle, in answer to which a boy brought out four horses ready caparisoned for a journey. Mounting these, the party followed for a short distance the road to Versailles, and then galloped off at full speed across the country.

In a small room, in one of the hôtels upon Quai du Megessiere, lay upon an ottoman a richly attired stranger. His swarthy skin had been dyed by the suns of distant lands, and the stars and orders, scattered about his dress, betokened him an officer high in rank. The uniform was not, however, that of the French army, but savored more of the heavier style of the Austrian.

"Again in Paris," muttered De Mortier, "and why? what fatality drags me along? I, I, who had almost sworn never to enter this scene of carnage, far more revolting than the slaughter of a battle-field, am again drawn hither by an impulse I feel myself unable to resist. Europe has offered me a refuge, and the sovereigns of other lands welcome me to their courts, and load me with favors. Men call me brave and skilful in the battle-field, and royalty has lavished upon me its blandest smiles. But their greetings fall coldly upon my heart, and nowhere has it known a home. The tented field, with its wild revelry and stern discipline,—the rush of battle—the mad pleasure of the resistless charge—the cannon peal—the fierce onset, and the whelmed foeman—the clarion note of victory—all, all have a charm, but an hour, 'tis gone, and the heart longs for the calmer and holier pleasures of a quiet home. Home!—France is no longer a home; and yet, torn, dismembered, mad as she is, I cannot but love her.

"Now, what is she?—Even as dark presentiment, foreshadowing things to come, taught me to prophesy, is she now. The stone has been cast too far, and the flame that was to be lighted upon the altar of liberty, has been kindled into the funeral pyre of law, religion, order and reason; and now, the mob steps forward to grasp a power which they can wield but for their own ruin and that of their country. I have seen much that was dreadful, but never till now imaged out, in my own mind, the mad license of a people whose calmest acts are the unbridled excesses of a *Jacquerie*. All, all that holds man to man, knitting them into a nation, is broken asunder—every tie riven—every sense of right, order, or propriety blunted, till 'tis extinct—every social, legal, and moral principle subverted; in the overthrow of rights, human and divine, they base the gory monument which shall stand the shuddering wonder of unborn nations upon the headless corpse of a sovereign. France, France, France! how blindly you hurl yourself over the precipice of destruction—how, like the suicide, you whet the knife, which your own hand will apply to your throat—how heedlessly you mix what might have been order into jarring and discordant chaos—a chaos, which, unless the grasping hand of foreign power dismembers and snatches as its own, can never be resolved into primeval order, till one, mightier than the spirits which guide you now, grasp the helm of state, and upon the fragmentary wrecks of government erect the throne of a despot.

"Ye have looked upon the stars and stripes, which so lately reared them beyond the seas, and vainly dreamed that you too could be free—free! no—you never can be free. Either you must groan beneath the yoke of a tyrant, or you place upon yourselves the ten thousand times more galling slavery—the despotism of a mob. Bravely would many have guided you aright, but you shook off their guardian hand; and, led by the unhallowed promptings of your own passions, have destroyed your country and yourselves. But even now, 'tis recoiling upon your heads. To-day your king perishes upon the scaffold, and ere the gore has clotted upon his ensanguined body, those whom you have raised to trample upon you will drench your streets in the blood of your best and bravest.

"And Anne! where—where is she now?—long, long have I dwelt upon her image and often sought her. She may be the tenant of a dungeon—perhaps a grave. God grant, that with her gray haired sire, she may have sought in some other land that peace which she would vainly search for in France. And yet, the sea which separated her from the ill-starred land of her birth, might place a barrier between us, that might exist forever." And bowing his head, the sad young noble remained long wrapped in his own sad thoughts.

The boom of a gun broke upon the ear, echoing and rumbling through the lanes and streets, and

then the sullen roll of the muffled drum announced to the affrighted people, that the dark tragedy of the day was about to be enacted.

"Now, for their murderous work," he muttered. "The bloodhounds begin the banquet in which to glut their brutal appetites to satiety. I will look upon this, the dark beginning of a reign of terror, and then, farewell to Paris—perhaps for ever. But I must dash aside these emblems, wherewith foreign favor has decked me, and mingle with the herd, undistinguished from the lowest and vilest." Donning a plain citizen's dress, he concealed about his person some trusty weapons and left the hotel.

Strange was the appearance of Paris on that eventful day. Every precaution had been taken, lest the fitful mood of Parisian caprice should change, and the king be snatched from the clutches of his butchers, even while on the way to execution. Along the almost deserted streets, scoured patrols of horse, clattering over the pavements, and driving from the path, along which the cortège was to pass, the pallid and alarmed citizens. Few were to be seen. Here and there a face was visible, peering from an half open window, but most of these, as well as the doors, were closed. Upon every bridge—at the barriers and crossings were pieces of artillery and their grim gunners standing with lighted matches. More than once was the dark scowling eye of some patrol leader bent upon *De Mortier*, but it was met by a glance, so calm and yet so unquailing, that hardy indeed had been the man who had dared to drive him from the path as he had seen done to some who, like himself, had disobeyed the order to leave the street clear. Such were the precautions taken to execute a sentence trumpeted forth as the darling desire of the public will.

On came the gloomy procession. First, were the massy cannon, followed by a portion of that legion of *Sans Culottes* who, at the instance of that arch fiend, *Robespierre*, had been enlisted from the vilest and lowest dregs of a Parisian populace to act as body guard to the royal victim. Then, amid the stateliest and most reckless troops of *Black Henriot's* horsemen, was the chariot containing the ill-fated sovereign. Before him sat two ruffians in the garb of *gens d'armes*, whose plenitude of arms and sinister looks gave good evidence of their obedience to the command not to let the prisoner escape alive. *Louis* was pale and his lip slightly quivered, though he sought to conceal his agitation by a broken and hurried conversation with the good *Abbé Edgeworth*, who sat by his side. Behind the troop, was the other moiety of the legion, who were, in their turn, followed by a pack of heavy guns, bringing up the rear. This main column was flanked by alternate horse patrols and light artillery.

Slowly they moved on to the *Place de Revolution*, in the centre of which stood a large scaffold,

draped with black serge, from the midst of which the guillotine darkly reared itself. As they reached the place of execution, the huge mass of soldiery, which the policy of his murderers had placed around the guillotine, opened itself for, and closed upon the carriage, while the legion ranged itself around the infantry already assembled. Without the line of these, the horsemen and artillery were stationed, the muzzles of the guns pointing outward, in order to keep at a greater distance the populace which had now begun to assemble.

At the foot of the scaffold, Louis conversed, for a few moments, with the Abbé, and then mounting the scaffold proceeded, with great composure, to divest himself of his coat and neck-cloth. Walking, with a nervous, rapid stride, to the left extremity of the platform, he looked, for a moment, upon the armed multitude around him and exclaimed, "Francois, Je meurs innocent; Je pardonne a mes ennemis; Je desire que ma mort soit"—

"This must not be," muttered Robespierre, "they may yet relent."

Santerre waved his arm—Louis' last words were drowned in the roll of drums, and in a moment he was laid upon the platform—his neck was upon the mark—a gun—the string was touched—the glaive fell, and a headless trunk and trunkless head were all that remained of Louis.

Sick at heart, De Mortier turned from the revolting spectacle, and wound his way among the less frequented streets. Passing the Barriere de la Madeleine, he turned into Rue de Caumartin, when a female shriek attracted his attention to a carriage, around which were gathered a dozen desperate looking ruffians. The driver lay mangled and bleeding upon the ground, and one, more brutal than the rest, had dragged a young and lovely girl from the carriage.

Instinctively he rushed to her rescue, and snatching her from his grasp, with his clenched fist felled the ruffian to the earth.

"My father—Oh, Charles, save my father, they will murder him," but before the words had died upon his lips, her person was smothered with her father's brains.

Drawing the short Austrian sabre, he had concealed beneath his coat, De Mortier prepared to attempt their retreat. Hard was he pressed, and more than one fell beneath his sabre. One and another had attacked him, and received either death or wounds, and he had, in the end, made good his retreat, had he not been incumbered with the now inanimate body of Anne.

"Sacre," shouted a huge black muzzled fellow, "shall we let this one fool a dozen of us," aiming, as he spoke, a blow at the noble heart which, had it taken effect, would soon have settled the contest. Parrying the weapon, he plunged his sabre into the side of his antagonist, but at the same moment re-

ceived a blow from behind, which felled him senseless to the earth.

* * * * *

"Thy list is no small one, Payan. Thou art no wavering friend of Revolution, and goest to thy work right merrily—well, well—every head of the suspect lopped from the shoulders of the owner strengthens the republic; and the cause of the dear innocent people is all that I have at heart."

"My list is long, Maximilian, but each one is an enemy of the republic, or of thine."

"Mind, Payan, mind—I have no enemies; I would harm none; 'tis stern necessity that sends the victim to the glaive, and my heart bleeds that it must be my hand which seals their fate. Ah, 'tis a sad and painful task to preserve the liberties of a people."

"Sad, indeed," interrupted the silvery tones of Cauthorn, "and no wonder it brings a pang to the feeling heart of one so tuned to nature's softest sympathies. But it must be done, and though we weep over our fate, must bow to the mandate of necessity."

"Sad," growled Payan, "the cursed hypocrites. They call me bloodthirsty, while they cloak their own passion for destruction under the flimsy garb of national philanthropy and the plea of necessity."

"And you too, Cauthorn, and the brave St. Just would leave no one as stumbling blocks in the nation's way toward freedom and happiness. But beware that you destroy not the innocent with the guilty, better that the criminal should escape than that one innocent hair be touched."

"Diable," exclaimed St. Just, "better ten innocent be put out of the way, than one guilty, aye, even one suspect escape."

"Swear not, Citizen," responded Robespierre. "I regret that thy morality is so corrupt. Let not the innocent be harmed, but the guilty and the suspect, the same by the way, must die. France requires the sacrifice."

"Have you no names to add, Citizen, before you sign the lists. I suppose your love of your kind will make you chary, lest you sacrifice some witless innocent."

"A few, only a few," answered this wholesale butcher, "and I would that I might spare them; but the good of the republic does not permit, and hastily writing some half a dozen names upon the list, he threw the papers back to Payan, and with a wave of his hand broke up the council."

Waiting till the door had closed and the last footstep died upon the ear, he threw himself back in his cushioned chair and gave utterance to a long sardonic laugh. "Hah!" he chuckled, while his countenance lighted up with ferocious joy, "she will find death worse than the favors she has despised. Curses on the villain, Henriot, could I spare him I would soon give him to the glaive, but he is useful, and I must let him live until I can find a

better. Had he been sober, he had sent stauncher hands to snatch her from her father and bear her hither. A single one, placed upon the box, had put the fair one in my arms, before she knew mischief was brewing. But the beast must attempt, by force, what had been better done by stratagem, and his ruffians were hardly a match for that young sprig of nobility, De Mortier. Nobility, faugh! how I hate the name. We must make short work of him. True, his father saved me from starvation—but—but—but—the republic demands his death. Our agents will soon have him in their toils, and then 'tis easy to trump up some charge against him. He shall die. And she! now, that resistance has put her out of my grasp, to cheat the dear people I must convict her of treason, and send her to feed the guillotine. Well, this time to-morrow, she will be among the dead, and I shall soon find some one to console me for her loss. I do not want you, Jean, you can retire," he continued, as a row of book-shelves behind him revolved on a pivot, and a light step was heard in the apartment.

"Tis not Jean, Citizen," responded a full, manly voice, "but one whose presence you may relish still less."

Turning his head, Robespierre beheld the long light barrel of a pistol within two inches of his face. He made a motion as if about to rise, but checked himself as the stranger continued—

"Move not, Robespierre, you are in my power; a motion, a breath drawn too loud and you are a dead man—nay, glance not from that bell to the door. The sound of that bell, could easily be drowned in the pistol shot which would hurl you into eternity, and he who mounts guard at your door is not your jacobin sentry. His cup has been drugged, and he lies snoring in one corner of the hall, while a better man holds post over the closet of the butcher of France. Rouse yourself and do my bidding; and recollect, that one step too far, or one word uttered in too loud a key, and Maximilian Robespierre has signed his last death-warrant."

"Would you murder me?" he exclaimed. "Who are you, and what is your purpose?"

"I am that De Mortier, whose death you so coolly determined on but just now. I shall do you no harm if you do my bidding, if not, I shall do the world the service of sending you out of it."

"What will you," he stammered; "any thing, every thing that you require I will do, but oh spare me! I am not fit to die."

"Coward!" answered his companion. "I will spare your dog's life; but here, take this pen and write," and De Mortier pushed a rolling table to him.

"Write—write—write what?"

"As I dictate. The keeper of the Prison du Châtelet will please deliver to the bearer Anne De Reilley—write on sir, why do you stop!—now, under sentence of death, and afford him whatever

conveyance and escort he may desire. And now you will please give me your passport for myself and suite, and a general order to all persons in the country, to extend to me all aid or assistance I may require, under pain of death."

"Very well," continued De Mortier, "and now, if there is any thing which a fiend like yourself holds sacred, may I beg to know what it is?"

Robespierre looked for some moments doubtfully at his querist and then slowly uttered, "The Republic."

"The Republic!" retorted his tormentor—"there thou liest, yet here, swear by thy God, the republic and thy life, that what has, and will pass between us, be never mentioned nor recalled to memory."

Robespierre took the oath, but the savage lighting of his eye warned De Mortier that little dependence was to be placed upon his promise, when the power of breaking it was placed in his hands.

"And now, most worthy Citizen, as your memory is not always the best imaginable, I have brought with me a security for your silence. You will do me the favor to open your mouth—don't be afraid, I shall not cut your tongue out."

Drawing some strong leather straps from his pocket, he passed one across the open mouth of the prisoner, buckling it tightly behind his head and fastening it to the high back of his chair. Securing his hands and feet with the others, he drew from underneath his coat a large package, having a long cord pendant from one end; this package he fastened to the feet of Robespierre, connecting the cord with the thongs which confined the hands and head, in such manner that the slightest motion would tighten it considerably.

"And now, my good friend, I must bid you good morning, but before I do so, permit me to inform you, that you have for your footstool a canister of the best English gun-powder, which a very slight strain of that cord will render so lively as to send you dancing through the roof of the house—a very indecorous caper indeed to be cut by so grave a state dignitary as yourself."

The prisoner turned a look of impotent agony upon his tormentor, who, after carefully bolting all the doors of the apartment, struck a single tap upon the bell and departed by the same avenue through which he entered.

"Well done, Francois," exclaimed De Mortier, as he rejoined his accomplice in the street. "You played your part well, and I have been no less successful. I left the scoundrel in no pleasant position, and, in the next four hours, he will live a whole life of agony. Did you ticket his doors, 'not to be disturbed?'"

"Trust me for that, but did you get the order for her liberation?"

"Yes, and a passport and order that will not only secure us from molestation, but give us relays

of horses, or guards, wherever and whenever we need them."

"Then four hours start, and I defy even Black Henriot to catch us; but, even then, they must be old hands at the bellows to match the sharp fellows I have waiting for us."

"How many have you provided?"

"Jacques and seven others; all good men and true, staunch and well armed; had rather fight than frolic, and would not back out from Old Nick himself."

Arrived at the Chatelet, the order was closely scrutinized by the keeper, who, finding all correct, simply replied, "'Tis the signature of Robespierre; she will be ready in five minutes; what else do you require at my hands?"

"A close chariot and four swift horses. My orders are to convey the prisoner from Paris, with all secrecy and despatch. We must be gone in the time you mention, or the heads of both will be the penalty of our delay."

"You have hurried him most gloriously, Duc," exclaimed Francois, as the keeper hastened to obey the supposed mandate of the dreaded despot.

"Pretty well, but we have need of every minute; an hour's delay might cost us our heads, a price I am in no humor for paying just now. But here comes the chariot, you must go without and see that our speed flags not, while I will share the interior with the Countess."

"You will find the prisoner within and well," exclaimed the Lieutenant, springing from the coach, "she has been kindly treated, and has not suffered from her confinement."

"I trust that it may be so," responded De Mortier, "I should regret that Robespierre's vengeance should fall upon your head," and thus speaking, he leaped into the coach, while Francois, taking his station upon the box, dashed rapidly into and along Rue St. Denis until they reached the barriere. Here they were joined by Jacques and his troop, and at their utmost speed whirled from Paris.

"What a splendid couple," exclaimed Josephine to the first consul, pointing to a noble looking man who, with a fair, lovely woman leaning upon his arm, advanced slowly along the centre of the brilliant salon, while a buzz of admiration betokened the sensation they created. "How truly noble he is, with his fine, commanding figure and firm, manly step—and she seems all that a queen would wish to be. Who can they be?"

"The bravest soldier and the sweetest woman in the realm," answered Napoleon. "'Tis the Duc De Mortier and his Dutchess, the last scion of De Reilley's ancient house. He is the brave man who tricked Robespierre out of an order for his bride's reprieve when under sentence of death, and left the cut-throat sitting, for six long hours,

over a canister of gun-powder, which a motion would have ignited. He is worthy of her."

"And, unless her countenance belies her, she deserved no meaner lord," answered Josephine, "he who would wear should win."

"Permit me to welcome you to Paris, Duc," was the greeting of Napoleon, "and may you never leave it, except to drive the invader from your native soil."

"I am once more in Paris, Sire, and under happier auspices than when I last visited it. May I present to you my bride?"

"A bride well worthy such a lord," responded the future emperor, planting a kiss upon the brow of the blushing fair one—"Nay, Josephine, be not jealous, I must give you the pleasure of saying to the Dutchess, that her family estates released from confiscation again call her mistress—while I assure De Mortier that he is again lord of his own fair domain, and may all this world's happiness be theirs. The favor of Napoleon they shall never want while 'tis worth the having."

"And I can but follow so good an example," continued Josephine, clasping around the arm of the Dutchess, the rich diamond bracelet taken from her own fair arm. "The court will ever warmly welcome, and boast its fairest ornament, the Dutchess De Mortier."

Richmond, October 21, 1843.

SONNET-WRITING.

I love a regular Italian sonnet,
Full of a rattling rolling sort of rhyme
And sparkling as the skies of that glad clime
Where Petrarch loved and Laura frowned upon it:
And when a master's hand hath labored on it,
The regular recurrence hath a chime
Like the rich ringing music of a dime
Within the purse of one who late hath won it!
'Tis Love's own proper and imperial dress
And if you wish to robe him rightly, then
Breathe forth in sonnets all your tenderness!
And it is Wisdom's home too, as ye ken
Who read,—and there'll be readers, more or less,
Of this, mine own immortal specimen!

Jackson, Miss.

D. H. ROBINSON.

HEROS IN AMERICA.

Awake genius of Carlyle and resume thy theme! Another Hero demands thy pen! The Hero in America. A Dickens, a Bertrand, an Olé Bull, an Essler, a Vieuxtemps claim thy homage. Awake and join with Willis to deify a fiddle. We mean no disrespect to the celebrated Marshall Bertrand by thus naming him; but holding, as we do, an honest and dignified American to be as high as any man, we would have our Citizens meet foreign distinguished more as their equals only. "Nil Admirari" is our motto and we would apply it to the Companion of Napoleon, as well as to all others. We propose the subject then to the Carlyles of the day and if no other pen takes it up, may attempt it ourselves.—*Ed. Mass.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO, with a preliminary view of the Ancient Mexican Civilization, and the life of the Conqueror, Hernando Cortés. By William H. Prescott, Author of the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella." "*Victrices aquilas alium latrurus in orbem.*" Lucan, *Pharsalia*. Lib. V., v. 238. In three volumes. New-York, Harper and Brothers; Drinker and Morris, Richmond, Va.

Only the first volume of this splendid History has reached us; but the whole Work has been issued from the Press. Under the influence of its classic and romantic interest and of our delight to herald such a production from a Native pen, we could say much and with enthusiasm upon the subject; but our limits will necessarily restrict our notice. Before the appearance of the Work, every one was well prepared to receive a masterly History; and the universal testimony of the press declares that none will be disappointed. The author of the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella" could not fail to captivate every reader, with the story of Mexico and her renowned conqueror. Mr. Prescott's first Work not only gave assurance that the one before us would attain the highest rank; but the reputation which it gave him made him friends of value and influence, and gained him easy access to the Libraries of States, Princes, Nobles and Scholars from which alone the splendid array of authority and material, with which the work before us is peculiarly enriched, could be derived. The American historian entered Spain with the highest passport he could have borne and was loaded with treasures for his contemplated History. With the advantages which he enjoyed, it would have been morally impossible for such a writer not to have brought forth an immortal Work. As yet, our Historians labor under serious disadvantages, which can not well be overcome until success gives them fame and throws open to them the stores of other lands and of magnates otherwise inaccessible. Yet our native writers, like the unrivalled Franklin, with his kite and simple apparatus, often open new fields of investigation and put forth efforts truly astonishing. There is a dignity and an eminence in the fame of the Historian most stimulating to a noble ambition and most elevating to its conscious possessor. His range of important, useful knowledge is so enlarged, his thought is so strengthened, his judgment so purified and balanced and his influence upon the leaders in human affairs so firmly fixed. Mr. Prescott's former history has been translated into German, owing partly to F. Von Raumer, who also recommends to the translator to take the present one in hand. Von Raumer seems to rejoice, with a truly American pride, at the rebuke which Mr. Prescott's Works give to the puerile and malicious sneers at American genius and Literary ambition. He very justly remarks, "certainly this second Work of Mr. Prescott will possess all the advantages of the first, and perhaps surpass it in poetic and romantic interest." Nothing can exceed in "poetic and romantic interest" the History of Mexico and the life of Cortés. In every point of view, civil, military, religious, literary, scientific it is full of wonder and power, from the very foundation of the city. Its very foundation is fraught with Romance. A land of migratory wanderers from the North are seeking a home about the Lake of Texcoco. "They there beheld perched on the stem of a prickly pear, which shot out of the crevice of a rock that was washed by the waves, a royal eagle of extraordinary size and beauty, with a serpent in his talons and his broad wings opened to the rising sun." This was taken as an auspicious omen and the foundations of Mexico, the Venice of the West, were forthwith laid by driving piles into the lake. In the course of

time, splendid palaces succeeded their slight fabrics of reeds and rushes. The preliminary view of the Aztec Civilization is philosophic, instructive and in parts deeply thrilling. The mixture of civilization, superstition and cruelty is almost unparalleled. The Aztecs were the ancient Mexicans; and though they had undoubtedly made considerable progress in civilization, their temples and streets were gorged with the blood of human sacrifices. The Toltecs, a still more ancient people of Anahuac, did not sacrifice human beings.

At the end of each chapter, the author gives an account of the writers upon whom he has chiefly relied. Thus, without interrupting his narrative, he has presented many beautiful and interesting passages of Literary History, that instruct the reader whilst they give evidence of the diligence and caution of the Historian. Indeed, candor and care are stamped upon every page. The author debated in his own mind whether he should conclude his History with the fall of Mexico, or continue the Life of Cortés. He foresaw that the life of the individual might lose in interest when contrasted with the stirring events just related; but he determined to continue it. With this apprehension in view, that the work would decline in interest, the author had a strong incentive to exert his powers to preserve it and it is said that he has been entirely successful. Indeed, the halo around the renowned conqueror would not so quickly disappear; and, if any individual could prolong the intense interest, it would be Cortés. Away from Spain, in a hostile land, with a handful of men, not seven hundred, battling with hundreds of thousands, often opposing and conquering hundreds to one, marching into the heart of unknown nations, subduing and subjecting them, and lastly conquering the magnificent city of Mexico, though all the while violently opposed by enemies at home, what romance can equal it? At one time, the Indians resolved upon his destruction and it was estimated that they could afford to lose 25,000 men to cause the death of one Spaniard.

We do not observe that the press has noticed Mr. Prescott's handsome tribute to Mr. Irving and the generous courtesy between them. They were both engaged upon the History of Mexico; and Mr. Prescott modestly fearing to enter into competition with Mr. Irving, proposed to relinquish his purpose; but Mr. Irving insisted upon yielding the field and gallantly has it been occupied. Mr. Prescott's style is not very forcible,—but it is clear and classic. It is less ambitious than that of Bancroft; and far superior to the stately stiffness and turgid monotony of Alison. The style of the publication is highly creditable to the publishers and quite delighted us, in these days of double columns, eye-sore type, and paper backs. The volumes are ornamented with portraits of Cortés and Montezuma, and contain maps, which are indispensable to a reader of History.

THE EDUCATION OF MOTHERS; OR, THE CIVILIZATION OF MANKIND BY WOMEN. By L. Aimé Martin. Being the work to which the prize of the French Academy was awarded. Translated from the French by Edwin Lee, Esq.—Author of "The Baths of Germany," &c. First American from the first London Edition, revised from the fourth French Edition, &c. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard, 1843. Drinker & Morris, Richmond, Va. pp. 303—8vo.

This excellent book develops and enforces the truth and wisdom of Madam Campan's celebrated reply to Napoleon. "The old systems of Education," said the Emperor, are good for nothing; what is wanting to train up young people properly in France!" "Mothers," said Madam Campan. "Right," said he, "therein lies a complete system of Education, and it must be your endeavor, Madame, to form mothers who know how to educate their children." We

do not, in this country, suffer under such gross defects in Education and in the habits of society as the eloquent author complains of; but to a great extent his remarks on these subjects apply with equal force to us. The remedy, however, for such evils as do exist is clearly and beautifully pointed out in this work. Educate the boy and you control and direct the man, and thus the nation; but who shall properly educate them, except their mothers. Now, for the good order of society,—the peace and happiness of communities, virtue and duty are far more important than genius and learning—the arts and the sciences. The heart is chiefly to be educated, and it is susceptible of deep and lasting impressions long ere the child leaves its mother's caress. The mother, then, may, must give the heart its first impulses and directions. Unless her own soul be pure and lofty, what surety is there that her children will be virtuous and honorable? Hence, educate the mothers. And yet this means, educate every child; for the boy, when the husband, will influence the wife, and the girl will become the mother. Most truthfully does Aimé Martin speak of the noble husband forming his devoted companion to be the mother of his children. Education must be divided into three branches, physical, intellectual and moral, applying respectively to the development and shaping of the powers and principles of body, mind and soul. The physical might, with advantage, be entrusted to the bandit, or the savage; the intellectual might advance rapidly under an atheist, a debauchee, or a well-studied demon; but there must be something of a divinity to preside over the training of the immortal soul. There is no disparagement of the first two branches of education;—they are insisted upon as vastly important; but the last is indispensable: it alone prepares mankind for their destiny even on earth. Maternal love and Religion, the vivifying power which Rousseau needed, will infuse the wholesome principles into the youthful soul,—then, the more vigorous the body and the more expanded the intellect, the higher career of great and good and bright will their possessor run.

The didactic character of the work is much relieved by its apt illustrations, its enthusiasm and its originality. It is a work that should be read, pondered and practised. It abounds with choice aphorisms and gems of true philosophy, which should be treasured in the heart. In the rage which many have at this day for social regeneration, they make a grand mistake by working with and upon masses, phalanxes and the like. They can not succeed. The world is made of atoms; Temples are built of bricks, one by one, and of plastic mortar, which must be used before it hardens. Nations are formed of individuals; and to operate upon the individual, you must take the twig whilst it is tender. The worldly wisdom of associated man can do little, or nothing: but the influence of true religion, which alone is virtue, ministered by maternal love in the temple of the youthful heart, can and will regenerate the world. Herein, too, is the foundation of the nation's Liberty. "The mother's milk shall be the milk of Liberty." In that cradle may lie the embryo hero of centuries; then train him for such. Whilst this thought should stimulate the education of mothers, it should incite mothers to the education of their sons. As Mrs. Sigourney has very beautifully said, "when the mother is rocking the cradle she may have her hand upon the ark of a nation's safety." The biography of every great and good man abounds in exalted praises of his mother, to whom his excellence is invariably ascribed. This sentiment a few years since sought a suitable manifestation in the erection of a monument, in the town of Fredericksburg, to "Mary, the MOTHER of Washington." Simple, but volumes speaking inscription! That *half risen* structure stands in expressive reproach; but yet, there are many far more enduring monuments in honor of the "Mother of Washington." The author's parting words

shall be ours. "Young girls, young wives, young mothers, you hold the sceptre; in your souls, much more than in the laws of legislators, now repose the futurity of Europe, (America) the world and the destinies of the human race."

THE WORKS OF MRS. HEMANS, with a Memoir by her sister, and an Essay on her genius, by Mrs. Sigourney. In seven volumes. Vol. I. Philadelphia. Lea and Blanchard, 1844. Drinker and Morris, Richmond, Va.

This is another of the Ladies Cabinet Series of which we have already spoken. The value of the works embraced in this Series and the neat style, in which they are published, must commend them especially to those for whom they are intended. Oh! that they had other backs—in short, were bound. It grieves us much to see their yellow brightness vanishing beneath our fingers. Even the fair hands of the Ladies can scarcely preserve it. In their virgin dress they appear as inviting as a newly coined guinea. The *mechanique* of a book is no trite affair, and, (always saving the paper backs,) the style, form and type of Mrs. Hemans' works are nicely adapted to the rare treasures which they contain. The Essay of Mrs. Sigourney is just and enthusiastic; but appears labored; and lacks that energy and force of analysis, which the genius of the Poetess might well call forth. The Monody, by the same authoress, loses some of its interest after reading the essay, because of the close resemblance between the two, in many of the leading ideas. Yet, these two productions of the gifted American, will justly be regarded as valuable additions to the work. The Memoir, by the sister of the Poetess, does not lay claim to any high literary merit; and was written to give a juster idea of the character of its subject, than the meagre materials that had been presented to the public were calculated to afford. Mrs. Hemans strongly deprecated the publication of her letters. She might have known that it was impossible to deny this to the "generous public," or at least to rescue them from the *qui vive* Literary speculators and Magazine caterers. The Dublin University Magazine soon published some of them, which in part called forth the present Memoir. Indeed, the Poetess seems not to have been ambitious of Fame from her writings. "Fame," said she, "can afford only reflected delight to a woman." Her maiden name was Felicia Dorothea Bouone. Her father was an eminent merchant of Liverpool, where she was born on the 25 Sept., 1793. Failing in business, he moved into Wales to Gwrych, "a large old mansion, close to the sea and shut in by a picturesque range of mountains." "Here she imbibed that intense love of Nature, which ever afterwards 'haunted her like a passion.'" The misfortunes and domestic sorrows to which she was subjected saddened her song; but gave to it deeper fervor and that tone of pious resignation, which is so elevating to the soul. Her heart was the home of Love; though she was separated from her husband. Her devotion to her mother was so pure and strong, that her Fame gave her most delight because it illumined a mother's smiles. The Memoir could not but be highly interesting—of such a child of song, inspired and inspiring, so proudly eminent and necessarily introduced into such refined Literary associations. The lively spirit of her letters and several Literary Jeux d'esprit is in striking contrast with the prevailing tone of her Muse. And in L. E. L., whose young heart seems to have been blighted by some hidden and unblessed Love, the same contrast is remarkable. In later years, Mrs. Hemans entirely discarded, even in her letters, the sprightly style, in which she once excelled. Of her Poems the volume before us contains only "England and Spain;" and "Wallace's invocation to Bruce."

LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON, Private, Military and Civil. With illustrations, by Amos Kendall. New-York, Harper and Brothers. 1843. Drinker and Morris, Richmond, Va. To be completed in fifteen numbers.

This, the second number, contains many interesting details. Andrew Jackson and his brother Robert are taken prisoners; and being ordered to clean the boots of their Russian captor, they refuse. Robert received from the sword of the incensed coward a blow on the head from which he never recovered: Andrew warding off the blow aimed at him with his arm; but received a severe wound. The battle of Camden is related; with the causes of Greene's defeat,—want of precaution and too great security in the presence of the enemy; the Jacksons are released; Mrs. Jackson visits Charleston to succor her friends who were confined there in the prison ship, scarcely less loathsome and miserable than the tombs of the dead, in which some of the Americans were confined during the war; she never returns from her benevolent errand; other revolutionary scenes are described; Andrew Jackson's military education in the actual field; the patriotism of Mrs. Motte, who cheerfully saw her house in flames and furnished a handsome bow with which to cast the flaming arrows to set it on fire, by which means a garrison of the enemy was forced to surrender: Andrew Jackson becomes dissipated and in danger of ruin; but reforms, studies Law, and is made Judge of the Western district of North Carolina, now the State of Tennessee; the early settlements in the West; several paragraphs are given to the Log Cabin; but nothing is said of the hard cider. The hero emigrates to Tennessee and exhibits great boldness and energy in that new and unsettled State. The embellishments of this number are the presence of mind of young Jackson in saving his party from surprise and capture—and an attack of the Indians upon a "station" of Cabins in the West.

NARRATIVE OF THE TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES OF MONS. VIOLET, in California, Sonora, and Western Texas. Written by Captain Marryat, C. B. New-York, Harper and Brothers, 1843. Drinker and Morris, Richmond, Virginia. pp. 133, 8vo.

"Who reads an American book?" asks the contemptuous Briton. Turn to the able letter on the International Copyright and you will find an answer,—an answer which the book before us illustrates. Many have read American books without knowing it; and those read American books who wish to write English ones. For instance, when Captain Marryat, or Mons. Violet, if there be such a genius, wishes to set forth travels and adventures in America, he pilfers largely from Kendall's sketches, and gleans closer than Ruth, after the reapers of exaggerated stories of life in the wild woods, panther fights, alligators and cawanas, savage men and "republics of squirrels," with their outcast "parias." Our learning is not extensive enough to assure us whether, or not Mons. Violet ever existed; but our suspicions are somewhat excited as to the fact; and Captain Marryat, C. B. may have very judiciously omitted "to inform the reader how he became acquainted with the party from whose notes and memoranda he has compiled this volume."

Mr. Kendall, of New Orleans, one of the unfortunate Mexican Captives, not only charges the author of this book with gross plagiarism; but points out errors and misstatements, which destroy its value and its honesty. Mr. Kendall's sketches, containing much on the same subjects, will soon be issued, and the public should give his instructive and thrilling narrative the encouragement which Mons. Violet's is now soliciting. The Messenger is set for the defence and maintenance of American Literature; and will never, whilst under our charge, breathe any other spirit

than the strongest American. Hence it will ever be our aim, for we deem it a duty, to do all in our power to brand every thing from abroad that does not come with a proper tone and with pure, clean hands.

Mons. Violet claims to be the son of a French Noble attached to the fortunes of the dethroned Charles X. Charles being invited to Holyrood, in Edinburg, his faithful servant was allowed to accompany him; but when the exiled King removed to Prague, the Noble took to travel to assuage his griefs. At length he joined the Prince Seravalle of Italy, who, because he couldn't do as he pleased at home, became disgusted with the vices and heartlessness of civilization and smit with a passion for savage life, and came over to dwell with the American Indians in the far South West. The Frenchman employed priests to educate his son. From a very early age he had been the companion of his father's travels. The book before us contains the adventures of this renowned son, of which we trust you now have enough. When will the world cease to be overrun by exiled nobles and heartsick dependents? A work by Mr. Farnham, author of "Travels in Oregon, Prairies," &c., upon "unexplored California, the Italy of America," is announced in the North. His former work elicited high praise from the English Reviews.

THE HISTORY OF THE PURITANS, OR PROTESTANT NON-CONFORMISTS; from the reformation in 1517, to the revolution in 1668; comprising an account of their principles; their attempts for a farther reformation in the Church; their sufferings; and the lives and characters of their most considerable divines. By Daniel Neal, M. A. Reprinted from the text of Dr. Toulmin's Edition: with his life of the author and account of his writings. Revised, corrected and enlarged, with additional notes, by John O. Choules, M. A., with nine portraits on steel, in two volumes. New-York, Harper and Brothers, 1843. Richmond, Drinker and Morris.

This is a standard history of some of the most important and even romantic events of any age, and though *ex parte* is exceedingly valuable. Even Hume, whose leanings are all the other way, acknowledges that the Puritans preserved the sparks of English Liberty.

The present edition is heartily approved by many eminent persons, divines and others, who think its publication useful at this time from the bearing it may have upon the existing Puseyite controversy. The Editor, Mr. Choules, says he anticipates the happiest results from its wide circulation. We cannot view it in this light; but simply as a record of the deeds it commemorates. The work will be completed in eight parts of 144 pages each, at 25 cents. The first part is embellished with the portraits of the great reformer Wiclif and of Richard Baxter. The Novelist has found rich materials for romance in the History of the Puritans and has had little need to depart from sober truth in order to impart the deepest interest to his representations. Mr. Neal also wrote a history of the New England States, for which their university conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts.

THE BIRTHRIGHT. A Novel, by Mrs. Gore; authoress of "Mothers and Daughters," "Mrs. Armytage," &c. New York, Harper and Brothers, 1843. Drinker and Morris, Richmond, Va. pp. 59.

Birbrights were quite cheap in the days of the patriarchs, when Esau sold his for a mess of pottage. But it would be difficult to get such a savory mess as Isaac's kitchen afforded for the shilling, with which you can buy Mrs. Gore's novel. So that in those days of *primogeniture*, birbrights were dearer than now. Though our profession requires a sacrifice of the sensual to the intellectual, yet we are afraid that Jacob, by offering us his bribe, could

cheat Mrs. Gore, as he did his brother. John Bull often *gorges* us; but sometimes he is harmless, for "*fanum* (trash) habet in cornu."

The Birthright's plot is good enough; but the filling up, the accessories are deficient:—the skeleton wants a heart, flesh and muscles. Certainly, it has not substance enough, to entitle it to be brought across the Atlantic and circulated over this country. It has been a very short time since we noticed "The Banker's Wife," by the same authoress.

GEROLSTEIN. A sequel to the Mysteries of Paris. Translated from the French of Eugene Sue. New York, Harper and Brothers, 1843. Drinker and Morris, Richmond. pp. 32.

We announced this work in our last number, before it came to hand. The success of the Mysteries of Paris has called forth other works of Sue—Matilda, translated by Wm. H. Herbert, Zuleika, translated by J. P. Brewster, and others are going the rounds; but they do not produce the same enthusiasm and must materially suffer from coming after their superior. We are indebted to Mr. Winchester for several parts of the New World Edition, which is now completed. There is much attraction in Mr. Deming's flowing, ornate style, and his translation is well done.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, his Court and Times. Edited, with an introduction, by Thomas Campbell, Esq. Author of "The Pleasures of Hope." Second Series, 2 vols. Lea and Blanchard, 1842. Drinker and Morris, Richmond, Va.

By an oversight, the notice of this work was omitted the last month. No species of composition is more interesting or instructive than the familiar memoirs of these eminent characters who have stamped their impress upon the times in which they lived. Some doubts have been thrown, probably without sufficient reason, upon the Editorship of the poet Campbell. The first series was accredited to him and reviewed by Macaulay as the production of his pen. In these times of steam publishing and great multiplicity of books, it is no small advantage for a work to bear a well known name upon its front.

THE EXODUS OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND; and the claims of the Free Church of Scotland to the sympathy and assistance of American Christians, by Thomas Smyth, D. D., Author of Lectures on the Apostolical Succession; Presbytery and not Prelacy the Scriptural and Primitive Polity; Ecclesiastical Republicanism; an Ecclesiastical Catechism, etc. Published by request. Charleston, S. C., 1843.

This is an eloquent and able appeal on behalf of the evangelical party of the Church of Scotland (the Non-Intrusionists we believe they are called,) which has recently seceded from the Establishment, and formed themselves into a distinct body under the name of the "Free Church of Scotland." The author is known to the body of Christians, of which he forms an ornament, as an able, zealous and eloquent preacher; and, to the literary public generally, on both sides of the Atlantic, he is known, by his works on the Prelatic Controversy, as a man of most rare erudition, great research, powerful mind, and enlarged and liberal views. The character of the Messenger forbids our going into the merits of the controversy between the Establishment and the Free Church: we have noticed the sermon of Dr. Smyth in pursuance of our design to call the attention of our readers to all productions of a high order of merit which the South brings forth, that Southerners may know the jewels which adorn their literary diadem. To those who interest themselves in the controversy, particularly Presbyterians, we heartily commend the sermon of Dr. Smyth, of which, as we are informed, a second edition will be issued immediately in New-York, in a small book form, with fuller documents, as the Veto Act, claim of Rights, &c., &c.—[Communicated.]

We have been gratified by an examination of the Annual Report of the Providence Athenæum, Rhode Island, and the Catalogue of Yale College. Old Yale is in a flourish-

ing condition and sends forth an honorable representative in her Literary Magazine, which we have received.

Our thanks are also due for the eloquent Convention Sermon of Bishop Johns, of Virginia.

M'Culloch's Gazetteer—Part IV; Hannah More—No. 6; Gibbon's Rome—No. 2; Speech of Mr. John Duer in the New York Episcopal Convention, in support of Judge Oakley's resolutions; and Bishop McIlvaine's charge, issued by the Harpers, have been received through Drinker and Morris.

Orion for December, has been received. It will hereafter be published in Charleston. Let the South encourage the Literary efforts of her children.

ADDRESSES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following excellent Addresses.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF SUCCESS. An Oration pronounced before the Philomathean and Phrenokosmian Societies of Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg. By John Todd. Sept. 19th, 1843.

An Oration delivered in Person Hall, Chapel Hill, on the 37th June, 1827, the day previous to the Commencement, under the appointment of the Dialectic Society, By the Hon. Archibald D. Murphy. Second Edition. This is the first address ever delivered before the Literary Societies of Chapel Hill. A letter from Chief Justice Marshall, dated Richmond, Oct. 6, 1827, is prefixed, in which he speaks flatteringly of the address and pays a tribute to some of the honored names of North Carolina.

DUTY—An Address delivered before the Literary Societies of the Wesleyan University, August 2nd, 1843, by Rev. Robert Emory, A. M., President protem of Dickinson College, Middletown, Connecticut, 1843. Duty is an excellent word and thing; and though the French laugh at the English for the constant use of the word, they make a mock at a great excellence of English character. We were more than usually pleased and edified, with a few slight exceptions, by the perusal of this address.

NOTE TO THE ARTICLE ON COPYRIGHT.—See Page 11.

I find, on reference, that I was mistaken in stating the establishment of the Port-Folio Magazine, as taking place during the war of 1812. I was misled by the 1st volume of the "New Series," under Judge Hall, which was published in 1813. The former series, under Dennie, was probably begun in 1805-6 in a quarto form. I can not now say when—as the work is missing from my library. But the error is quite immaterial to the argument. I consider the war of public opinion, in America, against Great Britain, as having properly commenced some years before the declaration of hostilities; and the peculiar benefits of the actual conflict, upon which I insist, are compressible into the single feeling of impatience at her domination, by which alone the nation was persuaded into the proper, though still but partial, exercise of its own intellect and resources.

W. G. S.

OUR NUMBER.

We trust that the present number will be a favorable sample of what we have in store. We are not conscious of any effort to give it superiority over subsequent numbers, but expect to issue even better ones in future. We had intended to devote particular attention to our own department; but unavoidable interruptions have consumed much of our time. The reader will find many things on the cover, to which his attention is specially invited. When each subscriber has read the Messenger, he will please show it to his friend and neighbor and try to enlist him in the generous cause. We are resolved to give an unwonted impetus to the Messenger and invoke every friend to help us. See what the press says; see who our contributors are; observe what the Messenger is; and then say will you not speed it on.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—BENJAMIN B. MINOR, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. X.

RICHMOND, FEBRUARY, 1844.

NO. 2.

IPHIGENIA AT TAURIS.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

IN FIVE ACTS.

(Translated from the German of Goëthé.)

ACT II—SCENE I.

Orestes. Pylades.

Orestes. We tread the path of Death, and at each step
My soul is more composed. When to Apollo
I prayed, to free me from the avenging fiends
That ever dogged my steps, he seemed to promise,
That, in the temple of his much loved sister,
Who rules o'er Tauris, I should find assistance
And relief. This plighted God's word
So full of hope, is sure of its fulfilment,
For, with my life, my sufferings soon will end.
Beautiful Sun! how easy to resign
Thy light, to one whose heart the hand of God
Has crushed to numbness. If no laurelled death,
The price of glorious victory awaits
The sons of Atreus—if, like my brave father,
Like all my ancestors, it be my doom
To die a bloody death, so let it be.
Better to bleed before the altar here
Than in a corner, by the assassin hand
Of a near kinsman. Friends of Tartarus,
Who dog my steps, while yet I walk the earth,
And, like the sleuth-hound, snuff the blood that marks them,
Let me alone! soon I go down to you.
The light of day no more shall be polluted
By sight of you or me; nor earth's green carpet
Be stained by Demon feet. There, in your den,
I'll seek you out; there, where one equal fate
Shall seal us all in everlasting night.
Thee, Pylades, companion of my crime,
Though innocent, thee, partner of my doom!
I grieve to bear thee to that mournful land,
Untimely snatched away. Thy life or death
Alone awakens hope or fear in me.

Pylades. Not yet, like thee, Orestes, am I ready
The abode of Ghosts to visit. Still I hope,
Among the tangled paths that seem to tend
All downward to black night, to find a way
That leads to life again. Of death I think not.
I wait the pleasure of the Gods, and hope,
That they will yet provide a glad escape.
Death, whether feared or no, comes when he will,
But when, to sever our devoted locks,
The Priestess lifts her hand, I still shall think
Only of thine and my deliverance. Rouse
Thy soul from this despondency. Our danger
Is but increased by doubt. Did not Apollo
Plight thee his word, that in his Sister's Temple
Aid—solace—safe return were all prepared?
The words of Gods are not ambiguous,
Though thus the afflicted and desponding deem.

Orestes. The web of destiny my mother spread
Over my infant head, and as I grew
In likeness to my father, tho' I spoke not,
My presence to her paramour and her
Was a severe rebuke. Alas! How often

When, musing o'er the fire, sad Electra
Sat solitary in the large old hall,
I anxiously have climbed into her lap,
And stared with wondering eyes upon her tears.
Then of our noble father would she speak
And I, in eager longing to be with him,
Now wished myself at Troy, now him at home.
Then came the hour—

Pylades. O let that be a theme
For nightly converse among hellish ghosts:
We, from the memory of brighter days,
Must gather strength for new heroic effort.

The Gods have use for good men here on earth,
To do their will, and still they count on thee,
Nor gave thee as companion to thy Father,
When he reluctantly went down to Orcus.

Orestes. O! had I caught his hem and followed him.

Pylades. Much cause have I to thank the hand that
saved thee;

For what were I without thee, since with thee,
And for thy sake alone, from infancy,
I've wished to live.

Orestes. Remind me not, I pray thee,
Of those bright days, when, in thy father's house,
I found a refuge, where his prudent care
Tenderly nursed the bruised and blighted blossom,
While thou, forever gay and light of heart,
Sporting around me like a butterfly
O'er a dark flower hovering, to my soul
Imparted the glad cheerfulness of thine,
Till I, forgetful of my fate, and swayed
By youthful sympathy, would lose myself
In dreams enthusiastic.

Pylades. It was then
My life began—then when I first loved thee.

Orestes. More truly say that then thy griefs began.
Horrible fate! That I, thus plague-infected
And driven from society, must bear
Anguish and death to others in my bosom.
Go where I will, tho' all before was health,
The blooming cheek grows pale at my approach
And wears the marks of death, certain tho' slow.

Pylades. Were poison in thy breath, Orestes, I
Should be the first to perish; but thou seest me
Still full of cheerful confidence and courage;
And Love and Confidence are wings that bear
To great achievements.

Orestes. Great achievements! Yes,
The time has been when we to such looked forward,
When we on mount and vale pursued our prey,
And hoped to see the day, when rivalling
The courage and the prowess of our fathers,
We too, with club and sword, might hunt the monster,
Or track the robber to his cave, and then
When, leaning on each other, we would sit
At evening, looking out o'er the broad sea,
The rippling wave breaking against our feet,
And all the world spread out before our eyes:
Then would we grasp the sword, and deeds of glory
Through the dark future glittered like the stars
Whose countless host spangled the night's black brow.

Pylades. The work the soul proposes to herself
Is infinite, still burning to achieve

Deeds of such splendor, as at once may rival
The glories which are still the poet's theme,

What of thy brother's words the cloud of horror
Hid from my mind. The last of that great stock,
The lovely boy, Orestes, destined yet
To be the avenger of his father's fall!
Oh! how did he escape that day of blood?
Has a like destiny entangled him
In Death's dark net? O! tell me he was saved.
Say that he lives. Say that Electra lives.

Orestes. They live.

Iphigenia. Oh Golden Sun! lend me thy rays,
Thy brightest rays, and lay them as an offering
Before Jove's throne, for I am poor and dumb.

Orestes. If hospitable rights, or nearer tie
Connect thee with that royal house, as now
Thy beautiful delight would indicate,
I pray thee tame thy heart, and hold it steady;
For insupportable the sudden change
From joy to anguish. Agamemnon's death
Is all thou knowest?

Iphigenia. And is not that enough?

Orestes. But half the tale of horror hast thou heard.

Iphigenia. What more? Orestes and Electra live.

Orestes. And fearest thou nothing then for Clytemnestra?

Iphigenia. Nothing: for neither hope nor fear can save her.

Orestes. She also from the land of hope has gone.

Iphigenia. What! Died she raving? Shedding her own blood?

Orestes. No: but her blood brought death.

Iphigenia. Speak more distinctly.

Task not my mind to think. Uncertainty
Flaps round my frightened head her thousand wings.

Orestes. Thus have the Gods selected me to bear

The tidings of a deed which I would hide
In the unfathomable hollow realm

Of hellish night. Thy lovely lips constrain me

To speak against my will; but they may ask,

And not in vain, an effort yet more painful.

Electra rescued and concealed her brother

After his father's fall, and Strophius,

His father's kinsman, willingly received him,

And brought him up with Pylades, his son,

Who soon the fairest ties of friendship bound

Around the Orphan. Then within their souls

Grew up with them the burning thirst of vengeance

For the King's death. Sudden and in disguise

They bear the tidings of Orestes' death

With that which seemed his ashes to Mycenæ.

The Queen receives them kindly to her house:

Orestes to Electra is made known:

Within him she rekindles the revenge

Quenched by the holy presence of his mother:

Secretly leads him to the fatal spot

Where fell his father, where the trace of blood,

So foully shed with faint and ominous stripes

The floor oft vainly washed, still foully stained:

With tongue of fire each circumstance told,

Picturing her life of wretched servitude,

The lucky traitor's arrogance, the danger

That, from the step-dame hatred of the mother,

Threatened her children: then that same old dagger,

Which, on the house of Tantalus, so long

Had sped its rage, she forced into his hand,

And by that hand—her Son's—fell Clytemnestra.

Iphigenia. Immortal Gods! who, floating upon clouds,

Spend the pure day in bliss; is it for this

That ye from all mankind have severed me,

And here so long have kept me near yourselves,

Charged only with the childlike task of nursing

The holy fire;—that you have drawn my soul

To mount like flame in holy aspirations

Up to your dwellings, but that I at last
The horrors of my house should feel more deeply?
But tell me of Orestes. Wretched man!

Orestes. O! would that one could tell thee of his death!

For from the victim's streaming blood arose
The Mother's Ghost, calling Night's ancient daughters,

"Let not the Matricide escape—pursue him,

To you he is devoted." At the call

Their hollow eyes glare eagerly around

With eagle-glance. Within their caverns black

All is a stir, and, from their deep recesses,

Doubt and Repentance, their congenial allies,

Creep on their victim. Acheron's foul pit

Sends up a vapor, on whose boiling clouds

The image of his crime is shadowed forth;

Frighting to frenzy his blood-guilty soul,

While they, tho' to destruction fated, still

Trampling the beauteous surface of the earth,

(The garden of the Gods,) from which of old

A curse had banished them, with flying feet

Pursue the fugitive, and but give rest

To frighten him anew.

Iphigenia. Unhappy man!

His case is like thine own, and thou too feeblest

All the poor wanderer suffers.

Orestes. What sayest thou?

What is the case that seems so much like his?

Iphigenia. A brother's murder in like manner preys

On thee. Your younger brother told me this.

Orestes. Great soul! I cannot bear that thou shouldst be

Deceived by one false word. A stranger may

A web of falsehood for a stranger weave

To snare the crafty in his purposed fraud.

Between us be the Truth. I am Orestes.

This guilty head yearns for the grave and seeks

For death in every shape—in all shapes welcome.

Whoe'er thou art, for thee and for my friend

I wish deliverance, but not for me.

I see thou art reluctant to remain:

Then find the means of flight, and leave me here.

Let my dead body tumble from the rock.

Let my warm blood-stream down into the Sea,

And bring a curse upon this savage shore.

Go ye to find a home in beauteous Greece,

And cheerfully commence your lives anew. [*He withdraws.*]

Iphigenia. Fulfilment! Fairest daughter of the Father

Of Gods, at length to me thou hast descended.

Thy image vast displays itself before me.

My lifted look scarce reaches to thy hands,

Which, filled with golden fruits and wreaths of bliss,

The treasures of Olympus shower on me.

As royal bounty, by its rich profusion

Betrays the royal giver, since to him

That, which to thousands would be wealth, is nothing;

So you, ye Gods, are recognized in bounties,

Wisely withheld at first, then wisely given,

At fittest moment. What is best for us

Is known to you alone. Before your eyes

Expands the wide realm of futurity,

Which still the starry misty veil of evening

Shuts nightly from our view. Calmly ye hear

Our prayers, which still, with childlike eagerness,

Would speed your purposes. Your hands pluck not

Heaven's golden fruit till ripe, and wo to him

Who, with impatient violence would snatch it,

Yet crude, and fraught with death to him that eats.

Oh! that this happiness so long delayed,

Vanish not like the shade of a lost friend,

Leaving the baffled heart to threefold misery.

Orestes, [returning.] If on the Gods thou callest, for thee
and Pylades,

Name not my name with yours. Thou canst not save
The guilty, tho' you share his curse and doom.

Iphigenia. My fate to thine is bound indissolubly.

Orestes. Not so; let me alone, without a partner,
Go to the dead. For couldst thou, with thy veil,
The guilty screen from death, thou couldst not hide him
From eyes that never sleep. Thy presence now,
Oh heavenly being! awes them to a distance,
But does not drive them off. Their brazen feet,
Though bold, yet dare not tread this hallowed soil
And consecrated grove; but from afar,
I still at times can hear their horrid laugh.

Thus couch the wolves around the tree that yields
A refuge to the traveller. At the gate
They lie encamped, and, as I leave this grove,
Then will they rise, tossing their serpent heads,
And, scattering dust, will drive their prey before them.

Iphigenia. Canst thou, Orestes, hear a friendly word.

Orestes. Spare it for those the Gods love.

Iphigenia. To new hope

The gods now light thee.

Orestes. Aye; through smoke and horror
A pale ray glances from the Stygian stream,
That lights my soul to hell.

Iphigenia. No other sister
Hast thou, besides Electra.

Orestes. None that I knew.

A happy fate, tho' as it seemed to us,
Most dreadful, soon the oldest snatched away
From all the horrors that o'erhung our house.
But cease to question thus; and do not thou
Take part with the Erinnyes. They blow
The ashes from my soul, in savage rapture,
And suffer not the embers of that fire,
Which has consumed our house, to die away
Within my heart. Oh! will it burn forever,
Kindled and fanned, and with Hell-sulphur fed,
Torturing my soul?

Iphigenia. I bring sweet incense

And cast it on the flame. Oh! let the breath
Of love's soft whispering cool thy bosom glow.
Orestes!—dearest! Understandest thou not?
Or has the presence of the dreadful demons
Dried up thy blood? Is there a spell that creeps
Upon thy limbs, as if the head of Gorgon
Had petrified thee. If a mother's blood,
In hollow accents, summons thee to Hell,
Shall not a blessing from a Sister's lips
Call down the helpful Gods from high Olympus?

Orestes. It calls! It calls! And wouldst thou too de-
stroy me?

Harbors a fury in thy breast? Who art thou,
Whose voice thus agitates my frightened heart,
Down in its lowest depths?

Iphigenia. In thy deep heart
It doth proclaim itself. *Orestes,* see!

'Tis I. 'Tis Iphigenia. See, I live.

Orestes. Thou.

Iphigenia. My Brother!!!

Orestes. Away, and let me be.

Touch not these locks, I warn me; for from me,
As from Creusa's bridal robe, a flame
Contagious—inextinguishable spreads.
Forbear and let me meet like Hercules
Disgraceful death with voiceless self-control.

Iphigenia. Thou shalt not die. Oh! could I hear from
thee

One calm word! Solve my doubts and make me sure
That happiness, so long, so vainly prayed for,
Is not unreal. Joy and grief by turns
Whirl through my soul. I shudder to approach

A stranger's presence, but my inmost heart
Impels me to my brother, as by force.

Orestes. Is this Lyræus' Temple; and his Priestess
With holy but licentious rage possessed?

Iphigenia. Oh hear me! Look upon me! O! behold
How, after long, long years, my heart expands
To bless, and yearns to kiss the dearest head
Earth e'er again can bear for me. My arms,
Long stretched to empty walls, are spread to clasp thee.
Oh let me! Let me! Not more purely streams
The eternal fountain from Parnassus flowing,
And to the golden valley gurgling down
From rock to rock, than gushes from my heart
The billowy stream, that, with a sea of bliss,
Surrounds me. Oh, Orestes! Oh, my brother!!

Orestes. Beautiful Nymph, I trust not to thy arts.

Dian demands strict servants, and avenges

The profanation of her sanctuary.

Remove thine arm; and if thou needs must save

And love a youth, and make him tender proffers

Of fairest fortune, turn thee to my friend,

A worthier man than I. He wanders there

Upon that rocky path. Go find him out:

Disclose your purpose to him, and spare me.

Iphigenia. Recall thy thoughts, my brother. Recognize

Her thou hast found, nor call a sister's joy,

Pure heavenly rapture—guilty, shameful lust.

Oh! take delusion from his staring eye,

Nor let the moment of my highest joy

Be turned to threefold wretchedness. Look on me!

It is thy sister: 'Tis thy long lost sister.

The Goddess from the altar rescued me;

Sheltered me here in her own sanctuary:

Thou art a captive offered as a victim,

And in the Priestess findest thy long lost sister.

Orestes. Unhappy Woman! Now the Sun shall witness

The last scene of the horrors of our house.

Is not Electra here? She too with us

Should perish here, and not reserve her life

To meet, at last, a still more cruel fate.

Priestess, lead on! I follow to the altar.

Our ancient race is trained to fratricide

By far-descended custom. O ye Gods!

I thank you that so young you cut me off

Yet childless! And do thou too be advised.

Set not thy love upon the sun and stars,

But to the realm of darkness follow me.

As dragons bred beside a sulphur pool

Devour each other, so our savage brood

Preys on itself. Come! Childless, guiltless come!

Go down with me! Thou lookest at me with pity.

Forbear! With such looks, Clytemnestra

Gazed on her son, and tried to reach his heart.

In vain! Her breast he smote; the Mother fell.

Indignant spirit rise! Draw near ye Furies!

Hedge us around, and at the spectacle,

The last and horridlest prepared by you,

Be present! 'Tis not hatred nor revenge

That whets her knife. She is a loving Sister

Forced to the deed. Nay, weep not! Thou art guiltless.

Nothing, since childhood, have I ever loved

As I could love thee, Sister. Lift thy steel!

Spare not, but open through my breast a way

To the warm stream of love that seethes within. [*He sinks exhausted.*]

Iphigenia. This bliss! This misery! They are too much
To bear alone. O, Pylades! where art thou?

Oh precious friend! Where shall I find thine aid? [*She goes out.*]

Orestes, [rousing himself.] One more! One more! Reach
me, from Lethe's flood

The last refreshing cup. Life's spasm soon
 Shall from my breast be washed. The tranquil spirit,
 Bathed in the fountain of forgetfulness,
 Floats softly. To the ever-during mist
 Ye shades receive me. In your resting-place
 The hunted Son of Earth may now find comfort.
 What whispering is this among the twigs?
 What sounds come murmuring through the doubtful gloom?
 Come they to welcome the new guest? What's this?
 This crowd, whose high demeanor might denote
 Princes assembled in their social hour.
 How peacefully they mix—the old and young;
 Women and Men together, all how godlike,
 And all how like each other. Yes: 'Tis they,
 The fathers of my race. There Atreus walks
 And with Thyestes speaks in confidence.
 The boys sport round them. Is there then among you
 No hatred now? Has all resentment vanished
 With the Sun's light. Then I too may be welcome,
 And mingle freely in your proud procession.
 Hail Fathers! 'Tis Orestes comes to greet you.
 Last of your race, he reaped what you had sown,
 And bowed beneath the curse, he hither comes,
 Where burthens sit more lightly. O, receive him
 Into your circle. Here, where hatred lives not,
 Thee Atreus, thee Thyestes—both I honor.
 But let me see my father, whom in life
 I saw but once. O, Father! Is it thou?
 Is that my Mother, whom in confidence
 Thou ledest? Does she dare to touch thy hand?
 Then may Orestes too draw near to her
 And cry, "Behold thy Son!" Behold your Son!
 Oh bid him welcome! In our house on earth
 Greeting was Murder's watchword. But the race
 Of Tantalus has peace beyond the tomb.
 You welcome and receive me. Lead me then
 To the first father of our race. Where is he?
 Let me behold that dear and honored head
 That sat with Gods in council. You are silent,
 And turn aside. What means this? Does he suffer?
 Ah me! The overpowerful inflict
 Relentless tortures on the godlike man
 Fast forged with iron chains upon his breast.

[*Iphigenia and Pylades enter. Orestes goes on.*]

You too come down already! Sister, hail!
 Electra still is wanting. A kind God
 With pangless arrows soon may send her also.
 Thee, my poor friend, I pity. Come with me!
 Come with me. Let us go to Pluto's throne,
 And, as new guests, greet the assembled host.

Iphigenia. Ye twins, who to the human race dispense
 The sweet vicissitudes of night and day,
 Gemming the broad sky with your beauteous lights,
 But shine not on the dead; save us two children.
 Thou, Dian, lovest thy brother above all
 That Earth and Heaven offer, ever turning
 Thy virgin face toward his cheerful light
 In silent longing. Let not this dear one,
 So lately found, rave on in frenzied blindness:
 But, if the end of my concealment here
 Is now accomplished; if through me to him,
 Through him to me, thou art prepared to give
 The aid we need, Oh! now dissolve the curse,
 Nor let this hour of deliverance pass.

Pylades. Dost thou not recognize this holy grove,
 And the glad light, that shines not for the dead,
 And us, thy friend and sister, as our arms
 Are closely twined around thee? Grasp our hands.
 We are no empty shadows. Now give heed
 To what I say, and recollect thyself.

Each moment now is precious. Our return
 Hangs on slight threads, spun by the favoring Parcae.

Orestes [to Iphigenia.] Let my emancipated spirit first
 Find in thy arms a joy both new and pure,
 Ye Gods, whose lightning cleaves the teeming clouds,
 Who, sternly gracious, in loud thunder voice
 And roar of whirlwinds and wild-gushing torrents
 Accord the prayer of man, and melt his terrors
 Into a sense of blessing, changing the stare
 Of terror to glad looks and loud thanksgiving,
 As, in the drops that gem the gladdened leaves
 The Sun emerging, mirrors his bright face
 A thousand fold; while party-colored Iris
 Lightly sweeps off the last grey film of cloud:
 O! grant that I, here in my Sister's arms,
 On my Friend's bosom, may, with grateful heart,
 The blessings you accord, enjoy and cherish.
 The curse, my heart assures me, is dissolved.
 I hear the Furies, as away to Tartarus
 They hasten; and the distant thunder-sound
 Peals, as behind them shut the brazen doors.
 The Earth exhales fresh odors, and invites
 My steps to tread her fields, and chase life's joys
 And high achievements.

Pylades. Miss not then the time
 The Fates have granted. May the wind that fills
 Our swelling sails, to high Olympus bear
 The fulness of our joy. What now we need
 Is prompt deliberation and resolve.

END OF ACT III.

CLASSICAL STUDIES.

ESSAYS ON ANCIENT LITERATURE AND ART, with the
 Biography and Correspondence of Eminent Philologists—
 by Barnas Sears, Pres. Newton Theological Seminary;
 B. B. Edwards, Prof. Andover Theological Seminary;
 C. C. Felton, Prof. Harvard University. Boston: Gould,
 Kendall & Lincoln, 1843—pp. 413.

This is one of the numerous Germanico-classic works,
 which are every day pouring forth from the American press.
 It is made up of highly wrought essays on German Philology—Greek Literature—Classical Antiquity—Plastic Art
 of the Greeks, &c. which are somewhat affectedly attributed
 to sundry professors of the various schools of Germany as
 being opening lectures to their several classes. Beside these,
 there is what is called *Philological Correspondence*, being
 letters and fragments of letters, which purport to be translations
 of originals which passed at intervals within the last fifty
 years, or thereabouts, from one to another of the literati of
 the country aforesaid. Among these are letters from Rhunken,
 Ritter, Ernesti, Heyne, Schütz, &c., &c., &c. This book, the authors
 or editors have styled *Classical Studies*, with what propriety
 or pertinency, it is not easy to discover. The name of the book
 strikes us as having been an afterthought altogether. It is
 evidently a *Salmagundi* and furnished after being compounded,
 we doubt not, some little difficulty in suggesting a proper
 title, unless the authors cast lots for the name, and perchance
 fell on this we are utterly at a loss for a solution of the
 christening. And indeed if the *preface* did not suggest to us
 what the design of the book was—such a medley is it—we
 should be still more puzzled to know why it was ever written
 at all. But happily, like the Dutchman's picture underneath
 which was written *libero manu*, "dis is de horse," we are
 furnished with an account of the intent and meaning of the
 volume itself. It is the joint labor, it will be observed, of
 three very distinguished

scholars—one, the first of whom, we had the pleasure and profit of knowing in earlier and far happier hours, and we take pleasure, after a considerable lapse of time, and in this somewhat distant land, in bearing voluntary testimony to his amenity as a gentleman and his ripe acquirements as a scholar. But neither the memory of youthful prepossessions, nor the distinguished position of these authors in the worlds of Letters, shall deter us from expressing with conscientious frankness the impressions which the perusal of their book has left on our mind. If, therefore, it be not considered too uncharitable, we venture to surmise that this volume was the product of some little desire on the part of these authors, to display their attainments in ancient and modern classical learning. This it undeniably does—but it falls immeasurably short of sustaining, illustrating, or enforcing the extravagant views on the subject of classical literature put forth in the preface. But passing by all minor objections and assuming, per saltum, that the matter of this book is fair and legitimate argument and illustration, as far as it goes for the positions taken, still we deny its sufficiency to sustain those positions, and we deny utterly the truth of the positions and views themselves.

The prevailing theme and leading idea of the preface is, that Classical Studies are infinitely too much neglected—that they ought to be infinitely more cultivated—that they form the staple commodity of intellectual life—that they are indispensable to the lawyer, divine, physician, farmer and mechanic, and everybody else, and in short, that they are the *res* *vera* of existence. We do not assert that these are the explicit declarations of the volume, but they are the unavoidable inferences from the unqualified glorification of classical lore. If the views of these authors import any thing, they involve these absurd pretensions. Now all this, in the latitude contended for in this book, we deny. A part of this is true, but not the whole of it. Classical studies, to a certain degree of acquirement and to a limited portion of mankind, are of essential value, in aiding—for they only aid—to discipline the mind by developing the discriminative power of the intellect—in cultivating the taste—in enlarging the vocable power of nations,—these they certainly tend to. But it must be remembered, that these are but means to be employed upon something higher, something nobler! Mental discipline, discrimination, taste, language, are comparatively useless, if they be not turned away from these mere appliances for their own production—the classics—and employed upon other noble and more useful departments of science and of art. Nature smiles in vain if we do not look upon her. She reveals her secrets to the retort and crucible uselessly, unless we scan her rereadings. The earth turns its fecund plains to the uprising sun in vain—and the waving grain will not sing a joyous welcome to his morning light, unless the hand of man cast the seed into her sides. Sharp keels will vex no foreign shores, unless the sails be given to the winds, and there be men to give them. But if every one be turned classic-monger all this must cease, for a profound and intimate acquaintance with classical learning is the result of lifetime labor. To exhaust, therefore, the discipline and taste acquired by a limited study—in exhuming Greek roots and discussing the digammaté power—veiling the eyes to the varied sublimities of the face of nature, or the deep wonders of her womb, neglecting the beautiful and important science of anthropology and mathematical and philosophical study, is to neglect the great destiny of man and to palter with the great purpose of life. To some extent, classical learning tends to open the eye of the mind and unloose the tongue of man. But they are not the exclusive but coparcenary means in these great results. This truth these authors seem to have entirely overlooked, or have barely admitted as possible. But again, only partially true as are their pretensions, there is another limita-

tion. There are minds upon which years of such culture would be entirely thrown away. They might make advances in science or art, or in the active employments of industrial labor, but classical learning is to them without form or comeliness—a profitless expenditure of time and money. Here is one grand defect of the present system of collegiate education—the universality of this study. In extent, therefore, as well as degree, the assumption of our authors, that classical learning is the staple of education and ought to be a pursuit of life, is ridiculous in the extreme. And yet unqualified as their assertions are—unlimited as their arguments are, nothing less can be drawn from their book. It must be admitted, as a liberal concession, that they do sometimes hint at the possibility, that there may be other pursuits in life—but no other means of culture. And only carry out, if it were possible, into realization their whimsies on this subject and we should have a nation, not of sun-embrowned, healthy and thrifty farmers, cunning and laborious artisans, men learned in physical and intellectu-moral science, but a meagre desiccated race, who, assimilating to their pursuits and stiff as parchment, could discourse, with nice precision, upon roots, arguments and reduplications, or perhaps even rise to that more extatic employment of scanning the

*Τὴν δ' ἀμείβεται πάντα Βῶνις πορτία Επε**

of Homer—verily these were, if we could but see them, a useful and pleasant people!

We make these remarks in no disparagement of classical learning, pursued within reasonable limits—and if asked *what* limits, we reply, the usual collegiate course—but of the extravagant views and pretensions of professed scholars. Thoroughly imbued, saturated with the lore of their profession, they pore over their musty volumes, eviscerating from them antiquated and useless verbiage, or waging a furious logomachy about the relative and distinctive differences between tweedle dum and tweedle dee, now and then exclaiming, with most characteristic fervor of language, “hic labor, hoc opus est;” they, meanwhile, in blissful ignorance of most other knowledge are laughed at by the world for their pedantry and folly. In the homely language of Carlyle, “they neglect the inner heart of things in care for the mere wrappages and bandages thereof.” And a poet far elder than he, Goldsmith, says, “There is more knowledge to be acquired from one page of the volume of mankind, if the scholar only knows how to read, than in volumes of antiquity. We grow learned, not wise, by too long a continuance at college (studying classics). Every subject acquires an adventitious importance to him who considers it with application; and pursuing speculation beyond the bounds of reason one too frequently becomes ridiculously earnest in trifles or absurdity.” The truth is, the days of the schoolmen have passed away—lore is no longer learning. The beautiful fictions, the varied mythology of the ancient world have yielded to sterner truths and a sublimer God. Naiads no longer swim in streams from which steamboats pour their hissing breath,—nor do nymphs dance around Bandusian fountains to the music of a grinding mill. Fauns and Satyrs have fled affrighted from their sylvan homes at the thunder of the modern railway car. Valclusan meadows have bared their bowoms to the burnished ploughshare—Morse has outstript the telegraphic Mercury and Daguerre usurped the reins of the chariot of the sun fallen from the hands of astonished Phæbus. What need we then of classic lore. This is not the great need at the present juncture of this mighty changing and improving nation—but diversified knowledge, well imbedded in a good, substantial, healthful moral foundation. This is our great need.

Richmond.

A. J. C.

* We quote from memory, not having seen Homer for some years and do not profess accuracy.

THE SONG OF THE SCALD, BIORNE.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

Biørne, Biarne, or as it is more properly written in the Norse of Eld, Bjorn, Grimolfson, a Scald or Bard, and, at the same time, a Viking or Sea King, was one of the earliest of the Norsemen, who landed on the shores of America. Eric Randa, or Eric the Red, was the first. The story of the Scald is somewhat romantically told in the following ballad. But a sequel still remains. Nearly thirty years afterwards, in 1026, an Iclander, named Gudliep, sailed for Dublin, but blown about by adverse winds, landed on an unknown shore. He and his crew were seized by the savages and borne into the interior. There they were accosted, in their own tongue, by a venerable chief, who, by dint of persuasion, saved them from the tender mercies of the natives. To their great surprise, he inquired after several individuals in Iceland, and, on their embarkation, made them the bearers of a gold ring to Thurida, the sister of the Sea King, Snorre Gode, and of a sword to her son. She had subsequently married. He refused to disclose his name, but on their arrival home no doubt was entertained that he was the Scald Bjorn, Thurida's Poet-lover, who had emigrated from Iceland in 998.

I.

Up with my pennon,
My pennon of red !
With its black raven rending
The corse of the dead—
That pennon which leaps
Like a meteor forth—
Flashing light in the darkness
Of night on the earth ;
And out with my canvass,
And Vikingirs all,
Let us fly forth, like falcons,
To conquer or fall.

II.

What care we ? What care we
For country or home ?
We can find others fairer—
Where'er we may roam !
There are yellow-haired maidens
And red gold in store
For us—who can gather—
On every shore ;
There are lands where the sun
Never ceases to shine,
Where the rivers run gold
And the forests bear wine ;

III.

There are lands where the snow
That we tread on would be
A wonder—a terror—
A horror—to see ;
There are lands that have flowers
Like the hues of their skies,
As fragrant with sweets
As their own maidens' sighs,
Where seraph-like birds
Sing from dawn until night,
And even breathe music
"Till morning breathes light.

IV.

And there, the sleek Lords
Of the South hold their sway
O'er a people as timid
And feeble as they ;

And these, the weak cowards,
Who pale at the sight
Of a Norseman's fierce falchion
That flashes red light,
Shall they revel like Gods
On such treasures as these,
While the war-worn Vikingir
Whirls over the seas !

V.

Thurida, Thurida,
False maiden, farewell !
That the Scald dared to love thee
Shall history tell ;
That he scorned thee at last
Shall be written—as red
As his fame, when he slumbers
On Glory's green bed ;
And when Odin receives him
His harp-strings shall speak
In those heavenly halls
What shall wither thy cheek.

VI.

He will sing how the Poet
(God's heaven-born son !)
Bowed his loftiest soul
To earth's loveliest one ;
And how, when he told her
His love, she returned
But her scorn for the hopes
In his bosom inurned,
And bade her base vassals
With fire-flashing eye,
"Let the song-singing lover,
The rude runer die !"

VII.

Oh ! Odin ! 'twas pleasure—
'Twas passion to see
Her serfs sweep like wolves
On a lambkin like me !
With one surge of my steel
How their heads rolled around,
Like tree-tops the hurricane
Hurls to the ground—
Like oaks 'neath the lightning
They cumbered the land,
Falling limbless and shorn
Neath my death-bearing brand.

VIII.

And she, pale, proud maiden !
When toward her I strode,
(Aye, there, in the Vikingir
Snorre's own abode !)
How she trembled, her breasts
Heaving high, as she felt
My iron hand on her arm,
When before her I knelt,
And with that red right hand
Uplifted, I swore
To carry her falsehood
From shore unto shore.

IX.

I pressed her pale lips—
'Twas the kiss of young hate !
And I left her to Odin,
To conscience and fate—
I left her—her brother's
Proud palace in flame—

I left her—to linger
The chosen of shame !
And I laughed a loud laugh
As I strode through the dark,
When that flame had gone down,
To my iron-bound bark.

X.

Ho ! Warriors, Vikings,
And Scalds of the North,
Give our flag to the blast,
Fling our canvass free forth ;
Hoist anchor ; now Iceland,
Cold country, adieu,
For we go, iron-banded,
Our fortune to woo,
And we sweep, like the eagles,
We children of war !
With fire-flashing eyes,
To our harvest, hurrah !

Philadelphia, December, 1843.

MY DAUGHTER'S PORTRAIT.

"A tale of rapture and of soft complaint—
The girl, the wife, the mother and the saint !
A double music to her life is given—
Grief's holy wail on earth ; Joy's harps in heaven."
Woman's Epitaph.

My first visit to my uncle was made at the close of my last vacation at school ; those blessed slips of sunshine which chequer the tedium of boarding school life. This was an indulgence which had been long promised, and often deferred, so that I felt peculiarly happy when I found myself at last seated upon the sofa, by his quiet fireside, my hand clasped in his, and his dear, pensive eyes, kindly turned to mine.

"See to what an interesting circle I have introduced you," he said, patting the head of a large dog which rested on his knee, and nodding with a smile at a grave looking cat, which occupied the corner of the hearth, "I am afraid you will soon tire of us my little Kate."

I was always noted for a felicitous vivacity at reply, but all my lighter feelings stood rebuked before the gentle seriousness of my uncle, and I only ventured a timid pressure of the hand which I held in reply to this remark. The servant, who had been employed in arranging the tea table, now bowed to his master, and he rose, and leading me to the table, placed me by his side. I was a good deal surprised at the delicate tastefulness of all the arrangements of the table, which seemed almost out of place in an old bachelors establishment ; but much more by the fact that my uncle did not invite me to perform those little services which generally devolve upon ladies on such occasions. The seat at the head of the table remained vacant ; a servant standing at the side of the table presented our tea. My eye once or twice wandered to the vacant

seat, until I observed a shade gathering over the expressive face of my companion. I knew that my uncle was a man of many peculiarities, and I dismissed the matter without further reflection. When the tea table was removed, my uncle talked with me of my friends, my studies, my prospects—but his manner became more and more abstracted, and after a little he said, in an altered and tremulous tone :

"I believe you were too young, Catherine, to remember my Evelyn. But you have probably heard that a supposed likeness between your cousin and yourself, was the foundation of my partiality to you. Come, I will show you Evelyn's apartments.

"This room," he continued mournfully as we walked towards it, "this room is sacred to those memories of the past, which are more precious to me than the living and present happiness of half the world. I permit no intrusion there. You are the first person besides myself who has entered it for years." He opened the door as he spoke, and I absolutely started, as the fairy scene within broke upon my view. It was no dark, deserted chamber of death, which my imagination had pictured, but all bright, glowing and cheerful. A profusion of lights placed in different parts of the room, revealed every object however minute, and a chastened magnificence pervaded the whole. There was no vulgar drawing-room glare, but that delicate elegance, which an indulged and tasteful female is apt to draw around her. Every thing looked natural and familiar, as if the beloved tenant had but just stepped out and might return again in a moment. A small, white glove lay upon the light guitar, which was but half drawn from its jewelled case. An unfinished drawing, with pencils and brushes around, was seen directly below the astral ; and even a lady's scarf was thrown carelessly over the superb harp which occupied its appropriate recess : while scattered through the whole room, appeared the toys and playthings of a child, distinctly intimating some fairy scene of infant happiness.

As I advanced, turning my eye from object to object, a dim consciousness of familiarity stole over my mind, as if some faded picture of the past was suddenly revived before me.

"I think I have seen this room before," I said irresolutely.

"Do you indeed remember it," replied my uncle, his whole face irradiated by one of his sweet, but rare smiles, "yes, my dear, you have indeed seen this room before."

"And in that chair," I continued, "sat a fair, sick lady."

My uncle pointed to a portrait just above us.

"That is the lady," I cried, with a gush of passionate emotion, gazing upon the sweet, pale face, and fragile form which seemed to recline upon the canvass for support. At once the whole flashed

upon my mind—the tones of love, the fond caress, the soothing tenderness, which had been to me as the dim dreams of infancy, rose clear and distinct before me,

“As if again, in every vein,
My mother's milk was stirring.”

And turning, imploringly to my uncle, I cried, “My mother, is *that* my mother.”

“Not your mother, dearest creature; she died at your birth—but the only one from whom you ever received a mother's love.”

When I had in some measure recovered my composure, I observed that the apartment was hung with four full length portraits, which bore to each other, that indefinable resemblance, which constitutes identity in the same face, however changed in some respects.

The first in the series represented a glowing Hebe looking girl, apparently about my age; the rounded contour of the face, and that peculiar peach bloom, so seldom seen beyond childhood, together with a profusion of pale ringlets, imparted an inexpressible charm of youthfulness. She looked like a radiant personification of Hope. No shadow had yet fallen upon that young heart, and her eyes wore a sweetly, trustful gladness of expression.

The second was evidently the portrait of a bride: there was no mistaking the jewelled brow, the nuptial white, and that soft flutter of timidity, which the artist had arrested, and portrayed with admirable skill. Just beyond, the same lady appeared again, with an infant in her arms. Her eyes were fixed upon his face, with that fond downward gaze, which concentrates all that is loving in the human countenance; and from the parted lips, we seemed to hear the soft and silvery talk which mothers love.

The last portrait in the series, was the same to which my uncle had directed my attention.

I was never weary of gazing at these pictures, but turned from one to another, with constantly renewed interest. My uncle seemed affected and pleased by the irrepressible exhibition of my feelings. “My dear Catherine,” he said, as we parted for the night, “I see that I was not mistaken in you—you are worthy of the proof of my confidence which I have given you. Perhaps,” he added, drawing from a cabinet a small roll of manuscript, “perhaps, you may feel some interest in these scattered fragments, written at different periods, and forming something like a historical appendage to these portraits.”

I received the manuscript eagerly and gratefully, and the moment the door closed after my uncle, I hastened to peruse the following pages:

EVELYN'S RETURN FROM SCHOOL.

It is four years since I have seen her, and she is probably much altered. I parted from her a pale and sickly little girl, but she was always a gentle

and loving child. Whatever she may be, she is all that is left to me. The only fragment remaining of that magnificent fabric of happiness, built of youthful love, of well earned wealth and fair reputation—all now reduced to this single coal, which is left unquenched upon my desolate hearth.

She is come! and how different from what I expected. My imagination had only extended the image preserved by memory, but scarce a trace remains. Oh health, is this thy matchless work! 'tis “thine own sweet and cunning hand which has laid on” the rich carnation of her cheek, the clear effulgence of her eye,—but this is not all; “the ethereal beam” within, shines out in every look, in every varying shade of color and expression, in that April face of tears and smiles—the quick gushing tear, the radiant smile, which chases it away. And this sweet bird of beauty is mine, mine in a sense in which she never can belong to another. Whether she comes to me in her morning freshness, like a rose which has been bathed in the dews of night, or shaded with the pensive sweetness of evening,—how lovely, how precious! I have returned as it were by magic to the days of my youth. She hangs upon my arm when I walk, she rides by my side, or she sings to me the songs her mother sang. Once again I hang over the instrument and beat the time to tones which have rolled back the tide of years, and once more the quick pulse of youth seems to beat within me. These long silent halls ring again with the notes of music and gladness; “the cloud and the rain have passed, and the time of singing birds has come.” My Evelyn sits to Alberti to day for her portrait. I would fix the two evanescent hues of youth and beauty.

EVELYN MARRIED.

It is done,—my child is no longer mine, Evelyn belongs to another—I like him not. With all his imperial beauty and nobleness of appearance; his transcendent talents, his wealth, his fame—all those things which have given him to ride triumphantly upon the high places of the earth, have only enthroned self-supreme in his sordid bosom. Why does he seek her! only as a jewel for his own crown—near his heart she will not come. Heart! he has none—he does not understand, he does not even dream of the pure sanctity of love, its holy energy, its deep unspeakable devotedness.

And thus will he snatch my little hoard of happiness, to waste and dissipate unused. And she too, dear, infatuated girl, her own hand directs the sword which must finally pierce through her soul.

I dared not oppose, but I can not approve, I have no reasonable objection to allege, but I cannot like him. To day Alberti sent home Evelyn's bridal portrait. I was alone all the morning, and I have

gazed at it until my eyes grew dim with tears. Surely it is a gem of rare beauty. How different from the girlish Hebe which hangs opposite. It is the finished and dignified woman; the serenity of self-government is there, the calmness of self-possession, and that sweet reserve, in which is veiled all the deep mysteries of a woman's heart. And this loveliness must waste its fragrance unheeded, unnoticed. Her beauty indeed, her grace, her accomplishments, all these he will prize; but when once the toy has lost its gilding, its value will be gone. Ah, then for the days of darkness.

EVELYN A MOTHER.

My Evelyn and her babe! this is Alberti's third sketch. See in the sweet earnest gaze of those dear, thoughtful eyes, is wrapped all the holy charities of the mother and the wife: This is the bright meridian of womanhood; all high, unclouded noon—yet, surely a shade *has* stolen over that beloved face; an anxious look, a pensive abstraction; and, when I compare it with its glowing companions, it looks dim and faded. Is it that the rose which has left her own fair cheek, is only transferred to the dimpled infant in her arms. Is it only the natural progress of things? and yet—but hush, thou jealous heart, old man be still. Hast thou not watched with eagle eye every word, every look, and all is fair. But why is Evelyn so solicitous to convince me that she is loved? Why does she tell me every little act of seeming affection? Why are his costly gifts exhibited, his kind words repeated, unless it be to persuade me of that, she greatly doubts herself! Why are her manners so constrained!—what has become of her guileless simplicity, her bewitching naturalness? Ah, Evelyn, my child, I fear for thee!

EVELYN IN SORROW.

Is that pale shade my Evelyn! Alas, the "violet of death" already appear in that wan face: those faded eyes reveal the mute anguish of a settled sorrow,—the silent bleeding of the heart at its thousand pores. O thou, whose arm of love should now support and cherish, where art thou now? A year has passed since he has seen her. He has accepted a foreign embassy, and now, in a distant land, he sates his ever craving appetite for the pomp and glitter of life. With no shadow on his brow, and no sadness at his heart, he basks in that glare for which he was formed. But why am I thus harsh; he is no tyrant husband, no false deceiver: the first word of unkindness has never yet been breathed. He did not chide, he only forgot. She was one among the many interests which absorbed him; she took her turn with other things, and like other things, was dismissed and forgotten. How often, even in their happier days, while she was still the object of his pride and

passion, have I seen the cold chill of disappointment steal over her, when all her little efforts to attract and interest him past unnoticed. She played, (and tears chased each other down my face as I marked the significant tenderness of the pieces she selected,) but *he* heard her not. She spoke, but he did not reply. Absorbed in his newspaper, or book, or by the most uninteresting visiter, he seemed scarcely conscious of her presence. Yet there was nothing in all this greatly wrong; it was only the inevitable consequence of that most fatal mistake in life, an ill-assorted marriage. Oh, Evelyn, thou wast formed for love, and those rich treasures of affection which have been locked unused within thee, will burst their "fleshy casket." He has robed thee in splendor, he has decked thee with jewels, only to hide a breaking heart.

But Evelyn's marriage at least opened to her one new and untried source of happiness. She was now a mother, and into this new channel she poured the full tide of her warm and lively affections. All mothers love ardently; but with Evelyn it was undivided affection. Her repulsed and wounded spirit sought here its solace and its object. Her music, her books, her pencil, were forgotten. One thought, one feeling absorbed her. Whether she held him sweetly folded in her arms, hushed in rosy slumbers; "breathed his soft breath," and printed his velvet lip with the light but passionate kiss of love; or, joining his childish gambols, pursued his flying steps and mingled her silvery laugh with his, still she seemed to feel but one presence, see but one image. Her voice, when she spoke to him, was love's own music, her look,—but who can describe a mother's look of love.

It was a child of rare beauty. It might have been an old man's fancy, but I never thought he would live; she loved him too well.

One evening, as I sat alone in this room, the little boy came bounding in, as usual followed by his mother.

"I have been running races with mamma," he said, quite out of breath, "and now I am so tired."

She laid him to rest upon the sofa. I felt uneasy as I noticed the quick, short panting of the child: his cheeks were crimson, and his lustrous eyes seemed to burn in their sockets. I felt his hand, it was hot and feverish.

"The boy is sick, Evelyn," I said anxiously.

Her quick apprehensions were excited, and she hurried him to bed. In the course of the night he was very ill, and the morning light revealed the rapid ravages of disease. As the sun rose the following day, the little sufferer said, "mamma, let me sleep: I'm weary now;" and, folded in that last convulsive embrace, he gently breathed his spirit away.

I watched my poor Evelyn with an agitation which amounted almost to terror. She sat me-

tionless as a statue, with her eyes riveted on the face of the child, watching, in mute suspense, for his next respiration. It came not—and she cast a wild, hurried glance around her, and gathering from our looks the sad confirmation of her fears, she uttered a cry of anguish, so deep, so hopeless, that even now I shudder to recall it.

They say that there is no such thing as a broken heart; but I do believe, that in that moment of overwhelming agony, the silvery cord of life gave way—from that time forth she was but a dying creature.

The physician, to whose care Evelyn was consigned, administered a strong opiate; and in a short time she sunk into a deep sleep, which lasted all the morning. I passed that wretched day between her bed-side and the room in which were laid the remains of the little boy.

The friendly hand which had prepared him for the grave, had shrouded his little form in that pure white linen, which, when thus used, is always associated with the robes of those blessed ones, who “walk in white” above: and the ineffable purity of his looks, well agreed with this association. His little hands were meekly folded on his bosom; his bright locks, so life-like, stirring with every light breeze which passed over them; his eyes closed so naturally, so softly, that, spite of the sad certainty of death, I felt every moment as if they would break their marble slumber. These, and the celestial whiteness of his countenance, unvaried by the slightest tinge of color, save where the golden lashes rested, like finest pencilling upon his unsullied cheek, formed a picture of such solemn sweetness, that while I contemplated it, the turbulence of grief dissolved in tender sorrow and holy resignation.

The few short months which remained to my Evelyn, were so sad; the change in her so piteous, that my heart fails when I attempt to sketch it. The shattered casket of love had exhaled in a moment, the gathered sweets of years; and then the dark void, the deep want of the soul, its ineffable yearnings!

She did not complain, she seldom wept: but the fatal work of disease, was rioting in silence upon the vitals of that still sufferer. Her cheek grew paler, her form more attenuated. *She* knew she must die. *I* knew she must die, but neither of us distinctly admitted the fact; she for my sake, and I for hers.

Once, we sat alone in this room; at her request the play-things of little William, had been left strewn about, just as he had used them last, and hence she often loved to resort hither, though she seldom adverted to the child. It was evening twilight, and the beams of an early moon fell in long slips from the windows upon the carpet. She rose, and drawing her guitar from its case, (it was the first

time she had touched it since his death,) she played the lullaby she was accustomed at this hour to sing for her little boy. There was something so sweetly plaintive in her altered tones, so touchingly mournful, that I was entirely subdued, and though habitually self-controlled in her presence, I now “lifted up my voice and wept.” She seated herself upon the sofa beside me, and laying her wasted hand on mine, she said, “Father, I have wished to speak to you all day. I wanted to tell you that I do not grieve for little William now. He needs no lullaby of mine, I do believe,” she added, with something of her former animation, “I do believe that he is even now listening to the holy harpings of angels—and that thought is healing *here*.” Her hand was prest upon her heart as she spoke, and her eyes lifted reverently upwards. The slow tear-drops, one after another, stole silently down her cheek, but there was nothing like agitation in her manner; that was sweet and calm.

“Father,” she continued, “I have sinned deeply; I have sought to fill up this heart with the things of earth—God would not have it so; He has dashed my idols in pieces before my face, and now my soul returns to its rest.”

It was the day after this conversation, that Alberti, unknown to herself, sketched his last *Portrait of my Daughter*. J. A.

MOONLIGHT MUSINGS.—No. III.

BY E. B. HALE.

Among my kindred let me die,
How many a soul has said;
There let me close my weary eye,
And lay me where my fathers lie,
Beside their honor'd bed.

But when the soul hath kith nor kin,
And all are coldly spoken;
When bosom friends that once have been,
No more receive the wanderer in,
His spirits crush'd and broken;

Blame not the exile—no, O no!
Thank God thy lot is blest;
His gnawing pain thou may'st not know,
Nor feel the stings of torturing woe,
That pierce his bleeding breast.

His anguish—hast thou felt the same?
His grief—was't all thine own?
O lightly speak the Exile's name,
His agony, of quenchless flame,
Thy soul has never known.

Full many a sweet and dulcet strain,
The harps of England sing;
But many a year I ween will wane,
E'er men shall see the like again,
Of Harold's wandering.

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The fruits and flowers of love are gone,
The worm, the canker and the grief,
Are mine alone."

So sung the lord of England's lyre,
E'en in his manhood's prime;
Glowing with sparks of seraph fire—
Soaring on wings that knew no tire—
Ethereal and sublime.

So sung the Bard—but sung no more!
His lofty spirit fled;
And from the old heroic shore,
With mourning winds the ocean o'er,
They brought the noble dead.

They brought him home—the Wanderer—
Cold was his marble brow;
Speak lightly ye who do not err,
Speak lightly of the Slumberer,
Blame not his memory now.

They brought him Home! Endearing name!
Home, to his native shore!
And who among his kindred came,
To meet the favorite Son of Fame,
Returned to go no more?

Who crowded 'round the sable bier,
With gasp of wild distress;
And pour'd the bitter briny tear,
O'er him the noble and the dear,
So mutely motionless?

She ne'er forgot—did she behold
The pale and letter'd brow;
And in the marble features cold,
Recall her bosom lord of old,
And her neglected vow?

The idol of his soul—his own—
The all to him below—
The Beautiful—to whom alone,
His anguish'd soul had often flown,
To tell its secret wo;

Ada! Met she her father there?
Took she a last farewell?
Might not his idol-daughter wear,
One circlet of his clustering hair,
She, that he loved so well?

They met him not: nor all—nor one—
No crowd came 'round the bier:
The Muses wept their gifted son,
Whose fitful race so shortly run,
But kindred shed no tear!

Justice! to Justice give its due!
Poor Fletcher 'tis to thee!
Thy honest heart was kind and true,
The only mourner Byron knew,
In his calamity.

Where sleeps he now? th' illustrious, where?
Among the lordly brave?
Made they his bed of glory there,
Where Newstead's noble ruins are,
A well befitting grave?

Ah! no! an humbler place he found,
A lowly quiet spot—
No costly fane enclos'd him round,

No sculptur'd tablet marks the ground,
Of him the unforget.

Softly! his fitful life is o'er—
Broke is the golden bowl—
His syren song he'll sing no more,
Unless upon the Eternal Shore—
May God have saved his soul!

But she, the bright and beauteous one,
The rainbow of his sky;
The all of bliss when life begun,
His secret love 'till life was done;
A love that could not die;

Where slumbers she? or what of her?
Survives she still below?
Ah! listen ye who would not err,
Turn not away the worshipper,
His love ye little know.

There is no deed man will not do,
No act of daring high;
No bar, but he will fondly woo,
And burst th' opposing barrier thro',
At love's approving eye.

But mock him—with his feelings play—
Heed not his earnest pray'r—
And thou hast made his soul a prey,
To bitterest pangs that gnaw away,
The peace that slumbers there.

Poor Mary Chaworth! had'st thou known,
The heart that beat for thee;
How Byron's love was all thine own,
Around thy very being grown,
Enduring, deep and free;

Could'st thou have seen the coming years,
All darkness, doubt and gloom;
The golden hopes obscur'd with fears—
Thy smiles bedimm'd with trickling tears—
Thy pale and wasted bloom.

O thou had'st never, never flung,
That noble heart away;
Pale sadness never would have clung
Around thy soul—nor sorrow sung,
Thy early dying day!

Death woo'd and won thee!—thou art gone,
Gone in thy beauty's bloom!
Gone as the blush of the Summer's morn,
Gone to the bright eternal dawn,
Beyond the shrouded tomb!

There sin and sorrow never come!
The pain, the grief, the sigh;
How should they dim the angels home,
Where bright ethereal spirits roam,
And soaring Seraphs fly!

The broken hearted live not there!
Hush'd is the voice of wo!
And thro' the ever-crystal'd air,
Bright beings in their glory wear,
The robes of spotless snow.

And 'mid the groves of evergreen,
That spot the Heav'nly plain;
The truthful soul will find, I ween,
Its counterpart—with witching mien,
And harp of thrilling strain!

There dwell the beautiful and bright,
Who fade from earth away ;
And on the far celestial height,
In climes of bliss—and realms of light,
Survive the grave's decay.

* * * * *
In Hackwell church—in deep repose—
Poor Byron's ashes lie ;
As few have felt his bleeding woes,
O blame his memory not as those,
Who curse with envious eye.

O'er hill and dell a little way,
Where weeping willows wave ;
And evening zephyrs softly play,
And softly falls pale Luna's ray,
Is Mary Chaworth's grave.

They sleep in silence cold and deep,
And Envy's poisonous breath ;
Would e'en forbid the soul to weep,
Tho' Genius slept an eternal sleep,
Lock'd in the arms of death.

But o'er their graves we'll drop the tear ;
Farewell, unhappy pair !
Farewell ! The senseless world may sneer,
But thou shalt live to memory dear,
And in that brighter happier sphere,
That cloudless clime,
That bourne sublime,
The ever pure and holy Heav'ns,
With souls redeem'd—and sins forgiv'n,
May'st thou have entered there !

Putnam, Ohio, Dec. 13, 1843.

INTERESTING RELICS.

The following scraps of "the olden time" were furnished us by the kindness of Wyndham Robertson, Esq., late Lieutenant Governor of Virginia. They were copied by his father from "old papers" in the Council Chamber of Virginia, whilst he was the clerk of the Council, which office he held for many years. We have more in store.

[*Ed. Mess.*]

An Account of what his Majesty said at his first coming to Council.

His Majesty, at his first sitting in his Privy Council, was graciously pleased to express himself in this manner—

MY LORDS :

Before I enter upon any other business, I think fit to say something to you : Since it hath pleased Almighty God to place me in this station, and I am now to succeed so good and so gracious a King as well as so very kind a Brother ; I think fit to declare to you, that I will endeavour to follow his Example, and most especially in that of his great clemency and tenderness to his People. I have been reported to be a man for Arbitrary Power, but that is not the only Story has been made of me : and I shall make it my endeavours to preserve this Government both

in Church and State as it is now by law established. I know the principles of the Church of England are for monarchy, and the Members of it have shewed themselves good and loyal Subjects, therefore I shall always take care to defend and support it. I know too, that the laws of England are sufficient to make the King as great a Monarch as I can wish : and as I shall never depart from the just rights and prerogative of the Crown, so I shall never invade any man's property. I have often heretofore ventured my life in Defence of this Nation, and I shall still go as far as any man in preserving it, in all its just Rights and Liberties.

Whereupon the Lords of the Council were Humble Suitors to his Majesty, that these, his Gracious Expressions might be made Public : which his Majesty did Order accordingly.

Printed 1684, by Henry Hills, and Thomas Newcomb, printers to the King.

Found among the old papers in the Council Chamber.

At a General Assembly summoned to meet at her Majesty's Royal College of William & Mary, adjoining to the City of Williamsburg the 17th day and begun the 19th day of March 1702 in the 2d year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lady Anne by the Grace of God of England, Scotland, France and Ireland Queen, Defender of the Faith &c. and thence by several prorogueons continued to, and held at her Majesty's Royal Capital the 21st day of April 1704 in third year of her Majesties Reign.

PRESENT.

His Excellency Francis Nicholson Esq. her Majesty's Lieut. and Governor Gen'l of Virginia.

Wm. Byrd	Philip Ludwell	} Esq'rs.
John Lightfoot	Wm. Bassett	
Benj'n Harrison	Henry Duke	
Robert Carter	Robert Quary	
John Custis	John Smith	

Ordered

That the Clerk of the Gen'l Assembly go to the House of Burgesses, and acquaint them y'r his Exc'y com'ds their immediate attendance on him in the Council Chamber.

The House being come, his Exc'y was pleased to acquaint them, that her most sacred Majesty having been pleased to renew his Commission to be her Majesty's Lieut. and Governor Gen'l of this her Majesty's most ancient and great Colony and Dominion of Virginia, he would cause the said Commission to be read to them.

And accordingly his Excellency's Commission was publicly read by the Cl'k of the Gen'l Assembly.

After which his Exc'y read that part of his Instructions wherein the Council are nominated and acquainted the House that upon Colo. Page's Death,

the number of Councillors falling under nine he had appointed one to supply that Vacancie.

And then signified to the House that he had Commissionated some of her Majesty's hon'ble Council to adm'r the Oaths unto the Burgesses.

Whereupon the Burgesses withdrew, and the hon'ble Wm. Byrd, John Lightfoot, and Benj'n Harrison Esq's went to Administer the oaths to them.

The Gentlemen of the Council appointed to Adm'r the Oaths to the Burgesses being returned. Ordered

That the Clerk of the Gen'l Assembly go to the House of Burgesses and acquaint them that his Exc'y com'ds their immediate attendance on him in the Council Chamber.

The House of Burgesses being come, his Exc'y made the following speech.

HON'BLE GENTLEMEN.

God Almighty I hope will be graciously pleased so to direct, guide and enable us as that we may to all intents and purposes answer her Majesty's Writt by which this Assembly was called, and by prorogation is now mett in this her Ma'ty Queen Anne her Royal Capitol: which being appointed by law for holding Gen'l Assemblys and Gen'l Courts, my hopes likewise are that they may continue to be held in this place for the promoting of God's Glory, her Majesty and her successors interest and service with that of the Inhabitants of this her Ma'ty's most Ancient and great Colony and Dominion of Virginia so long as the Sun and Moon endure.

Gentlemen. Her most sacred Majesty having been graciously pleased to send me her Royal Picture and Arms for this her Colony and Dominion, I think the properest place to have them kept in, will be this Council Chamber but it not being as yet quite finished, I cannot have them so placed as I would—

By private accounts wh'ch I have from England I understand her Ma'ty hath lately thought fitt to appoint a day of public fasting and humiliation there, but I have not yet seen her Ma'ty's Royal proclamation for it wh'ch makes me not willing to appoint one here till I have. And had it not been for this, I designed that her Ma'ty's Royal Picture and Arms shou'd have been first seen by you on St. George his day, and to have kept it as a day of publick thanksgiving, it being the day on wh'ch her Ma'ty was Crowned, and bearing the name of his Royal Highness the Prince of Denmark, and likewise of the patron of our Mother Kingdom of England.

Hon'ble Gentlemen, I dont in the least doubt but that you will join with me in paying our most humble and dutifull acknowledgm'ts and thanks to her most sacred Ma'ty for this great honor and favor wh'ch she hath been pleased to bestow upon y'r Country, and in praying that she may have a

long, prosperous, successfull and Victorious Reign, as also that she may in all respects, not only equal but even out do her Royal predecessor Queen Elizabeth of ever Glorious Memory, in the latter end of whose Reign this Country was discovered, and in honour of her called Virginia.

It is now within two years of a Century since its being first seated at which time if God Almighty and her Majesty shall be so pleased I design to celebrate a Jubilee, and that the Inhabitants thereof may increase exceedingly, and also abound with Riches and honours, and have extraordinary good success and fortune in all their undertakings, but chiefly that they may be exemplary in their Lives and conversations, continue in their religion of the Church of England, as by law established, loyal to the Crown thereof, and that all these things may come to pass, I question not, but you will most cordially join with me in our most unfeigned and hearty prayers to God Almighty for them.

FR. NICHOLSON.

And then the Burgesses returned to their House. And the Council Adjourned till to-morrow morning 9 o'clock.

EARLY LAYS.

By the author of "Atalantis," "The Yemassee," &c.

LXII.

OH, JOY! FOR THE DAWN.

1.

Oh, joy! for the dawn is now breaking
O'er all these broad forests and shores;
From her slumber of ages awaking,
Her light again liberty pours;
O'er the wastes of the new world extending,
Where lately the Savage but trod,
Young Freedom her War-Song is blending
With the anthem that rises to God;
The gallant no longer are sleeping,
And the tright sword in sunlight is leaping.

2.

That wild virgin land shall no longer,
By the Tyrant's foul foot be debased;
The God in his own realm is stronger,
And his altars now rise undefaced:
From mountain, from river, from valley,
The shout of the warrior ascends;
To the feast of the Eagle they rally
And the doom, and the danger impends—
The blood of the brave streams like water,
And the hills wear the garments of slaughter.

LXIII.

TO THE SOUL OF HONEST FAME.—ODE.

1.

To the soul of honest fame,
In the arts of peace is shame,
Follow'd, when the foe,

Stands o'er home and altar,
 With his steel and halter,
 Ready with his blow.
 Peace is but the reign of rest,
 Out of season never blest,
 War is vigilance ;—
 Soul, and strength, and virtue,—all
 When the foeman would Enthal,
 To bestow, at freedom's call,
 Sweet deliverance!
 Sound the trumpet, tira-la!
 Tira-la! Tira-la!

2.

Charge of horse that plunges!
 Bayonet that lunges!—
 Roaring cannon, rending hail,
 Tira-la! Tira-la!
 'Till the arm of right prevail,
 'Till the foe is stricken down
 Howling, groaning, dying,
 Or in silence hurries on,
 Panic-stricken, flying!—
 While the lordly trumpet rallies
 For the final charge that brings
 Peace to all our vallies—
 And our Ensign-eagle sings
 Tira-la! Tira-la!

—
LXIV.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAND!—HYMN.

1.

The Spirit of the Land,
 The mighty cry hath heard,
 The trumpet of Command,
 The forest depths hath stirr'd;
 A voice is on the hills,
 And a voice is in the vale,
 With a cry that nothing stills,—
 "Do not fail!"

2.

But it needs no voice to wake,
 The fierce spirit of the land;
 It has cruel chains to break,
 And it stirs with heart and hand;
 Not in sudden wrath it comes,
 Like the rising of the gale,
 That in summer noontide hums
 Soon to fail!

3.

But with souls that long have striven,
 With a rolling, rising strength;
 To whom mighty thoughts are given,
 Being mighty deeds at length;
 Ye behold them on their path,
 And ye may not doubt the tale,
 That a people right in wrath,
 Never fail!

—
LXV.

ONCE MORE, OR WE'RE OF LITTLE WORTH.

1.

Once more, or we're of little worth!
 When cunning tyranny grows strong,
 The war-cry must again go forth,
 A Peal of terror, loud and long,
 A cry to waken up the earth!

2.

Our fathers gave us Liberty ;—
 Their blood-writ lessons, conn'd at length,
 The dearest portion of the free,
 Have fix'd the faith, have warm'd the strength,
 And make the freeman's memory!

3.

And they have bared the sword in vain,
 If now we lose the faith they taught;
 Fruitless the peril and the pain,
 Vain all the battle-fields they fought,
 And we must do their deeds again.

4.

The tide in kindling fervor runs,
 The storm is high, the foemen press;
 We see their swords, we hear their guns,
 Yet thousands look on passionless—
 Say, Fathers! are these men your sons?

5.

Gathering at Liberty's last fane,
 'Tis now the hour, who would be free,
 To seek her cell, to snap her chain,
 And with the blood of tyranny,
 To sanctify her shrines again.

6.

One joyous battle shot and now,
 We smite, we strike the oppressor down;
 The death shot cleaves his iron brow,
 We see him gasp, we hear him groan,
 We hurl his bloody banner low!

—
LXVI.

IN THE FREE MOUNTAIN AIR.

1.

In the free mountain air our banner is streaming,
 The vallies now echo with many a sound;
 Bright arms in the blue skies of heaven are gleaming,
 And proudly our warriors are gathering around;
 No longer the dark clouds of silence and anguish,
 O'ershadow the glorious and great of the past,
 But the hearts of the mighty long destined to languish
 Have kindled in freedom, for vengeance, at last.

2.

Triumph!—the free man wears fetters no longer;
 Vengeance for murder, indignity, hate;
 Glory, the triumph is not to the stronger,
 Freedom has fought with the strong arm of fate;
 By the blood we have shed, by the shades of our fathers,
 The remembrance that blooms beyond battle's red heath,
 That fame shall we keep, while Eternity gathers
 His harvest of years from the dread reappings of death.

3.

No longer in sorrow our maidens repining
 Shall sigh the bright morning of being away;
 Their eyes with pure light, like our own blue sky, shining,
 Shall meet our return from the fight ever gay.
 In their bowers at eve, by the Tyrant oppress'd not,
 Shall they weave the bright garland of song for the brave,
 And sing how the soul that by beauty is bless'd not,
 Though bound by no chain is the Soul of a Slave.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE MALTESE PEOPLE.

BY W. W. ANDREWS, U. S. CONSUL AT MALTA.

The Religious and Popular Superstitions of the Maltese people; their Carnival and its consequences—Duels at Malta, and Remarks on Duelling.

It would appear from the many superstitions now existing among the Maltese people, as if each one of the nations, who have governed their island for the last fifteen hundred years, had left impressed on the minds of its inhabitants at the time of their rule some singular belief in superstitious events. Coming, as these all have, down to the present day, a catalogue of several pages would hardly contain them. We will, therefore, content ourselves with naming only a few of the most important. If by any chance a sign appears in the Heavens, at all resembling the shape of a cross, it is thought by the Islanders, that some desperate calamity is shortly to follow. Such signs, it is said, were seen in 1813, a year now remembered for the sad ravages of the plague, and also in 1837, an equally sorrowful year, from the thousands who died of the cholera. When the comet made its appearance, only a few months ago, the people of the casals left their houses, their shops and their fields, to fly to their churches to pray. And it was not until they were told by many respectable persons from Valetta, that they had nothing to fear, that they would rise from their knees and return to their duties again. During the three weeks that the comet was seen, the weather was uncommonly boisterous. The wind blew a gale from the Eastward, and the squalls, as they passed over the Island, discharged their torrents of rain. Truly the dense black clouds looked lowering enough, and the conduct of the ignorant villagers at such a time, in running to their altars for protection, is not to be wondered at. When first we saw this comet, we were on board of an Arab boat, and going down with a stiff breeze from Cairo to Afsék. We had just seen the sun go down, a magnificent sight, which we will leave St. John to tell, when our naked captain pointed to another quarter of the heavens, and told us to look. This he had hardly done before he was on his face in prayer, as were all the rest of his crew. Even the helmsman, in his fright, fell on his knees and left us to take his place, where we stood watch for an hour, though we remained on deck for the night. "Poets and travellers, (says St. John,) speak with enthusiasm of the sun-sets of Italy, Switzerland and Greece. I have seen the sun go down in each of those countries, but never with half the splendor which on this day accompanied his disappearance; and could I succeed in reflecting upon the reader's imagination half the grandeur of this gorgeous show, he would unquestionably concur with me in thinking that, but for its evanescent nature, it was far more worth a voyage to Egypt even than the Pyramids. No sooner had the sun's disk disappeared behind the Libyan desert, than the whole

western sky along the edge of the horizon assumed a color which, for want of a better term, I shall call golden: but it was a mingling of orange, saffron, straw color, dashed with red. A little higher, these bold tints melted into a singular kind of green, like that of a spring leaf prematurely faded; over this extended an arch of palish light, like that of an aurora borealis, conducting the eye to a flush of deep violet color, which formed the ground work of the sky on to its very darkness. Through all these semi-circles of different hues, superimposed upon each other, there ascended, as from a furnace, vast pyramidal irradiations of crimson light, most distinctly divided from each other and terminating in a point; and the contrast between these blood-red flashes and the various strata of colors which they traversed, was so extraordinary, that I am persuaded no continuation of light and shade ever produced a more wonderful or glorious effect." It was from such a sight as this, that we raised our eyes on the evening of the sixth of March, 1843, to look at another heavenly show, which was far more remarkable, and still more beautiful. An Egyptian sunset may be seen many times in a month, but such a comet, in a clear blue Egyptian sky, not once again in a century. All our fears of the plague, all our trials, troubles, peets and sufferings during our stay in Egypt, are not to be thought of in comparison with our enjoyment for only the five first minutes after we took the helm of that Arab boat. If to see a sunset from the Libyan desert is worth a voyage to Egypt, where would St. John have gone to see the sight we saw? For the seven successive nights that we were on board the French steamer, from Alexandria to Malta, we were always on deck for a half hour to see the comet, though it never appeared as brilliant at sea as it did on the Nile. After our arrival on this tufa rock we found it gradually fading away, until, on the fourth or fifth of April, it had wholly disappeared. With its departure the Maltese peasantry forgot their prayers and recovered their courage.

We are told by Boisgelin, that the Islanders, in former times, thought that May was an unfortunate month; so much so that they would not cut a coat, for fear it would not fit, neither build a house, for fear it would never be let. Happy are we to say that the men of this day are wiser in their generation; that they will either work or build, if they have the order, or the wherewithal to do it, whether it is in December or May. We hope it will not be long before many other idle superstitions will be done away with. How is the howling of a dog to bring death in a family? 'Tis true, that the Maltese in entertaining this belief are not alone. Many persons in England, Ireland and America will tremble at this dismal sound, who never trembled before. How is the killing of a serpent which is found in a man's dwelling, to bring affliction on the person who does it? And how is the lighting of a

small insect, of a black color, on a man's body to cause his dissolution? These are all silly, idle fears, and should be rooted out of the public mind. Another ridiculous superstition, that of a belief in an "evil eye," is now to receive our attention. The Sicilians and Romans have written volumes to prove that it does exist, and in Greece it is believed to this day. If a traveller, passing through a Greek town, stops to admire a beautiful infant, the mother will spit in its face, to counteract any sinister effect which this admiration might otherwise cause. The credence given by the Maltese to this superstition, will be illustrated by the following incidents.

A baker who had established him in business to bake English bread, biscuit and cakes, was, a short time after he opened his shop, suddenly taken ill. Thinking some one was envious of him on account of his success, (for certainly he took in several scudes in a day,) he at once declared, on taking to his bed, that he had been struck with an "evil eye." Not knowing how to rid himself of its effects, he was advised to consult with his confessor. The reverend father observing the delusion under which his patient was suffering, humored him in it for a time, that he might the sooner recover. It chanced to be on the evening of a festal day, when the priest was called, and fortunately it was for the baker, as the floors of all the churches had been covered with leaves, which, though they may be trodden under foot while the services are being performed, are nevertheless, when they are finished, thought by some to be sacred. After the confessor had repeated his prayers, a basket of these leaves was brought in the room where the ill man was lying and thrown in a copper saucepan. The doors and windows were then closed, and a shovel of coals thrown on them, the priest at the same time retiring, and as he left, saying to the baker, "now my son be quiet, and bear your smoking patiently." As this was rather a dangerous remedy, the inmates of the house remained in the entry, to be near when they were wanted. It was not long before a stifled cough was heard, and then a cry for help, which was immediately answered by opening the door and running to the ill man's assistance. On the confessor's entering and telling his patient that he had nothing more to fear from his enemies, he arose from his bed, saying he felt much better, and at an early hour on the following morning was seen at his shop kneading and baking his dough again. That an ignorant baker should believe in an "evil eye" is certainly not much to be wondered at, and had this been the only case with which we are acquainted, we should have never given it publicity. But it is far different. This superstition is too generally credited by all classes of the Maltese people. Strange as it may seem, the lawgiver on the bench and the boatman in

his bark alike give credence to this unmeaning belief. We give another instance. A gentleman is now living in Malta who holds a most trustworthy situation and is by marriage and birth connected with the first families in the Island. Mr. S. is supposed to be afflicted with an "evil eye," and to prove it the following stories are told. Not a long time ago this gentleman was walking in the country with two of his children, when he met with Mr. L., a wealthy merchant, who was approaching him on horseback. As he was passing, Mr. S. observed, "indeed you are a fortunate person to be able to ride where so many are obliged not only to walk, but to do so barefoot, over such rough and stony roads." Hardly had this remark been made and the parties got twenty yards apart, (which distance we suppose it was necessary they should be from each other to enable the "evil eye" to work on the horse,) when the animal suddenly reared and threw his rider, who broke his arm by the fall. Unfortunately this was not the only accident which occurred on this occasion, for as the horse was going at full speed he ran against a cart of cabbages which he upset as well as the driver. The poor man was so much injured, that instead of going with his load to market he was carried on a litter to the hospital, where he was kept a long time before his wounds were sufficiently healed to enable him to return to his country again.* A crowd soon gathering around the sufferers, various inquiries were made to know how the accident had happened. The poor countryman could only say that he had been pitched from among his baskets of vegetables and brought to the ground by a runaway horse. Not so, however, with Mr. L., for he declared in a loud and nervous voice, that there was not "a quieter animal in the whole Island than the one which he was riding, and that it was the "evil eye" of Mr. S. alone which had brought his misfortunes upon him." It so chanced that a friend of the gentleman thus spoken of was present among the crowd, and though as far as his own feelings were concerned, he was disposed not to notice this cutting remark, still he felt obliged to do it for the sake of his friend.

Something like the following conversation is reported to have taken place on this occasion.

Friend. "Is not this a public road, and has not Mr. S. as good a right to walk here as any one else has to ride?"

Mr. L. "Most certainly he has, though I think it should not be longer permitted."

Friend. "You say it was Mr. S.'s 'evil eye' which caused you to fall. Did you not see him approaching before you met?"

Mr. L. "Certainly I did."

* Most absurdly does a Maltese call the village where he was born his country, though it may be built on a barren spot, and have but five or six miserable hovels within its narrow limits.

Friend. "Then why did you not turn your horses head and thus avoid him?"

Mr. L. "For the very charitable reason that I did not wish to hurt his feelings, which I now confess, I was a fool for observing."

Friend. "If from a false sense of delicacy you will run into danger, you can surely have no one to blame but yourself."

With this the conversation ended, as Mr. L. was taken home by his friends, where he remained for several weeks confined to his bed, and suffering so much from his shattered limb as at one time seriously to threaten his life. So firmly are the people persuaded that Mr. S. was the cause of this accident, that it will doubtless often be mentioned by the superstitious to prove their belief in an "evil eye" long after the actors in it have passed away and their names have been lost to memory. In all societies it is no difficult task to find men who are prone to talk too much. Persons who, to monopolize the most of the conversation, are compelled to speak not only of past, and passing events, but to foretell what may come for the future. When people are thus all the time predicting, it would be singular indeed if they did not for once, or twice, or even thrice, prove right in their predictions. We will not say that Mr. S. is a person of this character, or that he has met with this success. If rumor speaks correctly, this gentleman once went into the house of a friend, and seeing some gold fish in a glass globe, was struck with their size, and their brilliant and beautiful color. His admiration, we are told, had such an effect on the fish, that he had hardly taken his leave, before they turned on their backs, came to the surface and died. Singular as this incident is said to be, it is not more remarkable than the one which we are now to tell.

Mr. S. was playing whist one evening at the house of a friend, and a gentleman learned in the law was his partner in the game. A Maltese officer and, we believe, a foreign consul were his opponents. When the cards were being dealt, Mr. S. remarked, "it is a long time, Judge, since you have had a trial for a capital offence, but I do not think many days will elapse before some one, or other, will be at the bar to be tried for his life."

Judge. "I certainly hope not."

Officer. "Pray, Mr. S., what is to happen, that such is your opinion?"

Mr. S. "In the common course of events it can not be long. Seldom do twelve months go round, without our having a trial for murder."

The conversation now ceased as the cards were assorted, and by the laws of the game which these gentlemen were playing, when this was done, each person at the table was obliged to be silent. Mr. S. made this prediction just before the carnival time—for the Maltese, like all other Catholic nations, have this festival, which comes in the months

of February or March and always lasts three days.

It is an ancient and a popular festival with the Islanders, having been observed by their fathers and themselves for the last three hundred years. Intended, as it doubtless was, as a season of relaxation, of gayety and amusement, when Malta was ruled by the Knights, the people looked forward to its approach with pleasure, and engaged in its frivolities most cordially. But how different is it now. For the last three-and-forty years the Maltese have been governed by protestant rulers, who have done all in their power to dampen its gayety and destroy its hold on the public mind. Sometimes, a few handfuls of comfits have been thrown from the palace windows on the dense and gaping crowds below, but this is all which the governors have done to encourage the rabble to perform their wild and foolish pranks.* 'Tis true, that now and then a ball has been given by his Excellency on the second night of carnival. This, however, did not take place in honor of the festival, but because a rigid fast for six weeks was approaching, during which time the Maltese ladies withdraw themselves from society, and attend only to the duties of their church. After the expiration of Lent, the weather usually becomes so oppressive, that the very thought of dancing is said to be enough to throw an English woman into a profuse perspiration. Although we should not judge that such was the case, by the usual conduct of Saxon women at picnics and parties in the summer time, still we are aware that many fond mothers have declined invitations from the natives, by saying that their daughters were delicate girls, who could not waltz in a furnace, as a ball-room at Malta literally was after the month of May. Thus, what with the delicacy of English women, and the religion of the Maltese, if the governor did not give his ball in carnival, it would not be such a popular squeeze as he always seemed anxious to make it. We have said thus much on this subject, as we are desirous that the true reason should be known why this rout takes place on the night that it does.

The carnival season at Malta is too often seized upon by the dissolute to ridicule and slander well-known persons, who, either from their public, or private acts, have become disliked by the people. Perhaps we shall be told, that this is natural enough in a small town, where there are so many grades of society, and in each of them so much jealousy, animosity and strife. But should this be sanctioned by the government, merely because the parties are obnoxious to them, and have become so only on political grounds? Certainly not. It is high time, that an exhibition like that which we shall now describe should be prevented by the police, and the actors

* The Islanders jestingly remarked, that these were the only sweets they had ever tasted of Sir Henry Bonve-rie's rule, as they picked the comfits from the ground and eat them to make their assertion true.

be taken in charge for breaking the public peace. Nearly every year a worthless fellow puts on a lady's habit, and mounting a horse, passes through the streets with a companion, who is drest in the height of fashion. This couple appear to be engaged in a deep conversation, and the subject of the sham lady's thoughts is told by some words like the following, which are spoken sufficiently loud for the rabble to hear.

Lady. "I can assure you, Mr. T., I feel a deep interest in the welfare of the Maltese people."

Mr. T. "I do not doubt it, Madam, neither can any one else."

Lady. "Some malicious persons have said, that my husband's high position as a Royal Commissioner, and what is much more important to him, his high salary, influence me in my good feelings towards them."

Mr. T. "I can assure you, Madam, that no such expression has ever been made in my presence. It is a vile slander, by whomsoever said."

With this the lady appears to be satisfied; for, separating from her companion, she is observed to smile while arranging her dress, which, ridiculous enough, is all in her lap. Mr. T., who is in love with a dark eyed belle of Valetta, is anxious to continue the conversation, that he may know how much longer he is to be employed on the commissioner's staff. Approaching, he asks, "pray can you tell me what measures are to be adopted for the relief of this nation?"

Lady. "No course has yet been decided upon. One thing, however, is certain, that the present distress is occasioned by an overgrown population, and so long as marriages are sanctioned among children, so long will the people remain in their miserable and degraded state."

Mr. T. "Cannot the commissioners legislate in their social relations, and thus prevent these early marriages?"

Lady. "In such delicate matters I can only interfere. I have already visited many villages and mingled much with their inhabitants. But I fear it has been to little purpose; for after I had exerted myself to persuade mothers not to let their children marry before they came to the age of womanhood, I was invariably answered in some such way as this. 'My good lady, your remarks are very true, but I was married at twelve, and before I was thirteen, had given my husband a child. Why should not my daughters do the same? They have the same feelings, and the same wishes as I had at their age. My parents did not interfere with me, and why should I with them?' This is their reasoning, and I can assure you it will be almost impossible to change a custom which appears to tend to little else than to marry and starve."

Mr. T. "The priests, I think, sanction these early marriages, and if so, your labors are lost."

Lady. "I am well aware that the opposition we meet with comes only from them. Did they but sanction my wishes I should not despair."

Forty or fifty ragged boys, carrying flags with various inscriptions, were following in the train of these vulgar masks, and on a given signal would send forth their shouts in applause of their conduct. It will hardly be credited, that by this exhibition it was intended to ridicule Mrs. Austen, who is so well known in England and America for her thorough acquaintance with the German and for the many correct and beautiful translations which she has given us from that difficult language. Yet such is the case. A few years ago two Royal Commissioners were sent out by Lord Glenely to look into the affairs of Malta, and to see whether the charges of the Maltese against their rulers were to be substantiated from personal observation. While Messrs. Austen and Lewis were thus engaged, (and it was no pleasing employment, for hardly could they make a move in a public way without making an enemy,) the wife of the former was trying to alleviate the miseries of her sex and discover some measures for its lasting relief. But all her exertions were useless. The Catholic mothers of this Island would not listen to the advice of a protestant woman, and for this reason, and this alone she failed. Mrs. Austen, for thus attempting to assist the mothers and daughters of Malta, and for suggesting a measure which all who wish well to the Islanders must justify, is annually made the vulgar character of a carnival, and ridiculed by the very dregs of the nation.* So distinguished a lady should not be thus disgraced.

Although we have so long lost sight of Mr. S. and his "evil eye," still the conversation at the whist table must be borne in mind, as it is supposed by the superstitious to bear on the tragical occurrence which we are ere long to relate. Singularly enough, the Maltese† think, that during their three days of noisy, wild, and foolish amusements, they can act as they please with a stranger and still have nothing done in return. Often have we seen a number of people in masks approach an English officer, and with loud cries, which very much resemble those of the wild Arabs of the desert, pelt him with peas, beans and sugar plums, until their stock was gone, or his patience exhausted. One fiery son of the Emerald Isle, who was unaccustomed to such a greeting, losing his temper, seized a person who was thus tormenting him, and tearing off the mask, recognized a lady with whom he was well acquainted. The gallant Irishman, regretting his rashness, quickly apologized for having thus rudely exposed the face of so lovely a woman to the prying gaze of a crowd of ig-

* We call the Maltese a nation, for thus they call themselves.

† We refer to the rabble.

norant Smaitches.* This excuse was quite sufficient, for the young lady simply called it a carnival adventure, and went on her way to find another mask. But it is not often that an affair of this kind would have been so easily settled. In all garrison towns, the feelings of fathers and mothers are peculiarly sensitive as to the treatment which their wives, their daughters, or sisters receive from the officers who are stationed about them. And this is not without reason. In every regiment some young men will be found who, being of noble birth, and enjoying large incomes, are favored by their commanders, and left with little else to do, than to waste their money in gifts to giddy women, and their time in fulsome flattery. Unfortunate indeed are those ladies who are so much lost to themselves and their families as to receive their remembrances, or listen to their vows. For to such their ruin is sealed. How many instances might we name in this small town, where affection has been estranged, and the peace of families utterly destroyed by the thoughtless conduct of mothers and daughters, in listening to the protestations and receiving the presents of abandoned men. Is it not during the excitement of carnival, and when the parties are concealed by masks, that these first advances are usually made to married women, and these first liberties taken, with their, until then, innocent daughters? Is not this the season also when the libertine stalks about at noon-day, seeking whom he may ensnare, and when he is more successful than at any other period in his iniquitous search? These questions can only be answered in the affirmative. Then why, therefore, do respectable husbands and parents countenance a custom, which may so easily bring such affliction in their families, and such misery on themselves? Well do we remember the expression of the Turks of Constantinople and Smyrna, when they said of the carnival, in their grave way, that it was a time when the Franks were mad. And were they not correct? For what else is a carnival, whether it may be in Rome, in Naples, or Malta, but an allotted period, when persons are at liberty to think, to dress and act like very fools. Were a person to appear in public, at any other season of the year, disguised as a baboon with a long tail, or as Satan with his cloven foot, (which we have observed were two favorite characters,) would he not be thought mad? And were this same man to be examined by a medical board, we think it would be a difficult thing for him to prove, that he was not deranged, however correct his answers might be to their interrogations! For a much less foolish act, many persons have been placed under the guardianship of their friends, or confined within the walls of a lunatic asylum. Thus strange it is,

* A Maltese is called a Smaitch, in the same way, that an Englishman is called a John Bull, or an American, a Yankee.

that people are allowed to do those things with impunity for three days in a year, which, were they to be done at any other time, would bring the actors to a prison or a mad-house.

Vieusseux, in his clever letters on Italy, tells us the following anecdote of the carnival at this Island, which is worthy of a relation, inasmuch as it shows with what spirit the Maltese and the monks alike engaged in this popular diversion, some sixty years ago. He states that a "Turk, who had been for some time a prisoner at Malta during the dominion of the Knights of St. John, after having been exchanged and sent back to Constantinople was examined before the Divan as to the strength of Valetta, and the most probable means of taking it. He replied, that he thought it almost impossible to conquer it as long as the Christians were on their guard, but," added he, "there is a time in the year when the infidels are subject to a periodical fit of insanity, (meaning the last three days of carnival, which was the only time allowed by the Grand-Master for that popular amusement,) and should the Capudan Pacha contrive to be near at hand with his fleet and a body of troops, I have no doubt but he could easily take the place by surprise, as all order and discipline are at an end during that period. But the business must be done quickly; for on the fourth day a priest applies a pinch of ashes to each man's forehead, which has the wonderful power of restoring him instantly to his senses and rational faculties." Vieusseux, in closing this anecdote, aptly remarks, "Si non e vero, e ben trovato."

[To be continued.]

THE PARENTS' LAMENT,

OVER THEIR CHILD, LOUISA OVERTON—

Sleep little blossom! we have spread
The dust above thy golden head;
Our latest kiss of love have prest
On marble cheek and sunken eye,
And poured beside thy place of rest
Our farewell prayer, our parting sigh!

Sweet little cherub!—deep our woe!
Thus early in the crumbling mould
To lay our precious treasure low—
Those eyes of light—those locks of gold!
We miss thy prattle and thy mirth
At evening by the social hearth,
We miss thy childish lisp, when all
Our youthful group surrounds the board;
—Thou only silent to our call,
When bread is shared and cup is poured!

Though silent—yet thy tones still come
From the dull chambers of the tomb;
Though silent, that soft voice hath yet
An echo we may ne'er forget.
In the deep silence of the night
It whispereth in accents light.
On fancy's ear that airy call
Seems like an angel-sigh to fall,

Murmuring sweet words as softly clear,
As ever lisped in mortal ear.

Methinks, amid the seraph band
I see thy shining wings expand;
Methinks, in heavenly depths serene
From radiant clouds I see thee lean,
Thy thoughts upon this earth intent,
Thy gaze upon thy kindred bent,
Waiting to them from worlds of bliss
The seraph hymn, the spirit kiss;
Still watching with delighted gaze
Thy earthly sisters at their plays,
And mingling still, thyself unseen,
In all their sportings on the green;
Still breathing in their hearts a prayer
From the pure upper realms of air;
Still loving, when they sink to sleep,
Above them on soft wings to sweep;
Breathing out tidings of that world
Where thy bright pinions are unfurled;
And beck'ning to the way that leads
Through blissful realms and heavenly meads,
To worlds that have no ain nor stain—
No anxious hearts, no dying pain!

Can we forget thee? Can the bloom
Of our sweet floweret in the tomb
Fade from our hearts and leave no trace
Within the memory of our race?
Though lowly lies thy fragile frame,
Yet in our hearts the living flame
Of love enkindled by thy hand
Dies not, by pure affection fann'd!

Spring Grove, Caroline Co.

L. McLELLAN, JR.

NOTES ON OUR ARMY.

No. I.

The Messenger has always devoted itself to the support of the great general interests of the Country, involving no party altercations. Its large size has enabled it to do this without the least disparagement to the interest of the general reader, who can always find matter adapted to his taste. But who is there so indifferent, so ungrateful as not ever to feel a lively interest in our gallant Army and Navy? When their services are demanded, every eye and heart are turned towards them, with hope, confidence and pride. In Peace, then, let them receive that interest and attention, which may prepare them to act most efficiently and incite them to the noblest efforts in times of danger. But apart from their importance in a national point of view, a Literary Journal should lend them its aid, because they contain so much literary spirit and taste; and their members have done so much for the production and illustration of our Literature. The Messenger, then, will continue to uphold their rights and interests and invites them to assist in maintaining and advancing it.—[Ed. Mess.]

An army is a collection of armed men, obliged to obey one man.—Locke.

TO THE HON. THOMAS H. BENTON:

The distinguished part you have acted in the councils of our nation—the devotion you have exhibited to its general welfare—the untiring industry which has ever characterized your public career, and the important position you have so long occupied as a leading member of our military committee in the United States Senate, where you

have never failed to advocate the true interests of the service, induce me to claim your attention to a few "Notes on our Army." In these notes I shall "nothing extenuate, nor ought set down in malice." I wish it understood, that I am free from all political and party prejudices,—uninfluenced by any private animosity, or personal dislikes, and unknown, personally, to most of those whose acts I shall examine. My object is the correction of abuses which have gradually crept into our service, unnoticed, because unimportant in themselves, and producing but slight injury until, for want of a check, their rapid and almost unaccountable increase has proved a burden under which our system must sink, unless a remedy is applied. And to whom can I so properly apply for that remedy as yourself? A statement of the abuses under which we suffer, will be all I shall presume on calling your attention to, on that head. A few comments, however, on the practical operation of existing laws and regulations, and suggestions as to the amendments and additions they require, founded on observation and experience, will not, I conceive, be out of place—and may lead to some improvements in our present imperfect and almost disorganized military establishment.

"Impossibilities must become possible" before we can expect the President, his Secretary of war, (as at present selected,) or Congress, to be acquainted with all the details of our military organization and duties, and the manner in which the one is kept up and the other performed. And since this information cannot be obtained from the reports of the Bureaux, (whether suppressed from policy or negligence, it is not my province to inquire,) a plain statement of facts, accompanied by a few comments, will enable the public to judge whether they receive an equivalent in return for their annual expenditures; and whether the patronage delegated by them is used solely for the benefit of the country, or whether private interests, political power and family connexions have a controlling influence.

The office of "Secretary for the department of war" was established by a law of Congress, approved on the 7th of August, 1789. This law requires, that "he shall perform and execute such duties as shall, from time to time, be enjoined on, or entrusted to him, by the President of the United States. * * * And furthermore, that the said principal officer shall conduct the business of the said department in such manner as the President of the United States shall, from time to time, order and instruct." There is no such idea conveyed in the above extract from the law, nor did Congress ever intend to convey an idea that the Secretary should, nor did it expect he ever would, assume the military command and control of the Army. If such had been the intention of Congress, why did it afterwards provide for a "Major

General Commanding" as the Hon. Secretary is pleased to style him! In establishing the department of war and creating the office of Secretary, Congress contemplated relieving the executive from the annoyance of details: in other words, they intended him to perform for the executive, duties analogous to those performed by the Adjutant General for the Commander-in-Chief.

When do we ever hear of the Secretary of State taking upon himself to issue instructions to a foreign minister, without the express commands of the President, and so stating in his despatches? Yet, how often does our Hon. Secretary of war indict long orders and circulars on us which carry convincing proof in their own folly, that he, and he alone, is responsible for them.

The whole intention of the above quoted law has been entirely perverted, and we are now supplied with a political commander—a civilian Secretary, whose aim is popularity, and who knows no more about the details of military duty and the requirements of the service, than a soldier does of the practice of medicine, or a lawyer of the science of fortification. The annual report lately rendered by this officer proves this assertion but too clearly. Surrounded by the Staff Bureaux in Washington, all of which have chiefs, active and energetic in sustaining themselves and those under them, he seems to have forgotten there was any other Army, or, at least, any that required, or was worthy of his attention. After a long and tedious extract from the Army Register, to inform the President and Congress where to find his great Army, a very necessary piece of information by the way, he comments at large on each of the Staff Bureaux. One is "efficiently organized and faithfully administered," whilst "its importance is manifest to all military men." He forgets, if he ever knew, that half the duties of this department are performed by line officers, for which they receive no compensation.

"The attention of the officers to their duty," in a second staff corps, "has been assiduous." So one would naturally suppose from a reference to the Army Register, by which it will appear that five sixths of them are living at their ease in large cities, receiving emoluments sufficient for their comfortable support over and above what is considered as pay, and of which they receive more than officers of the same rank in the line. It would be a curious document for reference if Congress would call on the Secretary for the names and rank of all the officers of the Army with a statement annexed to each showing the amounts of money received from the treasury and for what, during the year 1843. The officers of a third staff corps receive high commendation for having promptly "accounted for the money placed in their hands:" * * * * * "the value of property under charge of this branch of the service is \$17,393,021.07, and in itself shows the amount of

pecuniary responsibility in which the officers who have it in charge are involved." "The officers who have it in charge!" What a great pity for these meritorious and deserving gentlemen, that this same impertinent little Register shows that nearly every arsenal, armory and dépôt is supplied with a store-keeper, a civil officer, who has all the responsibility of this valuable property. However, the Hon. Secretary only says "the officers"—not the officers of this corps "who have it in charge." The vast importance of each of these staff corps is commented on at large, and one is almost convinced that Napoleon would have carried the day at Waterloo had he only known what the world now learns from the late report of the Secretary of war. He says: "In regard to the staff of the Army, it may be laid down as a sound rule, that it should never be regulated by the number of troops in the line, but by the extent of country over which the Army is spread." What might have been the consequences with an Army of "Deputy Quarter Master's General" and "Colonels, Lieutenant Colonels, and Majors" of "Ordnance and Topographical Engineers," the wisdom of man cannot decide. The present crowned heads of Europe should congratulate themselves that this grand military discovery was not made in an earlier age. Can it be that the recent threats of war against Mexico have been based on the conceived invincibility of these lately discovered engines of power—Staff Corps?

The Hon. Secretary in his report, if we omit the copious extracts from the Army Register, and the recapitulation of the requirements of the law of August, 1842, has very condescendingly devoted seven lines of ordinary newspaper length to the line—the Army proper.

We are indebted to the wisdom and sagacity of Mr. Calhoun for our Bureau organization, which has been recently and advantageously adopted for the Navy. But had he foreseen the results it has produced, he would have preferred

———"to bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others we know not of,"

Had Mr. Calhoun remained at the head of the department, such results as we now deplore would not have followed his admirable suggestions; and, should the office of Secretary of war be in future conferred upon men of known military attainments, or on those possessing the untiring energy and transcendent abilities of Mr. Calhoun, the system may again be made to work well.

As at present ruled, we have a nominal Commanding General who, if he wish to prescribe the length of an officer's or soldier's whiskers or mustaches, must apply to the Hon. Secretary of war for his decision, (see circular from the Adjutant General's office, dated Washington, 31st May, 1843.) The authority of this Commanding General, by courtesy, over the different staff corps is

about as great as it is over the United States district courts. If the Secretary of War is to supersede the Commanding General in his duties, why not dispense with that office? It would relieve the treasury of a heavy charge, some \$7000 a year, and in a short time render the whole Army so obnoxious as to produce an entire re-organization or disbandment, the latter of which even would be preferable to permitting it to remain in its present condition. But I would suggest whether the office of Secretary of War might not be abolished with more propriety, after being vacated by the present incumbent whose further researches may be followed by results which will redound to the honor of his country, and place him on an equality with the renowned Don Quixote.

The 2nd section of the law establishing the department of war, approved 7th August, 1789, provides: "That there shall be in the said department an inferior officer, to be appointed by the said principal officer, to be employed therein as he shall deem proper, and to be called the chief clerk in the department of war, and who, whenever the said principal officer shall be removed from office by the President of the United States, or in any other case of vacancy, shall, during such vacancy, have the charge and custody of all records, books and papers appertaining to the said department." During the last summer, when the Secretary was on a tour to New England, his duties were devolved on a young man, a subordinate clerk in the Indian Bureau, who may or may not be a relation of the Hon. Secretary. The fact of both possessing the same name has created suspicion. The only very distinguished act of this young gentleman was the issuing an order, on assuming the duties of the office, directing the Commanding Officer of one of our forts to fire a salute in honor of the President of the United States, who, if no accident occurred, would pass on a railway within about *three miles* of the fort at, or *about* a certain hour. The intention of the above law is very plain, and it seems strange that one who has graced the Bench should so easily misunderstand it.

I cannot forbear to extract from a foreign journal a few lines which apply with much force to our service. A correspondent, speaking of a civil Secretary, says, "Within the precincts of his own circle of acquaintances he will never meet the worn and disappointed regimental officer, or have his better feelings touched by the sad spectacle of a widow lady and her orphan children, reduced, in one moment, from comparative comfort to the very verge of poverty and despair. His associates and friends are amongst the wealthy and fortunate members of the service: he sees, indeed, amongst them the marks of severe wounds, and traces on the countenance the ravages of hardship and climate,—but, at the same glance, his eye rests on the brilliant star and medal on the breast," (an additional

badge for a brevet in our service,) "and his mind reverts to the pay and pension which, in these instances, a grateful country has bestowed on her well deserving soldiers." Such is literally the case with us. The only information which our Secretary can communicate is second-handed, and, as he is so situated as to be daily, almost hourly, in constant intercourse with these staff gentlemen, it is not at all astonishing that their interests and their fame alone are trumpeted by him. I appeal to you whether such should be, and whether it shall be.

A SUBALTERN.

LINES BY A FATHER ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

(ADDRESSED TO THE MOTHER.)

Hid art thou in the dark grave—William!
In vain thy mother longs to press thee;
In vain, thy father to caress thee;
But not in vain in prayer they bless thee,
They fondly trust—my darling boy!

Hush'd is thy voice's prattle—William!
But list! that cry, that thrilling tone—
My slumber's fled—the dream is gone:
But not in vain thy accents join
Th' angelic choir—my darling boy!

Sealed are thy soft blue eyes—William!
We mourn in vain their early night,
In vain call back their joyous light:
But not in vain their radiance bright
Shines still in Heaven—my darling boy!

Gone is the flush of thy cheek—William!
In vain would we recall its bloom,
Its kindling beauty, from the tomb:
But, cheering hope! He will relume
Its cherub-hues, my darling boy!

Young and innocent wert thou—William!
Then cheer thee, love! nor wait thy lot;
For "of such my kingdom is" He taught,
He kindly greets and forbids him not,
Our angel-babe—our darling boy!

R.

THE IRISH EXILE.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Dear was the cabin which stood in the valley,
The cot of my fathers, the home of my youth,
Green trees were round it where breezes might dally,
And lovers might whisper affection and truth.
Soon came the SASSENACH, bitter and bloody;
Around us the red-coated minions were poured;
Cottage so lovely and children so ruddy,
The one fed the torch and the other the sword.

Crush us they may, but we still must remember
The wrongs of our country, the death of our sires;
Brooding in silence while memory each ember
Shall fan 'till they kindle to terrible fires.
Then shall the moment arrive when the cruel,
Who struck without pity, our rage shall pursue;
Then shall our Erin, our heart's only jewel,
Make bare to the stranger LAMBH GERRY ABOO!*

Hasten the time when from slumber arousing
Our land from the scabbard shall draw the red brand,
Scatter the tyrants who now are carousing,—
And strike right and left with a terrible hand.
Then shall the sun-burst awaken a glory
O'er mountain and valley, o'er river and sea;
Then shall the land that is written in story,
Be mate to her masters, be glorious and free.
Philadelphia, Dec., 1843.

* The red right-hand. † The banner of ancient Ireland.

THE ENCHANTED GIFTS.

BY MRS. JANE L. SWIFT.

In the days when magic was practised in Persia, there lived in Ispahan a wise and skilful magician, whose name was Kabulneza. He had spent a long life in acquiring the secrets of his art, and was consulted in omens and auguries by even the monarchs of the East. He was a counsellor of princes; and no chief, who could gain access to him, would commence any undertaking of importance, without first having recourse to his cabalistic lore, and his enchanted spells. But he had never made a bad use of the power which he possessed; and knew little about evil genii, excepting as he invented charms to repel their baleful approach.

With all his art, however, he was unable to resist the influence of time, or to ward off the stroke of death; and when he had reached his eightieth year he prepared for the event, which he expected at a certain moment. His auguries proved true; and on the last day that he had to live, he sent for his brother's four sons, who were all young men just entering upon the duties and cares of life. He had loved them well, and they had been educated by him in the ancient lore of their land; but he had not initiated them into the mysterious spells by which he exercised so mighty an influence over mind and matter. He knew, too, the bias of their minds, and by his dying instructions he wished rather to leave them a salutary token of his regard, than to bestow upon them the dangerous art he exercised.

As with unfeigned sorrow they approached the dying magician, their eyes fell upon the articles that were placed on a small table before him; a golden purse, a silver wand, a ruby heart, and a magic glass.

"I have sent for you, my sons," said the sage, "to bestow upon you a portion of what I have to leave. You have seen me rich, powerful, beloved and happy; at least, as much so as mortal can be. Here are the means, but I cannot give them; you must choose, and in the order of your birth. Neither may I advise you in your choice; your own inclinations must prompt your decisions."

"The glass will be for me," thought the youngest, as he looked with a sigh upon the other glittering treasures, and regretted, for the first time, that nature had not bestowed the privilege of seniority upon him.

Elmana, the eldest, came forward; and bending on one knee said, "I choose the purse, father." "As I thought, Elmana, you have chosen what you imagine will procure all that your heart sighs for; it is yours, but yours to use and not to abuse. While that purse is in your possession, you have but to wish for the gold that you desire, and it will fill your coffers at your bidding. But the purse

may be lost, or stolen from you; there is no spell to guard it from accidents like these."

The second, Haladdin, eagerly pointed to the ruby heart, "give me that, father," he exclaimed, with a glowing cheek. A smile passed over the countenance of the sage as he said, "You would try its power over the beautiful Kezia; is it not so, Haladdin?" The youth blushed and spoke not. "Take it, my son, and while it remains with you, it will enable you to possess the heart of her you love; but remember, that it may be lost, and nothing can replace it."

The third, in his turn, came forward and chose the wand. "Your spirit, Hazif, is a high and noble one, but this will prove a dangerous gift unless used with discretion. It will give you power when you wish to exercise it; power to sway the minds of others—but the wand may be broken, it is for you to guard it well."

With downcast eye the favorite nephew of the seer bent at his feet and said, "This glass is mine, father, without right of choice; but I shall value and keep it in remembrance of you. When I am old, I may need it." "Not so, Riezzin, it is for the young, as well as for the aged; and if I had my life to live over again, I would choose, my son, what by chance has fallen to you. This glass will enable you to view every thing in life through a true medium; but you must guard it and keep it bright. You will find it a greater treasure than you deem it now."

"And now, farewell my sons. The shades of death are gathering round me, and I go to the home of my fathers. Remember the advice of Kabulneza, and cherish his memory when there is nothing left to you but his tomb."

* * * * *

Quarter of a century had elapsed; and the name of the magician no longer resounded through the length and breadth of the land. He had gone down with his generation into the vale of forgetfulness; and slept, undisturbed, in the tomb of his fathers. Others, skilled in the magic of their clime, arose to replace him; yet none acquired the influence over the wise and great that Kabulneza had succeeded in obtaining.

It was a gala day in the city of Ispahan. The sun had shed its last ray upon the gilded domes and minarets of the gorgeous capital; and as darkness drew her veil around, the glimmer of lamps gradually brightened the scene, until thousands of them glittered in the streets and squares. The city was illuminated to celebrate the accession of the recently appointed Vizier Azem* to his office. He had that day made his triumphal entry into the city, and had taken possession of the palace prepared for him.

* The Vizier Azem is the prime minister of Persia, or "the great supporter of the empire; as he alone almost sustains the whole weight of the administration."

From the balcony of his princely residence, the Vizier looked out upon the eager crowd anxious to do honor to the new favorite; while, undazzled by the splendid career that seemed to open before him, he calmly listened to the seductive tones of flattery, and turned away with a smile from the obsequious attention of his followers. He was a man about five-and-forty years of age, tall and commanding in his form, with a mild, benignant expression of countenance, that seemed as if it had never been ruffled by the contending passions that so soon grave their deforming furrows in the brow.

As the night waned, festivity and revelry gave place to a profound stillness; and, at length, dismissing his attendants, the Vizier retired to an apartment that overlooked the gardens of his seraglio. The moon shone brightly in, and lent a softened beauty to the oriental magnificence of all that surrounded him. He had sought the quiet of the midnight hour to compose his excited mind, and to commune with his spirit on the eventful proceedings of the day. He had not long been there, when a veiled female glided quickly to his side, and before he was aware of her entrance, she had cast herself upon her knees at his feet, and was gazing with an expression of the deepest attachment into his face.

"Jewel of my heart!" murmured the Vizier, removing the veil, and stooping to kiss the fair, white brow; "more precious art thou to me than all my greatness. Yanina, beloved Yanina, thou hast shared the triumphs of this day with Riezzin; is it not so, my fairest?"

"As the parched flower drinks in the dew that nourishes it, so has the triumph of Riezzin refreshed the heart of Yanina."

"I knew it dearest; and amid all the pomp and parade of power, I did not forget my rose of beauty. How fair thou art, Yanina; fairer, it seems to me, than when first thy charms awoke the thrill of love within my soul. Time has dealt gently with thee, loved one; he has not marred one dear lineament."

"The rose is withered by the unkind frost; but there has been no wintry chill within our bower. The suns of ten summers have risen and set since I was thine, and yet thou lovest me, Riezzin?"

"Aye; as nature rejoices in the sunbeam; so does my spirit find its light in thee, Yanina."

"Dear Riezzin!" she murmured; and, rising, she stood before him in all the matured loveliness of female beauty. She was past the age when the women of the East are usually most attractive; but not one destroying trace of time was visible upon her countenance.

"I would be alone, Yanina, for a little while. I need composure. In an hour I will rejoin thee, dearest."

She left the apartment; and the Vizier resealed himself at the open window. The events of the day again passed before him. Honor, power, wealth,

love, all were his. Step by step he had ascended the eminence of fame, and now he could look down from the summit, and trace the various means that had aided him in the ascent. The past rose before him with its many colored hues; years gone by seemed but as yesterday; and as he retraced the path of existence he felt as if he must be still a boy, so vivid were the reminiscences of his early youth. While he yet pondered on these things, he turned, and beheld the outline of a figure shrouded in a filmy haze, yet sufficiently distinct to present the semblance of a man.

"I have come to thee, my son," said the spirit, "in thy hour of triumph; dost thou know me, Riezzin?"

"Shade of Kabulneza! I welcome thee—though the chill of the tomb surrounds thee, and I tremble in thy presence, still, I welcome thee."

"Nay, stretch not out thy hand to grasp mine, Riezzin. The frame I once tenanted is mouldering in the dust; it is my spirit alone that is with thee now."

"What would'st thou, revered shade of him who was my best friend?"

"I have been permitted to revisit these earthly scenes, that I might learn what has befallen those I loved since I quitted this vale of tears. Tell me, Riezzin, have my dying gifts been blessings to thy brothers, as well as to thyself?"

"Alas! Kabulneza, they but betrayed my brothers to their destruction."

"I would know their fate, Riezzin, if thou may'st reveal the story of their lives."

"Thou knowest, father, that Elmana chose the purse. He was immediately surrounded by every luxury that wealth could procure. He denied himself nothing. He built palaces; he laid out gardens; he hired singing men and singing women: the costly wines of Shiraz sparkled at his board, and viands from distant realms were heaped upon his table. Gold was lavished among his dependents, as if it had been but the sand of the desert. He went to every extreme of indulgence; and injured his health, and enervated his frame by riot and excess. He lost the esteem of his friends, and consequently his self-respect. He sank lower and lower, until, one fatal evening, he fell asleep among his companions with the golden purse in his bosom. While he slept, it was stolen from him. To others, the purse was useless, excepting for the price its weight would bring; but to him it had become the alpha and omega of existence. He has sought it in vain for years; but, with an infatuation as vehement as it is fruitless, he still continues a wanderer on the face of the earth, expecting to recover his lost treasure. I have entreated him to resign the hope of finding it, and to begin a life of activity and usefulness; but those years of supineness and self-indulgence have prostrated his energies. With a body enfeebled by former excesses, and a min

unfitted for employment, he will probably pass the remainder of his days in pining after the enjoyments which he abused, and which he can never expect will be his again."

"It is as I feared—but Haladdin—what use did he make of his gift, the ruby heart?"

"He soon succeeded in winning the affections of his first love, the beautiful Kezia. For a time, I thought my brother the happiest of mortals; he lived but in her smile, and serenity and bliss seemed to wait upon his steps. But, true to the fickleness of his nature, he soon wearied of one who had charmed him only by her beauty, and while her whole soul was devoted to him, he cruelly neglected her. Her very attachment to him tended to strengthen his growing dislike; but she was bound to him by that fatal spell, and the cast off leman only found repose in an early grave. Haladdin gave himself up to the worship of woman; and in that idolatry of the heart he wasted all the noble and high-toned energies of his nature. He could influence the love of the fairest with that ruby gift; and at last, it became the instrument of his destruction. He saw by stealth the flower of his sovereign's harem. To see, was to love—to love, was to obtain. By stratagems, their stolen meetings remained long unsuspected; but Haladdin became careless and confident, and his deluded victim could not know the fearful danger of her position. A spy of the Shah's household betrayed them; and the bow-string was the punishment of both."

"Alas! he was a youth of promise; unfortunately, wavering in his principles; but Haladdin became careless and confident, and his deluded victim could not know the fearful danger of her position. A spy of the Shah's household betrayed them; and the bow-string was the punishment of both."

"He did nobly, father, at first. He used the wand to advance himself in the councils of his country. He exerted his power for the benefit of others, and made himself a name and a reputation that outvied the great ones of our land. All bent before his talents; and his eloquence was like the breeze of heaven, bringing freshness and purity to the soul. His career was glorious, and would have been happy, but ambition gradually twined her fetters around him, and whispered, at length, accents of treason in his ear. I warned him; I entreated him to be content with the love and admiration of a people. I told him to beware how he stepped upon the paw of the sleeping lion. Reason availed not, when ambition lured; and I saw at length, with heart-felt sorrow, that the favorite of the Shah was suspected as a traitor. He was too popular to be destroyed at once, but he was banished from the land of his birth. He now finds a home on the confines of Arabia; and still possesses, I hear, the magic influence given him by the silver wand."

"He may retrieve the past, Riezzin; it is not yet too late. But tell me now, my son, the story of thy life."

"Behold thy gift, my father. The magic glass ever rests upon my bosom, and is guarded by a massive chain. When I first received it from thee I did not prize it, for I was disappointed in the allotment of thy gifts. I saw my brothers enter at once, without effort, into the possession of what each had sighed for; while I was left to toil and struggle in the world. I envied Elmana the wealth in which he revelled; I coveted the love of beauty; I yearned for the possession of power. I felt within me the aspirations of a proud and ambitious soul, but discontent of mind impaired my happiness. I was not willing to make use of the necessary means to advance my fortune, but wished that what I desired might come at my bidding as by the touch of an enchanter's wand. Envy of my brothers made me miserable, and in pining after some undiscovered good, I lost the precious amulet of content. The dark temptations of Eblis beset my path, until life became a burthen almost too grievous for me to bear. In despondence of soul, I invoked the angel of death to summon my spirit to his home; but Azrael was deaf to my entreaties, and I lived on during many moons a prey to vain regrets. But at length, O Kabulneza, I visited thy tomb, and as my tears fell upon the costly shrine, I remembered thy gift. Thy words arose to my memory, and I sought in haste the magic glass. After thy death, I grieve to say, it had been thrown aside in the disappointment of the moment, and for hours I searched for it in vain; but at last, amid a heap of rubbish, I found it. It was tarnished by neglect, and the glass was soiled and dim. However, I cleansed it; and then, invoking thy blessing, I looked through it. I beheld letters of gold, but they sparkled like the diamond with such dazzling brilliancy, that my eye could not at first bear the lustrous splendor, and around these letters streamed beams of light, that seemed to radiate until their outer circle reached the heavens. By degrees I was enabled to decypher the shining characters, which, as I read, were engraved upon my memory with magic power; and this, Kabulneza, was the transcript of that luminous and enchanted page—

"Pause, Riezzin—the rose of youth is on thy cheek, thy hand is strong, and thy frame vigorous. Life spreads itself before thee; thou art but on its threshold, its many paths are round thee, which to choose; but in supineness and regret thou art wasting thy strength in mourning after the shadow when thou mightst possess thyself of the substance. Wealth, love, power, confer not happiness, excepting as the mind is disciplined to make a good use of them; and the vicissitudes of life are intended for that discipline. Naught but sunshine will wither and blight the garden flowers; they must have clouds, and rain, and tearful dews. Youth is the season for effort. Employ then thy talents with all the energy of thy nature, and the bread that is earned by thy daily toil will taste sweeter to thee

than the luscious viands which are heaped upon the table of Elmana. Win, by the consistency of thy principles and the purity of thy life, the respect of thy fellow men; and power, honorably acquired and nobly retained, may crown thy brow with greener laurels than Hazif will ever wear. Place the affections of thy manhood where they will meet with a pure return, for even in the harem's casket there may be found a precious pearl: yet, enervate not thy soul by the worship of beauty that may perish in an hour, and the rose of thy garden may bloom when that of Haladdin shall have passed away. Go forth then, to toil, to strive, to overcome, to endure. The warrior wins not the victory without the battle; the poet wears not the wreath without having won the prize. The world is man's battle ground, worthy of his destiny. Coward he, who faints ere the conflict is begun; and traitor to himself, if, when the first blow is struck, he dare not strike again. On! on! Riezzin; stay not to ponder, the angel of life weeps over every wasted hour.

"The golden characters disappeared, the dazzling light faded; and as I pressed thy gift to my lips, I felt that a veil had been lifted from my moral vision. I saw life for the first time through a true medium; but a partial glimpse, it is true, yet enough to point the stepping stone of my career. I waited only for the morrow's dawn; and, resuming the occupation of my father, I determined to excel as an artisan, and leave to destiny the shaping of my fortune. A load was lifted from my heart; my prostrate energies revived, my drooping hopes seemed to bud and blossom beneath the refreshing influence of high resolves, and in the useful exercise of my faculties, I found my nature invigorated and improved. I had no time for repining; and when at night I sought the restoring comfort of repose, my sleep was sweet, and undisturbed by the wild dreams of ambition. Once, the throb of envy and regret returned, when I beheld Elmana showering dinars of gold among the multitude thronging round him; but, looking through my glass, I read these words; '*Better is poverty with honor, than wealth with degradation.*' I turned, and recoiled as I marked the reeling, staggering form of Elmana, and returning to my employment, I felt, in the approval of my own heart, a sense of happiness hitherto unknown.

"I need not dwell, Kabulneza, upon my rising fortunes. In the pursuit of my calling my wealth increased, and the warnings of the magic glass prevented my placing undue value upon worldly treasures. As the stream of time flowed on, the lessons thy gift imparted, added the weight of truth to my decisions, and before one gray hair had tinged these locks, the name of Riezzin was known throughout Persia. They said that the wisdom of Kabulneza had descended to me, and from the poor artisan, I became the wealthy, influential counsellor of princes. Success would have been my ruin; but

with every accession to my wealth, or fame, I took thy gift from my bosom, and from it, I learned to be prosperous without exultation, and to be great without pride. It showed me that life was never a state of perfect happiness, or of unalleviated misery, and that contentment was the key that would open the secret treasure-house of earth. It reminded me that the great and the mighty must sleep at last with the lowly, and that none of the world's glittering baubles could be carried with us to the tomb. Thou seest, oh! Kabulneza, upon what an eminence I stand; dare I hope to sway with judgment and integrity the mighty destinies of this land? I tremble, lest, having attained the summit of my loftiest ambition, I should forget myself."

"The glass, the glass, Riezzin," murmured the departing shade; "it will warn and guide thee to the end of thy pilgrimage."

With reverential awe, the Vizier gazed once more through the enchanted glass, and these were the characters of light reflected from its surface.

"Success is the test of greatness. The moth is overpowered by the light of a taper; the eagle can gaze into the sun. If thou art truly great, Riezzin, thou wilt feel that pomp and power can never elevate the soul; it soars or sinks, as it is true or false to the nobler impulses of its nature. Thy position will have for thee no dangers, if thou wilt value rightly the elevation it bestows, and guard thy spirit from the treacherous whisperings of pride."

The Vizier turned to address the shade of Kabulneza, but it had disappeared, and the veiled form of the beloved Yanina again stood by his side.

THE BURIAL OF EROS.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

Love lieth in his halls a corpse,
While, mourning, round his coffin, stand
The wan and pallid Feelings, like
Dim spectres from the shadow-land.
His nose is pinched, his lips are blue,
His once round cheeks are sunken in,
And heavily lie his clotted locks
Upon his yellow, waxen skin.
"Poor Love, dear Love," the mourners say,
"Tis sad that one so young should die."
Poor Love, dear Love, ah, dreary day
That seeth him in cold earth lie."

"He was a merry wight," saith one,
"But fond of mischief," saith another,
"And yet, despite his wayward ways,"
Quoth Hope, "I loved him as a brother.
He used to laugh and chat with me
For days, existing on my smiles,
I heedless of his many tricks—
There was such magic in his wiles."
"Poor Love, dear Love," the mourners say,
He was too good a lad to die."
And then uprose from every lip
A wild and weird and wailing cry.

"I never shall forgive myself,"
 Quoth Hope, "that I forsook the boy;
 Had I remained, those sightless eyes
 Would now be lit with life and joy."
 Quoth Grief, "no sooner had you gone,
 Than down he came and sat with me,
 Crying and sighing all night long,
 A very baby at my knee."
"Poor Love, dear Love," the mourners say,
"'Twas wrong in Hope to leave the boy,
Had she remained, this dreary day
Would be a day of golden joy."

Then spoke Despair, "from Grief he came
 To me, his eyes with fury wild;
 I took him in and cherished him,
 But soon a maniac grew the child;
 And then I took his quivering form
 And on my bosom made his bed,
 Nursing him with a mother's love
 Until he slumbered with the dead."
"Poor Love, dear Love," the mourners say,
"A weary vigil was Despair's,
Her's was the mother's gentle watch,
And her's the mother's many cares."

They screwed Love's coffin cover down
 With many a sigh and many a tear,
 And placed him, heavily of heart,
 Upon his plumed, ebon bier,
 And rung them in double line,
 (How did the plumes and weepers wave!)
 They bore him from his lonely home
 And laid him in his silent grave.
The bell is tolled—the mass is o'er—
The prayers are said—the service done—
And all are gone, save Hope, who weeps
By Love's untimely tomb alone.

Philadelphia, March, 1843.

LETTER FROM GIBRALTER.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.)

We anchored off Gibraltar, last evening, almost at the instant when the guns of the forts were giving the signal for closing the gates of the city, and the only passengers who obtained permission to land were some English officers, arriving, like ourselves, from Lisbon. All the other passengers had to sleep on board and to await, this morning, the arrival of certain gentlemen, dressed in black, whom we might have taken for the Councillors of some Spanish *real audiencia*, so grave and serious was their deportment, if we had not been informed that they were the members of the numerous family of the *licitadores* of Gibraltar who came to offer us their services. As no stranger is allowed to enter the city unless an inhabitant becomes his security, these gentlemen carry out this police arrangement and pass their lives in becoming answerable to the authorities for almost all the strangers that touch at Gibraltar. They address you ceremoniously and, after the exchange of a few words, offer to present you to the police, to have a ticket of residence delivered to you (which must be re-

newed every fortnight) and, in short, to go security for your good behavior during the time you remain in the city, the whole for the present of a douro. If it happens that, from inattention, or some other cause, the traveller leaves Gibraltar without returning his ticket of residence to the sea-gate, his *licitador* is subject to a fine of two hundred douros, not to mention his being personally responsible for every thing that the individual whose security he is may have done contrary to law in the city. We were about to land, Count M... and myself, under the protection of these important personages, when my friend received a visit which greatly diverted us. The visitor was a Monsier Galiano, an old Genoese corsair, at present Greek consul at Gibraltar, who, apprised of M... 's arrival, came to honor in his person the son of King Otho's minister at the court of Madrid. After having offered him his services, the consul pulled his silk handkerchief out of his pocket, hoisted it on the end of his cane and began waving it, uttering genuine corsair cries in the direction of a Greek brig that was in the roads. He had already sent orders to the captain to hoist his flag in honor of M..., but the business not going on as quickly as he desired, the energetic and impatient old man now hastened it by every means in his power. "*Eccola! eccola! là vedete, there, there do you see!*" cried he at last, with an enthusiasm rare in a man of more than seventy years of age; in fact they had, at length, just hoisted the blessed Greek cross. Satisfied with having been so well obeyed, M. Galiano then placed his boat at our disposal, very courteously inviting us besides, to accept a good breakfast at his house, to which we did honor after we had put ourselves right with the authorities of the city. This latter, viewed from the sea, presents but a dull appearance, notwithstanding the cheerful color of its houses, painted outside in the Italian style. It lies like a selva on the western slope of the rock of Gibraltar, opposite Algeiras, and one feels as if oppressed at the first sight of this gigantic and attenuated peak, pierced in all directions with murderous mouths, and whose base is an immense battery constructed on a level with the sea. This melancholy feeling grows still stronger in the interior of the city; at every step is a sentinel with shouldered arms, who prohibits your stopping on the footwalks; and, with the exception of the sailors and soldiers, you see about you only a jumble of Jews from all the countries in the world, who survey you with a greedy eye and seem to be asking themselves if they can not make something out of you.

We were still at M. Galiano's when the sound of military music attracted me to the window; it was the guard going on duty, which, preceded by music, was proceeding to the Governor's palace. You know all my partiality for the English; ah, well! these red clothes, the sight of which was so agree-

able to me in England, then made the same painful impression on me that every good Spaniard must feel when he sets foot in Gibraltar. I pass over, if you please, the surprise of Gibraltar in 1704, afterwards legalized by the treaty of Utrecht, and consider only the Gibraltar of our days, become since 1809, the great focus of English smuggling in Spain. You should see these bold and venturesome Andalusian smugglers petted, almost esteemed, by the authorities, prancing proudly through the streets of Gibraltar; in truth, one might take them for the lords of the city; and wo to the Spanish custom-house officers if, forgetting that Gibraltar no longer belongs to their country, they dare, in the ardor of their pursuit, to pass the line of the *Campo Neutro*, which marks on the isthmus the limit of the Spanish territory, or else to push their boats into the English waters. A boat of the custom-house of Algesiras happened, some years since, to follow into these waters a smuggler's felucca which it had vainly chased for more than a week. Without previous summons, the English cannon fired upon the custom-house bark and one of the crew was killed by the discharge. Nevertheless the smuggler's felucca was captured and carried off by the custom-house officers to Algesiras, where its cargo was sold. A whole year passed away after this event, when the smuggler, having adroitly found means to entice the custom-house officer who had captured him into Gibraltar, denounced him as guilty of an act of piracy against him. The officer was arrested and brought before the tribunals, who sentenced him to pay the smuggler the sum of three thousand duros under the name of damages and interest. Truly the English were in the right throughout this whole affair; so I have only mentioned it to you with a view to prove to what extent the presence of the English, at Gibraltar, favors this fatal smuggling, which is one of the principal causes, if not the chief, of the great immorality with which the population of the Andalusian coast is charged.

Here are some details respecting the regular organization which directs this illicit commerce, thanks to the connivance of a crowd of faithless agents. If the question for the smuggler is how to introduce, fraudulently, a cargo of foreign grain, he presents himself at the Seville custom-house and by means of a pot of wine, or two or three *pesetas* for each *fanèga** of grain that he calculates on landing, he always succeeds in procuring a certificate of lading of Spanish grain for Malaga, or such other point on the coast as he points out. Fortified with this certificate, he repairs to Gibraltar with his vessel empty, buys as many *fanègas* of Odessa grain as he is thought to have of Spanish grain on board, loads it and then sets sail for Malaga. If the custom-house of this city opposes the landing of the cargo, alleging the quality of

* A measure containing about a hundred pounds.

the grain, the smuggler coolly opens the certificate given him at Seville. In vain is the fraud evident to every body, the custom-house of Malaga is not the less compelled to let go its hold, in order to avoid an endless lawsuit with that of Seville, which would not miss taking its revenge at the first opportunity. When the price of grain reaches eighty reals, a *fanèga*, the law authorizes the importation of foreign grain into the provinces of Malaga, Seville, Grenada and Cadiz, but there is no example of its having ever been applied, the smugglers having always taken the first step.

The smuggling of tobacco and cotton goods has its avowed brokers, who are called *corredores de contrabando*. They are, in general, men faithful to their word, of approved courage, sometimes at peace, sometimes at war with the *resguardo*, the name by which the custom-house soldiers are designated. The *corredor* goes to Gibraltar to make his purchases, and then appears with his bark at the point on the coast to which he has already summoned the smugglers. These, at sight of the signals agreed upon, come out of the lurking places where they have kept themselves hid, hastily load their mules and then lead them to the *parada*, the place previously fixed upon for a general halt. All these operations are usually performed during the dark nights, and almost always under the eyes of the custom-house officers, who, for fear that the *corredor* may cheat them, come to ascertain upon the spot, if he respects the contract entered into with them. At the moment of landing the bales are truly enormous. As, according to the old custom, the *seguro* (the right of passing paid by the *corredor* to the *resguardo*) and the freight of the vessel are both paid according to the number of bales to be landed, whatever the size may be, the *corredor* is interested in making them of an extraordinary size; most commonly each bale, which, at the outside, ought to contain only half a mule's load contains a whole one; a single mule, however, carries two of them, not to mention that if the danger is pressing, the poor animals are frequently seen climbing the steepest mountains with loads, still greater. It is not until after the arrival of the convoy at the *parada* that the smugglers regulate the burdens of their mules for the road.

Usually the *corredor* pays for each bale on board an ounce of *seguro* to the custom-house officers and eight duros of freight to the captain of the vessel. The latter is bound to appear off the coast for three successive nights. If during this term the landing cannot be effected, form causes independent of the good will of the smugglers, he receives but half the freight and then returns to Gibraltar, where he waits until the *corredor* wishes to attempt a new expedition. Often the *corredor* attempts the landing at his own risk, *à guerra y jarand*, as the smugglers say. Then he surprises the custom-house forces, fights to the utmost, and his mules

pass during the firing. The most courageous man of the company first loads his mule and his comrades concede him the dangerous honor of marching at the head of the column.

One fact, whose authenticity was vouched for to me, will prove to you what an immense share the agents of the custom-house have in the smuggling carried on upon the coast of Andalusia and their remarkable bad faith towards the poor smugglers. When the last insurrectionary movement took place at Malaga, one of the principal mercantile houses of this city offered the sum of eight thousand douros to the chiefs of the *resguardo*, on condition that they would allow them to land in safety, in the neighborhood of Laurin, a large quantity of English merchandise. The offer having been accepted, the sum was faithfully counted out to the chiefs of the *resguardo*. On their part they ordered great movements of their soldiers upon points of the coast needing no guard, and, thanks to so much complaisance, the landing of the cargo was effected without the least hindrance. Next day a train of four hundred mules, bending beneath the weight of their loads, bore the landed bales to Laurin. The question now was how to introduce the goods into Malaga without compromising the custom-house. Like a man full of delicacy, the merchant distributed the goods in raisin-boxes and the next appeared at the head of his train at the gates of the city. But, O cruel surprise! his innumerable boxes are there seized by the custom-house, who pretended that the *seguro* only availed for the landing on the coast, but not the least in the world for the entry of the cargo into Malaga. It was in vain for the unfortunate victim of robbery to protest, all his goods were confiscated.

It is said, that in 1826, Ferdinand, sensible how important it was to his treasury to put an end to the scandalous smuggling carried on in Andalusia, resolved to destroy it at all hazards. Convinced, however, that it would be almost impossible for him to attain this object, if he relied upon the persons in his employ, he made a contract with a Mr. Riera, to whom, as the price for the work, the Spanish monarch granted a part of the proceeds of sale of the government tobacco, besides the absolute ownership of all the prizes he might succeed in making of the smugglers. The said Mr. Riera armed twenty-four feluccas, granted a pension of five thousand francs to too pretended emigrants, entrusted with watching the patriot refugees in Gibraltar, and began cruising with so much success that the unfortunate smugglers were reduced to having to wait for a favorable wind to land upon the beach between Mervella and Estrepona. But the *corredores* having soon made arrangements with the captains of the feluccas, Mr. Riera found himself obliged to interest their subalterns in the prizes, that they might at length cease to make common cause with the smugglers. The latter

then addressed themselves to the Genoese captains, settled in Gibraltar, who procured papers for a voyage to Genoa and then put into Malaga. It was in vain for the custom-house officers to post sentinels on board these ships; as the captains were not obliged to limit their stay, it followed that the *corredor* had as much time as he wanted to corrupt the guards, charged to watch him, or at least, to prepare for an unexpected landing at the time of his vessel's departure. Judge, from these sad details, of the immense difficulties that the Spanish Government will have to overcome before it can succeed in extirpating this scourge, which now meets with such powerful auxiliaries in the disorder of the administration, inseparable from every civil war, and in the state of complete destitution in which so many unfortunate persons in their employ are groaning, whose pay is so greatly in arrear from want of money. Picture to yourself that most of the insurrectionary movements of Malaga have been based upon nothing but ignoble smuggling operations. Four or five houses, whose names are known to every body here, take advantage of those troubled moments to introduce immense cargoes of foreign merchandize into the city; next day every thing returns to its accustomed order, without any change in any thing except the fortunes of some miserable speculators, whilst the revolution of the day before remains an enigma in the eyes of a stranger.

Lastly, the ignorance of the administration is such that, in fact, it becomes the accomplice of the smugglers. Thus, in all Catalonia and the Balearic isles, where nothing is smoked but Brazilian tobacco, it would seem natural for it to consider means of supplying the numerous consumers itself; the administration does not sell a single leaf, and the market remains entirely open to fraud. The enormity of the duties encourages this illicit commerce still more, for although the administration buys of first hands, it persists in selling for three *sous* the same kind of segars that the clandestine manufacturers furnish to smokers at the price of seven *centimes*.

Note. The above letter and that on the Basque Provinces of Spain, which appeared in the September number of the Messenger, are translated from a recent work entitled "Deux Ans en Espagne et'en Portugal Pendant la Guerre Civile. Par le Baron Charles Dembowski."

Let the young Poet, exulting in his lay, and hope (how false)
of fame,
While watching at deep midnight, he buildeth up the verse;
Let the calm child of genius, whose name shall never die,
For that the transcript of his mind hath made his thought
immortal,—
Let these, let all, with no saint praise, with no light grati-
tude confess
The blessings poured upon the earth from the pen of a ready
writer. Tupper.

THE SURRENDER.—A SONNET.

'Tis o'er! As one who knows that he must die,—
 From whom all earthly hope is withering,
 When every well-beloved familiar thing
 Glasseth its form but faintly on the eye;—
 As drowning mariner, o'er whom the sky
 Beams its last smile, so must my heart now fling
 Away all hope! Like serf beneath a king,
 Under the weight of woman's tyranny
 I bow! Oh, cursed be the luckless hour
 I gazed upon thee first, thou serpent-dove!
 Thy starry charms, thy rich entrancing dower
 Of beauty and of wit, all praise above—
 These are the fiends who, with un pitying power,
 Drag me deep down into the hell of Love!
 Jackson, Mississippi.

D. H. R.

NOTES ON CUBA.

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
 And faith, he'll prent it."

The Magnolia Magazine was enriched, during its recent publication in Charleston, with the Notes of an intelligent traveller in the Island of Cuba. The following is the fourth letter of the series, with which we have been favored, and for which we are particularly grateful. We trust that the writer will be pleased to honor us with a continuance of that correspondence which was equally creditable to himself and to the Journal in which it was published. The article, (we may add for the satisfaction of our readers,) though one of a series, is yet complete in itself, and will, we are very well assured, amply reward and satisfy perusal.

[Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.]

On the original map of the Island with the divisions, as laid out by the aborigines, no mention is made of Guines, which was included in the partido Habana; although near the mouth of the river which runs close by it, then called the Bija, the town of Habana was first built, in 1515. It is probable, therefore, that its origin is of recent date; one of those places, which have gradually grown with the increased wants of a thriving, cultivated country, passing through the different stages of a tienda and its dependencies, a hamlet, a village, and ending in becoming a town. With its eight cuartones, it contains 16,213 inhabitants, of whom 7,248 are whites, 1,267 are free colored and 7,698 are slaves. 2,954 are engaged in the cultivation of the cane and the manufacture of sugar, 1,737 in raising coffee, and 8,007 in farming and other rural occupations, the whole distributed among 21 sugar estates, 26 coffee estates, and 843 farms. Its schools, like those of the other sections of the island, have, for a long time, attracted the attention of the more intelligent classes, and yearly reports are made to the Sociedad Patriótica of Havana of their condition. That of 1843 represents them as flourishing, and promising much good fruit from the increased means of instruction, and the reader, who may be ignorant of the low state of educa-

tion in Cuba, will therefore be surprized to learn that they contained only 235 scholars. The difficulties, however, here thrown in the way of education are such, that too much praise cannot be awarded to those whose efforts to extend the blessings of knowledge throughout their land have been unremitting. Nor have they confined themselves to mere instruction in letters, —a system of apprenticeship has also been introduced in Guines as well as in other places, which no doubt will result in rescuing many from a life of vagrancy.

The plain of Guines offers but little interest to the geologist. One cannot, however, fail to remark the vast extent of perfectly level ground which stretches out for many miles until it reaches the sea, while on three sides it is bounded by high precipitous mountains. This position, and the black alluvial deposit which covers its surface, impresses on the beholder the certainty that it once constituted the bed of a large lake, the waters of which have been discharged into the ocean by the sinking of its seaward barriers. From a partial geological survey of it by Sr. Zancajo, there was found below the soil a bank of pure carbonate of lime, *creta*, extending from the source of the Guines river S. E. and N. W. more than nine miles long and twenty-one broad. It is of a yellowish, and sometimes of a pure white, in horizontal masses, inclining to the N. N. W., is brittle, soft to the touch, effervesces freely when mixed with acids, adheres slightly to the tongue and hardens on exposure to the air. In various parts, kidney shaped siliceous pyrites are found in veins, which ignite the particles of steel when struck by it; no fossils are found with these. The inferior calcareous formation of the bank is more rough to the touch, enclosing petrifications, of which the *equinites* are the most peculiar and abundant; and bulbous shaped flints, conglomerated and in horizontal beds. In the transverse scissures of this bed, iron is sometimes found of a grey color, ochreous, with bands of flesh color or violet, probably from the presence of cobalt, corresponding to the *quadersandstein* of the Germans. S. S. W. of the town around the Ninfa sugar estate is seen a bank of tertiary formation, *supra cretacea*, lying upon another of reddish sand of little thickness, and containing numerous fossils. Twelve curious species of these were collected by Sr. Zancajo, two of which have ceased to exist in the neighboring seas, the *Pecten podopsistruncata* and the *ammonites varians*. The beds of chalk are traversed by veins of marble of various qualities; some of the class *Lumachelli*, having an ash grey, a yellow, or a blackish tint, and containing petrified conchs and fragments of Nautilus, with red, green and blue shades. One specimen, stalactite, *Chaux carbonatée concretionnée*, was of a snow white; in parts of a pearly lustre, with fluted fibres and portions of testacea, translucent, brittle and semi-dura. From this species is extracted the oriental white

alabaster used for the finest sculpture and relievo; and should the expectations of Sr. Zancajo be realized of finding a large bed of it, a source of considerable wealth might thus be opened; the vicinity of the Havana rail road, and the level state of the country admitting of an easy transportation to the capital.*

But to return to Guines and subjects more congenial to the taste of the majority of my readers, let me advise the traveller who passes a single day in that city to procure an introduction to "the Consul;" a soubriquet bestowed on one of its citizens who, from his untiring attention to every visiter, richly merits the title. Do you want a horse, a volante; do you wish to purchase any thing, or having already bought, find that you have been cheated; will you go to a ball, the cock-pit, or to any of the neighboring plantations—in short, do you wish for anything in Guines, a few paces from the Mansion House will be found a shoemaker's shop, where, amid his busy workmen, he stands, who can supply your every want. There he holds his daily levées, and his evening soirées, visited by all; even the lieutenant-governor often steps in to taste his coffee or gurapo, invitingly placed on his counter, which serves the double purpose of a table for his friends and a cutting board for his leather. His services are indispensable to every stranger; and while he makes a small profit from the hire of his horses and volantes, you feel that you are amply repaid by the hearty good will with which he looks after all your commissions, and the knowledge that he does not subject you to extortion in his charges. We had determined to cross the country to Matanzas, and having sent our trunks by the rail-road to Havana to be forwarded by a steamer, we proceeded to the lieutenant-governor to have our passports, which we had the day previous taken for Havana, changed for others for Matanzas. But here an unforeseen difficulty arose; we were informed that the list with our names had been sent to the Havana police, and the lieutenant-governor, who had seen service in Mexico, did not altogether like our wayward movements, and made many other objections to granting new ones. At length, when we had almost despaired of success, "he said, bring your Consul with you here after din-

ner." We accordingly returned at the appointed time, when a few words from our influential friend seemed to solve the mystery of our sudden change of route, and remove all the difficulty. "He thought you were Englishmen," he told us, laughing, "and half suspected you were abolitionists; but I assured him that you were true Americans, and here are your passports, pay two rials for them." All doubts as to our country being removed, we were very courteously treated; the lieutenant-governor gratuitously assuring us that the roads were quite free from robbers, and we complimenting him on the efficient and active police of his partido, of which we knew as much as he did of the safety of the roads. Apropos, the English are more detested here than even in France, and the American will do well on every occasion to make known his country, or he will often pay as dearly here for speaking his mother tongue as on the continent of Europe.

Among our fellow boarders, who numbered about forty, were representatives from nearly all the sections of our widely extended country, from Maine to Louisiana. Planters and merchants, indian-agents, lawyers and jailors, clergymen and physicians, all intent on one object, the prolongation of life. It may readily be supposed, that their respective ailments formed for each sufferer the favorite topic of conversation; but there was also a class whose improving health and cheerful spirits rendered their society agreeable, and the house did not, in all its parts, resemble a hospital, which it certainly did where the more debilitated congregated to tell over their sufferings. Taking leave of all our acquaintances, and of our worthy host and his kind family, early the next morning I took my seat beside my *compagnon de voyage* in the volante which had been brought to the door, and gave the word to the postilion that all was ready. But all was not—intending to occupy two days in the journey, we had hired three relay horses, for which and their driver no passports had been obtained, for horses require them as well as their riders, and we were told that they could not be got before the lapse of two hours; so, after a consultation with our postilion, we set off with the promise that they should soon follow us. One who has not rode in a Cuba volante can form no idea of the ease of their motion. With their enormous wheels, long heavy shafts and low hung chaise-like body suspended on broad leathern straps to the cross pieces of the frame, and quite in front of the axle, they seem at first sight clumsy. But they are very light on the shaft horse, or the small animal placed there with a heavy postilion on his back, when in single harness, has more strength than the largest of our American horses. We had, however, three; the two outside ones being attached on either side the shafts by traces to the first cross-piece near the body. The postilion rode on the

*In the Pueblo del Cano are several mineral springs, those of Aquacate and Lima, and that of Cantarancas, the latter highly impregnated with salts and sulphur. Obsidian and sand, fit for fire bricks, clay used extensively in pottery and decomposed pumice stone are also there found. In las Poyas and Cacaragicas, serpentine of a pure green color, sometimes passing into a blackish shade, intermingled with garniss, and of a conoidal texture, has been collected near the arroyo del Gato. Hornblende, red jasper, silicate of aluminous iron, deutoxide of aluminous iron, sardonix perfectly conoidal, heliotrope, lignite, micaceous sand, magnetic pyrites, magnetic iron, antimony and bismuth are also among the minerals that have been found in the two latter places.

left horse, and the right had a pair of reins fixed to the side of the volante, by which he was to be held in by us on going down a hill, while a strap four feet long, connecting his head to that of the middle horse, kept him from straying too far to the right, and another, attached to the bit of the latter, and held by the postilion, prevented his being pulled after him. The traces were of rope, the harness much the worse for wear, and the horses had apparently, for some time past, been dragging out a miserable existence, if their skeleton frames told the truth. Their tails were, however, tightly braided à-la-mode, and their extremities lashed to their cruppers, and with something like an effort to hurry, they scrambled off, one after the other, under the repeated lashes of the postilion, and we soon reached the open country. Our road, after leaving the vicinity of the city, ran along the foot of the mountain, which bound the plain on its northern side, over a gently undulating surface. It was, moreover, McAdamized here and there with large stones a foot or two in diameter, thrown in heaps wherever a cart had previously been bogged; and over and around these we trotted, or rather scrambled at the rate of five or six miles an hour, with far more ease to ourselves than could be expected from the appearance of the road. Not so, however, with the poor beasts they had imposed on us for horses. The central one, with nearly the whole weight of the volante and its contents on his back, and hampered by the shafts which did not reach as far as his shoulders, seemed scarcely able to struggle through the difficulties that beset him on every side. Now his four legs would be all entangled with each other; then the horse to the right would sheer off at a wide angle and jerk his head after him with the leash connecting them, and anon he would return slapdash against him, forcing him against the postilion who, dashing away his head, and jumping his own animal in front of him, would suddenly arrest his progress, almost crushing him between the two; and then he would again be dragged forwards with the whole vehicle by the sudden efforts of the others. In this manner, we were carried over rocks and through mud holes, up hills and down into ponds, with scarcely any jolting, although the body of the volante rolled and pitched like a small boat in a short sea. As to an upset, the first deep hole into which one wheel sank while the other was elevated on a high bank, assured us that such an occurrence could not by any possible means take place. The face of the country, as we proceeded, gradually changed from that of the fertile plain of Guines to one wild and unsettled, with hills of waste barren land, and potreros void of cattle. Now and then, the isolated cottage of a harriero, or of a small farmer, and one or two ruins of old churches were seen, by their loneliness, enhancing the desolate appearance of the country, nor did the deep silent woods through

which we occasionally rode, remove any of the sombre air which hung over the scenery. At length, after riding nearly three hours, we caught sight of the white-washed church of Madruga, perched on a distant high hill, and leaving the undulating grounds of the lowlands, we commenced the ascent of the elevated land on which the village lay. The scenery now changed to one of exceeding beauty, made up of thickly wooded hills and small valleys covered with a rich cultivation, amid which the cottage and the mansion seemed to repose in happy security; while moving teams of oxen or pack-horses, and men laboring in the fields presented a lively contrast to the lonely and desolate wilds we had just left. Slowly clambering up the last hill, our postilion, who with all his stolid looks had a spice of pride in him, walked his horses until close to the village, and then, with a sudden start, attempted to dash through the streets; but the already tired animals, not entering into the spirit of the thing, it was a complete failure, and they only scrambled along up to the door of our posada. This was a large building of two stories, on the corner of the public square, with one end occupied as a tienda, containing the usual show of bottles of sweet oil, cordials and wines, a bar and counter, and the medley always seen in a country store. It was by his counter that our host received us with a bow, and offered us seats; but when he learned from our postilion that the "Consul" had strongly recommended us to his particular attentions, he at once declared that "the whole house and all it contained were at our service," and forthwith ushered us up a narrow stairs into a spacious room above, which, during the bathing season, when many from Havana resort to this place to use the neighboring mineral waters, served the double purpose of a parlor by day and a ball room at night. From the balcony, a fine view was obtained of a long valley, the gently undulating surface of which was covered by the rich verdure of the cane, by coffee estates and farms, with the ever graceful royal palm scattered singly, or in groups, over its whole extent, and sugar houses, mansions and groups of negro huts half concealed by groves of mangoes and oranges; while on the left, the Madruga mountains, in a long extended line, raised abruptly their wooded ridges and precipitous sides, broken into numerous peaks by intersecting ravines. There was not one rugged feature in the whole; a rich verdure clad the mountains and carpeted the lowlands; and as it brought back to my recollection similar scenery in Switzerland, amid which, in by-gone days, I had often loitered, I could not but own that this surpassed in loveliness the fairest I had there beheld. I was, however, soon called from the enjoyment of the sense of sight to one more congenial with my wants, by the summons of our host to breakfast. Our table was covered with a clean white cloth, and the repast of fresh

eggs, rice, plantains, meats and excellent bread which was spread before us, soon engrossed all our thoughts. After the meal, under his guidance, I visited the sulphur spring near by, which is celebrated for its medicinal qualities. On our way, we passed the square surrounded by low cottages, during the season teeming with life and fashion, now closed and silent; and taking a path to the left, after descending for a short distance, we reached the bathing houses and spring. The latter was bold, running from a well six feet deep, and leaving a white deposit in the gutters that conveyed its waters to the different baths. Its taste was sweet, and it is but slightly aperient, but the strong sulphurous smell which pervaded the place plainly indicated its strength. The basins were of stone, large enough to accommodate about ten persons in each, and the other arrangements were good, without any show of comfort. They are resorted to in March and April, when the dullness of the place is changed to a stirring activity. Good boarding is obtained for \$1.50 a day, but the wealthier families have private mansions on the adjoining hills which they occupy only at this time. The village and its suburbs are said to have more than a thousand inhabitants, but I suspect the census was taken during the bathing season, for it now did not appear to contain two hundred; it is only four leagues from Guines and would form a pleasant retreat for invalids during the heats of spring. Our resting place for the day was but nine miles distant, and we hastened to depart, that we might reach it before the norther, which we saw gathering its misty shroud in the horizon, could overtake us. Our host was attentive to all our wants to the moment of parting, and when he could do nothing more, gave us multiplied good wishes for a pleasant journey. The horses which, at our expense and against the articles of our contract, had made a hearty meal, seemed somewhat inspirited by that unusual occurrence, and we were quickly carried to the foot of the mountains, up the steep acclivities of which the road began to wind through one of the ravines. We passed several hills of coarse granite, whose sterile soil yielded sustenance only to the stunted palmettos of the Savannas, which, scattered over its surface, with their fan-like leaves disposed in whirls from the center, looked like so many gigantic nests. The highlands now enclosed us on every side, and completely shut out the view, and to add to the wildness of the scenery large scuds, the rapid forerunners of the norther, were swiftly sweeping over our heads, so low that they seemed but a few feet above the surrounding heights. Urging our horses to their utmost speed, we gained a small valley cultivated in sugar cane, but which, from the old orange trees seen among it, we knew had formerly been planted in coffee. The steam engine was busily at work expressing the rich juice from the canes which lay in large piles around the

sugar house, and looked so ripe and tempting, that after asking the way of the bueyero, who had just arrived with his ox-cart ladened fresh from the field, we begged for a few pieces. He immediately selected some of the best, and trimming off the hard envelope, presented them to us. A ride of a league more, and we saw the bamboo avenue which led to the mansion of the Carlotta estate, and driving hastily through its deeply shaded walks, arrived at the house, just as the storm broke over our heads, and the clouds, dissolved in showers of mist, were driven by the violent gusts of wind into every part of the volante. We made a hasty retreat into the piazza, where the administrator, in the absence of the owner, received us with much kindness, and under his hospitable roof we soon found ourselves, in homely phrase, quite at ease. This is one of the most beautiful and best arranged estates I have ever visited. The house, which is built in the style of the English cottage, is surrounded by a wide piazza, along the border of which a thick hedge of perpetual roses rises nearly to the balustrades, while a garden, rich in every variety of flowers and shrubs, adjoining the back of the house, offered a pleasant promenade to its inmates. The site was elevated, and commanded an extensive view of the coffee grounds, with its alleys of palm and orange which lay in the vale below, and of the rich cane fields which stretched out to the very foot of the opposite hills, studded over with isolated palms, the verdure of the whole rendered still brighter by the recent rains. Eastward, the habitations of the slaves, neat, white-washed, stone cottages, were placed on either side of a spacious level tract of ground; at one extremity of which, near the entrance to the estate, were seen a large airy building, the hospital, and a few yards from it the general kitchen in which all their food was prepared; while a capacious coffee storehouse, and a mill for separating the berries from their pulpy envelope occupied the other end of the square. The whole presented the appearance of a miniature village; and as I saw the laborers retiring to their homes after their day's toil had ceased, and gazed on the troops of young creoles gambolling about them free from all care for the future, I could not but contrast their state with that of the half starved and overworked slaves of the English manufacturing districts, and concluding that the lot of the Cuba slave, when under a proper discipline, was the happier one. Between this group of habitations and the neighboring hills were a large number of thatched huts, from which most unmelodious cries rose on the evening air;—these were the pig and poultry houses of the slaves, the source of many a hard dollar to them, and where several were now engaged in giving to their hogs their meal of plantain leaves and cane. There were about three hundred negroes on the estate, chiefly the old, and those who were not sufficiently

robust to work on the owner's sugar estate. Indeed, although it once yielded one hundred thousand dollars from a single crop, the Carlotta is now retained almost solely as a country seat and as an asylum for the infirm slaves. It is, however, a perfect nursery for children, for whose especial use twenty cows are kept, and so judicious is their treatment that very few die. The land is very elevated, and the well which supplies the slaves as well as animals with water is more than three hundred feet deep, cut through the lime stone rock. In 1813 all the coffee shrubs were killed by a frost; which induced them to plant amid the new trees numerous plantains, the broad leaves of which quite protected them in 1822, when a slight frost was again formed, although the plantains themselves were destroyed.

Our host, who was a Frenchman, and well informed on all the passing events of the times in Europe as well as in America, had, for many years, attended to the agricultural interests of the family to which the owner of this estate belonged, and had wisely invested the snug fortune he had here accumulated in landed property in France. He was a tall, noble-looking specimen of manhood, and on account of those very advantages had fled to Spain, when all such were eagerly sought for in France to fill the ranks of the Emperor. Thence he had come to Cuba, and his flight had proved that if he cared little for glory, his present comfortable position was an earnest of the good sense he possessed. After passing a pleasant evening in his company and that of his wife, a lady from the United States, we retired to our chambers, as the crack of the whip, thrice repeated, summoning the slaves to rest, was distinctly heard from the distant boheas. Early the next morning, after a light repast and taking leave of our kind host and his family, we once more occupied our seats in the volante. We had not proceeded far before the gait of our horses struck us as being very similar to that of those which had dragged us along the previous day, and on interrogating the postilion we learned that but one had been changed, the other two of the relays not being draft horses. It would have been unjust to have vented our spleen on him, so we proceeded in silence, "nursing our wrath to keep it warm," determined to send it sealed up in a double sheet to the owner of the animals. To add to our vexation, we soon learned that the horses would not walk up a single hill unless we did so before them, and as these increased in number and height as we approached Matanzas, it required no great effort to close our hearts against any charitable feelings towards their owner, who, by-the-bye, was not the "Consul." Our road lay over a rolling country presenting but little to interest the traveller, until we reached the St. Juan river, along the fertile banks of which the ground was in a high state of cultivation. About a league from the city,

we passed a sugar refinery, the only one in the island, and that one owned by a citizen of the United States. Yet, strange to relate, in a country where the abundance of sugar is only excelled by its inferior quality, even this single establishment has to look abroad for support, and sends much of its sugars to old Spain. Being made from fresh muscovado, it retains the rich flavor of the cane, and is far superior to any refined in the United States, where the very refuse of sugars is used to make the loaf. The appearance of Matanzas as we entered it was not prepossessing, for our postilion drove us through by-streets of low, mean-looking houses, and brought us to our hotel near the bridge of the Yumuri, without our having seen any but the worst part of the town. This city derived its name from the murder of certain Castilians by the Indians, during the earlier settlement of the island, when, according to Herrera, a number emigrated hither from Havana; only one man* and two women were saved, the Indians escaping in their canoes to the other side of the bay. The place was thence called Matanzas,† signifying the slaughter of a battle-field. It is situated at the head of the bay, on a mangrove swamp which has been partly reclaimed, and on the rising grounds which lie between the two small rivers St. Juan and Yumuri. The water is so shallow, even at the extremity of its long wharf, that none but boats of light drafts can approach it; and the shipping is moored in the bay a mile from the town, launches being employed to load and unload them. Soon after being made a port of entry, it increased rapidly in size, and now extends an arm through the mangroves on the South, called the Pueblo Nuevo, and another towards the Cumbra, named Versalles, while it covers a large space of ground between the rivers which separate it from those two parts. The whole population of the city and its suburbs is 19,124, of whom 10,304 are whites, 3,041 are free colored, and 5,779 are slaves. Besides a small church in Pueblo Nuevo, it contains another well-

* This man was preserved three years by a Cacique, who saved his life and treated him as his own son, until the arrival of Narvaez in the province Habana; when, preceded by three hundred Indians bearing presents, he went out to receive the Spaniards and delivered up his guest. His imitative powers appear to have been strong, for the historian remarks, that he retained all the habits of the Indians, squatting on the ground, and using his mouth and hands like them.

Historia de la Isla de Cuba por Antonio J. Valdes.

† Matanzas was founded in 1693 by Manzaneda, then the governor of Cuba, who, on Saturday, the tenth of October, commenced the city at the plaza de armas and laid out the streets and the site of the church. The place was consecrated a few days after by D. Diego Evelino de Compostela, who erected a cross on the spot, and blessed the first stone then laid in its foundation by the governor. They are now, 1843, just finishing the front by the erection of a second tower. The next day, they selected the place called the Punta Gorda for the erection of a castle, which they named after the governor, San. Severino.—Valdes.

built edifice now undergoing improvement; a theatre, a cock pit of course, large handsome barracks, a fine spacious hospital for the poor, the military and strangers, a well built and new prison, several public and private schools, a college, and a single mantua-maker and milliner, which I mention for the especial benefit of my countrywomen, the Spanish creoles making all their own dresses. The paseo forms a pleasanter promenade than any in Havana, and commands a fine view of the bay and the surrounding country, and the plaza is as large as that of the latter city. During the year 1841, when the commerce of the island was much depressed, 480 vessels entered its bay, and 558 sailed from it, paying to the government, in tonnage and other duties on their cargoes, etc., nearly a million of dollars: 302 of these vessels were American bottoms. Its importations the same year amounted to \$1,995,311, of which \$434,599 were for lumber from the United States; and its exportations to \$4,374,780, of which \$3,733,879 were for sugar, \$351,733 for molasses, and \$163,385 for coffee. The houses are chiefly of stone brought from the neighboring cliffs of the Yumuri, and are built in the same durable manner as those of Havana, with their windows barricadoed by iron bars. The number of those built of wood on the bay, and the English heard at every step in that busy street give it much of the appearance of an American town to the stranger who approaches it from the sea. It is certainly the most quiet city I have ever visited; scarcely a single person being met in the streets after 10 o'clock at night, and the silence being only broken by the whistle and repeated cry of the watchman, who, with his lantern, spear and double brace of pistols, will be frequently seen by the pedestrian at that hour. During the three winters I passed in its vicinity, often visiting the town, I heard of but one assassination, and one bold attempt at house-breaking; yet the stranger will no where hear more tales of murderers and robbers than he will in Matanzas, which on investigation are found to refer to years ago. Even now I was greeted with fearful accounts of the disturbed state of the very partido whither I was going, Limonar; but as the letters from my friends there contained nothing relative to it, I strongly doubted the credibility of what I heard. There are many beautiful drives near Matanzas, and no stranger will quit the place without visiting the Cumbra, and the celebrated vale of the Yumuri. Leaving the city at early dawn in a volante and three horses, we crossed the bridge of the latter river, and commenced the ascent of the high hill which leads to the Cumbra. It was, in a great measure, bare of trees, but its whole extent was covered with a carpet of yellow flowers, that, from a distance, gave to it a beautiful appearance. Following a road of the roughest kind imaginable, we passed behind the large barracks and hospital, and the solitary man-

sion with its pillared and arched front, which strikes the attention of the traveller, on sailing up the bay, by its lonely appearance. Not a tree was planted near it, for the Spaniards fear too much their tendency to attract the lightning to permit one to grow near their houses; but its cool verandahs, and the fine view it commanded of the bay and city proved the good taste of its wealthy owner. Our horses were urged to a gallop wherever the road at all permitted that gait without endangering our safety, and we soon reached the narrow ridge of the Cumbra, more than a thousand feet above the sea. As I walked along the now level road, I knew not on which side to fix my gaze, the landscape was everywhere so beautiful. Seaward, was the wide ocean, and more than thirty miles of the coast towards Havana in full view; while the bay of Matanzas, dwindled in size, looked like a smooth, broad river leading to the city, whose houses were spread out over a level tract at its head. On the other side of the road, far down, below our very feet, lay the lovely vale of the Yumuri, with its grounds now broken into peaked hills, now gently undulating, its palms, its cane fields, its farms and its cottages. As the morning mist, which partially enshrouded it, rolled up the sides of the surrounding mountains, and object after object became lit by the bright sun's rays, throwing into bold relief the portions illuminated, while the shadow of the Cumbra still lay on the rest, it brought back to my recollection those graphic descriptions of tropical scenery given by St. Pierre in his *Paul et Virginie*; and as I gazed on the palm thatched cottage below me, perched on the very pinnacle of a small conical hill, and listened to the distant crowing of the cock, and the bleating of the kids, I could not but envy the poor montero his secluded abode, so quiet and happy did it look. The valley is quite small, which adds to its beauty, and is so hemmed in by its high surrounding hills, to the West stretching far away, that it seems almost inaccessible; while its oriental air, and calm, peaceful appearance is increased by the contrast of the wildness of the surrounding heights. But the heart is pained on recurring to its past history; and as fancy sketches to the mind the carnage which this place has witnessed of its former innocent inhabitants, it seems well that the name of the neighboring town should be significant of slaughter. It was here, that in 1511 numbers of the aborigenes were cruelly massacred by the Spaniards, and the remainder, driven to the surrounding hills and hunted by bloodhounds, rushed to the precipices that overhang the Yumuri river, over which they threw themselves, crying out in their despair, "io mori, io mori,"* "I die, I die;" whence the name of the valley and river. On the ridge were several private residences, into one of

* The word Yumuri, the first name of the place, is said by others to have arisen from the lamentations of an Indian, who there suffered martyrdom from the Spaniards.

which, being invited by the owner, we were regaled with a glass of fresh milk, that most uncommon article in a Cuba country house. During our descent of the hill, while returning to the city, several most beautiful landscapes were presented of its bay and shipping, and its whole suburbs. Turning off by a road which began close by the bridge of the Yumuri, we rode rapidly along its level surface, and entered the gap which leads to the valley. Close to us lay the placid waters of the little stream spread out into a miniature lake, while the opposite precipices overhung it with immense, rugged festoons of partly colored rock, and massive stalactites, beneath which the entrance to a large cave was seen. Suddenly, the valley in all its beauty burst on our view, and after lingering awhile to enjoy the picture, we returned to the city, and driving up the hill behind it, again regaled our sight with the varied landscape, the valley, the town, the bay, and the surrounding country. Our ride occupied three hours, and I had never before looked on so many different views in the same space of time. The panorama changed at every step, and the whole was so lovely, that the heart was kept in one continued flutter of delight. Matanzas is declared by all its inhabitants to be the healthiest city in the universe, but its surrounding mangrove swamps induced me to doubt it, and I asked Belle, a fellow citizen of Charleston, who keeps a fine bathing house, and is moreover a living receptacle of all the news in the city, about its health—"My good sir," she replied, "every body had fever-and-ague last summer." By-the-bye, my countrywoman is quite a blue stocking, and has travelled as far as Paris; although not a direct descendant of Japheth, she is very entertaining, and a seat in her parlor, amid the gentlemen who make it a lounge, will introduce the stranger to all the topics of the day. To verify her opinion, I became sick myself, and experiencing all the discomforts of a boarding-house of not the cleanliest kind, although the best in the city, I determined to leave as soon as the return of health permitted me to do so. My departure was in better style than that from Guines; the volante was a fine one, and three strong horses, under the guidance of a young negro postilion, dressed in an embroidered jacket and having a long sword lashed to his side, carried me rapidly along. Soon after crossing the bridge of the St. Juan, connecting the city with the Pueblo Nueva, we reached the shores of the bay, along which the road ran more than a mile, and overtook four volantes filled with ladies bound also for the country. They were escorted by a horseman, dressed in a pair of white pantaloons, with his large loose shirt over them, fluttering in the sea breeze as he galloped by their side, and armed with a long Spanish fusil, and the Toledo blade lashed to his back. He was one of those fine specimens of manhood not unfrequently seen among the monteros; tall and

erect, his brawny limbs without a portion of superabundant flesh, with his bold bearing he seemed able to face a dozen poltroon robbers. For a moment, I regretted the absence of my pistols, but as I had a well filled purse I knew that if attacked, of which I felt assured there was scarcely a probability, I should get off with only a moderate beating. Our party moved gaily on by the margin of the beautiful bay, with its fleet of vessels at anchor on its blue waters, and the heavy launches conveying to them the produce of the country, or returning to the city with loads of their discharged cargoes. The waves, propelled by a north wind, were dashing high over the rocks of its southern shore, guarding its whole extent by a line of breakers; while over the shoal water near by, several pelicans were slowly sailing, their cumbrous beaks pointing forwards like bowsprits, and their heads turning with one eye downwards then the other, searching their prey in the crystal waters beneath. On the margin of the reef, a brig of about three hundred tons was hove down, and men were busily employed in cleansing her bottom with burning tar: she had just landed near the bay eight hundred slaves from Africa; for the trade, although it has diminished on account of the low price of negroes, still continues, and receives the private support of the island government by their connivance at the open infringement of the laws. On the right lay the mangrove swamps, covered with water and exposed to the full heat of the sun, the bushes having been all cut down the preceeding summer, for the purpose of tanning hides, the bark being used for that purpose. A large number of convicts were at work on its borders cutting transverse trenches in the soft coral rock, and squaring the blocks already raised from the bed. Each had the free end of his chain attached to his waist, while the other was securely fastened to his ankle, and their clanking at every movement of the body, as the pickaxe rose and fell to the ground, reminded me strongly of the galley slaves seen about Naples. They were under a guard of soldiers with loaded muskets, and seemed to work together, both whites and blacks, without any promptings from their overseer. The road, as we ascended the highlands before us, was alive with numerous harrieros, carrying corn and other farming products into the city; and caballeros, mounted on fine pacing barbs, with solid silver buckles and plates spread profusely over the head pieces and bit and holsters; themselves, armed with long swords having large silver basket hilts, and massive spurs of the same metal, urging their steeds to a rapid speed, their swords jerking about, and their spurs jingling, looked not unlike so many knight-errants in search of adventures. Now and then, we passed a montero with his wife, or sweetheart riding in front of him on the same alvarado, his arm around her waist, and his hand holding the loose reins, the slightest pressure of

which against the neck of his intelligent steed sufficed to guide him. We crossed rather a barren country for a couple of leagues, when my postilion turning to the left through a newly made road, I parted company with the other volantes, and entered a succession of deep woods. I now met few persons, but a solitary traveller could occasionally be seen riding rapidly along, his valise buckled to the back of his saddle, and his holsters fixed to the crupper. My postilion, who seemed impatient to arrive at the end of his journey, kept the horses in a continued trot, galloping up all the hills, and we soon reached the Canimar river, which, seen from the high grounds we were descending, presented a picturesque landscape. From its margin, high cliffs rose abruptly, covered with air plants, vines and shrubbery, having their summits crowned by large timber; while the stream silently glided out of one gorge in the mountains to enter another, and was soon lost to the view. On the opposite shore was the Caserio, the embarcadero at which all the produce of the surrounding country is shipped by launches to Matanzas, its warehouses reaching to the very edge of the water; while a road was seen leading up the steep hill behind it, with several ox-carts slowly descending into the village. On the banks I met two pretty girls with their horses, afraid to enter the swollen stream; they gazed wistfully at my volante, and I was more than half tempted to offer a passage; but my postilion driving suddenly into the water, which rose nearly to the top of the seat, I lost all thought of them in a desire to protect myself. After floundering about a while, we reached the other shore; and driving through the crowded streets of the Caserio, or small village, where hides, boxes of sugar, pack horses, oxen, carts and harrieros seemed all mingled in one mass, we moved rapidly over the stony road that led to my future residence. It was but two leagues distant, and I soon saw its lime hedge and coffee shrubs, and its numerous orange trees laden with their golden fruit. A few more cracks of the whip, and I entered its avenue of low trimmed orange, and was set down at the door of the house, receiving the warm welcome of my kind friend. As I had passed the larger part of the two preceeding winters on this estate, I was known to all the slaves, who, as they passed, greeted me by low salaams, the most graceful of all bows; the arms being crossed on the chest, the head bent, and the body half bending, half sinking, and retiring slightly. The young creoles, who were gamboling on the secaderos, naked black imps, sent up a shout of "el medico, el medico," not unmindful of the dulces I had often thrown among them on a Sunday afternoon; and the large bloodhound, the frequent and close companion of many of my former rambles about the estate, suddenly recognizing me, expressed his joy by whining and rubbing all the red clay dust from his rough coat on my clothes.

I could not but rejoice heartily in the change from the cold civilities of an hotel, to the unstinted hospitality of a friendly roof; and as I rested in an ample arm-chair from the fatigues of my journey, which, in my debilitated state, had nearly exhausted my strength, I felt that here "I could take mine ease."

The reader will perceive, that in the journey from Havana to Guines and thence to this place, I met with not a single accident; that the means of travelling were easy, and the difficulties of the route only nominal. I moreover was not compelled to speak one word of Spanish; for whenever I left a place, full directions were given to the postilion where to carry me, and as to the dangers of the road, I have learned to disbelieve nine tenths of the tales of robbery I hear, and seldom carry pistols, unless when rambling through unfrequented woods, where the only danger is from the cimarrones. These, being often but a few months from the wilds of Africa, retain much of their native ferocity, but are easily kept off by fire arms. The courtesy of the Spaniard is well known, and there is no country through which a stranger can pass more easily than Cuba, if he will but obey the laws regarding passports, etc., and refrain from an insolent bearing towards those with whom he comes in contact.

El desterrado.



TO MY MOTHER.

BY MRS. MARIA G. BUCHANAN.

List to that music on the summer air,
 Low breathe its tones around.
 —I see a child as opening rosebud fair—
 Upon a woman's neck its arms are wound,
 'Tis from its lips that seraph music wells,
 And *Mother* is the sound
 That echo answers from her mystic cells.

Behold that beautiful and quenchless light,
 Breaking the prison's gloom,
 Like moonbeams on the dusky brow of night
 It gilds with golden rays the convict's doom.
 Oh! 'tis the lustre of a Mother's love,
 Fading not at the tomb,
 Where guilt and shame and fear keep watch above.

Over the ocean of unquiet thought,
 As wave on wave mounts high,
 By passion's stormy tempest overwrought,
 A Mother's voice steals in low melody;
 Calm grows the soul's fierce discord 'neath her will,
 As if her words had caught
 Some portion of *His* might who uttered "Peace, be still."

When tears of meek repentance humbly fall
 From the crushed penitent;
 When 'tween him and his God frowns sin's dark wall,
 A cheering brightness with his woe is blent;
 Oh! 'tis the rainbow of a Mother's smile,
 Which seems as if 'twere sent
 As Mercy's pledge from Him who knew no guile.

Oh! mother, fast between thy child and thee
 A hundred rivers flow,
 But still thy speaking smile's dear witchery
 Is present with me wheresoe'er I go;
 By Fancy's ear thy thrilling voice is heard
 Swelling in harmony,
 Thro' sleep's dim realms by mortal sound unstirred.
 I've left my home upon thy gentle breast,
 Where love and peace are met.
 Within a husband's shelt'ring arms I rest
 And shadowed by his tenderness—but yet,
 Even in that blissful circle of repose,
Thee do I ne'er forget,—
 Thee will I love 'till life's last scene shall close.
 Tho' on thy lofty brow sad age has placed
 The signet of the tomb—
 Though lines by time and sorrow deeply traced
 Now mar the cheek on which the rose did bloom—
 Tho' bent thy form where once reigned perfect grace,
 Oh! yet to cheer this gloom
 Beauty's best sunshine still illumines thy face.
 Thine eyes' clear lustre, beautiful as night
 When stars are on her brow,
 Is yet scarce faded, and love's spirit bright,
 Which on my childhood shed its angel glow,
 Lives yet within them, and undimmed thy smile,
 As when, so sweet and low,
 Thou sangst 'till sleep flung round me her soft wile.
 Oh! mother, loved inspirer of my song,
 Source of its melody,
 With whom are linked the brightest shapes that throng
 'The twilight realms of dark-eyed Memory,
 Accept this humble tribute to thy worth,
 Unworthy far of thee—
 Thee in whose breast all virtues have their birth.
 My Mother, when of thee I think, or speak,
 So perfect is my love,
 The energy of *language* is too weak,
 Its wondrous height and depth to fully prove,—
 Words fail as dies the taper in the blast;
 'Tis known to Him above,
 With whom we hope to live when death's dark gulf is passed.
Wetumpka, Ala., 18th Oct., 1843.

SHELLEY.

(Extract from a Lecture on the "Genius of Shelley.")

BY T. H. CHIVRES, M. D.

"How rose in melody that child of Love!"—*Young.*

Shelley was a poet of the highest order. He was the heavenly nightingale of Albion, whose golden eloquence rent the heart of the rose bud of Love. There is an unstudied, natural elegance of expression about his poems which makes them truly enchanting. There is a subtle delicacy of expression, an indication of the wisdom-loving divinity within—which enervates while it captivates the admiring soul. He was the swiftest-winged bee that ever gathered the golden honey of poetry from the Hybla of this world. He was, among the Poets, in delineating natural objects, what Claude was among the painters in delineating the landscape. All his minor poems, and more

particularly "The Question," "The Zucca," and "The Woodman and the Nightingale," with a few others, are, as poems, what the works of Titian were among the painters—the execution far surpasses the design. They appear to have been written just for the delight which they gave him. The richness of his genius flowed unconfined, and, like a mighty, crystalline river, gathered volume as it onward flowed. Human language never expressed a more sublime, poetical truth than may be found in his "ODE TO LIBERTY," where he calls

"The Dædal Earth,

THAT ISLAND IN THE OCEAN OF THE WORLD.

A more perfect truth was never uttered than the following, which may be found in his "REVOLT OF ISLAM"—"TO THE PURE ALL THINGS ARE PURE."* What, but a generous nature, could have given birth to such a divine sentiment as this? "LET SCORN BE NOT REPAID WITH SCORN."

He was the most purely *ideal* being that ever existed. He possessed the intellectuality of Plato, with the ideality of Æschylus, and the pathos of Sophocles. His divine conceptions are all embalmed in the sacred tenderness of melting pathos. He possessed the artistical skill of Moore, without his *mannerism*. One of his peculiar characteristics is the giving to inanimate objects the attributes of animation. His description of the manner in which the rock overhangs the gulf in "THE CENCI," is an instance of it, where he says it has,

"From unimaginable years,

Sustained itself with terror and with toil

Over a gulf, and WITH THE AGONY

WITH WHICH IT CLINGS SEEMS SLOWLY COMING DOWN."

No lines ever conveyed to me more meaning than the following, wherein you can see the agony of Beatrice setting itself into a resolve:

"All mortal things must hasten thus

To their dark end. LET US GO DOWN."

"THE CENCI" is far superior to any thing written in modern times. The following lines are not to be surpassed by any thing that Shakspeare ever wrote:

*"They say that sleep, THAT HEALING DEW OF HEAVEN,
 STEEPS NOT IN BALM THE FOLDINGS OF THE BRAIN," &c.*

His delineation of the character of Beatrice is true to the original. It is the most effecting beautiful that can be conceived. From the divine fountains of her infinite affections the warm tide of her *female nature* gushes forth in unfathomable fullness. There are no leprous stains of *selfishness* spotting the saintly purity of that divine form which stands before us in all its naked majesty. Her unflinching determination is dignified by its sincerity. I *firmly* believe that any being who could thus be induced to vindicate and revenge her injured honor, contains, in her very nature, the *essence* of all that is noble and good. It is the

* See note at end.

wretchedness by which we are surrounded, which makes us what we are. There is a dignified composure in her resignation to death, which nothing but an inward goodness could impart. Her passions were inspired by a lively respect for the sacredness of her honor, although they were the inaudible prophets of her own destiny. Her love, rising into devotion, is consecrated by her sorrows. There is a mournful sweetness in her death, and we embalm her virtues in our memory, while we weep over her misfortunes!

Shelley has invested the most ideal thoughts in the most beautiful language. His poems are the most perfect idealisms of the subtlety of his divine genius. His spirit was like a Sybil, who saw from the "heaven-kissing hill" of truth the vision of the coming centuries. The seeds of divine liberty, which he has sown in the hearts of England's slaves, will spring up, like immortal Amaranths, in the glorious Summer of To-come. Soon will the Spring of Liberty, which he so much desired, burst forth, in all its splendor, on the enraptured souls of men. Then will her barren nakedness be covered with the green verdure of perpetual happiness. Then will the winter of her slavery be clad in the rich garments of the Summer of Liberty. Then will she appear like a BLESSED ISLAND rising out of an ocean of divine tranquility, greened with the freshness of an immortal SPRING.

His poems are the elms of the soul, where there are many palm trees, and much running water. Hope was the Evening and Morning Star of his life. The mother of his Hope was FAITH; her daughter, PATIENCE; and her husband, LOVE. Life was to him precisely what Jean Paul Richter said of it, "*Man has but two minutes and a half to live—one to smile—one to sigh—and a half to love—for in the middle of this minute he dies!*" He was anointed by the hands of Liberty as the Prophet of humanity. Some of his Elysian scenes are as sadly pleasing as the first sight of the green pastures of our native land, from which we have been absent a long time. We are, while perusing his poems, like a Pilgrim in the LAND OF OLIVES, who sees the mournful aspect of the country around, while tasting of its delicious fruit. He treated the most of his enemies like the King of Aragon did his. When some one railed out against him, he sent him a purse of gold. Being asked the reason for so doing, he replied, "*When dogs bark, their mouths must be stopped by some morsel.*" He was that divine harmonist whose seraphic breathings were the requiem-carols of his soul panting after perfection. There was in his patient spirit something of the tender sorrow which dictated the Book of Job, mixed with the spirit-stirring felicities which filled the heart of Solomon. He embalmed his most tender expressions in the fountain of his heart's best tears, which were the outgoings of the joy of his sorrow. By the astonishing alchemy

of his divine genius, he could transmute the most earthly things into the most heavenly idealities. In his own beautiful language on the "DEATH OF KEATS,"

*"He is made one with Nature; there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moon
Of thunder, to the song of Night's sweet bird."*

He is the "PRINCE ATHANASE" of his own beautiful creation.

*"He had a gentle, yet aspiring mind;
Just, innocent, with various learning fed;
His soul had wedded wisdom, and her dower
Is love and justice, clothed in which he awoke
Apart from men, as in a lonely tower,
Pitying the tumult of their dark estate.
For none than he a purer heart could have,
Or that loved good more for itself alone;
Of nought in heaven or earth was he the slave."*

The difference between Byron's poetry and Shelley's consists in this, that the breathings of the former are the melancholy outbreaks of a spirit at war, from disappointment, with the world; those of the latter are the pathetic expressions of a soul which panted after an *ideal of intellectual perfection*. Shelley carolled for the listening ears of an enraptured world, while Byron sang its requiem. Byron was like the sun in eclipse. Shelley was like "Hesperus, the leader of the starry host of heaven."

Moore is as different from both, as they are from each other. His poetry is the heart-sustaining expressions of the phases of his own uninterrupted pleasures. Though widely different from Byron's, in many respects, yet it has the same object in view in regard to the perfection of man. They were no reformers—they appealed immediately to the affections and the passions of men. They wrote for the Present and the Future, when it should become Present, without any determinate object in view, save that of conferring on mankind, in general, the same kind of delight which they experienced themselves in their own compositions. Shelley was a *reformer*—he had a more lofty object in view. His poetry is the liquid expressions of that undying self-sacrificing desire within, to *perfect* the nature of MAN—to establish some principle, through the deathless yearnings of the divinity within him, for his regeneration. The poetry of Byron and Moore will satisfy the intellectual wants of a Nation, far inferior to what Shelley conceived as his *ideal* of human greatness. The poetry of Byron and Moore is the studied expression of the inspiration of the divinity within. Shelley's poetry is the *artless* expression of the *perfection* of Art. It proceeded from the burning fountains of his soul, in the unpremeditated exercise of his prolific genius, with as much unstudied sweetness, for the gratification of the intellectual wants of perfectly mature man, as did the crystalline waters from the ROCK OF HORREB, when stricken by the rod of

Moses, to quench the parching thirst of the Israelites in the valley of Rephidim.

It was the Venus Urania—the intellectual love—which is the handmaid of the heavenly Uranian Muse—which inspired the poetry of Shelley. She was the virgin which kept the fires of love upon the altar of his heart forever bright. It was the Venus Pandemos which inspired the poetry of Byron and Moore—as it appeals more directly to the passions of man. The poetry of Shelley was presided over by the elder Venus, the daughter of Uranus, who had no mother, but was co-eternal with the divine *Berazhith*. The poetry of Byron and Moore, and all the poets of passion, is the inspiration of the younger Venus, the daughter of Jupiter and Dione, who is called the *Pandemian*. Those who gaze upon the divine countenance of the Venus Urania, are ever afterwards impressed with the god-like grandeur of the immortal mind. She is the aspiration of the love of the intellectual. Those who gaze upon the less radiant countenance of the Venus Pandemos are inspired with a passion to adore the form—not the soul. The former is the companion of the spiritual—the latter of the corporeal. The Venus Urania lives in the poetry of Shelley as the perfume does in the flower—she is the soul of the body of his verse. The intellectual love is the divine redolence of the rosebuds of thought, which adorn the enchanting garden of his soul. He has arrayed the spotless body of his divine love in the snow-white linen garments of the purest poetry. He stands in the TEMPLE OF FAME like a BAS RELIEF cut in the solid wall—you can never move him without pulling it down.

* Note to p. 104. Shelley was probably indebted for this beautiful sentiment to the Bible, in which the following passage occurs. "Unto the pure all things are pure; but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving nothing is pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled." Epis. to Tit. I., 15. Though he denied its truth, his mind could not but have appreciated the poetical and moral beauties of the Bible.

Ed. Mess.

GOODNESS.

There is a grace in Goodness that outshines
The pomp of Kings. 'Tis loftier than lines
Of beauty—it commands the soul with all
Its deep affections—it becomes the brow
Better than coronals of gold—the low
Cluster about it as a gift—the proud
Kneel at its shrine, and Wisdom who hath plough'd
The sea, and traced the sources of the streams
That feed it: who hath realized the dreams
Of fancy in her developements, and borne
The Past upon her palm—e'en she hath gone
And bow'd herself to Goodness.

J. S. R.

New Haven, Conn., 1843.

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

BY D. H. ROBINSON.

This poem is a counterpart to one by the same author, entitled, we think, "the Faith of Woman," published in the late *Magnolia*. This was also intended for that popular Magazine; but on its suspension, its accomplished Editor kindly sent it to the Messenger.—Ed. Mess.

TO ISABELLA.

DEAREST, will you accept this little poem as some slight atonement for the slander against your gentle sex contained in the rhymes you wot of?—The Author.

"Where should this music be? 't' the air or the earth?
* * * * * Sitting on a bank

Weeping
It crept by me upon the waters
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air!"—The Tempest.

"I hate inconstancy—I loathe, detest,
Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal made
Of such quicksilver clay, that in his breast
No permanent foundation can be laid,
And yet last night"——

Byron.

I.

With golden gladness came the Sun
From the blue skies, the world upon—
Sending afar his glorious glance
Over the vine-clad hills of France.
Oh the young Morning! She is fair
And breathes a blessing everywhere!—
Whether she come to glad the eyes
Of those who gaze on Persian skies—
Or, like a glance of hope that falls
With cheering power on prison walls,
Her car of fire with wheels of gold
O'er the dim Iceland heaven is rolled—
Or when, like patriot's wreath of fame,
She wraps the prairie-land in flame—
Or when in joyful pride she comes
To gild with glory Southern homes,
And Earth, like maid with rosy lips
A draught of dewy sunlight sips,—
Still is she beautiful and grand
In every clime, on every land:
Yet brighter far than o'er them all,
Comes Morning over glorious Gaul!

A young and gallant knight is he
Who rideth o'er the plain:—
From battling on right manfully
To set the holy city free
Of infidels profane;—
From doing deeds of chivalry,—
He rideth on right joyfully
To his dear home again!

He who, for many a weary hour,
Hath battled 'gainst the Moslem power,
Whose eye alone hath caught the gleams
That on the red God's banner dance,
Now drinketh in the peaceful beams
Of Morning in his native France.

And well may joy, like sunrise, now
Break brightly o'er the young knight's brow:
And when he gazeth on that scene
With every gorgeous color sheen—
Upon the mountains bathing high
Their foreheads in the cold clear sky—
Upon the fields of waving grain,
That flash the sunlight back again—
Upon the carpet of the grass
Where fairy feet alone should pass—

Upon the sparkling of the rill,
That lespeth joyful from the hill,
And murmurs, whilst it rolls along,
Over the verdant sod,
A sweet and tributary song
To its Creator, God!—
Upon the charms on every hand
That deck alone his native land,
Like a bright spirit-band who throng
Alone to some dear home of song;—
Well may a gushing pleasure start
From the deep fountains of his heart!

And more: The Deity who sends
To man each stream of pain and woe
With every bitter wavelet blends
The rolling of some pleasure-flow;—
The sky that frowns with night awhile,
Will brighten with a moonlight smile;—
The rosy Spring trips o'er a sod
Where Winter's icy feet have trod;—
And when, with bosom wildly beating,
A lover from his lady parts,
How joyful ah! shall be the meeting
Between those severed faithful hearts!
And our young knight, when first he roved
To battle with the Paynim's power,
Had parted in a woeful hour
With a bright lady whom he loved:
And now to meet her once again
He deemeth soon shall be his fate;
And over hill and dale and plain
Well may the young knight ride elate!

Alas for hope! Oh who could deem
That with the coming morrow
The sun of joyfulness, whose gleam
Was round him like some happy dream,
Would set in gulfs of sorrow?—
And he was rushing blindly on,
Beneath the day's empurpled dawn,
To mournfulness and horror!
Who hath not witnessed scenes like this,
When, full of hopefulness and bliss,
The doomed one hastens to the strife
And blindly poureth out his life?
As the proud eagle roams on high
The cloudy path-ways of the sky;—
With plumes unfurled the air upon
He gazes boldly at the Sun;—
He cannot pause from his shadowy flight
To look on this orb of lesser light,—
And deems not, dwelling in the air,
Death's messenger will reach him there!
And thus all proudly to the sight
Speedeth along our gallant knight,
Beneath the mantle of the morning bright
And filled with fleeting phantoms of delight.

Here leave we now our knight while rest
Hope's brightest day-beams on his crest;
When not a shade of warning sorrow
Tells of the anguish of to-morrow;
Whilst the broad flashing joy of Morn
Into his very heart is borne!

II.

It is the mournful vesper bell
That calls the sainted ones to prayer—
From gloomy nook and cloistered cell
The nuns are sadly gathering there;—
They come—they come,—a lengthened train—

They pass through each dark recess,
And soul subduing is the strain,
Filling the air with mournfulness,
That sweeps along the chambers dim,
Like sadly-sweet remembrings
Of Heaven-banished Cherubim,
When evening's silent shadow brings
The memory of their lost abode
Within the presence of a God!

'Tis o'er:—The sounds have died away
Within the convent's gloomy walls,
And the last light of dying day
Upon the earth so faintly falls
As scarce to give a color back
From wood or plain or rolling stream:
Night lifts aloft her banner black,
Victorious o'er the Day-God's beam!
And nuns in scattered groups repair
In quiet from the place of prayer.
And there were two of whom alone
This story may relate,
Who, on a stone where moss had grown,
In silent sorrow sate.
And one of them had beauty rare—
A death-like beauty—palely fair,—
A radiance which alone was given
By the approaching light of heaven.
In times gone by, what cause of fear,
What dreadful cause had brought her here,
Her kindly friend would often ask;
And now with accents sweet though trembling,
And dying flute notes all resembling,
She hath commenced her painful task.

"There's nothing in my simple tale
Of wild or high romance;—
Even from the cradle to the veil
Needs but a moment's glance;
I scarce can call to mind my sire,
Who passed from earth away
In life's bright morning ere the fire
Of youth had ceased to sway.
My mother,—oh! her gentle form
Comes up before me now,—
An eye with bright affection warm
Beams from that placid brow!
As girlhood grew beneath her glance
I scarcely noted Time's advance:—
Oh swiftly flew the hours away—
'Twas all one bright long summer-day!
I lack the language to express
Our soft and quiet happiness,
Which, like the peace in realms above,
Made life all loveliness and love!

"A change with my young cousin came.
I felt that life was not the same:
The earth more bright and rosy grew,
The flowers and stars were changed in hue!
Beheld with *him* each sylvan scene
Assumed a brighter, livelier green—
My own heart's deeper glow was thrown
O'er objects dim when viewed alone!

"But summoned by the trump of fame
To gain in holy wars a name
My lover left my side:
Yet ere he went, in words of flame,
He swore he would return to claim,
With honor decked, his bride!
Beneath an oak by moonbeams lighted,
The vows were said—our troth was plighted;—

And we shall meet, oh never, never,
'Till we unite in Heaven forever!

"And then, the bitterest woe of all—
My gentle Mother passed from earth :—
Oh never did the spoiler call
From this dark world, so much of worth!
And then low whispered rumors came,
That on a glorious field of fame,
Breathing my name with latest breath,
My lover too had met his death :
From that dark hour I heard no more
Of the dull world's dissonant roar.
All joy forever from me flown,
I stood upon the earth, alone!
I knew 'twas true,—it could not be
That other fate should fall to me,—
'Twas all confirmed ;—there came a page,
Who near him in the battle's rage,
Beheld his fall :—aught, need I say
Of what has happened since that day ?—
I have beneath yon bending sky
No more to do—except to die !"

She ceased ; and now the nightwinds sweep
Along the couch, but not of sleep,
Where she hath lain her down to weep—
May God, her gentle spirit keep !

III.

He hath come, he hath come
To his desolate home,
And the terrible tale is told !
The brave young knight hath heard it all,
And well may that dark tale appal
His heart, however stout and bold :—
And like a fire-wheeled chariot rolled
Over a meadow green and gay,
So hath that story forced its way,
With searching and consuming power,
Over a heart whose brightest flower
Of hope hath perished in that hour !

He heard, that when on battle-field,
Amid the gleam of spear and shield,
He prostrate lay upon the earth
By chance of broken saddle-girth,
His fall was spied by one who fled—
The luckless page, who deemed him dead !
What boots it more ? Who does not know
The rest of that dark tale of woe ;—
How soon the Lady of his love
Was wedded with THE ONE above ;—
How, at the altar, she had given
Her heart forever up to Heaven ?
And he who but on yesterday
Was filled with visions blithe and gay—
Who deemed the world with joy divine
Was brimming like a cup of wine ;—
Who thought, that to the glorious light
Of morning there could come no night ;—
Within whose breast there was no room
For even the shadow of a care,
Turns from his once bright happy home
Filled with the darkness of despair !

O'er many a stream and hill and dale
A wanderer was he,
Until within a pleasant vale,
Under a spreading tree,
He rested, musing on his lot
And musing on the past :

His life,—it seemed an ebon-spot
On Time's fair surface cast.
And as the young knight mournful sate,
Under the ancient oak,
The blackness of his bitter fate
On memory's vision broke !
He thought upon the days of old,—
Of innocence and truth,—
When love, like heaven-born music, rolled
Upon his blooming youth :
When life was like a lady fair,
Who for a festal dresses,
With gems on forehead, rich and rare,
And rose wreaths in her tresses !—
When first upon his vision came
The brightest one on earth,
And in his bosom, thoughts of flame
And fond desires had birth ;—
When, from each leaf and star and flower
He inspiration caught,—
And stream and wood and vine-clad bower
Love's rosy lesson taught !
And then he thought upon the blight
Over his lot that fell,
When hurried to the crusade-fight
From her he loved so well ;—
Upon the hopeful journey home
With thronging fancies blessed,
Of joy beneath his native dome,
Caressing and caressed :—
And of the dark and dreadful tale
Still ringing in his ear—
Well may the knight within the vale
Shed many a bitter tear !
He vowed a wanderer he would go
For ever through the earth—
He vowed his bosom ne'er would know
One throb of joy or mirth ;—
He vowed his heart of hearts was given
For ever up to her,
The gentle Lady-bride of Heaven—
The woeful worshipper !
He swore by everything on high,
By all that glowed above,
By earth and air, by sea and sky
He never more could love !
But hark ! amid his vows for life,
Why, from his moss-grown seat,
Like war-horse roused to sudden strife,
Starts he upon his feet !

'Tis a strain of music swelling
On the breeze that murmurs through
The green and tangled tree tops telling
All that music strain can do :—
Love, with every breathing blended,
Through the wildwood sweeps along ;
Like a whisper, heaven-descended,
Uttered by the angel throng !—
Now it rolls o'er plain and mountain,
Mingling with the evening breeze,—
Mingling with the bubbling fountain,
Mingling with the murmuring trees !

The knight advanced and on his een
There flashed a sight like fairy scene.
Over the meadow's green expanse
A throng of laughing damsels dance.
Joyous were they, as flinging back
Their tresses brown or gold or black,
Trolling a merry roundelay,
They weave their wilder steps away !

The mountains with a laughter ring,
Like wildest bird-notes in the Spring :—
And under evening's gentle beam
Beauty and Music reign supreme !

And one was fairest of the fair,
And brightest of the bright,
Whose flashing eye and raven hair
Were stolen from the night :
A Southern sun had burnt upon
Her cheek of purest white,
The golden roses that are won
In climes of living light :
Her limbs that scarce were hid from ken
By the aerial dress she wore,
Flashed out upon the gazers then
As flashed the new made stars before
The vision of the first of men
Who wandered Earth's green regions o'er !
She seemed to all in that gay throng,
Who might one glance to her devote,
A bright embodiment of song—
A living moving music-note !
The knight gazed on her with surprise
And drank deep love-draughts from her eyes !
AT ! He—the woestruck knight who even now
Was breathing many a deep and heartfelt vow—
Oaths which were winged for heaven so very late
They scarce are noted in the book of fate,—
Deep protestations of undying truth
To the lost Lady of his love-lit youth ;—
Forgetting her whose virgin-beauty's bloom
Withers within a dark and living tomb ;
Forgetting all,—with accents soft and sweet
Is kneeling at a stranger-beauty's feet !
No matter if his suit be lost or sped
Still hath the past, with all its memory fled !
Ye, who the moral of my tale would scan,
Read here the history of THE FAITH OF MAN.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE FINE ARTS ON THE MORAL SENSIBILITIES.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH, ALEXANDRIA, D. C.

In constructing the being called man, and in providing for his felicity, it has pleased the Creator to prepare two distinct, general sources from which that felicity is derived.

The first exists within the breast of man himself ; the other is found in the vast variety of the external world. Nor are these sources of pleasurable emotion altogether independent of each other. On the contrary, there is between them a correspondence so wise and perfect, as to show a manifest design by their combined energy to make men happy.

To illustrate my meaning : The soul of man is endowed with a faculty to which we give the name of *Taste*. By the rhetorician, Taste is defined to be "the power of receiving pleasure from the beauties of nature and art." Whenever, therefore, this power is exercised on its appropriate object, the result is *mental felicity*. One mind is so constituted, that it derives its greatest pleasure from the

study of poetry ; another from the deductions and demonstrations of mathematical science. So absorbed, indeed, have some minds been in their admiration of the exact sciences, that scarcely any thing, within the empire of thought, could give them pleasure but the strictest demonstration. Hence, a celebrated mathematician is said to have exclaimed, after having toiled through *Paradise Lost*, "What does it all *prove*?" On the other hand, when the Pythagorean proposition in Euclid was discovered by its author, he ran through the streets of his city in an ecstasy of delight, crying, "*I have found it, I have found it.*"

To others again, the productions of the *pencil* or *chisel* convey a paramount pleasure, while they awaken within the soul deep and inexpressible emotions. The organ of communication in these cases is the eye, through which, also, the soul admires the beauty of *architectural* creations and proportions. But the art of music, "the concord of sweet sounds" demands another organ, which we call the ear, through which it pours its raptures into the same soul. Hence the blind, whose visual organ cannot perceive the external beauties either of nature or of art, and to whom, therefore, all these sources of pleasure are sealed, turn with redoubled relish to those objects which communicate with the soul through the organ of the ear. And it is highly probable, that this *compensation* is so complete in its nature and so beneficent in its influence, as entirely to supply a deficiency, which is commonly considered an irretrievable calamity.

The highest order of influence is that produced by *Eloquence*, which seems to combine the excellencies of the arts already mentioned. Thus eloquence involves the very soul of poetry, as is evident from the breathing thoughts and burning words of the ancient bards and prophets, who swayed the minds of their countrymen with a power never surpassed in the age of the most accomplished orators. *Poet* and *Prophet* were in fact interchangeable terms among the ancients, and these men were the accredited public speakers of their assemblies. At the feasts and games they rehearsed their own productions to their delighted fellow-citizens, and when occasion required, stimulated them with all the energy of song to deeds of martial valor. The epic poem existed prior to the oration. Homer, the prince of poets, lived some hundreds of years before Pericles the father of Oratory. Moses, the occasional poet, as well as the commissioned lawgiver of the Hebrews, composed heroic, or triumphal songs in his native language at the very time (1490 B. C.) Cadmus was introducing the alphabet into Greece, or six centuries before the poems of Homer were known in Greece. Very justly, therefore, does Campbell, the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, in his *Lectures on Poetry*, observe : "The earliest place in the history of poetry is thus due to the Hebrew muse. * * In-

deed, the more we contemplate the Old Testament, the more we shall be struck by the solitary grandeur in which it stands as an historical monument amid the waste of time." It is from these ancient treasures, sacred and secular, that the materials of the most sublime and effective eloquence have been drawn. So completely is the spirit of poetry and of eloquence intermingled in the compositions of the Hebrew Prophets, that the critics are undecided whether to class them as Orators or Poets.

In comparing the art of eloquence with the art of *painting*, it may be observed, that aside from those qualities, which are peculiar to the former, it is itself a kind of moral painting, which, disdaining the mere locality of the canvass, instantly wings its flight through every region of nature and of art, summoning at pleasure whatever it needs to produce an impression on the soul. And that impression is not, as in a picture, the result of slow and labored strokes of the pencil, but of the mighty action of mind in its boldest conceptions and its warmest enthusiasm. The calm contemplation of a mere copy, however beautiful—of a moveless scene, however brilliant, cannot, in the nature of things, so rouse the sleeping emotions of the soul, as the living, intelligent and embodied genius of human eloquence, carrying the soul captive by its moral power, and encircling the whole man with its irresistible enchantments. All painting must necessarily be descriptive. Even that which is imaginative seeks original forms out of which to construct its combinations. But description is only one attribute of eloquence. Direct persuasion is its great object. It is, indeed, defined to be "the art of persuasion." But though *indirect* persuasion may be predicated of some of the productions of the pencil, it is only an incidental result, not a part of the main design. For instance, the object of those historical paintings, which adorn the National Rotundo, is national glory. But incidentally they are adapted to *persuade* the rising youth of our country to the adoption of principles of pure patriotism and to the performance of deeds of heroic devotion. The object of that splendid specimen of sculptured marble, which reposes under the same dome, is to honor him, who was "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Nor can a thoughtful American youth contemplate it without some stirring emotions; without some nascent purpose of soul, like this illustrious prototype, to deserve well of his country in whatever sphere he may be placed. If such then be the effect of these speechless works of art upon the patriotic heart; if even the mute painting and the voiceless marble can be so eloquent; if they can illustrate the renown of past generations, and inspire generations to come with the spirit of high endeavor, to what achievements may not a living, speaking eloquence aspire? The statue of Demosthenes might charm the beholder,

but what would he think of Demosthenes himself, especially could he hear the indignant tones of his voice denouncing the atrocities of the king of Macedon?

When the comparison is instituted between eloquence and music, the result to which we come is more doubtful, supposing the standard by which we measure that result to be the beautiful rather than the useful. The emotions awakened in the human soul, by strains of soft or sublime music, cannot be surpassed in depth and power by any feeling of which the soul is capable when under the influence of any of the Fine Arts. It is an influence which reaches its finest chords and awakens its most exquisite sensibilities. The fable of Orpheus calling from the dead his beloved Eurydice by the irresistible power of music, however destitute of literal truth, furnishes a striking tribute from antiquity to the charms of music. It is, in truth, one of those arts which is founded in nature, if, indeed, it does not boast a higher birth—in heaven itself. There was melody in the groves of Eden, while the world was yet in its infancy and man in his purity. Thus Milton represents our first parent in his apostrophe to the glorious works of God as saying:

"Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Witness, if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise."

If man could not be silent in the midst of the works of God, much less could those pure spirits, who dwelt more immediately in the presence of the Great King, and beheld his glory unobstructed by a veil of flesh. Hence we are informed, that the "morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." This art, then, is of noble birth, and like the sister arts, should never be desecrated to unworthy and unhallowed purposes. The sanctity of their origin should be their safeguard against perversion. Music may be called the bride of poetry, for they were wedded in Paradise, and have continued for the most part to live harmoniously together through all the revolutions of time, the decay of empires and the sepulture of the human race. Nor can they ever be divorced so long as the passions of the soul shall demand expression. For every emotion of joy or grief, of love or indignation, there is an appropriate sign, which takes the form of a modulated sound, and these sounds in the process of the application of art to nature are so arranged and proportioned as to produce the most powerful impressions on the mind through the ear. Even instrumental music can be traced as far back as any art whatever, not connected with the pressing necessities of life. Ancient history informs us that the "first poets

sang their own verses, and hence the beginning of what we call *versification*, or words arranged in a more artful order than prose, so as to be suited to some tune or melody." The scale or alphabet of music is more wonderful than even the alphabet of language, for while the latter consists of arbitrary signs, the former is an immutable production of Nature. Music, then, was made for the heart of man, and although we cannot say with Shakspeare, that he who has no soul for it is "fit for treason, stratagem and spoils;" though this great master of nature, in inditing so bitter and sweeping a censure, overstepped the limits of truth and probability, yet we may well wonder at the man, whose sensibilities are never moved under so charming an influence. Eloquence claims to include this art within its ample domain, so far as the energy of emphasis, the melody of sound, and the harmony of periods are concerned. That wonderful instrument, the living voice, is essential to the highest achievements of both. Conception, adaptation, accent, emphasis and expression, all are common to both. Inspiration once said to one of the eloquent prophets who had addressed the people: "Thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words, but do them not." The superiority of eloquence as a practical and manly art is seen at the bar, in the forum, in the legislative assembly: those great theatres for the transaction of civil affairs, where music would be a strange and unwelcome guest, as bringing nothing useful with her, but being rather a hindrance and detriment to the commonwealth.

The science of ARCHITECTURE, which is of later origin than most of the arts already mentioned, as being a production of civilized life, does, nevertheless, like other arts of Design, come down to us from classical antiquity. The history of the arts has been classified into four luminous periods. The first is the era of Alexander, Pericles, Aristotle, Apelles, Phidias, when in a rough and martial age, eloquence, philosophy, painting, sculpture and architecture each found a genius which each could immortalize. The second era is that of the Cæsars, when poetry and history rose to the very point of culmination. This period embraces the Augustan age. The third is that which followed the capture of Constantinople by the successor of Mohammed, Mohammed II. Italy became now the refuge of the fine arts, and under the fostering care of the Medici, whatever was rescued from the barbarity of the Turks and the Goths was advanced to a degree of eminent perfection. It was the golden age of painting and sculpture, as the brilliant names of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian and Corregio testify, while the beauties of architecture were reproduced in that land of classic models under the genius of Palladio,

"Who bade the lofty column rise,
Its summit pointing to the skies."

The last age is that succeeding the reformation, when along with the invention of the art of printing and the mariner's compass, the mind of man shook off its slumbers, and, stimulated by the discoveries of the past and the expectations of the future, commenced a new career of improvement. The discovery of a new world occurring at this period, in the order of an infinitely wise Providence, gave an impulse to the mind of the old world, which nothing could resist. Experimental philosophy burst forth upon the intellect of civilized nations with the power of intuitive demonstration, and reason and revelation were enthroned amid the ruins of scholastic absurdities. Men were eloquent because every faculty of the mind was awakened to extraordinary activity. The brightest period of British eloquence, embracing the names of Chatham, Burke, Pitt and Fox, which has just past, belongs to this epoch. Indeed, not only have the fine arts been most successfully cultivated during the last three hundred years, but never in the history of the human mind, has genuine science made such sensible and important progress. And as all art is founded in science, the advancement of the one insures the improvement of the other.

In analyzing more particularly the influence of these arts on the sensibilities of man, let us recur to the most ancient among them—poetry. This is not merely the language of the imagination, as it has sometimes been defined. It often lies deep in the heart of the poet himself, and then it is that it awakens the most profound emotion in the hearts of others. To illustrate this: Let any one compare the poetry of Akenside with that of Burns; while the former glows with animated beauty, occasionally rising to a stirring eloquence, the latter seizes the fibres of the heart, perhaps in a single line, and they tremble with emotion. The genius of Akenside may dazzle the imagination by its coruscations, but that of Burns electrifies the heart. The one may be compared to an artificial fountain, throwing up by hydrostatic pressure its beautiful jets; the other to a natural fountain in the hill side gushing out with translucent purity from its secret recesses. The former might well sing of the Pleasures of the Imagination, for he was the poet of the imagination; the latter of the simplicities and sanctities of Home, for he is the poet of the heart, and thither the heart turns amid all its wanderings and its wounds. There it would rest at last. "Let me die among my kindred," exclaims the Orientalist. Home!

"How dark this world would be
If when deceived and wounded here
We could not fly to thee!"

It is for this reason that Cowper, whose muse is so conversant with the "business and bosoms" of men, has secured so triumphant a place in the af-

sections of all the lovers of true poetry, while Pope, however brilliant in poetic conception, and perfect in the harmony of numbers, must consent to enjoy his regal dignity, an object of admiration, rather than of affection in his exalted sphere. Burns said that the muse of his country found him as Elijah did Elisha *at the plough*, and threw her mantle of inspiration over him. If, obedient to the mandate of his mistress, the poet abandoned the plough for an elevated field of fame, the freshness and the fragrance of his rural associations still clung around him, and he delighted to write poetry to the mountain-daisy, which he had upturned with the ploughshare; that "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," as he calls it, whose fate he seemed to consider emblematic of his own:

"There in thy scanty mantle clad
Thy snowy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise,
But now the *share* upturns thy bed
And low thou lies!"

"Such is the fate of simple bard
On life's rough ocean luckless starved."

But he learned many a useful lesson at the domestic fireside and altar, which, had he remembered and practised, would have saved him that agony of feeling, which he himself describes in those fine verses entitled, "*Man was made to mourn.*"

"Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame,
More pointed still we make ourselves
Regret, remorse and shame."

From the poisoned cup of self-indulgence he drank pain and sorrow till the agony of his soul became chronic, and the dignity of genius bowed beneath the sway of a base and despotic passion. The stream of poetic feeling was tainted too early and deeply in his young manhood to admit of clarification, and by his own confession, there was more than one line written, which "dying he would wish to blot." When, however, he burst away from the spell of temptation, abandoned for a season his boon companions and exchanged the roar of the bar-room for the tranquil seclusion of home and homeborn associations, then his genius, plucking away every foul adhesion, and pluming its wings for a serener flight, would achieve something worthy of his own spreading fame, and of the deeply religious feeling of his beloved country. Thus, in that most celebrated of his productions, the "*Cotter's Saturday Night*," which in fact is a painting of a family scene—his own father's home being the original, he proceeds in this strain:

"Oh Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace and sweet content,
And oh, may heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,

A virtuous populace may rise the while
And stand a wall of fire around their much lov'd isle."

Here are patriotic sentiments strongly engrafted on domestic sympathies, and the heart of Scotland leaps for joy at the sound of this music. Crowns and coronets may glitter with hereditary lustre, but here is a patent of nobility from the author of mind, a diadem of beauty, the lustre of which does not fade. This dominion of genius is most truly imperial, because of its essential strength, and that strength arises from the influence which falls upon the heart.

If now we contemplate the sister arts in the same relation, we shall be struck with similar results. Although the field of the painter is comparatively limited, yet in that field the triumph of the art has been wonderful. If it be one of the attributes of genius to diffuse its energies far and wide, it is a not less important attribute to concentrate its powers within a small compass, and to execute so condensed a view of a great moral subject, as to produce a proportionate impression on the susceptibilities of the soul.

It is here that the power of the pictorial art is confessedly preëminent. The poet, availing himself of the succession of time and place, can select and combine from all the circumstances of the past, and thus at will pass through the present to the future, and if necessary even retrace the glowing path of his imagination. But the painter, compelled to seize one moment of time and one local position, summons all his powers to the mighty effort, and bestows on that point the whole strength of his genius. He may have studied for years a design which is to occupy but a few square feet of canvass. But he paints for immortality, and deep must be the studies, patient the toil, exhaustless the perseverance of such a mind. He aims not merely to please the eye. That could be done by the simple process of fine coloring. He seeks to stir the deep sea of human sensibility. He desires to reach the most retired and secret fountains of feeling in man, and hence he must commune for days and nights with nature herself in her multiplied forms and in her beautiful developments. Some minds are more affected by *natural scenery* than by any other source of moral influence. To such the rich landscapes of Titian would convey a most refined and delicate pleasure. For besides the impression produced by a view of the charms of nature, there would be the emotion of admiration for the triumph of genius in transferring, as by some magical art, the features of still life to the canvass. It is thus, that a combination of moral causes has a tendency to increase the power of intellectual enjoyment. What then must have been the pleasures of Michael Angelo, who was not only the first of painters, but eminent also as a sculptor and an architect, and even as a poet, distinguished by the power of his imagination. Who can measure the power of such

a mind to impart and receive pleasure? When the eminent painters of modern times would display the highest perfection of the art, they seem by the very instinct of genius to select the most elevated and impressive subjects, and these subjects they could find no where but in the Scriptures of Divine Inspiration. The same is true of the great masters of music, who have delighted the world with their productions. Haydn sought the idea of his *Creation*, Handel of his *Messiah*, Beethoven of his *Mount of Olives* in the sources of holy inspiration. Of the vast influence of their works upon the mind of the world, it is unnecessary to speak. It was under the promptings of a similar spirit, that Milton, that great *moral* painter, that architect of the most sublime poem in existence, invoked the aid of the spirit of God at the very threshold of his immortal work, and intending "no middle flight," sought to imbibe his inspiration at "Siloa's brook, that flowed fast by the oracle of God." It must hence result, that the more widely Christianity extends her empire in the earth, shaping the purposes and sanctifying the sensibilities of men, the more certainly will their taste seek its gratification in such works, rather than in those, which abound in the machinery of gods and demons, or of elves, witches and fairies, and especially rather than in those, which pander to the passions, debauch the imagination and corrupt the heart.

The names of Raphael, Rubens, Van Dyke, Paul Veronese, Salvator Rosa, Leonardo da Vinci, are familiar in the history of painting. If you inquire which are the most successful and the most celebrated of their productions; what subjects did they choose, on which to spend the force of their genius, the reply is: **THE THEMES OF INSPIRATION:** The preaching of Paul at Athens; the Death of John the Baptist; the Judgment of Solomon; Saul at the tomb of Samuel; the Miracles of Christ; the Transfiguration; the Crucifixion; the Resurrection; the Descent from the Cross; the Last Supper; the Last Judgment. Were these men attracted solely by the moral beauty and the essential grandeur of their themes, or did they not also with a kind of prophetic vision anticipate the day, when, in consequence of the supremacy of Christianity over the mind of posterity, their own bright and sublime creations would so harmonize with the spirit of that illustrious age, as to secure to their fame an amaranthine freshness to the end of time? Did they not, in addressing their works of art to the religious sensibilities of man, expect to find in them responses of the deepest tone and of the most undoubted perpetuity? Now, though the colors should fade from their canvass, other master spirits will arise, to imitate their example, perhaps to surpass their achievements, and while they reform that which is vicious in point of morals, will add purity to the profession, grace to the art, and grandeur to its results. The Roman and Grecian, the Floren-

tine and Venetian schools will then have passed away, to be succeeded by that last and noblest, the CHRISTIAN SCHOOL.

In adverting to the influence of architecture on the mind, three things are to be considered. Comprehensiveness of design, beauty of proportion and sublimity of expression. These qualities are essential to the highest success of the art. When combined, they excite some of the strongest sentiments of the mind, and especially when viewed in connection with antiquity, though in broken forms, they become invested with so many interesting associations and awaken so many powerful recollections as at times almost to overwhelm the mind. Thus the temple of Theseus at Athens, so remarkably preserved, though built ten years after the battle of Marathon, presents not merely a specimen of the material sublime, but connects itself with the history of that wonderful people, who reared its magnificent columns, which have weathered the storms of two thousand years. It is thus that architecture, amid the ruins of time, furnishes here and there a sublime and comprehensive symbol of the history of the past; and the grandeur of the human intellect transmits its own imperishable evidence to the latest posterity. Poetry has not withheld its tribute from the sister art. The author of the "Seasons," not insensible to any of the forms of beauty, whether in the visible world or in the empire of the imagination, thus speaks:

"First unadorned
And nobly plain the manly Doric rose,
The Ionic then with decent matron grace
Her airy pillar heaved; luxuriant last
The rich Corinthian spread her leafy wreath."

Any form of art that could thus be described, must be emblematic, and emblems most strongly affect the imagination. Here, then, is another source of sentiment in the department of architectural design.

But the assigned limits of this paper do not permit me to pursue this train of thought. In reviewing those arts, at which we have glanced on the present occasion, we see prepared on the one hand the beautiful images of poetry—the rich colors of painting—the moral sublimities of eloquence—the soft melody of music—the silent eloquence of sculpture—the impressive designs of architecture—and on the other, certain mental susceptibilities, by which the influence emanating from these arts is enjoyed. There are faculties in men, each one of which meets some creation of immortal genius by a law as certain as that which adapts light to the eye, or sound to the ear. Why then should the human intellect ever slumber, or why should the mind ever be at a loss for sources of rational pleasure? What expectations may not be indulged with reference to the future?

OUR COUNTRY is young in years, but where is there such a land to excite human intellect? Her

reminiscences are indeed brief, but brilliant. Her promise is great and animating. Look at her giant mountains—her broad rivers that rush sublimely to the ocean—her beautiful lakes, each one a mimic sea—her deep, untrudged forests, so luxuriantly vast, so wildly grand—her widespread scenery, varied with every tint of beauty, that ever fell from Nature's pencil—how much is here to awaken the genius of poetry and of painting! Contemplate her institutions—their origin with the people—conquered by the people in a conflict, a parallel to which history does not furnish—secured by a power that resides within themselves—chartered by their own authority—the very nature of the American government demands the utmost freedom of thought and latitude of discussion on all subjects, and this is the condition of the highest eloquence. With the advancing refinement of society, all the sister arts will advance, each occupying its appropriate niche in the great temple of science, and all combining to instruct the mind and soften the manners of a stern and enterprising people. Go on then, my beloved country, encourage every rising genius. Multiply your institutes of science and your halls of literature. Let there be an alliance of nations to foster the arts and to forget arms. Let the sword of war continue to sleep in its scabbard, and the tramp of battle no more rouse the wrath of contending hosts, nor the tramp of hostile squadrons shake the ensanguined plain, but may the general strife be, who shall most successfully cultivate the arts of peace, and promote the happiness of universal man.

GIVE ME A TALISMAN OF LOVE.

Give me a Talisman of Love!
 Let it be graven with light,
 And hidden characters that move
 The spirit in its might.
 Give it a pow'r to chain
 The fancy, in its upward range
 For gems of thought,
 To wean the soul again
 From its resistless thirst for change
 That life has brought.
 Give me a Talisman of Love!
 Let it be wrought when Day
 Embraces Evening—and the dove
 Hies to her nest away.
 Then, as by tuneful streams
 I tread in the far sunny land
 To which I go;
 The form in all my dreams,
 Born of that Talisman, will stand
 By me—and low
 Sweet echoings of th' oft touch'd lyre
 Will brood my thoughts among,—
 And incense on the altar fire
 Of memory be flung.

New Haven, Conn.

J. S. R.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF EDWARD MORELAND.

A TALE OF WASHINGTON CITY.

"The course of true love, never did run smooth."

It is both pleasing and melancholy to indulge occasionally in the reminiscences of youth—to fall back upon those days when the imagination waned in all the luxury of anticipated happiness and joy, and

"Hope, enchanted, smiled and waved her golden hair."

The cares and sorrows of after life are deepened by the contrast, and time mellows the past and arrays it in the beautiful *couleur de rose*. Though "man never is, but always to be blest," I have always found a melancholy pleasure in retracing the years that have passed away and are buried in the gulf of time. My heart was blighted by early sorrow, which for years withered its energies and gave a gloomy tinge to my feelings—yet I now look back upon the event, with emotions, which partake more of pleasing sadness than pain. I proceeded to narrate the melancholy incident of my early life to which I have alluded.

One evening, in the summer of 1792, I was journeying from Baltimore, then comparatively a village, to Georgetown, to become an inmate in the dwelling of a relative, who had invited me to come and live with him, in consequence of the recent death of my only surviving parent. I was about eighteen years of age, dreamy, sensitive and melancholy. I paused on the spot which had been cleared for the foundation of the capitol, a structure now viewed with wonder and admiration for its magnificence and beauty by every American. The infant metropolis of our vast republic had been laid out; but it was still in all the wildness of nature. Dense forests covered the space which is now overspread with fine edifices, or laid out in cultivated fields. A winding road, cut through the woods, led through the lower part of the new city to Georgetown. A romantic stream, then termed Goose Creek, flowed between its woody banks from its source to the Potomac, and a few stones afforded a passage where the water was shallow, to such as travelled on foot. The picturesque beauty of this city at that period, was such as to lead me to take frequent strolls through its "deep shades and awful solitudes," and to wander amid the cool groves, and over the small farms scattered here and there within its limits. On one of these occasions, I had taken a direction north-west of the hill, or elevation, on which the capitol now stands, and followed the Tiber towards its source, amusing myself as I went with my gun, though not the proper season for game. The feathered tribe was numerous, and I was more anxious to obtain specimens for a small collection I was forming, than for the mere pleasure such sport would afford me. Being fatigued with my

walk, I threw myself on the bank of the Tiber, beneath the shade of a large oak that cast its ample branches over the stream. The spot was clear of underwood for some distance around me; the mocking bird warbled her "wood notes wild" among the thick foliage of the trees—

"Now soft, now full, now melancholy slow,
With dying cadence, thrill'd the tone of woe."

The stream murmured over its pebbly bosom at my feet; the partridge repeated its plaintive note from the dead branch of a tree a few paces off, and the whole scene was eminently beautiful and tranquillizing. I recall it now, after the lapse of nearly half a century, with emotions I cannot describe, especially when I look upon the very spot on which I then reposed. Alas! how changed! How has the march of improvement disfigured the face of nature, and rendered what was once picturesque and beautiful, a solitary waste. While indulging in a delicious reverie, I thought I heard a strange and unusual sound not far from me, which recalled my wandering thoughts. I rose, and upon looking in the direction whence the sound proceeded, I beheld a fairy vision, such as my wildest dreams had never pictured, standing, like a marble statue, in mute and motionless terror, at a short distance in my rear. I instantly discovered the cause. An enormous rattle snake, with head erect, his forked and fiery tongue vibrating with the quickness of lightning, and his eyes emitting almost living sparks, was in the act of making a fatal spring upon a beautiful girl, who seemed to be under a species of fascination, and to be fixed immovably to the earth. Not a moment was to be lost. I was near enough to render her the assistance she needed. My gun was, fortunately, charged with large shot, and the whole contents were deposited in the head and body of the deadly serpent. It writhed for a moment and then fell dead before me. The lovely creature I had thus providentially relieved, seemed to be sinking to the earth in a swoon. I hastily caught her in my arms as she sank, bore her to the stream and bathed her temples in its waters. She revived, looked at me for a few moments in mute surprise and apparent pleasure; thanked me for my kind interposition, and invited me to her home, which, she said, was close at hand. Her voice was gentle, soft and musical; a blush suffused her cheek as she spoke and she seemed to shrink from the intensity of my enraptured gaze. I had never seen a being so beautiful. She had burst upon me like a splendid vision and I felt, for the first time, the overwhelming power and influence of that passion, which none can resist, and but few can control.

Emma Marlow was about sixteen years of age. Her form was airy and delicate like that of a sylph. Her hair was a rich dark auburn and hung in loose and natural ringlets over her shoulders;

her nose and forehead were of the Grecian mould; her eye, "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," and her complexion was fair, brilliant and tinged with the hue of the rose. She lived in a neat little farm-house not far from the place where I first saw her. On either side were fields of grain, in the rear a small kitchen-garden and orchard of various kinds of fruit, and in front was a yard enclosed with rude pailings white-washed, and a stile, instead of a gate, served for an entrance to the house. Two magnificent black oaks spread out their leafy branches before the door, and roses and other flowering shrubs decorated the line of fence and the borders of the yard. Emma's father received me, I thought, coldly, though she had told him the cause of my visit. He was an Englishman who had removed to the little farm he cultivated some eight or nine years before, and led a life of total seclusion. He was morose and apparently unhappy, and had brought Emma up in the same seclusion from the world. Mrs. Marlow was, however, much more kind and affectionate; had been better educated and had taken great pains to instruct her daughter, their only child, in all the branches of knowledge she understood. Emma was indeed a simple child of nature. She had scarcely ever seen a human being but her parents—was wholly ignorant of the world and lived in a region of her own creation. Her thoughts were pure, innocent and holy as those of an angel, and her heart was all tenderness and affection. After remaining a short time, I asked to be permitted to renew my visit, and the assent of Marlow was reluctantly yielded. I felt, I scarcely knew why, a strong aversion to this man; but the passion which ruled me, in some degree overcame my repugnance to him. It was not long before I called again, and was received by the sweet Emma with the most unaffected demonstrations of pleasure and delight. She was too unsophisticated to disguise her feelings, and I was exquisitely happy to find I had made a favorable impression on her young and innocent heart; and that the glowing and ardent love she had inspired, was likely to be reciprocated. I was almost constantly with her; I felt wretched when I was not near her, and though the distance we lived apart was considerable, scarcely a day passed over me that I did not openly, or by stealth, contrive to see her, and to breathe out the deep affections of my heart. The beautiful girl soon told me of her love, for she could conceal nothing, and we seemed to inhale the very atmosphere of paradise. How exquisite were those moments of my life! My frequent absence from home was at last noticed by my uncle, and learning the cause, he expressed great regret and some indignation at my conduct, and insisted upon my devoting myself immediately to the study of some profession, and abandoning all idea of connecting myself, at so early an age, with one so obscure, unknown and

indigent as she on whom I had so imprudently placed my affections. This was a severe blow, and one I had not anticipated. I had been so long accustomed to my own will, under my too indulgent parent, that I did not dream of a check of this sort, and I bore it with great impatience; but I, nevertheless, did not like to offend the only relative that was left to me; and, when I reflected too on my dependent condition, I began to feel that, situated as I was, it would indeed be madness to involve myself and the object of my affections in poverty and want. Marlow had also, I learnt, prohibited my visits to his daughter and would not allow me to see her. To prevent our intercourse, he compelled her to remain shut up in her room, and we were thus debarred the happiness of each other's society for several weeks. It is impossible to describe the wretchedness I endured during this interval. I in vain attempted to pursue the studies marked out for me in the profession I had chosen. Emma's image was constantly before me—she engrossed my whole thoughts, and study was impossible. I became moody, desponding and abstracted. I haunted her neighborhood like a troubled spirit. The consciousness of being near her, possessed a charm, I could not resist. I stretched myself on the banks of the stream which flowed near her residence and would gaze for hours on her humble dwelling. Emma was, I afterwards learnt, equally miserable. She became gloomy and dejected. Her lively and animated laugh was no longer heard, and she seemed to give herself up to the influence of despair. Marlow at last became uneasy. He had had several other children, but all had died save the lovely being on whom all my hopes of happiness here were centred. He was fearful that she, too, might be taken from him, and he began to relax in the rigor of his treatment to her. He, therefore, permitted her to stroll about the garden and orchard and wander along the banks of the stream I have mentioned. I had erected a small bower on the borders of this stream, soon after we became acquainted, where we were wont to meet. It was a rude and temporary structure, covered with the trumpet flower and native grape-vine, which I had trained around it and the fruit of which, in season, hung in clusters from its branches. One day I took my accustomed walk in the faint hope that I might once again behold the sole object of my thoughts. I almost instinctively repaired to the bower I have described, and what was my rapture when I beheld the beautiful girl, seated on the rustic bench I had formed, with her head reclining on her hand and gazing pensively on the rippling waters of the Tiber. "Emma, dearest Emma," I cried, rushing into the bower. "Do I again behold you?" She raised her head, uttered a scream of joy and fell into my arms. I pressed her convulsively to my bosom, and imprinted one long and burning kiss upon her beauteous lips.

Great God! what a moment of bliss was that! and how distinctly and vividly memory now recalls it to my mind. I told her of all I had suffered during our separation, which seemed an age; of the impossibility of existing without her, and, in the madness of the moment, entreated her to become mine. "Edward," she said, gazing on me with a look of melancholy tenderness, "you know my heart, how much—how deeply I love you; but I am under the control of my parents, I cannot, must not disobey nor anger them. My father, I fear, will never consent to our union, and I cannot do any thing to offend or make him unhappy. Edward, I am miserable—most miserable. The only blissful moments of my short life, have been those I have spent near you. I felt a new existence when I first became acquainted with you, and I thought that nothing would be able to interrupt the happiness I enjoyed; but I was deceived—our long separation and the wretchedness I have endured have made me know that this world is not one in which hearts like ours can expect to enjoy the happiness for which they were formed"—

"My dear Emma," said I, interrupting her, "it pains me to find you indulging such gloomy thoughts and presentiments. We are both young—very young, and there are yet long days of happiness in store for us. The obstacles now in our way cannot always remain, and we shall—we must yet enjoy long years of happiness together." Her long lashes were moistened with tears; she gazed fondly and tenderly into my eyes; her dark auburn tresses, parted on her pale forehead, hung loosely over her shoulders and a roseate tinge colored her cheeks. Her vermilion lips were partly open and displayed a row of pearly teeth, and as I looked upon this beautiful being, I felt as if gazing upon the exquisite loveliness of an angel. She was indeed

"All that youthful poets fancy when they love."

"Would to heaven, Edward," she said, "that it may be so; but I feel a strange presentiment of evil I cannot account for. I have thought of you by day and dreamt of you by night, and oh! how joyous have sometimes been those dreams. I would awake to the misery of knowing you were not near me and that I might not see you again. One night I was melancholy and feverish, and my dreams were wild and painful. I thought we were walking together along the paths we have so often trodden in delightful converse, when, all at once, I heard the report of a gun and felt a sudden pain in my heart. You caught me in your arms, but I was dead. Again I thought I was stretched upon the bed of sickness; you stood over me and wept, and I wept to see you weep—suddenly you disappeared—I was in great agony; but soon, I thought the heavens opened and I saw angels descending, who surrounded my bed and bore me gently up—

ward to the sky. I felt as if they were bearing me from you forever; I called upon you to follow me, and in my misery awoke. Dear Edward, it was but a dream, and I was so happy," and she rested her head upon my bosom. A sudden peal of thunder startled me from this dream of happiness, and I perceived that the heavens were overcast with dark and lurid clouds, and that a heavy storm was rapidly approaching. I hurried Emma home, but the storm burst upon us before we had time to reach it and we were both thoroughly drenched with rain. Mrs. Marlow invited me in and was very anxious about the safety of her daughter. Marlow was confined to his bed by sickness, and as the violence of the storm did not seem likely to subside, I was requested to remain during the night. Marlow became worse,—I proposed to sit up with him and render him such assistance as was in my power. Mrs. Marlow was alarmed and readily acceded to my request. All night he was restless and delirious and spoke incoherently of Emma, of persons in England, of his children he had lost and of me; muttered something about just punishment, and of returning to England at all risks and taking Emma with him; seemed to think he was conversing with some nobleman, whom he appeared to be reprimanding for something he had done. All this was mysterious and incomprehensible to me, but it struck me as indicating some mystery connected with Emma's birth, which I was resolved to inquire into. Towards morning the delirium left him and he sank into a sleep which lasted for several hours. When he awoke he was much better and appeared to be grateful for the attentions I had shown him. I urged upon him the necessity of calling in a physician, to which he reluctantly consented. The remedies of the doctor, I had employed to attend him, proved efficacious, and in a few days he was convalescent. I was now constant in my visits, and Emma and I were permitted to enjoy each other's society without restraint. She had, however, taken cold from her exposure to the late storm, and its consequences began to alarm me. The usual remedies were resorted to, but the fever was not subdued for some weeks, when she was again able to accompany me to our former haunts and to take our usual rambles in the neighborhood. But I observed that she was troubled with an occasional cough, which, however, I flattered myself was temporary and would soon leave her.

One day, while seated together on the banks of the Potomac, whither we had wandered for exercise, Emma broke out into an eloquent eulogy on the splendid scenery around us. "This is a beautiful world, Edward," she said, "and few, very few, I should think, would be willing to leave it, especially while young. How rich and gorgeous is the coloring of yon cloud, and how very smooth and glassy is the surface of the river which reflects

it back, with the beautiful landscape along its banks, and yet how soon it will all vanish. Does it not resemble in its changes the course of this life? I had a sweet little brother once, about six years old. He loved me tenderly and I loved him with equal ardor. I thought him a very wonderful boy: he was so sensible, so affectionate and tender. We were always together. He would gather the prettiest wild flowers he could find and lay them in my lap, delighted to be able to please me. His little heart was the seat of tenderness and sensibility. He seemed to dote on inanimate nature, and he would sit by himself and listen to the moanings of the wind, or gaze at a beautiful flower for hours at a time. He had a favorite mocking bird, that he had taken while young and raised with great care. It was fed from his hand, and when its first wild mellifluous notes were heard, he rushed into my room, with rapture beaming on his dear little countenance, to lead me to its rude cage and hear it sing. He had given it my name, and cherished it with the tenderest regard. Poor boy! his fine bird, on which his little heart was set, was killed by father, because he had, in his anxiety to attend to his bird, which he feared was sick, neglected to do something he had ordered him to do. He wept bitterly for hours, and seemed as if his heart would break. I sympathized with my sweet little brother and our tears were poured out together. But young as I am, dear Edward, I have felt the stroke of misfortune and suffered deeply. Henry was punished cruelly for giving way to the gentle feelings of his nature, but for what father called his obstinacy. The sweet boy never raised his head afterwards, but became dispirited, moping and sad, and in a few weeks, was struck down by a fatal disease, which carried him to his grave. In his last moments, while lying speechless on his little bed, he beckoned me to come near him; a tear glistened in his soft blue eye, he held up his little mouth to be kissed—smiled a faint smile, raised his hands towards heaven and expired—my God—my God." Emma could say no more, but sobbed aloud and wept for a long time without interruption. "Edward," she said, after she had recovered some degree of composure, for I would not attempt to check her tears; "you see that I have had my sorrows like others, and often while gazing upon the bright cold moon as she moves silently and slowly along the azure depths of heaven, I think of this hapless and beloved boy, and feel as if I should like to be with him, a pure and spotless disembodied spirit, floating in the ethereal realms of the blessed." There was a pathos in her tones exquisitely touching and plaintive, and I could not resist the feelings it inspired. "Dearest Emma," said I, "those thoughts are too gloomy and distressing. You are too young and our present happi-

ness is too real to allow them to intrude upon your mind, or to be indulged at all."

The next day the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the magnificent structure, now occupied by the legislature of the nation, was to take place. Great preparations had been made for the occasion. The illustrious father of his country was to be present and officiate at the ceremony. The Masonic brethren, the volunteer companies and citizens of the district were to form a procession, and many of the inhabitants of the adjoining counties of Maryland and Virginia attended from curiosity. I prevailed upon Emma to be present. The day was bright and glorious, and we took our stand where the procession, as well as the ceremony could be seen to advantage. Emma was charmed with the spectacle. Brought up as she had been, it was not only novel, but surprising and delightful to her, and she could scarcely restrain her feelings of admiration and astonishment. General Washington was seen, "proudly eminent," amidst the throng of human beings around him. He was, as usual, calm, composed and dignified. All eyes were fixed upon him with admiration and gratitude. An officer of middle age, who, I afterwards learnt, had served with him during the war and whom he highly esteemed, stood near him. I was struck with the noble expression of his countenance. He appeared to be about thirty-six years of age, with a form of great beauty and a face which, though marked with the lines of latent grief, was noble, manly and impressive. Our position rendered us visible to General Washington and the officer who accompanied him. I observed that his eye rested frequently upon Emma, and he appeared to be inquiring of those near him who she was. In a short time he approached the place where we stood, and catching a full view of Emma's face, he started back with some surprise and exclaimed—"Good heavens, how perfect is the likeness." Emma became alarmed and begged me to return. I was about to comply with her wishes, when the gentleman, observing our movement, hastened to overtake us, and begging our pardon for his apparent rudeness, asked to be informed of my companion's name and residence, assigning as a reason for the inquiry, the extraordinary likeness she bore to a once dear and beloved friend of his, now no more. He seemed disappointed when he learnt who she was and where she dwelt, and withdrew, after again apologizing for his curiosity. We remained till we saw the corner-stone laid and the interesting ceremony concluded. This incident made a strong impression upon my mind and excited Emma's surprise. It formed the topic of conversation as we returned, and when we arrived, I mentioned it to Marlow, who treated it lightly, but commanded his daughter never to go out again to be exposed to similar rudeness without his permission. After a while, he reverted to the subject, made several inquiries as to

the appearance, countenance, apparent age, &c. of the stranger, and when told, said that it was very extraordinary, and that he could not account for it. The next day, as usual, I was proceeding to the abode of her who engrossed my every thought, when I was startled by the sound of a horse rushing furiously past me, without his rider. Fearing that some serious accident had occurred, I proceeded rapidly in the direction from which the horse had come, and after a few minutes walk, heard the groans of some one evidently in much pain. I repaired to the spot and found the officer I had seen the day before with Gen. Washington, stretched upon the ground, so much injured as to be unable to move. He still, however, retained his senses, but was in great pain. It appeared that the horse he had ridden, and to which he was not accustomed, had suddenly started at something he had seen, while the rider's mind was absorbed in thought, had thrown him from the saddle, in the stirrup of which one of his feet had become entangled, and had dragged him, in that state, a considerable distance, till his foot was released. I hastened to Marlow's, near whose house the accident had occurred, to obtain assistance and permission to carry the stranger there, till he was in a condition to move. Marlow made no objection, and aided by a negro man whom he employed on his farm, I bore him on a litter to the house. The physician who had attended Marlow was sent for, and it was found that the officer's shoulder was dislocated, and that he was, otherwise, so much bruised and injured by the accident as to disable him from leaving the house for some days. Marlow, though convalescent, was still confined to his room. I remarked that his conduct to me had undergone a perceptible change. He was no longer morose and sulky when I visited him, but kind and conciliatory in his manner, and permitted me to be as often with Emma as I pleased. Of course I did not neglect to avail myself of so favorable a change. My studies were, therefore, but little attended to, and my uncle was so much occupied in some new pursuit, that my absence was not often noticed. I did not fear that he would long withhold his assent to my union with the innocent and beautiful being on whom I had placed my affections, when he had seen and become acquainted with her mild, gentle and affectionate character. In a few days the stranger had recovered sufficiently to sit up, and one day, while Emma and I were seated in the little room which served as a parlor, he suddenly entered, and when he saw her, expressed the same surprise he had shown when he first beheld her on the occasion I have mentioned. He approached and took a seat near us, and spoke to Emma. He said that the interest her very strong resemblance to the lady he had once known had excited, led him to seek out her residence for the purpose of making some inquiries of her father,

and that in doing this, he had met with the accident which has been described. "I have felt for you," he continued, "an unaccountable regard and affection, and beg that you will not be offended with me for the warm interest I have taken in you." Emma assured him that, on the contrary, she was very much gratified with his notice; and her fine countenance expressed what she felt. She had warmly sympathized in his sufferings—and there was something so sincere and affectionate in his manner that she could not resist the feeling of tenderness which had sprung up in her heart. He seemed to be delighted at this assurance, and the charming *naivete* and unsophisticated outpourings of her innocent mind. While thus engaged in conversation, Marlow entered the room. He had just left his chamber and had, therefore, never seen his guest before, and as soon as his eye fell upon his countenance, he started back suddenly with evident astonishment. The stranger, the moment he saw him, exclaimed—"Good God! can it be possible! Are you not the Marlow I once knew years ago, as the game-keeper of Lord Willoughby, or do my eyes deceive me?" "No! you are right. I am that unfortunate man. The will of heaven must be obeyed—the decrees of destiny will be fulfilled. Mr. Darwin, I have done you wrong, and have been unfortunate ever since I assented to the act. Thank God! it is in my power to make you some reparation. Sir, you see before you your child. Emma, behold your true father." Emma sprang from her seat and rushed into the arms of her father, who was powerfully agitated by the mingled feelings of surprise and joy. The scene was deeply affecting, and the explanations which followed elucidated the apparent mystery.

Col. Darwin was the son of a poor curate in England, who officiated in the parish church near which the estate of Lord Willoughby was situated and in which his family worshipped. The youngest daughter of this nobleman was a frequent attendant at the church where young Darwin also worshipped. He was in his nineteenth year, and possessed of great personal beauty, and she about seventeen years of age, when he first saw her. Eleanor Morton was extremely lovely and fascinating, and all who beheld her admired and loved. It was Mr. Darwin's good fortune, by his prepossessing appearance and known high character, to interest her attention and it was not long before a deep rooted attachment sprang up in the hearts of both.

"Each was to each a dearer self."

And their love seemed to acquire strength from the difficulties and impediments which the difference of rank threw in their way. They contrived, notwithstanding, to meet often clandestinely, for what will love not overcome! And Eleanor Morton finally consented to be privately married to the man, though poor and humble, on whom her young

and ardent affections had been bestowed. Lord Willoughby was at last made acquainted with their secret intercourse and attachment through some unknown channel, and his rage knew no bounds. He resorted to the most cruel expedients to destroy this connection and wielded the power which his rank and wealth gave him without remorse to accomplish his object. His daughter was immediately sent to a distant relative, in a remote part of England, and with instructions to be strictly watched and guarded, and he caused young Darwin to be seized, pinioned and forcibly carried to Portsmouth and put on board a British man-of-war, as an impressed seaman. The commander of this ship was a cousin of his oppressor and was made acquainted with the offence of the youth thus placed in his power. The ship sailed the next day, and young Darwin was compelled to submit to all manner of hardships, indignities and ill-treatment. He frequently endeavored to make his escape, and after several months detention, was so fortunate as to succeed and effect a landing on the shores of America, destitute and penniless. The American Congress had just issued the famous Declaration of Independence. Darwin was so indignant at the treatment he had received, and so disgusted with a government which could tolerate, or permit the outrage he had suffered to be perpetrated, that he entered at once into the patriotic feelings of the Colonists and embarked in their glorious struggle, with a determination to sink or swim with them. He remained true to the cause he had espoused; soon distinguished himself by his bravery and good conduct and rose rapidly from the condition of a private to the rank of a Colonel, and was highly beloved and esteemed by his commander-in-chief and all his military associates. Not knowing where to address his wife, if he had had an opportunity, which the war, by prohibiting all intercourse between the two nations, prevented, he found it useless to write, and when, after the restoration of peace, he did inquire, he learnt to his misery, that she no longer existed. His wife, in the mean time, gave birth to a daughter, and, to destroy all evidence of the ill-fated connection she had formed, Lord Willoughby caused it, while still an infant, to be put into the hands of his game-keeper, Marlow, whom he was about to discharge from his service for malconduct, and bribed him, with a large sum of money, to carry his infant grand-daughter to France, bring her up as his own child and never suffer her to know her relationship to his family. Marlow had been married but a few months before, and the magnitude of the sum he was to receive overcame all his scruples. He removed to France, where he remained till the close of the revolutionary war, when he came to America. He rigidly and faithfully adhered to his engagement, till the loss of all his children by premature death, produced some "compunctious visit-

ings of nature," and led him to write secretly to the unhappy mother of Emma and inform her of the existence of her child. His wife, too, had often urged upon him the propriety of this step; but whether his letters had ever reached their place of destination he had not learnt. The unexpected appearance of Darwin, whom he believed to be long dead, at once determined him to keep the secret no longer, though he had formed a strong attachment to Emma. Then, the father and daughter, by a wonderful interposition of Providence, were once more brought together, and the happiness this union produced was indescribable. Col. Darwin was delighted with her charming *naïveté*, modesty and innocence and her extreme loveliness, which recalled to his memory the beauty of her mother, from whom he had been so cruelly torn. He was not displeased with our mutual attachment, but thought that Emma was yet too young to enter into the marriage state. I was of course permitted to continue my visits; but alas! my visits and all else were of no avail. Poor Emma had been struck by that fatal and insidious disease which carries so many of the young and lovely of this world to an early grave. The cup of happiness which the tender father had, after years of suffering, begun to taste, was soon to be dashed from his lips, and the beautiful being to whom he had given life, and whom we both so much loved, was fast hastening to the cold and narrow bed prepared for all the dwellers on earth, and, like the fragile flower of summer, was passing away to be seen no more. It would be utterly useless to attempt to describe my feelings as I watched the rapid progress of the fatal disease. Oh! how intensely I prayed for her restoration, and how earnestly and fervently I offered up my supplications to the throne of mercy, to spare her to us, but for a few years longer. It was long before I could admit the terrible truth and believe that she so young—so beautiful—was to be snatched away, at the very moment she began to feel the joys of life; and the happiness of a young and ardent attachment. But it was not so with this beautiful creature, she felt the conviction that her continuance here would be but short, and that a separation from all she loved would soon take place. Day after day I watched over her, ministered to the alleviation of her sufferings, spoke to her of days of health and happiness yet to come—kissed her pale brow and wept in agony to see that all was vain. She looked like a seraph, and when a smile irradiated her countenance, she resembled an angel of light. Her father's misery, it was painful to witness, and Marlow and his wife were both deeply grieved and afflicted. Col. Darwin could not tear himself away; day passed after day and still he remained to watch the progress of that disease which was to take from him so dear and inestimable a treasure. Mutual sympathy bound us strongly together, and he loved me because I

loved his pure and beautiful child. But I will not dwell upon this scene of misery. One evening I was seated in Emma's chamber with her father who could not, like myself, bear her out of his sight. It was a rich autumnal evening. The sun was just sinking behind the elevated ridge that surrounds the metropolis and gives it the appearance of a natural amphitheatre; the clouds were burnished with the richest golden tints, and the whole western sky was arrayed in the most splendid and gorgeous colors. Emma asked me to assist her to the window, that she might once more look upon the beautiful scene on which she had so often gazed. I bore her to the window, sat down by her side and held her in my arms. She looked for some time in silence on the scene. Her soft blue eye was turned towards heaven, in adoration and silent prayer—a tear stole down her pallid cheek, which was tinged with the hectic flush of her disease, the beautiful hue of deceptive loveliness, and never before had she appeared so interesting and beautiful. She looked like a being of a better and purer world, and I gazed on her with uncontrollable tenderness, admiration and sorrow. "Dearest Edward," she said in a soft, feeble and plaintive tone, "I feel that I shall not be long with you. The sweet dream of life is nearly over, and I am fast hastening to that world where the weary find rest and where we and all that we love on earth shall meet again in undying bliss. I have been like a frail and tender flower that buds in the morning and perishes in a few hours. Short has been my existence, and till lately, I cannot say that it has been very happy. I have been cut off in the first dawn of youth, and in the enjoyment of that happiness which a warm and tender attachment, when returned, cannot fail to bestow. But I do not murmur. It is the will of Him who made me and who placed me here to obey and suffer, and I submit. You will sometimes think of me, dear Edward, when I am gone, and strew flowers over my humble grave: I have loved you, oh! I cannot say how tenderly"—she heaved a convulsive sigh, raised her eyes towards heaven, her head sank upon my bosom and she was no more.

I have little more to add. For years I continued in a state of despondency and misery. Time has alleviated my sorrow, but memory will still recur, with painful accuracy to this melancholy event of my long life. Emma was buried in the rural grave-yard attached to the Rock Creek Church, not far from Washington.

"Embalmed with tears I saw her body laid
In the cold grave, by Friendship's hands convey'd—
I saw her dear remains the earth surround,
And prostrate bathed the consecrated ground.
Angel of light! thy image long shall last,
And gild the lovely visions of the past;
Long as the powers of pensive memory rove,
No time shall wither from my heart thy love—

Long as through life's divergent paths I stroll
And rove from clime to clime, from pole to pole—
Still in the haunts of men, or silvan wild,
Will mem'ry linger where my Emma smiled."

The last letters written by Col. Darwin and Marlow had reached the hands of Mrs. Darwin, whose father had died a few months before, and she hastened to rejoin her long lost, but still beloved husband in America, and the daughter whose death she had mourned so many years. She had remained true to her first unpropitious love, and though frequently urged to marry, and though she knew not that her husband lived, she had firmly adhered to her resolution to live and die the wife of no other. She arrived a few weeks after the lamented death of her daughter. Colonel and Mrs. Darwin, accompanied by Marlow and his wife, who determined to follow their fortunes, removed to the west, where they settled, and where, as a reward for their long sufferings and afflicting loss, they were blessed with a beautiful progeny—and spent their days in the enjoyment of domestic tranquillity and happiness.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A WORD TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER.

The Messenger has long had two standing rules, founded in such strong expediency as to amount almost to necessity.

1. When a discontinuance is ordered, all arrearages must be paid, or the order will not be heeded.

2. If a discontinuance is not ordered before the January No. is published, the subscriber is set down for another year.

These rules have been published for several months among the "CONDITIONS," for the express object of giving notice to all. Still, orders to stop are received, without the arrearages being paid; some have given notice since the January No. was sent to them; and some few have refused the January No. though sent, and returned it. Is this fair and liberal, when they have our printed "conditions?" They have the whole year to make up their minds and to give notice, as we require. Yet they suffer the proprietor to lay his plans with the expectation that they are subscribers. He sends them his work. They refuse it. He loses it; or if sent back, it is defaced and often ruined by its double transmission, and then necessarily marked with the subscriber's name. All this causes trouble, inconvenience and loss to the Proprietor, when all the fault and neglect are on the part of the patron. It is known that the January No. is always mailed the first of the month; and discontinuances should not only be started, but received before the No. is issued. Again, a few who gave notice too late last year and continued to take the work, suppose that the old notice stood over to the next year. In such case, how are we to know but that the notice is waived altogether, as it often is, and the subscriber become so pleased with the work that he would not give it up? A new notice must be given. To those who have not paid and those who have given notice too late, the Messenger will be sent, and as they had fair warning and we have committed no fault, they will not hesitate to pay for it.

We tender a hearty welcome to the new subscribers, who are coming in and whose letters contain such flattering notices of the Messenger. There is room for them and their friends, and no effort shall be spared to make the Messenger more and more worthy their high encomiums.

COLLEGE CONVENTION OF VIRGINIA.

A convention of the Colleges of Virginia recently assembled in this City. Their proceedings were conducted so silently, that we hardly knew any thing of them, before their deliberations were closed. Seven institutions in the State were represented; and those who had deemed it expedient to conduct all the preliminaries in silence and comparative secrecy, to avoid the chagrin of an open failure, had their hearts greatly encouraged by the flattering results. There are now in this State nine colleges besides the university. The venerable William & Mary, (under no particular sect;) Hampden Sidney, of which the Richmond Medical College is a branch, and Washington College (Presbyterian); Randolph Macon, Emory and Henry and Bethany (Methodist); the Richmond College (Baptist) and Rector College. Besides these, the Catholics have an Institution of the Collegiate order, in the vicinity of this City, which was not represented. The Rev. Henry Ruffner, D. D., President of Washington College, presided over the Convention, and the memorial presented to the legislature is from the pen of the talented President of Randolph Macon, Landon C. Garland, Esq. The University was not invited to unite in the Convention, because she was already endowed; and the principal object of the Convention was to memorialise the Legislature in favor of the Colleges of the State, and to solicit a donation out of the Literary fund of some twelve thousand dollars per annum, to be divided amongst them all. The Literary fund has now an annual surplus of a larger amount: the sum actually appropriated to the use of Common Schools is not expended and an average balance of seven thousand dollars is annually left in the treasury. The total available capital of the Literary fund is \$1,496,486.51. Its annual increase is about \$13,000; its annual revenue about \$89,000.

At one time the annual surplus of the Literary fund above sixty thousand dollars was to be appropriated to Colleges and Academies; but during the existence of the Law, its provisions were never carried out, and it has since been repealed. Its existence, however, in past time shows the interest then taken in the Noble cause of Liberal Education, and furnishes an example worthy of the imitation of the present Legislature. Indeed, does not the fact of such a law having existed for several years without the beneficiaries under it receiving any of its fruits, furnish ground for an appeal even to justice as well as liberality? The University receives \$15,000 annually, which should never be less; the Military Institute at Lexington \$1,500; and the remaining eight colleges ask for \$12,000 to be distributed amongst them. This is not even in proportion to the alms that a generous man in moderate circumstances gives those who seek his charity. The Legislators may hesitate to appropriate any money to such purposes for fear of raising the taxes. What patriot, what true friend of the people, would not, if necessary, be willing to go before his constituents with the cry of "Education and an increase of the taxes" upon his lips? Yes, if necessary increase the taxes; or reduce the expenses of the State and give the amount saved to the colleges. But in the present instance, no increase of taxes is required. The funds are already raised and now sought to be applied to the purpose, for which the law in time past designed them. The people of this dear old Commonwealth are awakening to a sense of the importance of Education. A year or two since, we attended for several days an Educa-

tion Convention in this City. Its zeal was noble, its efforts most laudable and its discussions animating. It did much to arouse the attention of the people to the interests of Education; and the startling facts disclosed by the last census appeal strongly to every patriotic mind. We enlist ourselves boldly and unreservedly, forever, in the cause of Education and covet influence to cast it into its scale. What can it be to jeopard the most cherished political position in defence of so mighty and beneficent an agent? Should defeat come and receding favor leave your bark, the advancing tide of intelligence will take it up and bear it successfully on. If one's country be not destined to advance, it checks the efforts of the patriot. If it be, though he may anticipate the progress of improvement and be doomed to disappointment, his day of honor will come and be the more bright from the foresight which he displayed. Efforts laid out in prospective good thus make an unbounded return into the bosom.

Whilst upon this subject we will advert to an able document submitted by the Governor to the Legislature; written by Major Francis H. Smith, Principal of the Virginia Military Institute. The great difficulty in Popular Education is procuring suitable teachers. This difficulty must be overcome by the establishment of Normal Schools for the preparation of teachers for the Common Schools. If the State will grant the appropriations asked, the Colleges offer to educate gratis annually sixty three students, to be selected in such way as the State may prescribe. These young men may then be required to engage in teaching for a certain number of years, as the State Cadets at Lexington now are; and in this way the long felt deficiency of competent teachers may be supplied. This benefit of itself will be nearly worth the whole appropriation. The gifted sons of the poor will thus be raised up ornaments and blessings to their State and Country.

The defects of the present system of Common Schools are pointed out by Major Smith and the remedy proposed. His principal proposition is novel and striking;—That such Counties as wish Common Schools established, shall raise three fifths of the amount and the State shall then furnish the remaining two fifths, as she now does, to her banks and other corporations. We are not prepared to decide upon the merits of this Scheme; but it is worthy of due consideration. Were the cause of Education confined to Virginia, its importance and our own ardent feelings on the subject would have led us to say thus much, and even more, were it useful. But every State in the Union and especially every Southern and Western State is vitally interested in it. The North has already done her part. But the other portions of the Union are yet in the infancy of Educational Enterprise. Still that infant is a Hercules who is crushing or removing every obstacle. The University of Nashville has recently added a Law and a Medical Department; and the reports of exhibitions and commencements from every State show that the friends of learning are "up and doing." How our hearts warmed towards an eloquent vindicator of the Institutions of learning, in one of our Southern Legislatures, from the demagogical assaults of one who denounced them as designed for the benefit of the rich at the expense of the poor. We read the speech with deepest pleasure, and think the Colleges of Alabama (we believe it was) should present the author with a medal, or vote of thanks. Every man whose heart is at all educated along with his mind is a blessing to the poor around him; their truest friend and safest counsellor. We bid all the friends of Learning God speed. For Virginia, we hope the day is near when a moral and intellectual atmosphere will be spread through her whole extent as pure and invigorating as the air that fans the blue summits of her mountains.

MR. EVERETT AND PRINCE ALBERT.

Some time since, the University of Oxford, in testimony of his well known attainments, conferred upon our Minister to the Court of St. James, the distinguished degree of D. C. L.; "Doctor of Civil Law." The students present on the occasion manifested decided discontent at the honor thus conferred, because the recipient was a dissenter. Mr. Everett afterwards, however, received every acknowledgment for this disgraceful conduct. Since then, the queen, in her visits and pilgrimages, has honored Cambridge with her presence. Whilst there, by her order, that University conferred the degree of D. C. L. upon Prince Albert. Now, we really admire the spirit and principle of her Majesty in providing handsomely for her Consort, and in conferring upon him every title to the honor and respect of her subjects over whom her choice has elevated him. But all this appears, in truth, far more creditable to the Donor than to the Princely recipient. Such a relative position, in any other condition of life, would be strongly remarked. The exalted rank of royalty can not alter its intrinsic character. Morally, which of the above instances presents the grandest and most enviable spectacle? The ideas of the sternest republicans are affected and impressed somewhat by the splendor and high-wrought associations that cluster around Majesty. Thus, when a royal favorite comes forward to receive distinguished honors, the regard of the Great, the attendant pomp and circumstance, unless the object of it be palpably unworthy, lend much dignity and importance to the occasion. But blind favoritism, where it has the power to bestow them, may squander the rewards due to Excellence. Far beyond all this is the consideration due to the Man, who, left free to the untrammelled tendencies of Society, makes for himself a just claim to what he can never obtain as a mere gracious boon. Who has ever heard of the Learning of Prince Albert? Princes may be and have been eminently learned. If so, honor them for it, though they are Princes; but not because they are Princes, or the spouses of Queens. Mr. Everett, by the mere force of ability and learning, drew from strangers, prejudiced and inaccessible, this tribute to his genius; and the objections and murmurs which he encountered only exalt his merits. Still higher do the objections since raised and the opinions of the three Eminent Counsel, who have pronounced his degree "null and void," elevate him. Let the unsought honor be cancelled; the evidence which it furnishes, can never be destroyed. Mr. Everett may lose some legal rights or privileges which the degree when valid confers; but must ever appear more worthy of the distinction than the Prince Consort of a people whose laws measure Literary honors and qualifications for office by standards purely religious. We do not here vindicate dissent, for we do not intend to introduce such topics; but the illustration was too striking not to be adduced to show the superiority of intrinsic excellence and self wrought Honor, above the dignity of mere station and the favor of Queens.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE, JOHN RANDOLPH, &c.

The National Intelligencer of the 27th of Jan. contains a deeply interesting and animating account of the progress and prospects of the "National Institute," at Washington. The proceedings of the last meeting are prefaced by some beautiful remarks of the Secretary, Joseph R. Ingersoll, Esq., in which he portrays the advantages and glory of such an Institution and urges its claims to the patronage and aid of the Federal Government. His and Mr. Woodbury's views place the right and propriety of Congress fostering it upon high and impregnable grounds. The Institute, though so young, has accomplished a vast deal and is already attracting the attention of the learned at home and

abroad. It can not compare as yet with similar foundations in Europe; but with the liberal aid of an Enlightened Government, it may ere long rank with the noblest Literary and Scientific Establishments of any country. The British Association has expended since its establishment £83,000, about \$410,000 in Scientific investigations. A meeting of the learned in this Country will be held in April next, in Washington, under the auspices of the National Institute. The Association of American Geologists and Naturalists and other Scientific and Literary bodies will attend; and an address will be delivered by Hon. Senator Walker. It will be a noble gathering, we trust, worthy of the cause and the occasion. Hon. John Quincy Adams has consented to deliver the annual address before the Institute. * * * The Biography and speeches of John Randolph of Roanoke of which we have spoken, by a fellow congressman from New-York, will soon be published by William Robinson of New-York. We trust that the Work will become the subject. The Virginian who is engaged in a similar task will have an opportunity of learning and supplying the congressman's defects. Jacob Harvey of New-York has been entertaining the readers of the New Mirror with some lively and graphic sketches of the distinguished Orator. In portraying some of his eccentricities, some have thought that Mr. Harvey presented him in too unamiable a light. Certainly the writer had no such intention. The friend and companion of Mr. Randolph, he had an opportunity of studying his character, and noting his thoughts; and he reveres his memory too much to make the least assault upon it, directly or indirectly. A friend requests us to unite in a call for a just and suitable memoir of Mr. Randolph. We hope that the works in progress will meet his wishes. Many private papers have been furnished by Mr. R.'s relatives to the Virginia Editor, whose work, therefore, will be full and authentic. We are requested to solicit information and materials for the "Memoir" from any who may be able and willing to furnish them. All communications on the subject can be addressed to the Editor of the Messenger. * * * A letter from the West informs us, that the Harpers will soon issue a new novel, exhibiting true pictures of the manners and condition of early Western Society, entitled "Young Kate."

The author was formerly of Virginia and is a gentleman of taste and talent.

CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.

It does not seem to have occurred to any one actually to doubt the cheapness of much that comes to us under this ad captandum garb. It has long been an established fact, that the lowest priced is not always the cheapest; and much that goes about with the sweet name of "Cheap Literature" would be excessively dear if a high bounty were attached to it. How many, to save a little money, have bought demoralization, licentiousness and falsehood; have encouraged speculations and extortions that they are wont severely to condemn. To all such we commend the following pointed extract from the Long Island Star, Edited by Wm. Oland Bourne, a contributor to the Messenger.

"The great law of nature, which requires an equality of interest, cannot be violated with less impunity than any other law, and, if it be, its penalty will come along with it. The commercial spirit, as we have termed it, effects this, and brings with its operations a fearful penalty.

"The demand for cheap books—the competition in furnishing cheap—cheaper—cheapest—is effected at the cost of an amount of evil which is more than equal to the advantages which ensue. A steamer arrives—two or three publishers receive a copy of a new work—the commercial spirit impels them to seize the moment for its publication, and the low price at which it is sold obliges them to give

low wages; yet the necessity of laying it before the public on the instant, requires Sabbath-labor, night-labor, and injury to the mind, morals and health of a hundred men and boys, and young women, who are obliged to ply their fingers unremittingly in folding and stitching an edition of a work which runs through from fifteen to forty thousand copies from a single press. This out of the way, read, thrown aside, the appetite makes its demand again, and is again satisfied—and while the public are reading what they call CHEAP LITERATURE, if its price was footed up in Sabbaths violated, the consequent moral injury, the pain and unceasing toil, the wearing out, the miserable compensation the laborers earn, the social unhappiness and evils, and deprivation of all that makes a moral creature comfortable and happy—they would think that after all 'it costs as much as it comes to!' and yet 'the people do not think!'

"When these results are seen, and young men are obliged to resort to unlawful means of procuring subsistence, and young women are obliged to sacrifice their honor, is there not a greater price paid for the cheapness, than if the means of useful, happy and dignified labor were meted out to them."

But there is a still more direct view of the question. The republication of many standard works neatly bound, was done very cheaply before the era of "Cheap Literature" commenced. Since then, however, those works have been thrown off in numbers, unbound, often from stereotype plates, at very little cost. These, no doubt, constitute the most wholesome portion of the so called Cheap Literature; and the mere fever of the thing has given them a most extensive circulation. But in many cases, the entire number costs as much, or more, in proportion, than the older issues. They must be bound for preservation, and even for convenient use. Many numbers are lost, or injured, and must be replaced; a loss, to which those at a distance from the binder are particularly exposed. In proportion, too, the binding is more expensive, than when it is done by the regular publisher. In this way, many have paid more for works in No.'s, than they could have bought the same editions for, in handsome form, from the book stores. Directly and indirectly, morally and economically, we do sincerely doubt, and in a great degree totally deny, the benefits and cheapness of CHEAP PUBLICATIONS."

Notices of New Works.

[COMMUNICATED.]

MEXICO AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS. By BRANTZ MAYER, late U. S. Secretary of Legation to that country. New York, 1844. J. Winchester, 8 vo. pp. 360.

We have scarcely time, at this moment, to do more than call the attention of our readers to the very interesting and valuable work before us. At a future day, we promise them and ourselves, the pleasure of dwelling more at large upon its contents, in connexion with the other important publications, relating to Mexican life and history, which have recently issued from the press.

The Republic of Mexico has been, as our readers well know, any thing but a favorite, of late years, with the good people of this country. The Texas question and some other matters of unadjusted difficulty have not left our judgments in that state of perfect equilibrium, which impartiality demands. We have heard but one side of the story, and have believed it to be true, because the other side has not reached us. In this state of our minds, it is particularly important that we should call to our aid the

testimony of intelligent and impartial witnesses. If it is worth while to know any thing of our sister nation and neighbor, it is certainly worth while to know the truth. It is, moreover, especially important, that, at the present moment, we should possess ourselves, fully, of all possible, accurate information, in relation to a country, whose revolted province, not less than herself, is intimately associated with one of the most important political measures, in which the interests of the South has ever been at stake. We refer, of course, to the annexation of Texas to the Union, and the increase of the influence of Great Britain in Mexico herself. Every item of information, political, social or statistical, which goes to enlighten our citizens, as to the real character, power, resources and tendencies of the people, whose action may so deeply involve our whole Southern population, should be deemed an actual, beneficial service rendered to our country.

It is with a view to this, even more than to the admirable entertainment which is afforded every where, by the graphic pages of Mr. Mayer, that we commend his book to the especial perusal of our readers. Mr. M. has long been known as a graceful and accomplished writer, whose taste has been refined by travel and cultivation, while his previous opportunities of enlarged observation have rendered his means of comparison and accurate judgment particularly extensive. Introduced, by his personal character and official position, into the most distinguished circles of Mexican refinement and intelligence, he has been enabled to do that justice to the real worth of the nation, which no traveller, with similar advantages, has ever rendered. The external peculiarities of the Mexican people—as well as their in-door life—their amusements, politics, religious ceremonials and observances, are sketched with all the skill, which a keen eye, an enlightened taste, unflinching humor and a graphic pen, have enabled him to exercise. For the beauties of nature, so prodigally scattered over the whole surface of the Republic, Mr. Mayer has displayed equal fondness—having preserved many of them by his pencil, for the admiration of his reader, and having warmed his eloquent descriptions, with the inspiration of both poet and painter. Sufficiently an antiquarian to find pleasure among the ruins of a mighty but departed civilization, he has likewise, with commendable and accurate industry, delineated a large number of the principal Indian monuments which will be found among the numerous illustrations of his volume. Those of our readers who have directed their attention to this subject, as treated in the elaborate history of Mr. Prescott, will find the plates and descriptions of Mr. Mayer to afford a most interesting accompaniment to their investigations. The latter part of the work is confined to historical, political and statistical history. Mr. Mayer appears to have labored zealously in the collection and collation of the mass of facts, which he has given, for the first time, to the world—and he has presented an accumulation of materials which, together with his profound and able reflections, the statesmen of our country will find of no small importance in the formation of sound conclusions, upon our future political bearing towards Mexico.

What has gratified us as much as anything in Mr. Mayer's book, is the total absence of that carping and censorious spirit, which is apt to accompany travellers from prosperous and highly cultivated nations, to those of humbler position. Racy as is his narrative throughout—redolent of wit and gayety, and sparkling and amusing incident—we nowhere find that truth has yielded to the love of caricature—or that the ambition to be brilliant has weakened the control of kind and liberal feelings. To us, this is by no means the smallest recommendation that a literary traveller can bring. It proves good sense, not less than right feeling, and it convinces us, whenever we see its existence

clearly, as in the work before us, that reliance can be placed on what is stated as fact, and that attention is due to what is given as deduction. How few the books of modern travels are, of which this much can be said—let the experience of our own travel-ridden people teach them.

But, in conclusion, we commend Mr. Mayer again to our readers. We have given them our reasons for so doing, and we are the more happy to have been able to go so far, inasmuch as Mr. M. is a native and citizen of Baltimore, and may fairly be claimed, so far as talent can be sectional, as an ornament to the community of the South.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, by Charles Dickens, Esq. Harper and Brothers, New York; Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia; Drinker and Morris, Richmond, Va.

What has become of "Charles Dickens, Esq.?" We scarcely ever hear a word of him now. But it is a pity that he should be entirely forgotten and we come generously to snatch his name from oblivion. We have not, as yet, been induced to take any farther notice of Chuzzlewit, than to publish its funny title, and to brand the infamous plagiarism of which Dickens was guilty towards Joseph C. Neal of Philadelphia. Our reason for passing him by was to show the contempt we feel, and to pursue the course of indifference which a just pride should suggest. On this subject the last North American Review has the following very appropriate remarks. "The folly we yearly practise, of flying into a passion, with some inferior English writer, who caricatures our faults, and tells dull jokes about his tour through the land, has only the effect to exalt an insignificant scribbler into notoriety, and give a nominal value to his recorded impertinence. If the mind and heart of the country had its due expression; if its life had taken form in a literature worthy of itself, we should pay little regard to the childish tattle of the pert coxcomb, who was discontented with our taverns, or the execrations of some bluff sea-captain who was shocked with our manners." ***** "If Bishop Berkeley, when he visited Malebranche, had paid exclusive attention to the habitation, raiment and manners of the man, and neglected the conversation of the metaphysician, and, when he returned to England, had entertained Pope, Swift, Gay and Arbuthnot with satirical descriptions of the 'complement extern' of his eccentric host, he would have acted just as wisely as many an English tourist, with whose malicious pleasantry on our habits of chewing, spitting and eating, we are silly enough to quarrel. To the United States, in reference to the pop-gun shots of foreign tourists, might be addressed the warning which Peter Plymley thundered against Bonaparte, in reference to the Anti-Jacobin jests of Canning: Tremble, oh! thou land of many spitters and voters, 'for a pleasant man has come out against thee, and thou shalt be laid low by a joker of jokes, and he shall talk his pleasant talk to thee, and thou shalt be no more!'"

The opinions of Americans as to Dickens' last effort is unanimous and requires no expression from us. We have, indeed, a right to complain that he does us injustice in not exhibiting that talent and genius in his caricatures, for which we had given him credit. Any critique from us would not only be superfluous but would appear to proceed from national pique. As this motive can not be ascribed to his own countrymen and that he may not be entirely forgotten, this side the Atlantic, we have concluded to give our readers, the following critique from the December No. of the Westminster Review; a work which might be expected above all others to deal kindly with the author.

"Martin Chuzzlewit," says the Reviewer, "is a 'failure' compared with the former tales of Charles Dickens. We should scarcely say that 'Martin Chuzzlewit' displays no originality of talent; but the whole novel, as far as it has

yet proceeded, is founded upon a mistake,—the mistake of supposing that a tale can be perfectly successful without the impersonation of a single character worthy of, or capable of exciting the reader's sympathy. In 'Martin Chuzzlewit' we are introduced to a world of knaves and fools, destitute of any one quality that could command respect. The best of them, Tom Pinch, excites only contempt or compassion for the mental imbecility which renders him the blind dupe of a hypocrite. Mark Tapley, a reminiscence of Sam Weller in 'Pickwick,' and of Brother Jack in Swift's 'Tale of a Tub,'—one who courts misery for the merit of braving it, and of showing that under the most adverse circumstances he can be jolly when other people are sad, is too unreal a conception for serious interest. The heroine is a young lady who has nothing to say except a few words at parting with her lover, whom she meets clandestinely by assignation in St. James' Park: and that lover is an egotist, and a greenhorn. Martin Chuzzlewit, the elder, is the old gentleman of the melodrama, rich, obstinate, and suspicious; and the rest of the personages described, the Jonases—the Todgeruses—Tiggs—the boy—the undertaker, and the nurses, are all of the lowest school of coarse cockney vulgarity. We may admit that some of these characters, although overdrawn, might serve as foils to happier delineations; but the picture has no relief. It has all the dark shades of Rembrandt without a touch of light; we contemplate human nature in 'Martin Chuzzlewit' only under an aspect which inspires loathing, and we can scarcely believe that we are reading the work of a writer once remarkable for a keen perception of the poetry of human life; one who had shown us God's image reflected back from the haunts of poverty, and to whom belongs the rare merit of such creations as Little Nell, Dolly Varden, Dick Nubbles, Miss La Creevy, and those scarcely less-to-be-forgotten favorites of the public, Richard Swiveller and the Marchioness.

"But perhaps the greatest fault of 'Martin Chuzzlewit' is an unjust and ungenerous attack upon the people of the United States, in the shape of a broad and bitter caricature. That a vast continent like America, somewhat twice the extent of Europe, should contain in its maritime cities a body of scoundrels and swindlers is not very strange: were none to be found there, considering how many have been sent from our own shores, the fact would be much more extraordinary; but strange it is and new and unaccountable, that such an observer as Mr. Dickens, travelling from Dan to Beersheba, should find all barren of goodness, and discover no other facts worth signaling in a country, the rapid growth of which is without a parallel, than the knaveries of land-jobbers, and the abuses of a press conducted often by English editors.

"What a false idea of American shrewdness and sagacity as shown in their choice of eligible sites for new townships, one of which, in twenty years from the time of its foundation, (Cincinnati,) contained a population of thirty thousand inhabitants, is given by Mr. Dickens, in his description of a new settlement in a swamp, which its land-marking originators had denominated Eden!

"But a more serious fault in the work is the ungrateful return (for ungrateful it must appear in the eyes of every American) for the enthusiastic reception Mr. Dickens met with in the United States,—in an extravagant satire of their haw-hunting propensities. Martin, with no other recommendation than that of being a dupe, who, with the unconsciousness of a Peter Simple, is about to bury himself in a spot from which no one had returned alive, has his levée thronged from curiosity by the whole population from morning till night. We wonder it did not occur to Mr. Dickens that this satire might tell against himself. Was he only a Martin Chuzzlewit to the people of America, when they crowded to do him homage? But in truth his claims to the distinction

were of a higher character, and it might have occurred to Mr. Dickens that the universal recognition of those claims was a fact not less honorable to the Americans than to himself. *The universality of his reputation in the United States said something for an universality of education of which he would in vain look for similar evidence nearer home.* In what part of England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, would Mr. Dickens count an equal number of readers and admirers, relatively to the whole population, than he found in every city, town, and village of the United States? We are sorry Mr. Dickens has adopted this course; for it rarely under any circumstances, and in his case least of all, is expedient for an author to seek materials for satire in other countries than his own. The good sought to be effected by it commonly fails, for even when the satire is perfectly just, it is received as only the offspring of national antipathies, which it never fails to increase; and we are not surprised to see from the American Journals that Mr. Dickens' attacks are treated as the mere ebullition of spleen consequent upon his want of success in obtaining an International Law of copyright: his present writings will certainly not promote that very desirable and important object. We make these remarks more in sorrow than in anger—sorrow that they appear to us needed; but we really have felt angry at our monthly disappointments of pleasure from Mr. Dickens' last publication. We trust the source of much former gratification is not yet exhausted."

We were present at the supper, which Dickens was teased into accepting in Richmond. The worthy President on that occasion took leave, as he was so much older, to warn Box against reclining upon his laurels. Dickens replied in a feeling speech, assured us that he would remember the caution and that the admiration of Americans would be his stimulus. He has not, properly speaking, reclined upon his laurels; but his course has been even more fatal to his reputation. His charm is gone. His pictures of pure and humble life, of virtuous hearts will lack the glow of sincerity and lose all their former attraction, for his own heart is wrong.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS. By Charlotte Elizabeth. pp. 357, 8 vo.

THE WRONGS OF WOMAN. The Little Pin Headers, by the same, pp. 115, 12 mo. John S. Taylor & Co., New-York. Joseph Gill, Richmond.

Personal Recollection is an interesting autobiography of its remarkable authoress. At the solicitation of her friends, and to prevent falling into unjust hands hereafter, she details her own history. We certainly do not admire mock modesty, and have more faith, than most persons, in one's capacity to know and judge himself; but a contempt for mock modesty may run into unnecessary boldness and, at least indirect, glorification. Charlotte Elizabeth, however, is so open in the matter and writes so fluently and independently, that the reader will not feel very harshly towards her, though he may think the autobiography of a living writer rather out of the way. She has opinions of her own and dares maintain them. Indeed she often writes not only like a man; but like one engaged in Public affairs. She says herself, that her writings have been objected to as too political; but that this could not have been otherwise from the discussions she so often heard in her father's house, by many eminent men, and among whom was the celebrated Doctor Parr. The manner in which she was allowed to mingle in their society; and the interest she took in their conversations must have tended to invigorate and stimulate her mind. She sometimes indulges in considerable asperity of language; indeed her expressions are generally strong. She denounces O'Connell as a murderer of the Irish, and says she was so disgusted with him, the only

time she ever saw him, that she withdrew from all connection with the anti-slavery association of which he was a member. Still she exhibits the intensest devotion to Ireland, which her letters from Ireland also evince.

At another time she says she "had been learning to prize her native land in a disgusting region of all that is most directly opposed to liberty, civil or religious; to honorable feeling, just conduct, honest principle, or practical decency. In short, she had been in Portugal." Her recollections are vivid and graphically described. She is a bold and an enthusiastic writer and has done good; but, as a woman, we can not make her a favorite. We certainly admire her patriotism, her zeal and her absorbing nationality.

As to the other little work, we can not see why it should be styled particularly "The Wrongs of Woman." Little Joe excites our sympathies even more than his devoted sister; and men and boys are as much oppressed and exhausted by Factory employments as women and girls. The unkind step-mother of the principal "little pin headers" introduced drove her husband from his home; and this and other incidents remind us strongly of the *wrongs of man*. Still it presents some vivid and true pictures of the merciless exactions and oppressions practiced under the manufacturing system of England. But the whole is not as forcible as her own Helen Fleetwood nor as some papers founded on the same facts and disclosures that have appeared in the *Messenger*. England, with oppressed, starving and murdered HEATHEN children in her own bosom, heeds not their groans, nor the appeals of the philanthropists; but stretches out her powerful hand to enlighten China, to Christianise and guard India and to liberate the contented, because well fed, well treated and, compared with many of her own operatives, the *well instructed*, negroes of the United States. How animating the contrast in our own Factories! Where in all England is there a "Lowell Offering." This we suppose might appropriately be styled "the RIGHTS of woman."

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED AND NEW PICTORIAL BIBLE.
No. 1. New-York, 1844.

Drinker and Morris have sent us the 1st No. of this Work. Its Splendor and Beauty filled us with admiration, and we thought the highest credit due to the enterprise and taste of the Publishers. We have since seen a sort of protest against the publication, by some clergymen of New Jersey, who not only object to the principle of illustrating the Inspired Volume; but pronounce many of the illustrations to be obscene. The fine arts can not be better employed than in illustrating and impressing the Word of God. The nature and wants of the human mind render this highly beneficial; whilst the cultivated taste and the sense of the beautiful are gratified by the representations. There can be no doubt, then, as to the propriety and advantage of the plan of this costly Work; but all depends upon the execution, the purity, the appropriateness and expressiveness of the artist's designs. Without proof to the contrary, we strongly incline towards the Work; from the known principles and habits of the publishers. It is certainly a disadvantage attendant upon serial publications that one may, in their progress, become dissatisfied. The only security is the character of the publishers; and we feel disposed to rely upon that of Harper and Brothers and Mr. Chapman, who would not forfeit the reputation they now enjoy, by offending against modesty. There will inevitably be blemishes in the work. In the No. before us we would like to change some of the illustrations, which are badly chosen and worse executed. But we do not doubt, that its merits will far outweigh its defects and it will stand a monument of American skill, taste and liberality. The entire Work will contain sixteen hundred historical engravings; more

than fourteen hundred of which are from original designs by J. G. Chapman, the author of the National painting at Washington, the Baptism of Pocahontas, and an artist of some celebrity. The illuminations are brilliant and Mr. Adams, the Engraver, has displayed great proficiency in his beautiful art. The whole will be completed in about fifty No.'s at twenty-five cents each.

D' AUBIGNÉ'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION. Abridged by the Rev. Edward Dalton. Second American Edition. New York, John S. Taylor & Co., 1843. Joseph Gill, Richmond.

The original work of D' Aubigné is among the most interesting of modern times. Its subject is the most important; his characters the most remarkable and conspicuous and the execution in many respects inimitable. It possesses a great deal of Dramatic power; and contains much of the most curious and engaging biography in the world. Luther, Melancthon, Zwingle, Erasmus, Spalatin, Myconius and a number of others possess uncommon interest. We have been engaged, at intervals, in reading the entire work; but absorbing as it generally is, its length is appalling to many readers, and some of its disquisitions, however important to the theologian and controversialist, are certainly tedious. The narrative itself is often exceedingly prolix; and the repetitions numerous and useless. All these faults appeal in favor of an abridgement. The one before us seems to be designed for youth, whose tastes and capacity might neither induce nor enable them to wade through the *Extended History*. Mr. Dalton has, as far as possible, retained the language of the author, thereby preserving, in some degree, the qualities of style and enthusiasm which lend such charms to the original. Every one should examine the History of the Great Reformation; and laying aside its Sectarian tendencies, no one presents it in more attractive form than D' Aubigné.

IRELAND. Dublin, the Shannon, Limerick, Cork and the Kilkenny Races, the Round Towers, the Lakes of Killarney, the County of Wicklow, O'Connell and the Repeal Association; Belfast and the Giant's Causeway. By J. G. Kohl, New-York. Harper & Brothers; Drinker and Morris, Richmond, 1844. pp. 115, 8vo.

LETTERS FROM IRELAND, 1837. By Charlotte Elizabeth. John S. Taylor, New-York, 1843. Joseph Gill, Richmond.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. Leonard Scott, & Co., New-York. Joseph Gill, Richmond.

No country surpasses Ireland in Historic and Intellectual interest. Her deeds and her eminent Poets, Philosophers and Orators have embalmed her forever. Whatever may befall her and however long it may continue, there is a vitality in her associations that can not be destroyed; but will, like the seed buried three thousand years with the mummy, spring up and flourish. We do not, as at present informed, anticipate any immediate benefit from the agitation of Repeal in Ireland; but the Emerald Isle will be brought prominently before the world—Her associations will be rekindled; Her History read; Her territory explored. In this way the vast centralising tendency towards England will be checked, and more of nationality be imparted to her. How long has England shorn Ireland of all her glory, claiming and enjoying the splendor of all her genius, besides exhausting her substance and expending her resources! The English majority must first have their sentiments gradually changed towards Ireland, before she can derive any of those benefits, which are hoped for in vain from an immediate repeal of the Union. Ireland should

have a powerful Literary Organ; one that could force its Irish principles into England. Such a work would widely circulate in this Country. The republication of the Dublin University Magazine is to be suspended. We are not sorry for it. It is not very able and it is not Irish enough in its tone to render the Country the service it needs. Charlotte Elizabeth well says, "when Englishmen learn to view Ireland as she is, the first great step will be achieved towards making her what she ought to be."

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for January, 1844.

This able Review makes a bold and admirable entrance upon a new year. The first article is upon Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America. He uses Mr. Griswold fairly and kindly, for his excessive amiability and charity in admitting so many writers amongst the poets of America and giving such numerous evidences of their claims. When a Compiler or Editor undertakes to discriminate, he should be required to do so; and his judgments are fair subject of criticism. It is impossible to deduce what was the standard of admission to the Grand Entrée. But for the absence of some names, we might infer it was the fact of having scribbled some verses in America. Even then, would not one or two specimens have sufficed for some who are honored with pages? As a *Collection* of American Poetry it is too limited and exclusive as to authors and productions; as a *Selection*, which it was intended to be, it lacks discrimination. The labors and difficulties of the work, however, must have been very great; and we are exceedingly obliged for a book which puts at our disposal a great deal of whose existence we would otherwise have been ignorant.

The Reviewer despatches Judge Haliburton of Nova Scotia, somewhat to our taste. The Judge is probably worthy of his notice; but "The Attaché" and "Change for American notes" certainly are not. Who would deal with coin small enough to *change* Dickens' "notes?" We should have to borrow from the Savages some of their worthless representatives of value and subdivide them infinitesimally.

The Review of Prescott's Mexico is labored; but interesting. It justly extols the splendid work; but wants arrangement; and for the space it occupies gives too little information about the Conquest. You know all about the book; but not about its absorbing subject. This may have proceeded partly from the recent appearance of the article on Cortés' Despatches. The other articles we can not now specify—The one on State debts is very seasonable.

THE STUDY OF THE LIFE OF WOMAN. By Madame Necker De Saussure, of Geneva. Translated from the French. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard, 1844. Drinker & Morris, Richmond. pp. 288, 8vo.

This interesting work is after the order of "the Education of Mothers," to which the authoress refers, with merited praise. But the present work goes a step farther, and presents a novel idea in educating those who may not be mothers. There is much philosophy as well as philanthropy in the suggestions.

"The business of teaching is adapted to women, and were it not for the immense inconvenience and danger of exciting expectations that might never be fulfilled, it would be in preparing them to be mothers, that we should best succeed in forming their characters and their minds. Morality, intelligence, sensibility, all the faculties would be developed under the auspices of this hope; but who would dare to brave the dreadful grief caused by the feeling of having failed in the object of life, that grief which in married women without children, is carried sometimes to a deplorable excess? That would then be a happy discovery

which should enable us to propose to young girls the career of teachers, without presenting to their minds the idea of becoming mothers. What could be better imagined than to engage them in teaching the children of the poor? The perspective of instruction, either in teaching one's self, or in overlooking those so employed, is perhaps the most favorable of any to the acquisition of solid information. It obliges the individual, to comprehend principles which are too often neglected in the education of women. The different degrees of advancement in young girls will be found to correspond with the kinds of instruction they may be expected to bestow. They may choose elementary books, translate them from other languages if necessary, and prepare useful reading of every kind."

The various humane and charitable institutions would afford an excellent opportunity, for carrying out this principle. It is very obvious that important movements in public sentiment are taking place in favor of woman. Her position in the more civilized nations, is as high as needs be; for she commands and sways. But seeing that her position is thus elevated and her power thus controlling, it becomes our duty, pride and interest, to consider how she may best be fitted to adorn her station and to wield for good her towering influence. As long as the guiding principle, of confining her to the private circle is adhered to, we will rejoice at the efforts to elevate her in purity and knowledge. Our authoress does adhere to this, and opens a rich mine of thought and suggestion, tending to the improvement and blessing of every stage of existence. The work is exceedingly systematic, and combines the most beautiful and sweeping generalization with the commonest details of domestic concern. And then the spirit of true religion sanctifies its philosophy, and breathes its perfume over every page. We would recommend to mothers and trainers of girls to bind it up with "The Education of Mothers," and to use them as a manual.

REMARKS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Henry Lord Brougham, F. R. S. Member of the National Institute of France, and of the Royal Academy of Naples. Containing the concluding Series of Statesmen who flourished in the time of George III. Philadelphia, Lea and Blanchard. Drinker and Morris, Richmond.

The French Revolution has engaged the pens of some of England's greatest Statesmen, from Burke to Lord Brougham. In the present day, the writers who have taken it in hand, might be supposed to have exhausted the subject; but it will ever continue to be most fruitful and to give rise to the greatest extremes of opinion and deduction. An Englishman elevated by Majesty, to the titles of the realm, must be liberalised indeed, to think even soberly of this grand melodrama. As a general rule, we think it will appear, that those who have been elevated to rank, in England, from comparative obscurity, have been Tories, and especially will this be shown by the History of the Lord Chancellors. We observe that such a Work is now in progress from a very distinguished source. Lord Brougham may not always have been very consistent; but now, he is decidedly liberal and enlightened in his principles. This appears conspicuously in the merited castigation he has given Lord Lydenham, in the work before us. Lord S., Governor General of Canada, where he had full opportunity of imbibing prejudices and none of correcting them, was pleased to write some letters to England, betraying as great ignorance and narrow-mindedness, as malignity. Among other things, he pronounces our Political System a "bubble," which he hopes to see burst and does not think he will have to live very long to do so. He seems rather to exult at the idea of

a war between us and England; for the "blacks" would soon ravage the Southern States and Canada and Nova Scotia could easily flog the North. How chaste, humane and honorable! How justly Lord Brougham gives him the lash; and how well he shows us that we need never regard such ebullitions of venom and prejudice. Such thoughts are not those of the Liberal minded English; and those who can at all appreciate our conclusive answers to the slanders heaped upon us, are also themselves prepared to make our defence. The volume also contains a sketch of Thomas Jefferson. These sketches are among the most entertaining and instructive productions of the times.

INTROITS: OR, ANTE-COMMUNION PSALMS, for the Sundays and Holy-days throughout the year.

Introibo ad altare DEI;
— ad DEUM, qui lætificat juventutem meam.
Philadelphia, Lindsay and Blakeston, 1844.

In the prayer book, printed in 1549, in the reign of King Edward VIth, there were particular psalms appointed to be said or sung, whilst the priest was entering the chancel to perform the ante-communion service. These psalms were appropriated to each Sunday and holy day, and from the place they occupied in the Church service, were called Introits. This work contains versifications of them. Many of them, we can not commend; but others contain all the beauty of the psalms, and the sweetness and melody of true poetry. What a beautiful image the following lines present!

"Till at last, in Autumn brown,
Rich with fruit of Christian worth,
As some full tree, I bow me down
To lay my burden on the earth;—
Leafless in the wintry grave,
Hopeful in thy Spring to wave!"

We have marked many places, which struck us as beautiful; but must forbear to quote them. Such publications should be regarded in two aspects, the one Literary, the other religious. The Messenger wishes to view them in both lights. Religion can never be safely separated from any thing, however secular; and especially, should it be infused into the Literature, the poetry of a people. It is often enforced under the terms *morality* and *virtue*. But there is no good reason for any such indirection, however innocent. If any thing be worth praising and vindicating, call it by its proper name and do it boldly. The work before us is very neatly printed, and issued and dedicated to the Bishop of Maryland. J. W. Randolph has it for sale.

NEW MAGAZINES.

We have received a number of a new periodical published at Mobile. It is an Octavo of 48 pages, issued monthly at three dollars per annum.

The Students of the University of North Carolina have issued a prospectus of a monthly, to be conducted by them and the professors; on the plan of the Yale Literary and the Collegian lately sent forth from our own University.

We rejoice to see such manifestations of a literary spirit beaming forth in the South.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW is published in the City of New York, by Saxton and Miles, the agents for the Southern Literary Messenger. It has just reached its second volume and is edited by an association of Literary gentlemen. It supplies a hiatus in our periodical publications, in being issued every two months. We often get tired waiting for a quar-

terly, and monthlies are necessarily devoted to lighter literature. This Review will rank between these two classes and partake of the character of both. The Northern journals highly commend it. Each No. will contain one hundred pages octavo; the subscription is three dollars per annum, in advance.

PRESCOTT'S HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO, &c. Harper & Brothers, New York. Drinker & Morris, Richmond.

The second and third volumes of this admirable History arrived soon after the issue of our last number. They fully sustain the commendation we then bestowed. As we can indulge our disposition to enter somewhat at length into the subject, we have little more to add. We hope soon to lay before our readers an article worthy of the work, from the pen of an excellent writer and ripe Spanish scholar. In the notice which he has kindly made of Mr. Mayer's last work, it will be observed that he promises soon to take a review of the whole subject connected with Mexico. In the mean time, let all who can, read Prescott's History, and their minds will glow with some of that fervor towards American Literature, which we shall constantly endeavor to infuse into these pages.

COUNSELS OF THE AGED TO THE YOUNG. By A. Alexander, D. D.

SELF-EDUCATION. By Tryon Edwards.

CHRISTIANÆ MILITIÆ VIATICUM; OR THE CHRISTIAN'S POCKET COMPANION.

A PATTERN FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS, &c. By J. A. James.

THE WAY TO SAFETY. Lectures to Young Men. By L. E. Lathrop, D. D.

These small, but beautiful and useful works, for all classes of youth and for manhood also, are published by John S. Taylor & Co., New-York, and sold in this City by Joseph Gill. They present some of the most important subjects that can engage the mind in a most attractive and impressive form, and enforced with the eloquence and ability of most polished moral writers.

THE COMPLETE CONFECTIONER, PASTRY-COOK AND BAKER, &c., &c., &c. With additions and alterations, by Parkinson, practical confectioner of Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Lea and Blanchard, 1844. Drinker & Morris, Richmond.

This is the work of which we have already spoken. Parkinson is known to every body who knows Philadelphia and this book will enable any one to make all the delicious things that have given fame to Parkinson's. Every housewife should have it.

SILLIMAN'S JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND ARTS. Jan. 1844.

We again welcome this excellent Journal. It is full of learned contributions. We observe that the Editors still call for aid and we second their appeal. One of the few, and about the foremost representative of American Science and Arts, never should it suffer for want of proper encouragement.

THE EIGHTH NO. OF HANNAH MORRIS'S WORKS—now complete; and part of McCulloch's Gazetteer have been received. Harper and Brothers—and Drinker and Morris.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—BENJAMIN B. MINOR, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. X.

RICHMOND, MARCH, 1844.

NO. 3.

IPHIGENIA AT TAURIS. A DRAMATIC POEM.

IN FIVE ACTS.

(Translated from the German of Goëthe.)

ACT IV—SCENE 1.

Iphigenia. Whene'er the Gods propose to vex a child
of Earth

With wild perplexity, passing from Joy to Pain,
Again from Pain to Joy, in rapid hurried change,
Shaking his soul with doubt: Then ever, near at hand,
Or on some distant shore, they for his hour of need
Will raise him up a friend, of calm, collected mind.
Oh! may the blessing of the Gods still rest
On Pylades, and all he undertakes.
He is the young man's arm in battle's hour;
In council, the sagacious eye of age.
His tranquil soul its holy calm preserving,
Resting in imperturbable repose,
Out of its deep resources, still affords
To the harassed and wretched, aid and counsel.
While from my brother's arms I strove in vain
To disengage myself, but gazed on him,
And gazed again, and could not sound the depth
Of my own happiness, nor feel our danger,
He wisely tore me from him. Now they go
Down to the Sea, to carry out their plan,
For there their vessel, in a cove concealed
With their companions, waits the appointed signal.
Wise words they put into my mouth, and taught me
What answer to the King I shall return,
When he shall send to urge the sacrifice.
I see I must be guided like a child,
Unpractised in concealment as I am,
And all unskilled to win my point by craft.
Aias for falsehood! It has not the power,
Like Truth, to free the bosom of its load.
Instead of cheerful confidence, it fills
The breast that forges it with anxious care;
A misdirected shaft, by power divine,
Turned back to fall upon the shooter's head.
Care upon care bewilders me. Perhaps
The Fury, on the unconsecrated shore,
Again attacks my brother. They may be
Discovered! Is not that the armed tread
Of soldiers? Is not this the messenger
Who from the King with hurried steps approaches?
How my heart beats, and how my soul is troubled,
That I must look upon the face of one,
Whom I must meet with falsehood on my lips.

SCENE 2.

Iphigenia. *Arcas.*

Arcas. Priestess, accelerate the sacrifice.
The King is waiting, and the crowd expects it.
Iphigenia. My duty and thy nod should be obeyed,
But unexpected hindrance intervenes
Between me and my task.
Arcas. What can that be,
Which countervails the mandate of the King?
Iphigenia. 'Tis accident, of which we are not master.

Arcas. Tell me, that I at once to him may bear
The tidings. On the death of these two men
He has decided.

Iphigenia. As yet, the Gods have not.
The guilt of kindred blood, shed by his hand,
Rests on the eldest. Him, the Furies chase,
The Evil seized him even in the Temple,
And the pure place his presence has profaned.
Now, with my virgins, to the Sea I hasten,
Whose waves, by a mysterious rite, shall wash
Pollution from the image of the Goddess.
Take care, that none disturb our mute procession.

Arcas. I will announce this hindrance to the King.
Defer thy holy work till he permits it.

Iphigenia. The Priestess only must decide on that.

Arcas. So rare a case the King should also know.

Iphigenia. His counsel or command can make no change.

Arcas. The great should be consulted, were it but
For form.

Iphigenia. Press not for what I must deny.

Arcas. Deny not what is right and profitable.

Iphigenia. Make no delay then, for I cannot wait.

Arcas. Soon to the Camp, the tidings I will bear,
And quickly with his word return to thee.
Oh! could I bear him yet another message,
That would dispel our troubles. Thou hast not
Observed the counsel of thy faithful friend.

Iphigenia. What I could do, with pleasure I have done.

Arcas. It is not yet too late to change thy mind.

Iphigenia. The power to change is not in ourselves.

Arcas. What is but hard, you call impossible.

Iphigenia. Thy wish misleads thee to believe it possible.

Arcas. Dost thou with such composure dare the worst?

Iphigenia. My trust is in the power of the Gods.

Arcas. It is their wont to save by human means.

Iphigenia. Their will is law. On that all things depend.

Arcas. I tell thee all depends upon thyself.

The anger of the King alone endangers
The Strangers lives: for long disuse has weaned
The army from the bloody sacrifice.
Many, whose adverse fate to foreign shores
Has borne them, have been made to feel how God-like
The face which, on the stranger in strange lands,
Looks with a friendly eye. O! turn not from us
What thou canst give. End what thou hast begun:
For no where does the mildness, which, from heaven,
In human shape, comes down, establish sooner
A Kingdom for herself, than where a People
New—full of life—bold—strong—but sad and savage,
Left to itself in anxious apprehension,
Endures this load of life.

Iphigenia. Oh! do not shake
My soul, which to thy will thou canst not sway.

Arcas. While there is time to profit by advice
We urge it, and enforce it by persuasion.

Iphigenia. You do but vex yourself, and give me pain,
Both to no purpose. Therefore say no more.

Arcas. Pain is a friend, that oft advises well.
I call on that to advocate my cause.

Iphigenia. I feel its power to afflict my soul:
But it cannot extinguish my disgust.

Arcas. Can benefits conferred by noble hands
Disgust a candid mind?

Iphigenia. Yes; if the giver,

However noble, seeks unworthily,
To win myself, and not my gratitude.

Arcas. Let inclination fail, and then excuses
Are never wanting. I shall tell the Prince
All that has happened. Oh! couldst thou remember
How noble, since thy first appearance here,
His conduct to this day has been to thee. [EXIT.

Iphigenia. [Alone.] An ill-timed terror seizes me, inspired
By this man's words, turning my frightened heart
Back in my bosom. As the swelling flood
Pours its wild torrent o'er the rocks that lie
Concealed beneath the sand, one stream of joy
Had covered all my soul, and in my arms
I grasped the impossible. Again a cloud
Seemed softly to enfold itself around me,
Lifting me from the earth, and rocking me
Into the slumber, which the gracious Goddess
Cast round my temples, when she seized and saved me.
My heart, with all its energy, had grasped
My brother, and the counsels of his friend
Alone I heeded, while my soul was fixed
Wholly on their salvation. Like the Sailor,
Who turns his bark upon a desert Isle,
So Tauris lay behind me. Now, the voice
Of this good man awakens me again,
Reminding me, that here too I leave men.
Be calm my soul! Begin not now to waver
And doubt. The firm soil of this safe retreat,
Thou now must leave, and on the ship of life,
The waves again must rock thee, sad and fearful,
The world, and e'en thyself, alike misjudging.

SCENE 3.

Iphigenia. Pylades.

Pylades. Where is she? Let me bring the joyous news
Of our deliverance.

Iphigenia. Thou seest me here,
Laden with care and full of expectation
Of the sure consolation that you promise.

Pylades. Thy brother is restored. In cheerful talk
We wandered on the rocks, and to the sands
Of the unconsecrated shore. The grove
Unconsciously we left behind, and beautiful,
And yet more beautiful, the joyous light
Of youth flamed up, and played around his head.
His full eye beamed with courage and with hope,
And his free heart, surrendered to delight,
Exulted in the thought of rescuing thee,
His kind deliverer, and myself.

Iphigenia. May blessings
Rest on thy head, and never may the lips,
Which speak such tidings, utter the sad tones
Of grief and anguish.

Pylades. I bring more than this.
Joy comes not singly, but with kingly pomp
Attended. We have found our friends. Their ship
In a rock-girdled cove they have concealed,
And there they sat in moody expectation.
With joyful shouts they hailed thy brother's coming:
In earnest tones they press for our departure;
Each hand impatient longs to grasp the oar;
And, present to their wish, a whispering wind
Came borne on gentle pinions from the land.
Then lose no time, but lead me to the temple.
At once admit me to the sanctuary
And suffer me, with reverent hand, to seize
The object of our wishes. I myself
On practised shoulders will bear off the Goddess. [He goes
towards the temple, and finding she does not follow he turns
back.]

Oh! how I long to bear the precious burthen!
You stand and tarry!—Tell me!—You are silent,
And seem perplexed. Does then some new misfortune
Oppose our happiness? Hast thou despatched
A well-concerted message to the King.

Iphigenia. I have, my friend. But still thou wilt re-
buke me.

Indeed, the sight of thee reproaches me.
The royal messenger appeared, and I
Spoke as you taught me. He appeared surprised
And earnestly insisted that the King
Should be informed of the unusual rite,
That we might know his pleasure. Now I wait
For his return.

Pylades. Wo! Wo! Danger again
Hovers around our heads. Why didst thou not
Enshroud thyself in priestly privilege?

Iphigenia. For no such purpose have I ever used it.

Pylades. Pure soul! Then both thyself and us thou wilt
At once destroy. Why did I not foresee
This exigency, and instruct thee how
To baffle his demand?

Iphigenia. Blame me alone.
The fault is all my own. I feel it keenly;
But I could not deny the earnest prayer
Of one who urged by reason, what my heart
Acknowledged as his right.

Pylades. The tempest thickens:

But we must not despond, nor hastily
Betray ourselves by inconsiderate rashness.
Quietly wait the messenger's return,
And, be the answer what it may, stand firm:
For to the Priestess properly belongs
(Not to the King) the ordering of such rites;
And if he should demand to see the stranger
Afflicted with insanity, refuse it,
As if we both were prisoners in the temple.
But give us room, that we the sacred treasure
May snatch from this unworthy savage people,
And fly with speed. Apollo sends good omens,
And, like a God, at once fulfils his promise.
While the condition is yet unperformed,
Orestes is restored and healed. With him
Waft us, auspicious breezes, to the Isle,
The rock bound habitation of the God,
Thence to Mycenæ, which may then once more
Renew her splendors. Then the household Gods,
Out of the ashes of the extinguished hearth,
May lift their heads again, and cheerful fires
Once more illume their dwellings. Then thy hand
Shall scatter incense from the golden censer.
'Tis thine to bring back life and happiness
Across that threshold—to redeem the curse,
And with the blossoms of fresh hope to crown
Thy brother's lordly brow.

Iphigenia. Dear friend, thy words
Shed light upon my soul, and like the flower
That ever looks upon the sun, it turns
The genial consolation to inhale.
How precious to the lone desponding heart,
The cheering influence of a present friend,
Whose words are full of hope. In the shut breast
Thought ripens not, and resolution droops,
Till friendship's light matures them.

Pylades. Fare thee well!
I hasten now to satisfy our friends,
Who wait impatient. I shall soon return,
And 'mid the rocks and bushes I will lurk,
Waiting a sign from thee. What dost thou think of!
A shade of sadness o'er thine open brow
Suddenly steals.

Iphigenia. Forgive me. As light clouds
Before the sun, anxiety and care
Float o'er my soul.

Pylades. Fear nothing. Fear and Danger
Are fast allies, and seldom found apart.

Iphigenia. The thought is not ignoble, which would
warn me
Not craftily to cheat and rob the King
Who made himself to me a second father.

Pylades. It is from him who would destroy thy brother
Thou flyest.

Iphigenia. He is still my benefactor.

Pylades. To yield to stern necessity, is not
To be ingrate.

Iphigenia. 'Tis still ingratitude.
Necessity may palliate the act.

Pylades. And justify thee before Gods and men.

Iphigenia. But not to my own heart.

Pylades. Is there no pride
In so much strictness?

Iphigenia. I cannot reason it,
I only feel.

Pylades. Feel justly to thyself—
Thou must revere thyself.

Iphigenia. There is no joy
Except to hearts self-conscious of no stain.

Pylades. Here, in the Temple, it is well enough
To be thus strict. Life teaches more indulgence
To others and ourselves. Thou'lt learn this soon.
So intricate and complex are the ties
That bind our race together, that no man
Lives for himself alone, or in his commerce
With others can preserve himself unspotted.
Nor should we sit in judgment on ourselves.
Each man's first duty is to find the path
Appointed for him, and in that to walk.
What we have done we cannot estimate
And rarely know the worth of what we do.

Iphigenia. Almost to thy opinion thou persuadest me.

Pylades. What needs persuasion where thou hast no
choice?

To save thyself, thy brother and thy friend,
There's but one way. Then wherefore hesitate.

Iphigenia. O! let me stay. For even thou couldst not
Deliberately do such wrong to one
Whose generous confidences had bound thee to him.

Pylades. If we should perish here, the stern reproach
Of thy own heart will drive thee to despair.
Misfortune must indeed be new to thee,
Since, to escape such horrors, thou wilt not
Give so much as one disingenuous word.

Iphigenia. O! that I had a Man's heart in my breast—
Self-fortified against each pleading voice,
Nor to be driven from a bold design.

Pylades. In vain dost thou refuse. The iron hand
Of stern necessity compels. Her nod
Is law supreme, which e'en the God's obey.
Sister of Fate, she holds her silent rule
Deaf to remonstrance, and thou too must bear
What she imposes. I will soon return,
And from thy holy hands receive the seal
Of our deliverance.

Iphigenia. I must obey,
For I too plainly see my pressing danger.
But oh! my fate affrights me more and more.
And must I too renounce that secret hope,
Whose beauteous light has charmed my solitude?
Shall this curse rule forever, and this people
Still grovel on unblest? All things decay.
The fairest fortunes and the strength of life
Must fail at last, and why not then this curse?

[EXIT.]

And have I vainly hoped, that, rescued here,
And from the fate of all my race preserved,
I might, at length, with unstained heart and hand,
Make expiation of my house's crimes?
My brother to my arms is scarce restored,
Scarce rescued by a sudden miracle
From dire calamity—the long wished sail
Scarcely appears to bear me to the port
Of Fatherland, when stern necessity,
With iron hand, a double crime requires.
The sacred honored image, to my care
Committed, I must steal, and cheat the man
To whom I owe my life, and all its hopes.
Gods of Olympus! grant that in my breast
This deep disgust may not engender hate,
Such as the old Titanic Gods once cherished,
To tear with vulture-claws this tender bosom.
Save me! and save your image in my soul.

The long forgotten song rings in my ears,
Gladly forgotten. 'Tis the Parca's song;
The horrid strain they sung, as Tantalus
Fell from the golden chair. They suffered with him.
Fierce was their breast, and terrible their song,
I well remember it, as, in my infancy,
My nurse to me and to my sister sang it.

"Before the Gods let mortals tremble!
Strong are their eternal hands.
Through all the earth they work their pleasure.
He they favor most should fear.
Chairs are placed at golden tables
On cliffs and clouds. When strifes arise,
Down fall the guests, disgraced and humbled.
Low they lie in night's abyss,
And, bound in darkness, wait their sentence;
But still, around the golden board,
The everlasting feast goes on.

"Striding on from hill to mountain,
From the crannies of the deep
They snuff the sighs of stifled Titans,
That, like the scent of sacrifice,
Rising in a savory vapor,
Floats like a feathery cloud around them.
The rulers turn the eye of blessing
From whole races. In the grandson
They detest the speaking features
Of the grandsire they once loved."

So sang the Parca. Plunged in darkness,
The exile listened from his cave.
The old man thinks upon his children,
And in silence shakes his head.

MOUNT ARARAT AND THE THREE CHURCHES.

The public sympathy having been greatly excited by the massacre, lately perpetrated on the Christian Missionaries in Armenia, some authentic notices of the country, in which this outrage was committed, may not be unacceptable at this time.

The region, in which these Missionaries had commenced their labors, is, in many respects, one of the most interesting portions of the globe. It was there, that Xerxes, Alexander, Lucullus, Pompey, Mithridates and Antony, contended for the Empire of the world, and that the contest was finally decided in favor of the West against the East. Through this region, passed the caravans, destined to exchange the products of one vast por-

tion of the globe with the other; it was there, that, in the opinion of St. Jerom, Bishop Huet, and many other learned theologians, Mount Ararat, on which the ark found a resting-place, was situated, and that Adam and Eve were created. With such claims, not only to attention, but veneration, this remote region is but little known, being out of the range of the great caravans of tourists, or only visited by those who construct romances from the materials they collect, and who, in general, pay little attention to the past history of the countries they visit. We must, therefore, look to Chardin, Théracot, Tournefort, and some others of the old-fashioned class of travellers, from whose works, the information, now about to be laid before the reader, is principally derived. More than a century has, it is true, elapsed, since these travellers existed, but the hackneyed classical quotation, *Tempora mutantur et nos Mutamur in illis*, will not apply to the people of the East. The times have indeed changed, but men have not changed with them. The contrast between the New and Old World, especially the Eastern portion, is a subject worthy the most curious inquiry. The manners, habits, dress, and modes of living, in the latter, have undergone little change, since the days of the Scripture Patriarchs, while those of the former are perpetually fluctuating. The history of Asia, since the age of the Bible, presents a succession of tremendous political revolutions; but with the single exception of the Mahometan conquest, they were accompanied by few permanent changes of religion, manners, customs, habits, and character. Even the powerful influence of religion, cannot change these; and nothing, we think, is more certain, than that a system of Faith, not founded on the existing state of the human intellect, and closely assimilated to the manners, habits, customs and character of the people, can never be successfully propagated among them, except by the sword of conquest. But be this as it may, the inhabitants of Asia, may be likened to the Spanish Pillared Dollar, which, though it circulates everywhere, among Christians, Jews, Mahometans and Pagans, still bears its own original impress, and is always the same. A description of the people, drawn up a hundred, or a thousand years ago, will be equally applicable now. Eternal despotism, has stamped its unchangeable features on them, like the Legend of the Dollar, and until that wears away, they will continue as they have been for thousands of years.

The country of Paradise and Mount Ararat, was within the limits of Ancient Media. In process of time, it formed a part of Armenia, and was successively conquered by the Persians, by Mithridates, by the Romans, the Gauls, or Galatians, and the Turks. It is now, however, included within the limits of Persia, and forms the frontier of that Kingdom, and the dominions of the Grand Signior. Sir John Chardin passed through it, in his way to

Persia, in 1670. "I left Paris," he says, "the 17th of August, 1671, to return to Persia, where the late King had, by letters patent, made me his merchant, and ordered me to procure many jewels of value, *his Majesty having drawn with his own hand, the models by which he would have them set.*" Passing through Mingrelia and Georgia, he entered Armenia, and proceeded to the city of Irivan, or Erivan, as it is spelt by Tournefort. He thus describes the state of the roads and weather, on the 4th day of March, and his account corresponds with those of others, who unite in representing the climate as very severe.

"The travelling in these snows, is attended with pain and danger, from the rays of the sun, which, falling upon it, give it an insupportable brightness, that is very prejudicial to the sight, notwithstanding all the precautions we could take, by following the example of the natives, in putting a thin black or green handkerchief before our eyes, which only serves to lessen the evil. When we met with peasants, it was necessary to dispute, who should enter the snow, for the track is so narrow, that two horses cannot pass by each other upon it. When the numbers are equal, they usually come to blows, otherwise, the weakest yield. They unload the horses, and make them enter the snow, in which they sink up to their bellies, and thus stand to give a passage to the others. To this, all whom we met were obliged, by my conductor, to submit. We passed through several towns and villages, and at night arrived at Irivan.

"Irivan," continues he, "is situated in 41° 15m north latitude, and enjoys a good air; but it is thick and very cold. The winter lasts long, and the snow sometimes falls in April. The country is however fertile, and the wine produced in this neighborhood, is good and cheap. The Armenians have a tradition, that Noah planted the vine at Irivan, and point out the very spot. The Armenians esteem this the most ancient city of the world, and believe that Noah dwelt there both before and after the deluge, when he descended from the mountain, on which the ark rested. They even say, that here was the Terrestrial Paradise.

"At twelve leagues from Irivan, is the celebrated mountain, on which all the people of the country are firmly persuaded, that the ark rested. This mountain is so high and large, that when its air is clear, it does not appear more than two leagues distant. The Armenians even believe, that the ark is still on the summit of the mountain, and say, that a monk, named James, being resolved to see it, or die in the attempt, went half way up the declivity, but could go no further, because, having ascended thus every day, he was, while asleep in the night, carried back to the place whence he set out in the morning. They add, that this continued a long time, till God, being willing to satisfy in part his desires, sent him a piece of the ark by an an-

gel, and ordered him to be told, that all access to the top was forbidden to mankind."

It is by this, and similar absurd legends, that superstition has been propagated among the ignorant, and doubt and unbelief, generated in the minds of the more enlightened. That the ark settled on Mount Ararat, in Armenia, is sufficiently probable, when supported by the traditions of the people from time immemorial; but coupled with this absurd monkish miracle, it is vitiated by the association, and the whole becomes a subject of doubt, if not ridicule to all but the ignorant and vulgar. It has been charged upon Learning, Science and Philosophy, that they have a natural tendency to encourage unbelief; but the imputation is believed to be unfounded. All that they have done, has been to reject those impudent and absurd fables, which artful impostors invented, to subjugate the minds of the ignorant of the dark ages, and which, so far from being associated, or even assimilated with the sublime truths of Holy Writ, are equally at war with the dictates of reason, and the precepts of revelation. These base forgeries, have obscured a thousand truths, and made thousands of doubters, if not downright infidels, since there are bounds to human belief, as well as all the other faculties of the mind. A friend of ours, who cherished a most profound and devoted belief in the miracles recorded in the life and death of the Saviour, and who was led by this sentiment, to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, confessed to me, with deep sorrow and humiliation, that such was the effect produced on his mind, by the swarm of miracles, some of them, both absurd and ridiculous, which the good fathers having charge of the Holy Sepulchre, had interpolated with those hallowed by the testimony of the inspired writers, that he left the sacred precincts with his faith shaken by conflicting doubts, and his reason half distracted by the mixture of truth and falsehood, thus jumbled together in his mind.

The Armenians are Christians, constituting a separate church, and having a patriarch of their own, who resides at Erivan, about twelve leagues from Mount Ararat. Being ignorant and unlettered, and their priests little more enlightened than their flocks, their religion has degenerated into abject superstition, retaining little of the pure simplicity and morality of the primitive church. Indeed, the Christian religion is, emphatically, that of a people comparatively enlightened; its morality is that of a state of civilization, and its principles cannot be comprehended by savages, or barbarians. Hence, whenever mankind decline into a state of ignorance and barbarism, the invariable result will be, a substitution of idle and superstitious observances in the place of rational piety and devotion. Ceremonies will be substituted for morality; crimes be atoned for by fasting, or compounded for by gifts to the church or the priest; and mortifications of the flesh, stand in the room of repentance and

amendment. Such is the state of religion among the Armenians, who are at one and the same time, the slaves of the Turks and Persians; the dupes of a gross and abject superstition, begotten by ignorance on the pure and sublime doctrines of the Christian faith. If the Missionaries, who have fallen victims to their zeal in the cause of true religion, had in view the regeneration of these people, they undertook a difficult task, since all experience has demonstrated, that it is much easier to inculcate an entire new system of faith, than to reform an old one. It is probable, they would have succeeded better with the Turks, than the Armenians.

By far the most interesting portion of Armenia, is Mount Ararat, and the village of the Three Churches, a few miles from its base, the former being, according to the universal belief of the inhabitants, the place where the ark finally rested; the latter, the Terrestrial Paradise, where our first parents dwelt before their fall. Although it is impossible, at this distance of time, to designate the spot, certainly the most interesting of any on earth, where Adam and Eve were created, and where events occurred, whose consequences were so momentous to all succeeding generations, still a description, drawn from the reports of eye witnesses, cannot but deserve attention, especially at this moment, when the eyes of the Christian world have been turned to this quarter by the affecting catastrophe, to which we have referred. The description of the garden of Eden, as given by Moses in the second chapter of Genesis, is very brief. He states, that a stream flowed from thence, and separated itself into four channels, the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Pison and the Gihon. This description, it is affirmed by St. Jerom, Bishop Huet, and other learned commentators, applies to no other spot in the known world, and consequently, they coincide with the tradition of the Armenians. Tournefort, who was a learned antiquarian, as well as a great botanist, at first hesitates, but finally seems to accede to their opinion. He quotes Pliny, Polybius, Strabo, Appian, Arrian, Ptolemy, Ammianus Marcellinus and Tozenius, to prove, that two, at least, of these channels are artificial, and that, consequently, they could not have existed at the period Adam and Eve were created.

The most learned commentators on the Book of Genesis, however, nearly all agree, with St. Jerom and Bishop Huet, who was one of the most learned men of his time, in placing the Terrestrial Paradise in this neighborhood, and Tournefort himself makes this acknowledgment:

"If," says he, "we may suppose the Terrestrial Paradise to have been a place of considerable extent, and to have retained some of its beauties, notwithstanding the alterations made in the earth by the flood, and since that time, I don't know a finer spot, to which to assign this wonderful place, than the country of the Three Churches, about twenty

French leagues distant from the heads of the Euphrates and Araxes, and nearly as many from the Phasis. The extent of Paradise, must at least reach to the heads of these rivers, and so it will comprehend the ancient Media, and part of Armenia and Iberia. Or, if this be thought too large a compass, it may be confined to part of Iberia and Armenia, that is, from Erzeron to Tefflis; for it cannot be doubted, that the plain of Erzeron must be taken in. As to Palestine, where some would persuade us Paradise lay, to me it seems trifling to attempt to make four rivers of Jordan, which is itself but a brook or rivulet; and besides, the country is very dry and rocky. Our learned men may judge as they please, but as I have never seen a more beautiful country than the Three Churches, I am strongly persuaded, that Adam and Eve were created there."

The village of the Three Churches, is situated in a beautiful plain, and in full view of Mount Ararat. It is called Itchmiadzin, that is, the descent of the only Son, the Saviour having appeared to St. Gregory at this place, according to the tradition of the Armenians. There are four churches instead of three, the principle, or patriarchal church, being placed in the centre of a great court, or square, and consecrated to St. Gregory, the Enlightener, who was the first patriarch under Constantine the great. Among the relics, were an arm of this saint, a finger of St. Peter, two fingers of St. John the Baptist, and a rib of St. James. It is a strong, substantial building, of hewn stone, richly furnished with sacred vessels of silver and gold; the floor covered with splendid carpets, and the altar hung with damask, velvet, and brocade, presented by devout Armenian merchants, who trade to all parts of Europe. There are also presents from Rome, made with a view of conciliating these schismatics, who are said to make themselves merry, with these attempts to seduce them into an acknowledgment of the Papal authority. Tournefort states, that "The Patriarchs have hitherto only amused the Catholic Missionaries; it being no hard matter, to deceive those who are downright and honest in all their designs. The reünion of religions, is a miracle, which the Lord will work when he shall see proper. The hatred of these schismatics, seems irreconcilable, and the patriarchs are obliged to give way, lest the populace should throw off their authority." It is more than probable, however, that the Patriarchs have no wish to reconcile their church with that of Rome, as this would, of course, lead to an abdication of their authority, and an acknowledgment of that of the Pope.

The architect of this church, according to a tradition universally received by the schismatics, as they are termed by M. Tournefort, was the Saviour himself, who drew the plan in presence of St. Gregory, and commanded, that it should be built accordingly, under his superintendence. The same

tradition says, that the Saviour, instead of a pencil, made use of a ray of light, while the saint was at prayer, kneeling on a square stone, which is pointed out to strangers. The traveller, who gives this information, somewhat quaintly, if not irreverently, adds, "If the story be true, the Lord has made use of a very singular order of building, for the domes and steeples are in the shape of a funnel turned upside down, with a cross on the top."

All travellers unite in describing the country around the Three Churches, as exceedingly rich and beautiful. It is traversed by numerous streams of the purest water, abounding in the most delicious trout in the world; produces an abundance of grain, rice, cotton, flax, melons, vines, and tobacco, the fields of which latter are of prodigious extent. As this plant, as is agreed on all hands, came originally from the New World, it would be curious to trace its progress into Armenia. The water-melons are described as equal to any in all the Levant, and the best are produced in fields which, after the rains, are covered with chrystalized particles of salt, which crackle under the feet. One of the great drawbacks on the Terrestrial Paradise, is a species of gnats, which appear in great numbers during the evening and at night, and, if we may judge from the description of their music, their propensity to blood-sucking, and the inflammation caused by their sting, are neither more nor less, than downright mosquitoes.

From out the extensive plain of the Three Churches, rises the famous Mount Ararat, consisting of two cones, one of great height, and covered with eternal snows, the other of much less altitude. Before reaching it from the direction of the churches, it is necessary to ford the Araxes, whose current, when swelled by the melting of the snows of Ararat, is so strong and impetuous, that no bridge can withstand it for any length of time. The classical reader will recognize the banks of this river, as the theatre of some of the greatest battles recorded in ancient history.

The ascent of the mountain to the region of perpetual snow, is extremely difficult; beyond, it has been found impracticable by all travellers, who have, as yet, made the attempt, so far as my reading extends. The first region consists of loose sand, which recedes at every step, and which, with the exception of a few junipers and goat-thorns, is destitute of trees or shrubs. Nothing indeed can appear more sad, dreary and desolate, than this mountain, as you approach it from the Three Churches. But the most quaint, picturesque, and lively description, is given by Tournefort, who attempted the ascent, but failed, after encountering labors and privations, which we shall, in part, transcribe, for the information and amusement of the reader.

"From the top of a great abyss," he says. "which is a dreadful hole, if ever there was one.

and which is opposite to the village from whence we came, there continually fall down rocks of a hard blackish stone, which make a terrible noise. There are no living animals but at the bottom, and towards the middle of the mountain. They who occupy the first region, are poor shepherds and scabby flocks, among which one finds some partridges. The second region is possessed by tigers and crows. All the rest of the mountain has been covered with snow ever since the ark rested there, and these snows are overhung half the year with thick clouds. The tigers we saw gave us no small fear, though they were not less than two hundred paces from us, and we were assured they were not used to molest the passengers. They were seeking water to drink, and were, undoubtedly, not hungry to-day. However, we laid ourselves along the sand, and let them pass by very respectfully. They sometimes kill them with a gun, but the chief way of taking them is with traps or nets, by the help of which, they catch young tigers, which they tame, and afterwards lead about through the principal towns of Persia."

"That which is yet more inconvenient and troublesome in this mountain is, that the snow which is melted runs into the abyss by a vast number of channels which one cannot come at, and which are as foul as the waters of a land-flood in the greatest storm. All these sources form the stream which runs by Acourlou, which never becomes clear. They drink mud there all the year; but we found even this mud more delicious than the best wine. It is as cold as ice, and has no muddy taste. Notwithstanding the amazement this frightful solitude cast us into, we endeavored to find the pretended monastery, and inquired whether there were any Religious shut up in the caverns. The notion they have in this country, that the ark rested here, and the veneration we, the Armenians, have for this mountain, have made many imagine, that it must be filled with Religious, and *Struys* is not the only person, who has told the public so. However, they assured us there was only one forsaken convent at the foot of the gulf, whither they used to send one monk every year from Acourlou, to gather in some sacks of corn which grows in the country about it."

After suffering much from fatigue, want of shelter and water, as well as from apprehension of the tigers they frequently met with, but which are reported by the shepherds never to attack in the day time, Tournefort and his companions were compelled to turn back, without coming at all near the attainment of their object, and what was still more mortifying to the zealous old botanist, without finding any rare plants to repay them for the disappointment. After clambering over a region of loose rocks, on which they were forced to leap from one to another, Tournefort was greatly comforted by discovering a new species of *Veronica Telephii*, but his satisfaction soon gave way to dismay, when they came to the region of land which, as he expresses it, "lay behind the abyss."

"When," says he, "we endeavored to slide along, half our bodies were buried; and besides, we could not keep the direct way, but were obliged to go to the left to come to the edge of the abyss, of which we had a mind to take a nearer view.

Indeed, it is a most frightful sight, and David might well say, such places show the grandeur of the Lord. One can't but tremble to behold it; and to look down on the horrible precipices, ever so little, will make the head turn round. The noise made by the vast number of crows, who are continually flying from one side to the other, has something in it very frightful. To form any idea of this place, you must imagine one of the highest mountains in the world, opening its bosom, only to show the most horrible spectacle that can be thought of. All the precipices are perpendicular, and the extremities rough and blackish, as if smoke had come out of the sides and smutted them. About six o'clock, after noon, we found ourselves tired out and spent, and were not able to put one foot before the other, but were forced to make a virtue of necessity, and merit the names of Martyrs to Botany.

"We at length observed a place covered with mouse ear, whose declivity seemed to favor our descent, that is to say, the way Noah took to the bottom of the mountain. We ran hither in haste, and then sat down to rest ourselves, and found there more plants, than in all the journey besides. What pleased us quite as well, our guides showed us from thence, but at a great distance, the monastery whither we were to go, to quench our thirst. After resting, we laid ourselves on our backs, and slid down for an hour together upon this green plat, and so passed on very agreeably, and much faster than we could have gone on our legs. The night, and our thirst, were a kind of spur to us, and caused us to make the greater speed. We continued, therefore, to slide in this manner, as long as the way would permit us; and when we met with small flints that hurt our shoulders, we turned and slid upon our bellies, or went backward on all fours. Thus, by degrees, we gained the monastery; but so disordered and fatigued by our manner of travelling, that we were not able to move hand or foot. We found some good company in the monastery, the gates of which are open to every body for want of fastenings." Such is this famous mountain, so closely connected with a subject in which the whole race of both Jews and Christians cannot but feel a deep interest. The difficulty, if not impracticability, of the ascent to the summit, will probably forever preserve the mystery with which it is associated, a circumstance which only makes it the more interesting.

The inhabitants of this region, are, as before stated, not only Christians, but the descendants of some of the most ancient Christians of the world. Baronius states, that they were visited by St. Bartholomew, and St. Thaddeus, who both suffered martyrdom there forty-four years after the crucifixion. It does not appear, however, that Christianity made much progress there, until the reign of the Emperor Decius, when, according to Eusebius, a pious Bishop, named Maruzanes, labored so successfully among the people, that, in the time of

Diocletian, there were none but Christians in Armenia. The same author relates, that Maximian undertook to root out Christianity entirely; but the Armenians took arms in defence of their faith, and this, says Eusebius, was the first war undertaken for religion. It is probable many of them relapsed into Paganism, since it appears that, in the reign of Constantine the Great, St. Gregory called the Illuminator, converted Tiridates, king of Armenia, who published an edict, ordering all his subjects to embrace Christianity.

The Armenians are not considered Catholic, by those of the Western Church, as they reject the supremacy of the Pope, and adopt the Patriarch of the Three Churches as their head. He is unquestionably one of the principal ecclesiastical dignitaries of the world, having according to Tournefort, who visited Armenia in 1701, jurisdiction over eighty thousand villages, and a revenue of six hundred thousand crowns, which is equivalent to, perhaps, thrice that sum in Europe. But with all this, he is essentially poor, being obliged to pay the capitation tax, to prevent those of his flock, who are unable to pay it, from turning Mahometans, in order to escape the exaction. He is said often to expend all his revenue, and a portion of his savings in this manner. Tournefort thus describes the Patriarch whom he visited at Erivan.

"This Patriarch is clothed as plainly as the other priests; he lives frugally, and has but few domestics; but is the most considerable prelate in the world, in regard to the authority he has over his nation, which trembles at the least threat of excommunication from him. They say he has fourscore thousand villages which owe him. To keep his place, he is obliged to make many presents to the Governor of Erivan, and the powerful men at court. A man must be a slave to ambition, to buy such a post as this.

"He was formerly the only Patriarch among the Armenians, who had power to make the Holy Christ, or Mieron, from the Greek Myron, a liquid composition, or perfumed oil. He furnished all parts of Persia and Turkey; even the Greeks too bought it with great veneration, and it was commonly said, that a fountain of oil flowed from the *Three Churches* that watered the whole east. The Patriarch sent to the Archbishops and Bishops of the Armenians to disperse it, and to use it in baptism and extreme unction. But above forty years since, Jacob, a veritable and Armenian Bishop, who resided at Jerusalem, took upon him to erect himself into a Patriarch, under the patronage of the Grand Visier, and refused to take the Mieron from the Patriarch of the Three Churches. As oil is a very cheap commodity in Palestine, and this liquor does not corrupt, he made more than could be used for anointing among all the Armenians of Turkey for many years; and this was the foundation of a great schism among them. The Patriarchs excommunicated each other; he, of the Three Churches, commenced a great suit at the Porte, against him of Jerusalem. The Turks are too wise to decide the question, but content themselves with receiving presents from both parties, as they occasionally revive the suit, and each goes on to sell his oil as well as he can."

* This cause is not yet decided.

The Armenians, considering the revolutions they have undergone, the despotism of the Turks, which they have long endured and still endure, are an amiable, well-disposed people. They have long been celebrated over all the East and throughout Europe, for their skill and enterprise in commerce, and have in a great measure, superseded the Jews in managing the pecuniary affairs of the Grand Seignior, as well as his principal officers. Under the government of Persia, and, indeed, in all the Eastern despotisms, there is no middle course between absolute slavery and downright rebellion. The only alternative is submission or resistance. You must be either master or slave. The Armenians have no longer the spirit to resist. They have lost all hope of freedom, and with it, the courage to defend themselves from oppression. Hence, they are the most submissive of all the slaves of the Ottoman Porte. Their country has been, from the remotest period of antiquity, the theatre of most stupendous struggles, and incalculable bloodshed; but the struggle was not, whether they should be free, but who should be their master; and the blood that flowed on their soil, had little or no influence on their freedom or prosperity. Whoever conquered, the yoke was still to be borne; and whether the God of Battles sided with Cyrus or Xerxes, Julian or Saper, Lucullus or Mithridates, Bajazet or Tamerlane, it was all the same to them.

The Armenians are accused of being tainted with what is called the heresies of Eutychius, whose doctrines were condemned by the council of Chalcedon. They consisted, so far as I can comprehend them, in certain metaphysical modifications of the doctrine of the Trinity, and a dissent from the Catholic principle of the *Hypostatical Union* in the person of the Saviour. These, though involving, as I conceive, no fundamental principle of the Christian faith, have, according to invariable custom, occasioned violent dissensions, ending in a schism productive of all sorts of hatred and uncharitableness among the followers of the Bishop of Rome, and the Patriarch of the Three Churches. It were much to be wished, that the union of churches were as common as their separation; but, as the author I have so frequently quoted, truly, though quaintly says, "This is a miracle the Lord will bring about when he sees fit."

To conclude. The Armenians are by no means blood-thirsty or revengeful. The massacre of the Christian Missionaries, which gave occasion to this article, was neither perpetrated, or instigated by them. It was the work of one of the roving bands of Kurdistan, which infect the whole country from Mount Tauris to Tefflis, committing every species of outrage, beginning with plunder, and ending with cold blooded murder, whenever an adequate ransom is not offered for life. They consist of independent tribes of Barbarians, subject to chiefs, whose authority is very limited; they live in tents, which circumstance always indicates a roving race, and have neither the heroic qualities of our savages, nor the virtues of civilized man.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT LAW.

Views in regard to an extension of the privileges of Copyright in the United States, to the citizens of other countries, in a Letter to the Hon. Isaac E. Holmes, of South Carolina, member of Congress. By the author of "The Yemassee," "The Kinsmen," "Richard Hurdie," "Damsel of Darien," &c.

HON. I. E. HOLMES:

House of Representatives, Washington.

DEAR SIR: In my previous letter on the subject of International Copyright, I dwelt, for reasons which were given, somewhat at length, upon the history and remarkable progress of American Literature. I endeavored to show, from memory and the few imperfect documents in my possession, what had been done, in the brief space of twenty years, by native authorship, in almost every department of letters and the arts. It was shown, not only that American writers had secured, to some extent, the affections and admiration of their own countrymen, but that they had, in numerous instances, arrived at highly honorable distinction in foreign lands—that their writings had been numerously republished, their ideas and performances usurped, and that they had, not unfrequently, become authorities in those very regions in which nothing is more customary than the sneer and the sarcasm at the intellectual non-performance of their country. It was shown, that, with little or no countenance at home,—and no protection,—they were rapidly pressing on to a consummation, the effect of which must have been to secure for their country, that position, in moral respects, which it already maintains in politics and commerce:—and through this means, to command for it that proper eminence in all national concerns, to which its peculiar endowments, whether as regards its physical resources or its people, not only entitle it now, but which they must inevitably secure for it in ages yet to come. At the close of that narrative, which the want of leisure, and materials, necessarily rendered inadequate to more than a partial exposition of the subject, I declared the humiliating conviction, that a career so honorable had been completely arrested—that a stop had been put to the achievements of the native intellect; and that a progress, which should be as grateful to the country, as it was creditable to her mind—nay, as it was absolutely essential to her social and moral advance and independence, was about to be fatally endangered, unless timely and becoming measures were adopted by which to secure to her genius, the fair and equal field to which its merits and its necessities alike entitle it.

Before we proceed to inquire as to what these measures should be, it becomes necessary to show, in order to avoid cavil hereafter, why it is, that, without any change in our local law of copyright, there should still have taken place such a change in the condition of American authorship—why, with the law on the subject of copyright precisely

the same, in principle, at present, as it was twenty years ago, the native author should have been able then, to achieve successes and to realize profits which are denied him now. The solution of this question, will enable us to conclude the history of domestic Literature, while it may tend to give us some glimpses, as we proceed, of what may be our future remedies. We shall endeavor to pursue the subject from its first beginnings, yet without digressing into such details as would rather fatigue than inform the reader.

In the first place, then, we are not to understand, when regarding the present prostration of American Literature, we speak, in comparative terms of its past successes,—that the native author was ever, at any time, adequately rewarded for his labors. On this subject, the popular mind has been very much abused. The swelling language and exaggerated statements of the journals, has partly led to the misconception, and the vanity of authors themselves, in some instances, has countenanced misrepresentations, with regard to the amount of their compensation, which the policy of the publishers—who desire to appear liberal—has not suffered them to contradict. The history which follows, will not, we apprehend, be liable to contradiction.

With the exception, then, of a few writers, already in possession of the popular ear, American Literature was still, up to the year 1834, very much a business of the amateur. It was only about that period, that it began to assume the aspect of a business. Until that period, and even after, the greater number of domestic books—works of art and fancy being considered, and not those of mere utility—yielded no compensation whatever to their writers. In numerous instances, they were issued at the author's expense. If sufficiently successful to reach a second edition, the publisher might bestow upon the writer a trifling gratuity of one, two or three hundred dollars, for the first. But this was not a frequent event, and in the case of the greater number of these publications, the author himself, most probably, contemplated no higher gratification than that of seeing himself in print. His book had been produced at leisure hours, as a relief from other labors, or while preparing himself for other avocations. It was seldom that his successes were such, as to persuade him to abandon those more ordinary occupations of society, which had been marked out for his pursuit. Where the author was already known as a man of talent, or had already achieved some small successes, he was usually allowed one half of the nett profits on the sale—the publisher incurring all the risks of publication. These risks, however, were commonly very trifling; for, as the edition of such a writer was usually limited to 12 or 1500 copies, and, as the large publishers had numerous agents, scattered throughout every State in the Union, there was no

great difficulty in forcing the sale of a sufficient number, to defray the absolute cost of publication. In such cases, the author was the only loser. Where he had already distinguished himself, and was, in some degree, a favorite, his copyright might command a price, ranging from three hundred to three thousand dollars. In one or two instances, only, do we hear of American writers of fiction, realizing as much as five thousand dollars for a single novel. But very few ever received a greater sum (in America) than fifteen hundred, and, as these writers seldom sent forth more than a single work per annum, it may easily be conceived, that the business was never such as to render it over seductive, to those who had the pecuniary returns very much at heart. A similar degree of physical industry, and a far less expenditure of thought and sensibility, would realize for the writer, in the common walks of trade, a much better income. Few, therefore, but the greatly successful, (still speaking comparatively) were found to continue long in the vocation—none, perhaps, but those whom a strong passion for letters, compelled to cling to a pursuit, whose paths, if not often those of pleasantness and peace, were such as were most congenial, in the case of such persons, to the peculiar tastes and talents with which they were endowed. But, in the new impulse given to American Literature,—upon which we dwelt more at large in our previous letter,—where one left the field in disappointment and disgust, a dozen entered upon it in hope and confidence. The exaggerated statements, from time to time, in the newspapers, of the profits of the business, naturally led to this result; and every season sent forth its host of new beginners, for whom the same experience was in reserve. The withdrawal of one swarm of literary motes into another atmosphere, did not leave unoccupied, the feeble sunshine of the publisher's office. His resources, in the shape of song and story, from the stock of new materials always on hand, enabled him to select at pleasure; and his occasionally doing so, while it encouraged the beginner with hopes that were never to be realized, necessarily increased his own reluctance, to bestow any portion of his profits upon the native professional author. The latter was compelled to receive what was given him. He had no alternative. He had no mode of arriving at his own value. The cleemosynary scraps left unconsumed from the foreign table, were all that remained to him: and he had no remedy, no redress, unless by expatriating himself; by renouncing the country which refused to cherish, and seeking the protection of that which did. The American publishers were few in number; the business, in respect to belles-lettres publications, very much a monopoly—the capital employed, of an amount calculated with a constant reference to the fact, that books, throughout a great portion of the Union, were regarded as luxuries,

not as necessities—not habitually the food of the million, and, even among the few, regarded as a delicacy. Add to this, that the foreign supply—particularly of works of fiction—to an inexhaustible extent, and very far beyond any demand of the American public, was to be had, of all varieties of character and degrees of merit, at no greater cost than that of types and paper. It was only in regard to the consumption of this foreign supply, that any conflict or competition, ever took place among the American publishers. Ordinarily, even in regard to their appropriations of foreign books, there was a very good conventional understanding between them. They agreed to poach upon different manors. They laid out the particular kinds and classes of books, which they severally preferred to publish. One yielded his capital to the interests of law and medicine, and was admitted to have the exclusive right thenceforth, to all the legal and medical wisdom of Great Britain;—another chose classical Literature, upon which to move his great enterprize,—a third countenanced polemics and theology—others contented themselves with romance, and thus, the whole domain of European letters was thrown open to partition. They laid violent hands, each on his favorite author. One chose Scott; another Bulwer and James; a third Maryatt and D'Israeli; and even the ladies did not always, escape the hands of these literary ravishers—Lady Blessington and Mrs. Hemans,—Letitia Landon and Mrs. Jameson, &c., were compelled to contribute to their triumphs; and, in this way, they amicably distributed the minds of authors, to whom they were unwilling to award a groat! Sometimes, indeed, through the occasional excess, or cupidity of some one of these distributees, the foreign writer was remembered to the tune of one or two hundred pounds. The brief history which will account for this, will also tend to illustrate the wretchedness of a system, which, “to be hated needs but to be seen.”

It happened not unfrequently, that some one of the authors chosen, turned out less profitably than had been expected. The disappointed publisher beheld, with dismay, the failure of his own, and, with mortification, the success of a class of books which he had yielded to his neighbor. Unrestrained by any laws, even those of convention, he avenged himself for this mortification, by pouncing occasionally upon some of the publications, which he had accorded to his rival. In this manner, two, and even three, editions of the same work were forced upon the market. The price of the work was let down, the sales divided, and the profits lost to all parties. Sometimes, again—for cause, or without cause—in his mere mood,—without provocation, and perhaps even without hope of profit, some one of the contracting parties would deliberately play the same game in the case of a volume, which he knew was about to issue from the neighboring press.

The price would be lowered fifty per cent., the market forestalled, and the sale of the better edition effectually baffled. This proceeding would prompt requital in similar fashion; new compromises would follow, and, probably, some new and more grateful arrangement for the distribution of the foreign spoil, which, in a short time, would prove quite as insecure and temporary as the preceding. Finding that they could not always trust one another, they adopted a mode to guard against these collisions, by which, as already hinted, the foreign author was sometimes admitted to a moderate share, in the profits of his own books. Accordingly, they made a private agreement with him, to do that, in his individual case, which they had striven, tooth and nail, to prevent the government from doing, in the case of his fraternity. They formally acknowledged his right to his own property, and bought from him, in order to its exclusive use, a privilege of publication in the United States, precisely such as his publisher had bought from him in Great Britain. The unhappy error of which they were guilty, was, in not seeing that the principle which they acknowledged in his case, was the only one which could legitimate and secure their industry, adopted as a general legal principle, by the government, for the control of the whole subject. The English author had only to provide his American publisher with the printed sheets of his work, prior to its publication in Great Britain, to secure a *bonus* of one or two hundred pounds. This privilege, however, in our existing law of copyright, conferred no protection. The law of copyright, was fatal to a legal contract between parties able to contract. The only advantage, which this privilege conferred upon the purchaser, was that of sending forth an edition of the work, in advance of any rival, thus supplying the market some few days before his neighbors. But, even this advantage was less real than seeming. Unrestrained by the laws of the land, our publishers too frequently refused to recognize any other laws, whether of country or convention. The work would be pirated, and the public, indifferent to the morals of the proceeding, anticipating the cheaper edition, and already taught to look for it, had only to wait three or five days, necessary for running it through the press, to procure it almost on their own terms.

In a business so thoroughly illegitimate throughout, so insecure, in consequence of the very circumstance which, in the eyes of cupidity, conferred upon it its highest privileges,—what was naturally the fate and condition of the native author! We have seen what were his rewards in the palmiest days of his career. With the exception of the few who derived their chief compensation from the English publishers, the great body of American authors labored *con amore*. It was their love of letters that maintained them—that reconciled them

to short commons, protracted toils and incessant industry. Under these necessities, they toiled in all departments. Their resources were casual. They could not propose to themselves the completion of great tasks; favorite plans of composition, favorite subjects, leading and original schemes for the development of a grand ideal, in verse or prose, were all compelled to yield to the ordinary and frequently slavish requisitions of the market. They were day-laborers in the vineyard, doomed to the most moderate share of the fruits, and liable to be dismissed at the shortest notice. The author, whose work went to the third or fourth edition—whose name rang through the press, and who fancied that its voice was equally the presage of fortune and of fame, was yet confounded to discover that his pecuniary rewards, from his most successful labors, were not often comparable to those of the ordinary accountant—that he was still required to prepare his essay for the magazine, and his story for the annual, if he would avoid the humiliating contingencies of debt. Accordingly, we find the most able and popular writers in America, mixing up various other professions with that of Literature; descending from eminence, which they honored—from living and holiest rites at national altars—to the narrow walks of trade—returning, at moments snatched from more lowly duties, to the service which they loved—placing an occasional chaplet upon shrines in the ministry of which their whole lives should be dedicated. What must be the effect of such a system upon the character of our Literature? To make it fugitive, wanting in form and consistency, in proper elaboration, in grandeur, strength and purpose! What, upon the author? To take from him all high motives to performance, and to fritter away, in slender occasionalities, that genius, to which no time is allowed for contemplation. That, under these circumstances, the author should still continue to write—should still struggle on, in every possible way, with the hope of maintaining his connection with the art, which he is not permitted to adopt as his vocation, proves nothing more than the strong force of a nature, and of endowments, which will not suffer themselves to be entirely suppressed by any fortune!

Nor, could he blame the domestic publisher that the writings of the foreign author were preferred before his own. This was due to the natural operation of the laws. It would be unreasonable to complain, that the publisher should prefer getting his materials free of cost; and with his hands not only full of such material, but of material upon which he already possessed (also free of cost) the best foreign judgment—upon which public opinion had already spoken, and which he, accordingly, put to press secure against any risk of loss—it was something of a favor, that he gave any countenance whatever to the native author. The motives

for doing so were usually subordinate. In his natural desire to win, along with the reputation of great enterprise, that of great patriotism—to secure the intellectual aid which could maintain an argument—defend the character of a book unwisely chosen, or, in some similar way, minister to the wants of a house, whose mammoth profits and resources might very well permit, to the most mercenary nature, an occasional departure from the customary concerns of self. Besides, as the native publishers could not entirely, by their indifference, keep down the struggles of a genius whose beginnings were so vigorous, they could not entirely refuse to assist—they were compelled to yield themselves somewhat, to the demands of public opinion and the requisitions of popular taste. It would have been the foulest individual, as well as national reproach, if writers, already known to fame, who had already done the country honor by their talents, should be suffered to labor altogether without a compensation. The gradually increasing claims of American mind forced it upon their attention, and it came to be something of a merit among them, which should display the most imposing list of American authors for whom they were to officiate—the accoucheurs of native Literature—the Murrays, the Colburns and Longmans of the American press. Upon the banners of one were run up the names of Bancroft, Channing and Prescott; another triumphed in the reputation of Cooper, Kennedy and Bird; a third boasted of Bryant, Halleck, Paulding and Willis, and so on through the calendar. There was still another, though inferior, motive, by which the publishers were moved to a consideration of native claims. The very insecurity which attended all their appropriations from the foreign author was an indirect argument in favor of the native. It was a consideration however, which, so long as the publishers still had a tolerable understanding among themselves, could only be felt in a very moderate degree. It could not altogether counteract the imposing fact, that the one was to be paid, the other not; but it led to a greater willingness to listen to the claims of the former, at periods when the British press yielded nothing particularly attractive. But these concessions, as already said, were only made in the case of writers who had already secured the popular affections. Nothing was risked upon the obscure. Hundreds of manuscripts were returned annually, unread,—works, we are bold to say, in half the number of instances, quite equal to one half of the foreign reprints with which the land was glutted. The writers—many from the remote interior,—without names to command a hearing, without friends upon the spot to urge it—mortified by denial, and sensible to an indifference and coldness of reception, which had too frequently the appearance of contempt—buried their hopes in silence, and shrunk from a pursuit, in which, whatever

might be their endowments, the laws of their country denied that they should proceed. Indeed, under the existing laws of copyright, the interests of publishers would seem to lie in discouraging as far as possible, the pretensions of the native author. It is their policy, that he should not have a hearing—that there should be no American books as long as the foreign supply is abundant. The reasoning on this point is comprised in a nutshell. There must be some limit to the sale of books in America—the amount of capital employed in the business, must necessarily have its limits. Shall this capital be employed exclusively for the benefit of the publisher, or shall that least necessary of all persons in the making of a book—the author—be admitted to a share? Clearly, when this alternative may be avoided, there is no good policy in incurring it. So long, therefore, as the publisher can procure ample supplies of literary material, free of all cost, it is clearly not his interest to encourage the genius of any writer, whose probable popularity at home, might compel the purchase of his manuscripts, and thus divide and lessen those profits, of which, hitherto, he has enjoyed the entire monopoly.

Thus, in all respects, completely masters of the field—making a trade of, and realizing wealth from, that intellect which they never recompensed—nay, which they sometimes mocked, with an irreverence equally inconsistent with policy and propriety—they are suddenly awakened to the consciousness that a pursuit so very prosperous, and a condition so very comfortable—so legitimate, too,—as their own,—is yet liable to some distressing insecurities. It is not the poor author, alone, whose frequent solicitations for legal protection, was met by their angry and vehement hostility,—that is liable to the vicissitudes of life. Their great wealth, the seeming ease with which it has been acquired—the fact that the fields of British Literature still remain open—a generous pasture in which the supplies are abundant, and poaching upon which is made legitimate by American law—these things have awakened other appetites. Hungry eyes are upon them, keen-witted printers, having little cash, perhaps, but numerous type, and a lamentable fund of audacity, are hankering after their fleshpots. The era of "Cheap Literature" is approaching! When author's brains, free of charge, are convertible into solid dishes for those who have none, there is no good reason why Literature should not be cheap. A revolution is at hand, which finds our publishers totally unprepared, and the progress of which is to leave them totally confounded. Prior to this revolution, it was the common notion, that books could not be issued more cheaply than by the American press. The American editions, up to 1833, were usually monstrous distasteful to the European eye. Fanny Kemble, Fanny Trollope, and other English Fannies, male and female, were loud in

their loathing, whenever reference was had to the imperfect type, and the dingy paper of American publications. In comparison with the English, they had certainly good reason for their distaste. The difference of price, however, was not less remarkable. The work which sold in England for a guinea and a half, brought but a dollar, or a dollar and a half, in America. Such were the relative prices of the English and American editions of Bulwer, James, D'Israeli, &c. The greater cost of the English publication, was caused by the copyright charges; by the superior cost and beauty of the paper; by the greater quantity of paper and press-work consumed on each copy; and by the smaller number of copies in each edition. The English work, consisting of three large volumes, averaging 350 pages each, was issued from the American press in two small volumes of 220 each. An American edition was seldom less than 1,250 copies. An English edition, except in the case of very popular authors, was frequently less than 700. The copyright, in all probability, constituted, generally, one of the smallest items by which the difference was made.

Cheap as the American reprint appeared, it was soon discovered that it could be made more so. The great publishers themselves had been the first to conduct to this discovery. Occasionally, as we have seen, with the view to beat down, or to be devil an antagonist, they issued the ordinary two volume book for fifty cents—one third less than the price at which the rival edition was selling. This fact did not escape attention. It was one to invite inquiry. Why was this done occasionally only? How can it be done at all? These were the natural questions; and, in connection with these, circumstances were cooperating, to bring about the great experiment, the progress of which seems to have left native publishers, and authors equally high upon the sands. One of these circumstances was the great pressure of 1836, in the monetary concerns of the country. Literature, as one of the luxuries, in common with the fine arts, generally, was the first to feel this pressure. People sooner dispense with books than with bread, beef, brandy, tobacco, &c. Nay, to these wants, even vanity must yield, and the portrait-painter complain, almost equally with the author. Books, to be sold at such a time, must defer to its necessities; and, it was now remembered, by at least one set of adventurous persons, that mechanical invention, within the last ten years, had materially increased the powers of machinery and the press. As many sheets may now be stricken off in one hour as then consumed the day. The cost of printing had become greatly diminished, and the slight additional cost of stereotyping, necessarily led to the idea of immense editions, ready to meet the demand, without any waste of paper—the publishers relying on the sale of greatly increased numbers, to compen-

sate for the diminished profits on the individual copy. This was a great discovery, which the publishers might have made years before. It was due to concurring circumstances that it was made at all. The necessity of making books cheap, in order to make them necessities, led to other suggestions for lessening the cost. By discarding the showy, but miserable and deceptive binding, in boards and muslin, which constituted, till very lately, the ordinary covering of American books—considerably increasing their cost without any corresponding increase of their durability—the expense of the recent issues was still farther diminished, and a standard of prices established, as we all know, so excessively humble, that no one needs to be informed, “the force of cheapness can no farther go.” Having all the literary materials free of cost, the publisher now, in the preparation of a book, makes allowance *only* for the parties *mechanically* interested in its composition. He allows for the type, the ink and the paper-maker; the compositor and the pressman; and a fraction for the news boy and the bookseller. The editor is a subordinate, the author is totally inconsidered. The very person without whom books could not be, is the only person excluded from all share in the profits which they bring. The elements of the book, so far as the appropriating publisher is concerned, are so much rags, lead, ink; and horse, hand, or steam-power. The reader sees, at a glance, why it is that the native author, who could maintain himself with moderate decency in his profession, ten years ago, can no longer do so—the principle of the law of copyright, meanwhile, remaining totally unchanged. That law, we may remark, passingly, contemplated a different state of things entirely—was framed when the country was without the shadow of a Literature, when the subject was any thing but a pressing one, and might very well be adopted among the Esquimaux, as much better answering their purposes than ours.

It will not be amiss to pursue this history, since the statement of facts, in their proper order, is necessarily suggestive of all the philosophy which belongs to them. Had our legislators been put properly in possession of these facts, we should, long before this, have arrived at solid ground in our legislation, to the equal content, I verily believe, of all the interested parties. Had our authors been consulted, as they should have been, in preference to our publishers, our paper-makers and printers, I am persuaded that the true principles would have been attained by which all parties would have been rendered secure, in a business, free from fluctuations, free from reproach and yielding, in common with every legitimate occupation, a fair and profitable return. Nay, more, it may be shown hereafter, that the protection of the native author would not diminish the mass and value of domestic publications—would not in any perceptible degree, increase

the cost of his material to the publisher; and, when we consider the great importance to all tradesmen, of having a regular business, secure from vicissitudes, of uniform demand and unintermitted industry, we shall be perfectly safe in assuring the various departments interested in this question, that their several trades must undergo improvement rather than injury, in the improvements of the business of authorship, under proper legislation, in the hands of the native writer. The idea, that the literary taste of a nation should flourish, in the absence of the national author, is one of those monstrous absurdities which nothing but the most simple selfishness could possibly conceive. There can be no literary taste at all in a nation which is without its native writers. The reflection of half a moment, would exhibit this to the most ordinary understanding. Nay, if we look back for thirty years, we shall see that, until the native Literature began to grow, and to display itself, there was no popular taste for books in the country. The consumers were few and far between. Beyond the commercial cities there were no readers. The necessity for books, is unfelt where the intellect is wanting by which they are made. It is the influence and the example of the native intellect that creates a demand for the foreign—that wakens up the subordinate mind around it, and compels it, for its own protection, and in self-defence, to go into the same great armoury of thought, for those weapons, the possession of which, in this or any country, alone, constitutes the claim of the individual to equal place and consideration. It was a great error that our authors were not consulted in reference to this question. They are the true authorities. They alone could have furnished the necessary information, free from prejudice, free from the narrowing suggestions of a merely trading spirit. The very fact that they did not press forward—that they held themselves aloof, almost passive, while all the mechanical agents in book making—alarmed by the application of foreign authors to Congress,—were clamoring in concert, in the ears of our law makers, should have been an argument in favor of their impartiality, was conclusive of that unselfish temper, which, as we read the history of British authors, appears to have been at the bottom of all their misfortunes—the real source of their domestic miseries and privations, not to speak of that unhappy profligacy of life which has so frequently been made their reproach. The vices of authorship, in all countries, may be attributed to the injustice of the public, and are the natural result of inadequate and capricious returns, the inevitable consequences of exquisite sensibilities struggling against poverty, in the pursuit of fame! Byron's line of Sheridan may be applied to the case of thousands:

"What to us seems vice may be but wo!"

We proceed in our narrative!

The first attempts at the republication of books in cheap form, were not, as they should have been, calculated to alarm the book-publishers. They had been accustomed to such plain sailing, to such smooth seas, and prevalent fair winds, that they seem to have foregone, even the most ordinary precautions. They looked for no change of weather; and, though attended by the usual premonitions of revolution, that of cheap publishing took them by surprise. This business may be said to have been begun by the weekly newspapers. These journals were of an anomalous character. They were, in plain terms, magazines of selected miscellaneous literature. Their contents were chiefly derived from the dashing and lively *serial* stories in the foreign and domestic periodicals, sprinkled with such clever sketches, smart paragraphs, eloquent passages and shocking catastrophies, as could be gleaned from the daily press. They contemplated passengers by car and steamboat, and subscribers in the remote interior. The form of the newspaper naturally suggested itself to the publisher, on account of the greater advantages which it possessed, through the mails, for diffusion over the country. The postage on newspapers was almost nominal; that upon periodicals was heavy,—operating as a prohibition upon the more bulky, in all places at all remote from that of publication. In this, as in other respects, the effect of our legislation has been adverse to the interests of domestic Literature. This preference, growing out of a false and partial view of the superior utility of the newspaper over the periodicals assigned to Literature, has been very detrimental to their claims and usefulness. Why should there be a preference? Why should it be more important to the character of the nation, its safety and success, to give cheaper circulation to the mere passing occurrences, the ordinary scandal, the daily and temporary events of society; and deny it to elaborate works of art—thoughts which have relation to the most noble affections—principles which affect the permanent interests of man; and views of his nature—his future, past and present,—which elevate his aims, and refine his feelings, by studies equally graceful and ingenious. Yield that the newspaper, as it contains matter of mere passing interest, should have more prompt *dispatch* than the literary journal; and all that can be claimed for the former, over the latter, has been fully conceded. It is not, by this, intended to disparage the claims of the one; it is only insisted that they are not superior to the other. The friends of American letters would ask nothing more, than that they should be admitted to equal public privileges.

The natural result of this preference, unwisely given, as we contend, was to generate numerous miscellanies in newspaper form, and claiming under that name, the contents of which were almost purely literary. With the exception of the book

form, which they studiously avoided, they were literary periodicals to all intents and purposes. The Literature which they contained, was either entirely foreign, or gathered from the domestic magazines; the value of which, in this manner, they thus contributed still farther to depreciate. One mammoth sheet contained as many square feet of printed matter, as a monthly magazine; sometimes twice as much. Its weight, in the mail-bags, compared with the average weight of the monthly magazine, (I have weighed them) was quite as great, and, certainly, its utility not greater. The simple preference thus given it by the legislation of the country, was frequently fatal (as how could it be otherwise!) to the regular periodical. On the score of mere postage, as we have seen, it placed it at grievous disadvantage, in the sight of the subscriber, in contrast with the weekly sheet. Its very superiority was one source of the disparagement under which it labored. Printed, usually, on a finer paper, the sheet employed was necessarily smaller, and more numerous sheets supplied the deficiencies of size. But, in the eye of the law, a sheet is a sheet, and the medium octavo was taxed as highly as the mammoth folio, which made a dozen of it. To those, therefore, who were solicitous only for the quantity and cheapness, rather than the quality and beauty of the commodity, the latter necessarily made its way. While the circulation of the former was confined (partly as we have seen by the operations of the laws) to that smaller community, which, regarding individuality and nationality of character as the most material constituents of the magazine, are not unwilling for the attainment of these objects, to incur the additional tax which is so improperly laid upon them. The magazines, under these unequal conditions, seldom long maintain their ground. Every year witnesses the birth and death of numbers; and those which survive, (unless it be such as address themselves particularly to ladies and the fashions) are of stunted size, and sickly growth. They do not thrive, and are seldom able to reward more than a small portion of their contributors. Of course, when they perish, or become infirm, the injury is to the native author. The contents of the magazines are entirely original, and it is by their aid that the contributors, who have in most cases made Literature their profession, are assisted to certain additional sources of livelihood.

But the weekly news sheet did not confine its fatal influence to the magazines. Its next inroad was into the hitherto secure grounds of the book publisher. When, in providing the contents of their mammoth sheets, the proprietors of these journals discovered that they could absorb one half of the contents of a goodly sized English novel, what was to prevent them from furnishing such material to their readers; more particularly, indeed, as the sketch and the story, the essay and the song—bor-

rowed from the magazines, foreign and domestic—all equally failed to supply the capacious pages which they were weekly bound to fill! The next movement was inevitable from their plan. Whole books were thus emptied into their columns; and, changing from the folio to the imperial quarto, or the octavo, they proceeded, while still preserving their privileges, as newspaper publishers, to give to their issues, some of the advantages of the book-form of publication also. The contents of the folio, after having answered its purposes in one form and under one name, were forced into another, with another name; and, passing from stage to stage, with singular celerity, these innovators upon the ancient order of book-things, stood up at length, entirely unmasked, the leaders of a revolution—the audacious competitors, with the venerable trade, for some portion of its hitherto undivided spoils.

This revolution in publishing,—fatal to the old monopoly, and injurious in the last degree to the small profits of native authorship,—was yet not wholly without its advantages. It opened the eyes of the public to the fact, that the cost of printing might be greatly lessened. It opened the eyes of the publishers themselves, to the more important fact that they are henceforth to contemplate thousands, instead of hundreds of readers—that their editions might be fifteen thousand just as easily as fifteen hundred copies. True, such a change in their trade would necessarily increase their labors, compel more diligence and activity, and that too without proportionably increasing their profits; but every business is improved and compensated, whatever be the temporary inconvenience, loss and difficulty, by an increasing body of consumers. To the author, it mattered nothing, whatever might be the diminution of price in the individual copy of his writings, if the whole number sold were so proportionately increased as to prevent any deficiencies in the grand result. Nay, for that matter, the change in the system, if unaccompanied by pecuniary loss, was, to him, of positive benefit. It increased his circulation—made him acquainted with, and necessary to, the affections of a new class of readers; and gave him better securities for the future, than he had ever possessed before; since the fame that is nourished in the cottage of the peasant, is more likely to be of permanent growth in a land, than that which has its origin in the palace of the peer! This fact, however startling it may appear to that really vulgar understanding which affects to despise the popular judgment in matters of taste and literature, is nevertheless sufficiently confirmed by history. It is, besides, a fact, for which there are good reasons in philosophy, which would be out of place enumerated here. But these opinions contemplate rather the future, than the present business of Literature in this country,—when the commotions of the revolution which we have just described shall have subsided—

when the elements shall have cooled down, and the new world (I design no pun) of letters among us, shall have assumed some form and consistency. The discoveries which have been made, if likely to be of service to all parties, hereafter, are not yet so to the author, and scarcely to the publisher. It requires a considerable modification of the existing system to make it permanently beneficial to any. In respect to the author, it is particularly fatal. It makes no provision for him, considers him not in any of its calculations, and leaves him totally out of enumeration, among its necessary agents. If the compensation made him, as a writer, before the great change was effected in the business—before the price of a book was reduced from one dollar and fifty, to twenty-five cents—were barely adequate to his absolute necessities—it is absolutely nothing now. Let a few facts suffice. The old, well-known authors of the country, have almost ceased to publish. Their writings are almost entirely confined to the magazines. Their compensation, in some instances, is totally derived from the English press. When they apply to an American publisher, the answer is, "our hands are full—our capital is totally employed." This answer is not always a civil one; and, we are told, on good authority, that one of our most distinguished writers, one of those, indeed, who may claim to be the father of our Literature,—was treated by one of our publishing houses, to which he proposed his manuscript, with such insulting levity, as to drive him from its doors in indignation. Another writes me—a gentleman in the first rank of American letters—"were I ten years younger, I should leave the country for ever." A third, a poet who deservedly stands at the head of our metrical Literature, and who has contributed, perhaps more than any other writer in that department in our country, to confer upon Americans whatever reputation they enjoy,—has been compelled to become his own publisher; and this too, at a time when his previous volumes are announced by the press as in their fourth and fifth editions. If these instances relate to our very first authors—to those who enjoy (for Americans) the highest European fame,—what may be expected of the fortunes of those who occupy an inferior position? We may learn from a farther statement of unquestionable facts.

Thus then, we are told by some of the cheap publishers themselves, that, for such a volume as they retail at one shilling, they have paid the author from twenty to fifty dollars. We hear of one instance where a highly popular writer was compelled to accept, for a two volume book which could not have cost him less than four months of assiduous application, and which might well, from its merit and elaborateness, have employed him six,—the paltry sum of one hundred and fifty dollars. Other instances are given of similar sacrifices of time, industry and talent. It is something, indeed, in

the present condition of things, that the publisher is willing to pay at all. He certainly need not do so, unless he pleases—not just now, at all events. Circumstances, indeed, are working to make him pay in the end; but that time is not yet; and it argues a degree of liberality, for which due credit should be given, when we find him willing to anticipate the approaching necessity. Still, the amount thus appropriated is very insignificant. Compared with the number of European works reprinted, the original publications of the American press are few, and these, with few exceptions, are usually of a length and character, which sufficiently prove that the time consumed in their preparation has been calculated with a nice reference to the contemplated amount of compensation. Suppose a Literature to be produced, at all, under such circumstances—suppose authorship to be really influenced by rewards such as above—and what must be its character? Where the writer is not even sure of constant employment, at whatever wages, what must be the effect, not merely upon his spirit and his strength, but his moral nature? Writing, simply, to supply a stimulant, not to enforce a thought, or a doctrine, or a fancy; toiling only for the amusement of his readers—

How servile is the task to please alone!

his appeal is necessarily made to the most casual moods of a nation—its worst passions, its most miserable caprices; and, sinking into such an instrument, his genius becomes abased, his talent alone remains useful, but staling soon (as it must) upon the popular taste, he is made to give way to other and less hacknied tributaries! What is the corresponding effect upon the nation, when its intellectual sovereigns, sunk into such slavish dependency, fail to preserve their superiority over the time,—giving it the tone and direction which they alone, by natural endowment, are properly authorized to give!

The fault is not with the publisher. He is the creature of the system, of which the author is the victim. He cannot well afford to pay adequately for his materials. In the illegitimate character of the business, as now pursued,—in which the principal object of "the trade" seems to be to break one another down,—the price of books has been reduced to a standard quite too low to yield any adequate returns. Not only is it impossible for the publisher to compensate his author, but it is doubtful whether, at the end of the chapter, he can possibly save himself. We have the assurances of one very large publishing house, that, during one year of experiment, their cheap issues had failed to pay expenses. Why, under these circumstances; (assuming this to be the experience of the greater number) the system should still be persevered in, is a matter that will probably be explained hereafter. Several of the smaller publishers have abandoned the field entirely, and others, in all probability, will soon do

so. Indeed, the miserable state of uncertainty and insecurity in which the business is involved at present—which has silenced nearly all the known professional authors of the country, and paralyzed the enterprise of the more wealthy publishers, conclusively proves the necessity for doing something, by which to give consistency and character to a most important interest, to deprive cupidity of some of its motives to perverseness, and to place the merely trading concerns of Literature—even without any reference to the rights of authors—in a regular and healthy condition—free to uniform exertions of industry and to adequate and not extravagant returns.

When the innovators in the publishing business first displayed their hands, and the eyes of the too confident veterans of the trade were opened to their danger, the latter, very naturally, fell into some of the usual errors of cupidity. Vexed at an event which they unwisely determined to treat as an impertinence, they proceeded to punish the new comers, for trespassing upon a province to which long and undisputed occupancy seemed to give them a prescriptive and exclusive right. Instead, therefore, of examining the whole subject deliberately, and with the calmness of philosophers, and asking themselves whether the time had not come, when a wholesome reduction might be made in prices which they themselves had already, and repeatedly shown were much too high, they fell into a frame of mind which is characteristic of all persons, who, like Jeshurun, in Scripture, have been accustomed to uninterrupted successes. "They waxed fat and kicked!" Without devoting any thought to the inquiry, by which they could have ascertained whether the thing was not now irrevocable, they proceeded to make war upon the *movement*, which they should rather have endeavored to direct. Their plan was very simple. It consisted in this single proposition. "These cheap publishers have no capital—we have—we will destroy them at their own weapons. We will break them down." This seemed an easy business. It would have been, had there not been a vital life in the system which they feared, which preserved it from overthrow. The time had come for cheap publications, and the necessity of the thing was against them. Had it not been for this necessity, they must have succeeded. They held peculiar advantages for the contest. In addition to their great capital, which they kept busily employed in the republication of the current Literature of great Britain, they owned a large amount of property in stereotyped-plates, from which thousands of works could be issued, at little cost, and at a moment's warning. These works were of all sorts, and of all degrees of merit—religious, historical, philosophical, romantic and poetic. Many of them were of classical and standard value, and of certain, though gradual sale. Most of them had already

served their turn, the original editions having already satisfied that demand which followed their first publication at old-time charges. But the new system was one, that converted luxuries into necessities—that tempted people to buy and read, who had never bought or read before—that made Literature a need and not a delicacy: and, in flinging the works of thought and imagination, almost "without money and without price," in the paths of poverty and labor, have opened up resources of taste, study and innocent recreation, in some of the darkest and remotest regions of the land. I am not among those who see in the moral character of the books thus published, any particular signs of that moral deterioration, which has been rather loudly charged upon them. I do not perceive, that the cheap issues from the press are at all inferior to what they were before the change in prices. The writings of Paul de Kock, and a few others—which I never allow myself to read—are admitted as exceptions; but these works were published among us long ago, and are not the results of the cheap system of publication. Such works are to be found, at all times, in all countries, to smutch the garments of their Literature. It is very possible, that the number has been somewhat increased in correspondence with the general increase in all manner of publications; but I suspect they bear no higher relative proportion to the works of decency, than they have borne at all other periods. So far as my observation extends, the cheap publishers have sent forth very few but good books. Many of their issues have been very useful. Some of them, such as Froissart's *Chronicles*, for example, were particularly well-chosen, and could not have been supplied to the great body of our people, by any other system. Indeed, there is no proper reason, why these publications should not be the very best. What should hinder it? The publishers have surely sufficient privileges of appropriation, they are certainly not scrupulous upon what they lay hands, and may just as well take possession of the best, as the vilest materials of the European market. If, with these privileges before them, they choose the latter, the shame and the sin are quite as much with those who purchase, as with those who print.

In carrying out their purpose of breaking down their new and audacious competitors, the old publishers put their issues at charges still lower than their rivals; thus, not only increasing the evils of which they complained—forcing prices still lower than the innovators had done—but increasing the difficulty of any return to more reasonable standards. The effect of such a competition was equally instantaneous and wonderful. Able to secure for twenty-five or fifty cents, the volume which was originally beyond their reach at one, two, or three dollars—the number of purchasers was multiplied twenty fold—the circulating libraries were destroyed at a blow, and a passion for books—for

owning books and making collections—was awakened in homes and territories, in which such passions had never prevailed before. This is one of the great merits of the cheap *mouvements*. It provoked a passion, which it will fail to satisfy. It brought out slumbering tastes and appetites; has given a new impetus to the intellectual energies of the nation, and opened a door to the progress of studies and inquiries, which will not close in a hurry. More! It has gained for the native author—it may be not in our day—a mighty audience, which he will hereafter lead in triumph, to the noblest conquests of art, and science, and imagination!

To the superior advantages of large capital and numerous works, already stereotyped, possessed by the old publishers, the innovators could oppose the new and current publications—a privilege, however, which they necessarily shared with their rivals; and the farther privilege which they possessed, by reason of their publishing in periodical form, and with smaller type, of transmitting their publications at less expense by mail. To these, they added considerable tact and talent, and the manner in which they bore themselves in the conflict, proves their courage and conduct, if it establishes for them the possession of no higher virtues. The “war of the publishers,” as it has been called, which followed, is sufficiently notorious. We need not say to the public, that it has been a mere contest of selfishness throughout, disgraced, too, by a species of ruthlessness and blackguardism, which would inevitably bring shame and opprobrium upon any more legitimate business. To revile and to disparage one another, in print, has been the ordinary character of their advertisements—to denounce each other as guilty of falsehood and unfair dealing, was the burden of their speech; and of their common estimate of what should be expected from one another,—these choosers of our Literature, in religion, philosophy, morals, taste, fancy and imagination, have had charges of burglary and arson insinuated against them, when the motive to these crimes consisted in no higher object than the attainment of a copy of a new work, which it was desirable to pirate. True, this charge was only insinuated—not established—not thought to be established; but, what must we think of the moral sense, where such things are even thought, much less insinuated! Where suspicion has become so prurient from looseness of principle, that such suggestions can rise to the mind in connection with one’s competitor in the ordinary walks of trade. Would such a charge have been made, or such a crime supposed to be of probable, or even possible commission with such a motive, if the publisher had not been accustomed to the appropriation of the books of foreign authors—if they had not been accustomed, in the language of the vulgar jeat, to “stealing the materials of which their brooms were made?” It is such looseness of principle, as such

anecdotes indicate, which has brought upon the American name the imputation of universal dishonesty. In this case, the moral evil is the legitimate fruit of our laws, which have tacitly said to our publishers, you are at liberty to appropriate the writings of all people but our own; as the laws of Moses conferred upon the Hebrews a special privilege of usury in their dealings with foreigners. We, under the Christian dispensation, seem evidently to prefer this old law as our model, to that which was brought by Christ: “Do unto others as you would that they should do to you!”

Instead of pursuing this course, which is little else than a sort of social brigandage, and presents an anomaly in trade, which must be equally astonishing and disgusting to those in all other kinds of business, our old publishers, with a little patient reflection, and higher views of propriety, might have chalked out for themselves a path of more simplicity and safety. They should have called the authors to the consultation. But they had too little sympathy with authors. They had rejected, with great clamor, and signs of exceeding horror, every suggestion of a copyright law, by which (as every laborer, who was worthy, should have had his proportion of the hire) the business would have been at once legitimated. With the usual blindness of selfishness, they incurred its usual risks, and, unwilling to yield any portion of their spoils, endangered the safety of the whole. They should have seen, at a glance, that, even if successful in breaking down their present opponents, they were yet liable to the invasion of new swarms, the moment they should endeavor to regain former prices; for the privilege, which the American publisher possesses, of procuring his materials free of charge, are rather anomalous in the history of trade—having no analogies in any other business, and holding out therefore great temptations to the eyes of hungering adventurers. Every year would have brought into the field new competitors, and no capital could possibly hold out against the continual conflict. The war would be one, never ending, still beginning; and the issue of the protracted struggle, must be to exhaust their accumulated capital, without rendering the business any whit more secure from innovation. Such, had the publishers been willing to reflect, must have been the result of any thought given to the subject. But, as we have said before, they labored under the infirmities of Jeshurun. They had laughed at, and defied the authors; should they now be baffled by the printers—for the cheap book publishing is really due to the printers—who, having the labor at their fingers-ends, and the writings for nothing, had nobody to pay but the paper-makers. The old publishers felt nothing but the provocation of the intrusion; they were quite too angry and too proud for argument. Had this not been the case—had they been willing to think, and man-

fully to approach the subject, they would have come to some such conclusions as the following: They would have said—"We have enjoyed this monopoly a very long time; we have grown strong and wealthy upon it: what more natural than that others should desire to partake! It is fortunate for us, that they did not feel this new appetite before." If they had approached the subject in this temper, the next conclusion would have been inevitable. "They have reduced prices! cannot prices be reduced?" That should have been the first inquiry; and where would it have led them? Necessarily, to the new basis of trade with which the cheap publishers had made them acquainted, namely, that such a reduction of prices had multiplied the number of consumers ten fold, and must continue to multiply them. The bare suggestion of this important fact, would, in any more legitimate business—in any other pursuit, less distinguished by recklessness and trespass,—have led at once to the propriety of totally remodelling the business, adapting it to the new condition of things, and, in this way, disarming it, as well as they might, of its awkward and unpleasant necessities. They should then have gone into a patient inquiry as to the character of the new consumers—the sort of books most likely to suit them, and the minimum cost at which such books could be prepared and sold. This inquiry might have resulted in the discovery which we think it likely will yet be made of two very distinct classes of purchasers; the one, solicitous only of the printed matter—satisfied to have it, if cheap, in any readable form and condition; the other, less indifferent to externals, and willing to pay something more for a large, clear type, and tolerably fine paper. This matter might very easily be managed by striking off two editions from the same face of metal, making the difference entirely to consist in the quality of the paper. The difference in price to the customer might be simply the additional cost of paper, as such an impression would involve no other expense to the publisher. By many, even of the poorer class, the novelty of Cheap Literature being once over—books will be bought with some reference to their fitness for the library. The eye will require to be satisfied as well as the mind, and even where the mind only would seem to be concerned, its pleasantest impressions of an object are derived through the medium of this most jealous sentinel of thought. We are apt to be persuaded of the inferiority of an object, which comes to us in an inferior garment—our tastes, wherever active, insensibly affect our judgments; and, with most persons, the satisfaction of reading an author, however meritorious, is materially diminished, when the eye grows weary in a continual struggle with diminutive type, and dim impressions on thin and dingy paper—already, it appears to us, that the publishers are becoming sensible to this suggestion. We mark considera-

ble improvement in some of their publications, particularly of the Boston press; and if Winchester's "Mysteries of Paris" had been put forth on superior paper, no handsomer book of its class would have ever issued from the American press.

Carrying out their inquiry as to the degree of reduction which might be made in the cost of books to the public, considering the while, the claims of all the mechanical agents in their preparation, it would not be amiss, and would be prudent, to include the author. Suppose then, with some reference to him, a calculation of this sort to be made in the case of any single style of publication—take, for example, a popular novel, 12 mo., of 500 pages, the ordinary form, to which, until recently, the public had been accustomed. We will suppose (and this we think a liberal allowance) that it will cost \$500 to stereotype such a work. The paper necessary for 20,000 copies, press-work, folding, stitching and all other expenses, I estimate (though I have no good means, where I am, of arriving at the amount) at \$2,500 more. Three thousand dollars, therefore, will be about the whole cost of a publication, which, sold at 25 cents, (now sold, in the case of Mr. Cooper's novels, at twice that amount) will yield \$5,000. This, after defraying all expenses, including a fair interest on the publisher's capital, would leave two thousand dollars for division—we will suppose equally—between publisher and author. On such a division as this, the author could live. It will be for men of other professions, law, medicine, &c., to say how well. We have shown, however, in previous passages, that, on the general average, he never got so much even in the best days of American letters. But if, instead of the more expensive form of publication above referred to, we should adopt, for estimate, the cheaper style which now prevails—the octavo, double column, seldom containing more than 100 to 130 pages, and sold in the shops at 25 cents—I am persuaded the profits would be much greater. I have before me at this moment, four of these publications, all from different houses in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. The first—"Self Devotion," issued by Harper & Brothers, contains 125 pages; the second, "Henrietta Temple," from the press of Burgess and Zeiber, Philadelphia, contains 124; the third, "One Hundred Romances of Real Life," published by J. Winchester, contains but 80, but these are much larger pages, and the volume, in all probability, contains quite as much letter press as either of the preceding; while the fourth, and the neatest publication of the whole, "The H— Family," issued by Munroe & Co. of Boston, contains but 76 small octavo pages. We will base our conjectural estimate upon the work, seemingly the most expensive of the four, that of Harper & Brothers. To stereotype such a work will cost, we will say, 300. My own notion is, that less than \$900 would be more near the

truth. The paper necessary for 20,000 copies, press work, &c., \$1,700: total \$2,000. It is sold, like the former, at 25 cents, and if the whole edition is sold, the clear profits must be \$3,000. The whole edition may not be sold. On this subject, we have no means of arriving at the truth. It is a secret with the publishers; one of whom we have heard say, in the case of a native author, "we dare not tell him how many copies were sold." Our estimate in the present instance, is based upon the language of the advertisements, and of the newspaper editors, who frequently assure us, that the sale very frequently far exceeds that number. Now, to neither of the authors of the four works above mentioned, do the American publishers award a copper. Suppose them to be only half as liberal as they are enterprising, and how easy to have assigned to the writer of the book from \$500 to \$1000 out of its own profits, without adding a cent to the price of the volume, as offered to the public? Suppose, therefore, that the author should be allowed to enter into the cost of a book, on similar footing with the compositor, the pressman, the paper-maker and the vendor, and do we not see by this calculation—always assuming that it approximates the truth—how absurd is the pretext, how impertinent the clamor, that a concession of copyright to the foreign author is to increase enormously the expense of his production. The price here set down for him is the very sum, which, without any law of copy, the publishers volunteered in the case of favorite English authors. Mr. Bulwer received £200 from Harper & Brothers, for the sheets of his new works in advance of their publication in England, merely to forestall their competitors at home. If such an amount is given for such a purpose, what might they not afford, from their profits, to become, really and legitimately, the exclusive possessors of his copyright? We have seen, by a previous estimate, what were the reasons for the costliness of a London publication—its more open and expensive style of printing, the greater quantity of paper consumed in each copy (frequently over 1000 pages in a popular novel, seldom less)—the superior beauty of the paper, the smallness of the editions, and the cost of copyright. The English work, if printed in America, under a privilege of copyright, must still follow the laws of our market—must be put forth in similar style and similar cost with our own. The publishers have no right to assume English prices for the American dealers, for the very sufficient reason, that it is pecuniarily impossible that our people should pay them. We have no such wealth as in England—no such aristocracy. The annual income of an English nobleman is frequently greater than the whole fortune of our wealthy man. We have no class sufficiently numerous to elevate literature into that luxury which it is in London, and

to maintain it, apart from all the tastes and desires of the great body of the people. What can our people pay? What *will* they pay? They can pay an author according to American standards! They are not unwilling we believe, to do so! they are not unwilling that he, without whom there would be neither printer nor publisher at all, should share on equal terms with printer and publisher, the fruits of his own genius and industry! For a solution of these queries, the legislator must look to himself and to the people, rather than to publishers and paper-makers. Without going out of his own thoughts, he must see, that any charge of the English author for his copyright in this country, much beyond that given to the reputable American, would have the effect of excluding him from publication altogether. The publishers themselves would settle that, even if the common laws of demand and supply did not.

Thus then, with some modifications, stands the case at present with our publishers and authors. These modifications, as they suggest some farther views of the subject, the bearing of which may be seen hereafter, it will be prudent to consider now. It must be very evident to all, unless it be the publishers themselves, that, for the present, they have sounded the very depths of the American appetite for reading. Books are now so very cheap, that all who entertain the smallest desire for them, may, at the smallest sacrifice, command them. They contemplate the very poorest classes, and seeking these, have spread themselves over city and forest, somewhat, we fancy, at the expense of the journal—the literary newspaper—with which they began their own experiments. In this way, they have done something indirectly in behalf of the magazines. These, as affording almost the only field for the exercise of the original mind of the country, have undergone improvement. In this way, their claims upon the public have been increased. In achieving this wide spread circulation for their books, the publishers have been shown that the appetite of the consumer, however ravenous at first, has undergone some amelioration. Purchasers, however numerous, must have their limit. Supposing the United States to contain thirty thousand persons who buy every cheap book that is published—it will be seen, that it is still a physical impossibility that they should, by any process of mastication, consume the very books they buy. In converting books into a necessary, our publishers went a step too far, and it now may reasonably be feared, that they have also done something towards making them a drug. There may be a surfeit of books as well as other good things. Life is not to be given up to reading any more than to play. The first great object of the publisher is to understand his public, so as to adapt their supplies not less to their duties than their wants: to their leisure, not less than their appetites. Cer-

tain thousands of books, for inevitable use, such as those required by schools and colleges, must be calculated with reference to the educational habits of the country; the pursuit of science has its wants, which, in like manner, may be fixed in arbitrary numbers; but of the books which appeal to the affections, the sentiments and the tastes of mankind, it is more difficult, yet not less necessary, to determine what should be the supply. These tastes and sentiments fluctuate, are capriciously constituted, and must be watched with patient and philosophic attention. One season finds them thirsting after poetry—the ballad epics of Scott; the passionate fragments of Byron: the lascivious ditties of Moore. Another month, and the passion for the prose romance swallows up all beside. Pursue this idea, and we have a singular study for the psychologist as well as the publisher. Books, appealing to the tastes, and not the necessities of society, are so many delicacies, to be enjoyed when the meal of the day is over. Convert them into the main meal, and they cloy upon the appetite and are discarded with loathing. We fear that some such fate is about to attend the excess of good things thrown before the public like so much offal, in the shape of Cheap Literature. The publisher will find it necessary to improve the style of these publications, increasing, within certain limits, their cost and diminishing their numbers. Even the poor, to whom cheap publications are chiefly addressed, if they do not come to sicken of them, can only buy them with reference to the hour, which they can snatch from daily toils for recreation. Even those who devour books without digestion—the gourmand of the popular novel—a peculiar race, who skip the sentiment for the story, and, under different names, go through the same story every day—even these begin to show signs of flagging in the struggle to keep up with the publishers. Their tastes are becoming more and more delicate—they begin to pick and choose—they no longer buy every thing, and seem to have resolved, among themselves, that, after their present surfeit on this kind of fare, literature should again become a luxury. Books, simply because they are cheap, are not now necessarily sold. That time has gone by. Something more is to be done, in order to provoke the languid and declining appetite. The innovators upon the ancient order of things are the first to show that they feel this necessity. They labored, as we have shown, under certain disadvantages. They had no great capital in the first place, and, in the use of this, upon the current Literature of Great Britain, they could contend only on equal ground with those who controlled much more. That literature being derelict in this country, the privileges of poaching were simply equal,—the longest purse having the advantage. They had no stereotype plates, already cast, of the solid standard works, which, in greater or

less number, would always sell. Every book which they issued, was, consequently, at the full cost of all the materials,—except the Literature—the very soul of the whole. It was evident, that something must be done, to equalize the advantages possessed by the capitalists. What is the remedy? The native author is put in requisition. Appropriations are made, in his behalf, of twenty, fifty, nay, one hundred and fifty and two hundred dollars. But even such a degree of liberality as this, can buy but a small amount of authorship. Manuscripts, which are already on hand, may be sold at a sacrifice. Short, hurried stories, the work of a few sittings, may be yielded at fifty, or an hundred dollars; but it is very evident, that few laborers of much intellect, depending at the same time upon their labors for their livings, will long continue at this sort of business. Nay, it will not long be the policy of the publisher to procure his materials from such sources. The public will not buy them. The only mode of obtaining good Literature, will be formed in the regular employment of authors, who, however they may occasionally fail of complete success, yet, even in their very failures, prove the possession of endowments which must generally enable them to succeed.

Still, though obviously the only security for their business, the publishers relent at the necessary outlay for copyright publication. A half measure is adopted, by which it is hoped to realize the desired security, without incurring the cost of an original Literature. Translations from the Swedish and the French become the vogue, and the linguist is employed with the appropriations, which the original writer would reject. But alas! for the calculations of cupidity—generally the most short-sighted of all reasoning animals. With every motive to hostility on the part of the rival publishers, it should have been seen, that such a proceeding would afford no security. Who has not heard of the rival houses of Harper and Winchester—the rival publications of the “Mysteries of Paris,” that work, equally prurient and powerful—equally dangerous and delighting to the young imagination. No sooner has the one translator begun his work—and very good work it is—than another translation is thrown into the market at one fifth the cost of the first. The labors of the original translator are defeated; the work, if not left upon his hands, is at least shorn of its chief profits—possibly may pay expenses in the end, but will scarcely do much more. To balance this proceeding—to pay off the enemy in his own coin, an abridgement is made of the elaborate and valuable, but bigoted history of Mr. Alison. His facts and philosophies are summed up in little—well done, perhaps, though we have not seen the work,—and the sales injured, perhaps, fatally, of one of the most expensive publications of the day,—which, to reward the publishers, as it has been put forth in cheap style, re-

quired the largest possible circulation. The motive to these proceedings is mere malice, the fruit of a diseased condition of the mind, under the diseasing influences of the laws. Apart from the simple justice which an International Copyright Law would effect, it would operate the most surprising results in favor of the morals, the magnanimity, nay, the gentility of the trade.

I have now, my dear sir, at considerable length, and at some risk of being considered unnecessarily prolix, endeavored to give you the history and progress of our domestic Literature—the difficulties which it has had to encounter, which still lie in its path, and which have left its authors utterly hopeless of their occupation, unless the body to which you belong, shall bestow upon the subject that patient consideration to which it is entitled, and which you daily accord to all other subjects. In these details, I have endeavored to avoid every expression of partiality. I have arrayed my facts, and declared my opinions, with as little regard to favor as to fear. I have no personal quarrel with the publishers. On the contrary, my intercourse with them, which has been as extensive as that of almost any other American author, has been marked, on their part, with a degree of kindness and respect, which leaves me nothing to complain. In some instances, our personal relations have been particularly intimate and friendly. I should be sorry, that they should ever be disturbed. With regard to my compensation, I may frankly add, that they have treated me with as much liberality as I had any reason to expect. As I never, at any time, placed a high money value on my labors, or regarded this matter with much tenacity, it was, perhaps, easy enough to adjust our pecuniary relations without cavil or difference. My quarrel is with the system, and not with the publishers; with a condition of things of which they are the creatures; and the only reproach to them is, that they have not been as ready to avoid, or to amend it, as was consistent with a high toned liberality, or even—as I have endeavored to show—with their own interests. Had they gone hand in hand with the author, as they should have done, ten years ago, to the doors of Congress, yielding up the point of difference, and disclaiming advantages in their trade, which are possessed by no other,—our relations, at this moment, would have been more active, more agreeable to all parties, more consonant with good policy, and to those dearer interests of conscience, which make one's "bosom's lord sit lightly on his throne."

In a subsequent letter, my dear sir, I proposed to consider the subject of copyright, in reference to its intrinsic and legal merits—its claims, on principle, to the protection, which, as they can, the laws should afford—how grounded on right, and how defended by policy. I do not despair of making these things apparent to every mind, not oc-

cupied by self, nor tortured from its propriety by sophism. To you, I fancy, as to many of your associates, they are sufficiently clear already. The facts in the history I have given you, and which the desire to render copious, has probably made tedious,—incontestable as I believe them to be in all essential respects—would seem to conduct inevitably to the only certain remedy for the evils which they declare. The narrative speaks for itself. The facts call for no logician. Conscious of this, I have preferred rather to display them in proper connection to your eye, than to indulge in argument upon them. I leave this for you, and others, numerous enough, and capable enough, in your own body. The venerable Mr. Adams might well illustrate the whole subject, by equal displays of argument and eloquence; and it is only matter of surprise and mortification to the friends of letters, that he has not found it his pleasure to do so. Nor should I forget my friend, Mr. Kennedy, whose own graceful achievements in Literature subject him quite as much to reproach for his forbearance, where its interests are concerned, as for the reluctance which he manifestly exhibits, to appear more frequently in a walk, which no one would better honor than himself.

Recapitulating briefly, we find from the previous letter and the preceding pages, that the genius of our country in the arts, sciences and general literature, has proved itself capable of supplying all the mental food which it requires—that, by reason of the unusual fact, that we speak the same mother tongue with a contemporary nation, the Literature of that nation is poured in upon us, free from any of the usual obstacles which retard or prevent the progress of any other Literature into any other nation—that, in consequence of this fact, the genius of our people is not permitted to do that which the God of nature has appointed it to do—namely, to maintain the mental independence of their race, to preserve them from the moral influence of strangers, frequently pernicious, always opposed, and which, obtaining the final ascendancy in the land, must banish the representatives of the native intellect, and bring the mind of the nation slowly perhaps, but certainly, into foreign subjection. To avert this danger, to preserve themselves from this exile, the writers of the country,—those into whose hands it has fallen to perpetuate, as well as they can, the achievements, the traditions, the characteristics of their people, are almost universally agreed upon a single measure, which is commonly known by the name of an International Copyright Law, to be passed by the Congress of the United States. This law will serve us for consideration hereafter. It will be sufficient, ere I conclude here, to remark, in order, the more certainly to fix attention to this point, that the American lawgiver, having admitted the right of the American author to a certain property in his own books, he stands committed to the

foreign author—he stands bound to make a like concession to the author of any book in any other nation. If it be a property in the American, it is, by every law of principle, a property in the Englishman, and to authorize his dispossession of this property in a book, on the part of the American publisher, is just as criminal as to authorize the appropriation of his ox, his ass, or any thing that is his. Where the point is brought to consideration—placed before the national mind, assembled in the highest court of the country, and the justice of the complaint is left unconsidered, the tribunal is subjected to the inevitable reproach, that it would, in like manner, authorize the appropriation of any foreign property, were it in like manner available. The laws of Moses, as I once before had occasion to remark, authorized the Jews to exact usurious interest from the stranger, not from the citizen—we, under the Christian dispensation, go one step farther, and authorize the entire appropriation of the stranger's property. Surely the point is worthy considering—surely the American name is not in such pleasant odour in Europe, that we may fold our hands quiescently, and, with the chuckle of the blindest of all passions, exclaim,—“let them curse, let them scorn as they will—are we not in possession of their goods and chattels.”

With great consideration, I am,

My dear sir, your very obliged,

And obedient servant,

Woodland, Jan. 25, 1844. W. GILMORE SIMMS.

THE VISION OF DRYTHELM.

BY MRS. JANE L. SWIFT.

“The common belief was, in early Saxon times, that there were four places for the departed spirits; as they had it taught them in the famous vision of Drythelm, the hermit of Melrose.”—*Churton's Early English Church.*

Within a low-roofed, darkened room
Upon a pallet, lay
A form so weakened by disease,
So wasted by decay,
That every breath the sufferer drew
In deep and mortal pain,
Seemed like the death-throe of a heart
That might not pulse again.

The wife and children—they were there
To see the good man die,
And close forever on the world
His glazed and failing eye.
The moment came—the pang was past—
The spirit-light had fled;
And then, with unavailing tears,
They mourned the precious dead.

Through that long night, the widow knelt
Beside her husband's form;
And held the clay-cold hand in hers,
And pressed with kisses warm
The cheek, that ever fondly turned
To her, in days of old—
Alas! that death should blight our love,
Ere that love has grown cold.

She thought upon each kindly word
That from those dear lips fell;
And wept, as memory retraced
The joys remembered well,
That long had clustered round her home,
And made that home so fair—
Too soon, alas! the spoiler came,
And laid her treasure there.

Alone—unwearied—still she kept
Her vigil by his side;
Still, tenderly his corse she watched—
That dead man's early bride.
Ah! none may know her feelings then,
Unless they too have lost
The prop of life's declining years,
The one they cherished most.

The night wore on—a line of gray
Just streaked the eastern sky;
And putting out the shaded lamp,
She turned her aching eye
Upon the rigid form, that seemed
To her more ghastly pale
In th' uncertain light, that spread
Around its gloomy veil.

She stooped to kiss that marble brow—
“Oh! Drythelm, wake again!
It is thy wife that calls—alas!
That she must call in vain.”
Oh! God! why glare her eye balls so?
Why seems she turned to stone?
The dead arises from his bier,
Unaided, and alone.

No wizard spell that slumber broke—
The trance of death was o'er—
And as he looked upon his wife,
She marked the smile he wore;
Subdued, and deep'ning into awe
As shrouded memories came—
While she could only cling to him,
And call upon his name.

“I've trod the shaded valley
That bounds the spirit-land,
Yet, shrink not from me, loved one,
Mine is not death's cold hand;
I've witnessed sights of horror,
I've tasted heaven's bliss;
Oh, mortal ne'er imagined
A miracle like this.

“When Death the cord was rending
That kept my spirit here,
I saw a guardian angel
In white array appear,
With brow so pure and shining
I could not meet its ray—
He bore me onward—onward—
Upon a trackless way.

“At last I saw before me
A wide and hollow dell;
Its length and breadth were boundless,
It seemed the porch of hell.
And here, men's souls were driven
On one side into flame,
Then tossed from burning torments,
Till frozen they became.

“From heaps of snow eternal
To waves of liquid fire,
The souls of men repentant
Went through the trial dire,

That was to cleanse the wicked
From earth's defilements past;
And make them meet to enter
The gate of Heaven at last.

"Beyond—a great gulf yawning—
Unfathomable—dark—
Excepting where its cauldron
Sent up a lurid spark;
Such sights, oh, God! to witness—
Such dismal sounds to hear—
The lost must haunt my memory
Through many a long year.

"I thought I was deserted,
Abandoned by my guide;
For, when they came to seize me,
He was not by my side.
But, lo! a star advancing.
Shed brightness through the gloom;
And then, the lost ones flitted
Back to their burning tomb.

"It was my guide returning—
That pure and gleaming star!
Whose ray eternal, burning,
Had glimmered from afar;
Through realms of space he led me
To regions of pure air,
While hope, again reviving,
Soon banished my despair.

"At length, I saw before me
A wall, so long and high
It seemed to have no ending,
And reached unto the sky.
There was no door, nor window,
Nor steps to let us in;
But soon we reached the summit,
And gazed from thence within.

"Behold! a blooming valley,
A wide, and pleasant plain,
Full of spring's choicest flowers
That could not fade again;
And crowds of happy spirits
Were in these fields of rest,
Awaiting but the summons,
To join th' angelic blest.

"This valley of probation
Was for the saints of earth,
Who still might have to cancel
Some sin that here had birth;
Whose robes were not quite spotless,
Nor from defilement free,
Yet who on earth had striven
Sinless, and pure to be,

"Once more he led me onward—
And then upon my sight,
There burst a blaze of glory
From Heaven's unclouded light;
And songs from choirs æraphic
Fell on my ravished ear;
As if they called me gladly,
To share that blissful sphere.

"Oh! how I wished to linger
Around the blest abode;
But soon, my guide retracing
The path that we had trod
Along the glowing ether,
That seemed a trackless way—
Brought back my pining spirit
To its frail house of clay.

"And now, it but remaineth
To live for God and Heav'n.
I may not slight the warning
That he himself has giv'n,
A life of sternest penance
Eternal joy must win—
A life of sternest penance
Atone for every sin.

"To God's kind care confiding
My wife and children dear,
I leave my earthly blessings
To lead a new career;
A cell must be my dwelling,
The cold damp ground my bed;
And earth the stony pillow
To rest my hoary head.

"Nay, strive not now to turn me
From this, my high resolve,
The interests that prompt me
Eternal hopes involve;
I may not, cannot listen
To love's imploring tone,
I go to spend my life time
In vigils—and, alone."

* * *

A few days passed—the worthy thane
Was faithful to his vow,
And left the endearments of his home,
In penury to bow
At superstition's magic shrine
Until his life should close—
And thus, in penance, lived and died
The Hermit of Melrose.

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS.

The more enlightened kingdoms of Europe are adorned with many literary associations and scientific academies. In the Northern States of our own union, many such are found, and in that quarter there is scarcely a town, nay, even a village which may not boast of its lyceum, or its debating society. In the South, from the sparser character of the population and the paucity of towns, such institutions are, of course, much rarer; and in the West, the absorbing demands of action leave little leisure for speculation. That such associations, well-regulated, may be made effective engines of mental and moral improvement, may hardly admit of a question. They bring their members together at regular periods for mutual advancement in elevated pursuits.

The youth who, in his search for knowledge, is confined to the narrow and secluded path of his own reading and reflections, however capacious his genius, or indefatigable his industry, will encounter many perplexities and obscurities. Of his well-informed acquaintances, each, perhaps, might be able to elucidate some obscurity and disentangle some perplexity. He too, in his turn, might prove himself equally serviceable to each of them. Could, then, he and they, animated by a common and gene-

rous enthusiasm, instead of such irregular interviews as chance might occasionally turn up, or whim casually dictate, meet together with a sort of astronomic regularity, on a common platform, to compare notes and intercommunicate opinions, the advantages of such an arrangement could not fail to develop themselves. This intellectual exchange would diffuse intelligence, extend the horizon of the thoughts, correct the style and elevate the taste,—expand and strengthen all the faculties of the mind.

Upon exercise of the mind, must he rely, who would aspire to achieve conquests in the realms of literature and science. The Roman army was denominated by a word signifying “exercise;” and that army bore its victorious eagles from the burning sands of Africa to the frozen rigors of the wintry North. As physical exercise is necessary to carry on the mysterious processes, by which the body is nourished and sustained, so equally necessary is exercise of the mind for its growth and development. It is true indeed, that “the soul always thinks;” yet, unless trained and disciplined, it will think feebly and without effect. So a vessel, without rudder, or compass, although continually in motion, may toss forever to and fro upon the face of the sea, the play-thing of winds and waves. The undisciplined mind is apt to indulge in trains of vague, dreamy, crepuscular thought, which have been compared to those light summer cloud-shadows that wave over the fields and disappear, leaving no impression behind. The mind travels on, “through endless passages that lead to nothing;” it reasons so inconclusively as to arrive at no result, and the memory, like the studio of an indolent artist, is lumbered up with a confused variety of unfinished pictures.

To remedy this, is the object of literary associations. As it is said by our philosophers, that no two spectators ever perceive the same identical rainbow, so it is perhaps true, that no two minds ever look at a subject from the same point of view, or through the same medium. Hence, the interchange of various opinions is as requisite to elucidate a complex subject, as the presence of various lights is to illuminate a complex object. And as the heavenly constellation guides the mariner in his course over the trackless deserts of the sea, so the constellation of minds will enlighten the pathway of truth.

Literary associations afford also happy facilities for the cultivation of the art of composition, an art equally requisite in the ordinary business and in the elegancies of life, in expressing the brilliant sallies of wit, the generous sentiments of friendship, or the tender emotions of love. It is true, that the first efforts of the youthful mind, grappling with subjects too extensive for its grasp, will be hesitating and awkward. So are the early footsteps of childhood. But the child that now totters

precariouly over the carpet, may live like Humboldt, to scale the Andes, or, like Cooke, to circumnavigate the globe.

The youthful mind has been compared to a traveller enveloped in morning mists. Gradually, as he advances, the mists will be dispersed, field and forest will emerge from their dusky shroud, the river will gleam in the distance and the hoary mountain uncover his cloud-capped summit, and as the sun “flames in the forehead of the morning sky,” the whole landscape at length stands revealed in all its beauty and sweetness and splendor.

BOOKS.

One cannot reflect without amazement, upon the vast number of books now in the world, the many that have existed but are no longer extant, and on the multitude of new ones with which the press is daily teeming. Books seem to be perpetuated by a sort of metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls. One material frame decays, but the spirit is translated into another. The great material mass of them has perished like bubbles that float for a brief hour on the face of the ocean and then sink. A few only there are “which men will not willingly let die”—these survive, destined “to flourish in immortal youth.” But these few, perhaps, contain the fifth essence of all that was worthy to endure. Books may thus be likened to a plant germinating, expanding and arriving at maturity; it falls to decay—exhales its elemental gases into the common air, and they again serve to supply the exigencies of animal and vegetable nature, in the ever circling processes of growth and reproduction.

Again the imagination may amuse itself by collecting together all the books of all ages in one vast library and setting them to balance their accounts with each other, comparing notes and each relating the history of its fortunes. Some of them, it would appear, laboriously concocted by the toils of many years, had at length started into being, in the full flower of hope and promise, and been suddenly blasted by the withering frosts of criticism, and consigned forever to the Dead Sea of oblivion. For this consummation, had the pale student outwatched the stars by his solitary lamp.

Again, one cannot help admiring the multiplicity of processes at work in the preparation of that complex creation, a book. For this end, the miner delves in subterranean gloom, for the metal of the types and press. How many busy hands are engaged in making the paper, ink, &c. &c. ! How many laborious years are necessary for the author to equip himself for his work ! See him patient and alone, referring, collating, discriminating, comparing, sifting, annotating, doubting, composing, blotting out, tearing up, correcting, interpolating, punctuating and transcribing. Then come the compositor, setting the types, the proof-reader correcting mistakes, the pressman striking off the damp sheets,

the binder folding, stitching, covering, pressing, trimming, lettering, &c., &c.

The book at last completed is next to be transported over sea and land, crossing rivers and mountains, until it finally reaches the reader's hand. And then to what vicissitudes of fortune is it subject? The "Adventures of a Book," if written out, might be as entertaining as the "Adventures of a Guinea." The book may fall into good hands, perhaps into bad; it may come into the possession of a scholar, a man of letters and of taste, or of a goose-cap, a blockhead, an illiterate ass. Like *Gil Blas*, the work may encounter many ups and downs, keep high company and low. It may be tossed on the bosom of the waters, or whirled along railways; now it may slumber on the toilet of beauty, then tremble under the auctioneer's hammer; to-day it is the companion of wealth—to-morrow it may be thumbed by the ploughman.

Æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regum-que turres.

Could books speak, perhaps one would be heard lamenting that it was his fate ever to be misunderstood and perverted, his figures all taken in sober earnest, and his serious statements all misconstrued into metaphor and allegory. Another would be heard declaring his indifference to the ignorant neglect of his degenerate times, appealing to posterity, exulting in fancied images of future fame and posthumous renown, by hope uncurtained to his transported view.

THE PLEASURES OF READING.

Gibbon, the historian, in his autobiography, said that "he would not exchange the pleasures of reading for all the wealth of the Indies." That he who aspires at all to the dignity of a cultivated mind, should, in the first place, make himself acquainted with the history of his own country, is sufficiently obvious. To the American citizen, the discovery and settlement of the new hemisphere,—the growth of her republics,—the revolutions by which they attained their independence and their governments, laws, manners and institutions afford a wide field of inquiry. The old world opens a still wider scene,—the records of antiquity, the dim chronicles of the middle age,—feudalism and chivalry,—the papacy and the reformation,—the darkness of barbarism and the revival of letters,—the progress of literature, science, the arts and religion,—with all the various and eventful annals of modern times. The array is vast and complex; yet, while the narrative of events is so voluminous, as the narration of one country and age is oftentimes but the echo and counterpart of what occurred in other countries and other ages, only a comparatively small portion is necessary to be read for the illustration of the whole. The facts of history spread out over an immense area; its philosophy is compressed within far narrower limits.

Biography, akin to history, is still more entertain-

ing, as "coming home to men's business and bosoms." It introduces the reader to a portrait gallery of heroes, patriots, statesmen, poets, philosophers, martyrs and saints. Poetry and Romance enchant the fancy with their beautiful creations; while the severe mathematics serve to repress the extravagance of the imagination, and strengthen the energies of the understanding. Philosophy, with one hand, unfolds the teeming wonders of the physical world; and with the other, uncurtains the mysterious phenomena of mind and spirit. Books of geography, together with voyages and travels, afford an inexhaustible fund of information in its most picturesque and fascinating form. With them the reader, seated in his own arm-chair, may expatiate at will over the several quarters of the earth, study the manners and customs of every people, investigate the productions of nature and survey the monuments of art. He may visit the pyramids that tower sublime over the sandy borders of the Nile, wander among the ivy-mantled marbles of fallen cities, and linger pensive among the echoes of deserted palaces and dilapidated temples, where,

"O'er each mouldering tower
Dim with the mist of age, gray flits the shade of power."

When satiated with the monuments of human grandeur and decay, astronomy will elevate the soul to distant worlds and sublimer scenes—the stupendous machinery of the heavens, suns and planets and systems circling harmonious through the illimitable wilderness of space. Dazzled and amazed by the "dread magnificence of heaven," man returns to the earth, which, in the comparison, dwindles to "a mere speck in one corner of the universe." But here again he finds new subjects of admiration, in the curious structure of his own body, and in the various teeming kingdoms of animate and inanimate nature. And, as in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies, he was lost in astonishment at the infinitely vast, he is now no less amazed at the infinitely small. The telescope discloses the wonders of immensity above us; the microscope discloses the equal wonders of infinity beneath us. In the tiny insect, perfectly organized, yet invisible to the naked eye and living but for a day, may be seen the impressions of the same divine hand, which guides worlds and systems "whirling in the void immense." C. C.

Petersburg, Jan. 31, 1844.

THE SUNFLOWER.

(VERSIFIED FROM THE GERMAN.)

1.

O many a flower bares its breast
To the rays of the rising sun,
But among them caressing, and caress'd,
There followeth only one.
Constant the Sunflower turns, and bends,
And ever its glances upwards sends.

2.

Let our hearts be like the adoring flower,
Not only open to God—
But follow, and turn to Him every hour,
Till we reach his bright abode ;
If the dying plant worship, shall not we,
Who are promis'd an Immortality ?

E. J. E.

March, 1844.

NOTES ON OUR ARMY.

No. II.

"An Army is a collection of armed men, obliged to obey one man."—*Locke*.

TO THE HON. THOMAS H. BENTON :

I have endeavored to show, that the appropriate duties of our Commanding General, have been usurped by the Secretary of War, without a shadow of reason in law, and unsupported even by policy. Very recent occurrences have tended to strengthen my doubts, as to the competency of the distinguished individual now presiding over the department, to perform duties so totally at variance with his early pursuits. But having already devoted more space to his Hon. Secretaryship than I had intended, it becomes necessary to descend to persons and things in lower places. In his report, the Secretary has said, "Major General Scott has the immediate command of the Army." Coming from such authority, we must take it for granted, though no occurrences of late would have induced one to believe, that Major General Scott even existed in a military capacity, had not attention been drawn to him by the astonishing and almost incomprehensible report from his pen which accompanies the one from the Hon. Secretary. "To the many valuable suggestions, contained in the report of the Commanding General, attention is invited" by the Secretary. What those suggestions are, I am at a loss to discover. They certainly do not appear on the face of this report, a repeated examination of which, presents but *three* suggestions to my mind. 1st. The remounting the late second regiment of dragoons. 2nd. Interchanges of positions or districts between troops ; and this can hardly be called a recommendation, but the shadowing forth an intention to recommend in future, and should it prove unpopular, we shall hear no more of it. 3rd. The great recommendation, and the point to which his mind seemed solely directed. The repeal of the act, approved May 29th, 1830, amending the 65th article of the rules and articles of war. Which amendment humanely and wisely enacts, that when "any General officer commanding an army, or Colonel commanding a separate department, shall be the accuser or prosecutor, the court for the trial of the offender shall be ordered by the President of the United States." The humanity of this act is apparent on its very face. It was intended to pro-

tect the junior from tyranny and oppression. Very recent occurrences have proved its necessity, and I hope Congress will weigh well the effects of a repeal, before giving sanction to it, notwithstanding the high toned and indignant manner in which our commander has repelled the severe reflection it casts on them, "by supposing it possible that his juniors, no matter by whom detailed, might, at the prosecution of the commander, be subservient enough to inflict punishment against conscience, justice and law!" Courts have been found very recently, and he almost tells you so in his report, which, under threats from superior authority, have, on being reconvened, reversed former decisions and awarded severe sentences in lieu of former acquittal. One court has been found, I honor them, one and all, who entertain an opinion of their own, and entertaining, dare express it. With shame I acknowledge there has been but one. How many, "at the prosecution of a commander, were subservient enough to inflict punishments against conscience, justice and law," I should blush to acknowledge. In a future letter, I shall resume this subject ; and in the mean time, some additional light will be shed in regard to that honored, but "contumacious" court, a copy of whose proceedings I am happy to see has been called for by you.

The indelicate, ungenerous, and unprovoked attack made by the commanding General, in an official report upon the character of one, who is his senior in years, his equal in rank, and certainly not his inferior in those qualities which ennoble the man and elevate the soldier, calls for a few comments before leaving the subject. He says, "of the discipline of the Army—that important element of efficiency—prompt and cheerful obedience to law and to lawful commands, including the certain punishment of every breach of either ; of discipline, thus technically understood, I may say, if it be not universally respected and enforced on the part of commissioned officers, the exceptions have been of late but few, and are becoming yearly fewer. Here, again, as in respect to morals, science and literature, the benefits and beauty of an education at the United States Military Academy are highly conspicuous in the staff, in corps and in regiments. Throughout the whole, directly and indirectly, the standard of excellence has been greatly elevated by that institution. One officer, (occasionally on duty) with rank sufficient to render his example of disobedience, &c., highly mischievous ; some hesitancy on the part of several courts martial to punish officers for unlawfully striking or beating soldiers, and the positive refusal, as yet, of an existing court to award any correction in a like case. These are the principal exceptions, under the head discipline, which call for animadversion in a solemn report. The hesitancy, in some former courts, was soon overcome by reason and calm advice, at the instance of the executive.

The court, remaining contumacious, is, I am sorry to say, composed of officers taken from those otherwise fine regiments, the 3rd and 4th infantry, now in reserve at Jefferson Barracks. I need scarcely add, that this case and that of the individual of rank alluded to above, are not, in the special matters, under my control." This is an extract, *verbatim literatim, et punctuatim*, from the report of the Major General commanding the United States Army.

Never before has Carlyle's remark appeared to me more forcibly true—"Extreme exactness is the sublime of folly."

This is the only instance in which the discipline of the Army is referred to, and it would appear, that this is made solely for the purpose of securing an opportunity (I am sorry to add one is never lost) to cast odium on an "individual of rank" whose reputation was gained in hard fought battles. It was hoped, this personal warfare would cease upon the promotion of the present commander-in-chief, but his report seems to forbid the idea. It is only necessary for Major General Edward P. Gaines to exhibit in his defence the tokens of confidence received from a grateful country, to answer most eloquently the malignant and sarcastic sneers of a military rival and bitter personal enemy, though they do appear, in violation of all taste and propriety, in a "solemn report."

The Army had cause to hope for more than it has received from its present commander. The brilliancy of his achievements "in the successive conflicts of Chippewa and Niagara, and his uniform gallantry and good conduct as an officer in said Army," for which the thanks of Congress and

a gold medal were tendered, induced all to suppose that his command of the American Army would prove as satisfactory, as his previous efforts on the field were brilliant and successful. Many causes combined, have prevented the fulfilment of these expectations. Not the least among them may be cited, an aspiration for political honors, and an erroneous impression, that the birth-place of a Marshall could produce none but eminent jurists.

It will become necessary to refer so often to the Commanding General and his reports, including his frequent, though fortunately unsuccessful attempts to thrust himself into political notice, that I shall pass for the present to our organization.

Our military establishment (unmilitary would be a more appropriate appellation) has for its basis the act of the 2nd of March, 1821. By this act, the line of the Army was to consist of eleven regiments. Several important changes have been made since then, and particularly by the acts of the 30th of May, 1832, 5th and 7th of July, 1838, and the 23rd of August, 1842. The result of all these changes has been, so far as the line is concerned, the addition of three regiments, a little more than one fourth of the original strength. Let us examine into the additions made to the staff during this time, not only in regard to numbers, but in rank and pay. The following table will exhibit very plainly the number and rank of officers in each department of the staff in the year 1821, when our army consisted of eleven regiments, and again in 1844, when it consists of fourteen. The enormous increase, both in numbers and rank, is almost incredible: yet it has crept upon us so gradually, that but little notice has been taken of it.

YEAR.	Department or Corps.	Brig'r Generals.	Colonels.	Lieut. Colonels.	Majors.	Captains.	1st. Lieutenant.	2nd Lieutenants.	Byt. 2nd Lieutenants.	Surgeon General.	Surgeons.	Assistant Surgeons.	Pay Master General.	Pay Masters.	Commissary of Purchases.	Store Keepers.	Total in 1821.	Total in 1844.
1821.	Adj't. General's.		1		2	4											1	7
1844.	" "		1		2	4											1	7
1821.	Quarter Master's.	1		2	2	4	28									4	7	39
1844.	" "	1		2	2	4	28									4	7	39
1821.	Subsistence.		1		2	4											1	8
1844.	" "		1	1	2	4											1	8
1821.	Pay Master's.												1	14			15	16
1844.	" "												1	15			16	16
1821.	Medical.									1	6	45					54	71
1844.	" "									1	20	50					71	71
1821.	Ordnance.																0	50
1844.	" "		1	1	4	10	6	6	7							15	0	50
1821.	Topl. Engineer's.				6*	4*											10	40
1844.	" "		1	1	4	10	10	10	4								10	40
Grand Total.																	88	231

*Brevets.

Ten officers of the line, principally subalterns, were allowed by the law of 1821, to hold appointments as Assistant Quarter Masters, and receive a small addition to their pay for doing duty in that department; this appointment, however, conferred no rank, and as we have as many, or more subalterns performing the same duty now, and for which they receive no pay, that number has been very properly omitted in the table. If we but deduct the Medical and Pay Departments, which have barely kept pace with the line, the rapid, unnecessary and enormous increase of our staff is astounding. But little short of 700 per cent., during a time, when the Army, to which it is, or ought to be, merely an appendage, has only increased about 28 per cent. The number of officers in the line has not increased in that ratio, forty Lieutenants of Artillery having been discontinued in adding the three new regiments. The increase of these staff gentlemen in number, is by no means the greatest burden the Army has to bear. Look at their rank. Where is there an Army on the face of the globe having more General and field officers by one half in its *staff* than it has in the line? I will venture the assertion, that no other Army can be found, having even one fourth as many. If we consider this enormous increase in rank as well as numbers, and also, that the officers of all these departments receive cavalry pay and allowances, we shall find, that the actual expense of our staff, with the two previous exceptions, as compared with that of 1821, has increased at least 1,500 per cent., whilst that of the line has not exceeded 25 per cent. In the laudable ambition of your friend, Mr. McKoy, to reduce the expenditures of the government, let him not overlook these foul stains on our military legislation. But let him be careful upon whom he relies for information, and if any calls are made on the Washington City Army, the Staff Bureaux, let them be for *facts*, and not for the gilded pills which have been so long used in gulling the people and their representatives. I will not pretend to assert, that the staff of our Army, as organized in 1821, would be sufficient for the wants of the service at present; on the contrary, I am convinced it would not; yet I do contend, that our present staff is too ponderous for so frail a body to bear, and unless we are relieved of a part of it, the line must sink, exhausted under its weight. A glance at the Quarter Master's and Commissary's Departments, where we find mere drivers of mules, and slayers of bullocks clothed with the military rank, and eligible to the command of Colonels, Lieutenant Colonels, Majors and Captains, must convince the military eye of this fact.

The gross abuses which have crept into our service, in regard to these corps—the deception which has been practised to conceal these abuses—the odium which has been brought upon the whole Army through their instrumentality—and, finally,

the enormous and useless expense to which they have subjected the country, must all be considered separately and fully before their extent and enormity can be made to appear in a proper light. The act of Congress of the 23rd of August, 1842, served as a slight check, and stopped one of the leaks through which the treasury was being exhausted. As some member remarked, in debate on that bill, “we had a double ration post in every second or third room of the war office building,” and a law, intended to cover expenses necessarily incurred by military commanders, was, by an enormous construction, made to increase the already enormous pay of at least half our staff officers. Yet, strange as it may appear, the influence of these gentlemen in Congress was so great, and their opportunities in Washington so favorable, that they convinced the Chairman of the Military Committee in the House of the *injustice* done them by cutting off their allowances. In a conversation with the honorable Chairman but a short time after the passage of the law, he expressed his regret, that the section referred to had found its way into the bill, and was astonished beyond measure, when answered, that it was the only redeeming feature of his whole bill of abominations. This subject will be resumed in my next, when I hope to present a few statistics in proof of the above assertions.

A SUBALTERN.

From the proceedings in the House of Representatives, I have just seen a move thus early, by the indomitable and persevering McKoy, the worthy Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, to ferret out the abuses and corruptions in our Army. I hail him as a friend, and, with his consent, will unite with him in the righteous cause, “foot to foot, hand to hand, heart to heart.” Through you, I respectfully ask his attention to the table above, and the comments following it. In my next, I hope to present him with some truths, told by figures too, which will afford him grounds for reducing his appropriation bills hundreds of thousands.

The inquiries which he has made, are, many of them, very pertinent; but a want of knowledge on details, prevents the possibility of his striking at the seat of corruption. My object will be to remove the veil, expose the cancer, and afterwards assist in holding the patient, whilst he applies the knife. The Army proper, that is, the *duty* portion, invites scrutiny; and will rejoice to a man over the exposures which *can* be made, and which have only slumbered for want of champions and a channel. The latter I have found, and I hail with no little pleasure the approach of the former.

A SUB.

THE "TABLEAUX"—A DREAM.

BY H. P. VASS.

PART I.

SHAKESPEARE—WITH TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

"The intention of these verses, was to commemorate a little exhibition at our boarding house, in which several of the young ladies and gentlemen took part. The object of the performance, was to personate any picture, or subject, which might be selected as interesting, the different characters assuming the dress and attitude proper to illustrate the scene; and remaining (while the curtain is drawn) motionless in that position, so as to give their figures and costume the appearance of a painting, or rather, of statuary. That part of the room, in which the spectators sit, is darkened, and a number of brilliant lights, so shaded and disposed at the sides of the stage as to throw a strong light upon the figures, which renders the illusion very perfect and beautiful, if the parts are well sustained by the performers. A number of pieces were thus performed, and much admired. Among them, were the three subjects to which my dream refers.

The first representation, discovered the bust of Shakspeare, elevated on a pedestal, with the Genius of Comedy and Tragedy on either side, arrayed in the costumes, and assuming the look and attitude appropriate to those characters—the first, with a smiling face, is in the act of crowning the immortal bard with a wreath of flowers, and seems to claim the poet as her favorite—while the more melancholy, but not less interesting Genius of Tragedy demands his attention by her tears, and the wild and hopeless despair which agitates her beautiful features. The great dramatist, equally sympathizing with each of his fair attendants, is supposed to remain transfixed and uncertain to which party he should vow allegiance. The next character, to which the verses have reference, was sustained by a young lady, arrayed in the Greek costume, and the last subject of the dream, is the well known story of Virginus, the Roman Father. Having written the poetical description of the first scene, and presented it to my fair colleagues of the "Tableaux," they were pleased to express their approbation of my lines and requested me to continue the subject, so as to embrace all the pieces performed, but fearing that my dream would thus extend to a tedious, or at least an unnatural length, I selected only the three subjects to which my verses refer. It will be perceived, that I have indulged my fancy in giving action and words to some of the characters which was not the case in the representation—but I look upon this as an acknowledged poetical license, which perhaps does not require an apology."

The sun's last rays were fading in the West,
As late I wandered forth with care oppressed.
Beneath an aged tree, whose branches spread
In verdant foliage high above my head,
I laid me down and viewed the quiet scene—
The distant groves and gently sloping green;
And as I listened to the murmuring wind,
A pleasing sadness filled my pensive mind;
Methought I saw angelic forms around,
And heard sweet music wake her soothing sound.
Faint and more faint the sweet illusion grew,
And the dim forms seemed fading from my view,
Till sleep had wrapped me in her soft embrace,
When once again, with majesty and grace,
While heavenly harps their rapturous strains renew,
The pleasing vision passed before my view.

How sweet the magic strains fell o'er my ear,
Now quick and gay—now sad as Beauty's tear
And as the varied harmony I heard,
Lo! in the midst a god-like form appeared;
Upon his lofty brow, immortal Fame
Had stamped the deathless glory of his name.
A fairy form now beckons him away;
Fain would he go—yet, still he seemed to stay
Gazed on the smiling dimples of her cheek,
And heard her voice in winning accents speak.
"Oh come with me," the maiden seemed to say,
"And sweetest flowers shall strew thy joyous way,—
Come to my bower where mirth and music join,
And bright-eyed nymphs for thee the wreath entwine.
There happy fairies trip along the green,
And ever fadeless blooms the smiling scene;
Then come with me"—but hark! a mournful sigh
Stills the sweet voice—another form drew nigh,
O'er her white robe, and from her brow so fair,
Streamed the dark tresses of her raven hair;
But on that cheek no ray of pleasure shone,
And every dream of hope seemed dim and gone.
Fast fell the tear-drops from her weeping eyes,
And her fair bosom heaved with frequent sighs:
No words she spake; but all her looks confessed
The pensive grief which filled the maidens' breast.
Aloft the fatal dagger now she shook,
Then turned and wept with wild despairing look.

With courteous action, mournfully and slow,
She waves the god-like form with her to go.
Now filled with joy—now sad with woe's alarms,
Of each he feels the all resistless charms,—
With one he smiled and with the other mourned,
His awful features changing as he turned.

But oh! while thus I gazed with brief delight,
The graceful forms seemed fading from my sight.
Soft o'er my ear, the sadly pleasing strain
Of dying music sweetly swelled again;
And, like the memory of long vanished years,
Faint and more faint the lessening scene appears;
But still transfixed, great Shakspeare seemed to stand,
And still the spirits waved the beckoning hand.

PART II.

THE GREEK GIRL.

My dream was changed—far o'er the *Ægean* sea,
The summer winds sighed soft and mournfully.
Within a verdant isle, which seemed to sleep
On the calm bosom of the great deep,
The ruined arch and temple now were seen
In mournful contrast with the living green,
And fallen columns, carved with gorgeous art,
Told their sad story to the dreamer's heart,—
Told of the glory of a former age,
Ere Greece lived not alone on History's page.
And ever and anon the fitful blast
Sighed o'er the ruined relics of the past—
But not all desolate—the lovely scene,
Where nought but grace and beauty once had been;
Still bloomed the flowers; and every whispering gale
Wasted their fragrance o'er the peaceful vale.

Lo! in a bower with sweetest flowers entwined,
Fancy beheld a lovely maid reclined;
Graceful her form—and from her soft dark eyes,
All lovely as her cloudless summer skies,
There beamed a radiance, so divinely bright,
As if the stars had lent their heavenly light,
And to the maiden such enchantment given,
That mortals scarce could claim what seemed of heaven.

How oft I tried her witching glance to meet,
And vainly sighed to worship at her feet;
But ah! even as I gazed upon the maid,
All the fair scene grew dim and seemed to fade;
And nothing could my anxious fears dispell,
When 'round the isle I saw the billows swell,
And the dark waves sweep o'er the fairy scene
Where the bright island of my dream had been.

For the sweet maiden's fate, fast fell my tears,
When lo! a fairy bark in sight appears—
Onward she flies before the rising gale,
That hurries far away her lessening sail,
But still I marked upon her deck a form,
Which Heaven would keep amid the howling storm;
For, while the rude winds with her dark locks played,
"Tis she," I cried, "my charming Grecian maid.
Ye cruel winds, that bear her from my view,
On waft to her my long and sad adieu!"

PART III.

VIRGINIUS.

The vision changed—a sadder scene appears,
Which well might call forth sorrow's bitter tears.
Methought, I saw the lofty swelling dome
Rise o'er the city of Imperial Rome:
What means yon mournful group advancing nigh,
And the stern vengeance in the Roman's eye,—
Why doth the sad attendant sob and weep;
Methinks, the fair haired maiden doth but sleep.
See! as her head inclines with modest grace,
Her tresses veil the beauties of her face;
But still, her features partially appear,
Pensive and sweet as Pity's trembling tear.
O'er her white neck, her sunny locks are straying,
And life's last flush o'er her fair cheek is playing;
But ah! what mean those spots of crimson hue,
Her flowing robe discloses to my view—
She droops—she falls—my sweet Virginia dies,
And her pure spirit seeks its native skies;
So sinks the lovely rose-bud's tender form,
And yields its opening beauties to decay;
So bends the lily to the driving storm,
When the bleak winds bear all its sweets away.

"Awake," I cried, "Virginia, awake—
One last fond look, oh! give, for mercy's sake;—
Yield, yield not yet to heaven thy parting breath;
Lovely in life, I'll follow thee in death.
Let me fly with thee to those realms above,
Where we shall live in fadeless, endless love:
Earth has for me no joys when thou art gone,
Then leave me not in the cold world alone.
Sadly I'll wander by the lone sea shore,
And weep—when I behold thy form no more;
And every mournful breeze that passes by,
Will bear to thee my bosom's ceaseless sigh."
Sad and distressed, in vain, methought I cried;
For to my grief no answering voice replied.
With wild despair and vengeance in his eye,
The Roman raised the fatal knife on high:
One moment o'er her bleeding form he dwells,
And all the anguish of a father feels.
From her cold cheek, the sunny locks he drew,
As if to breathe a long and last adieu,—
Gazed on the marble features of his child,
Tears fled with looks of desperation wild.
Confused and dim, strange forms seemed hovering by,
And "Vengeance" and "Revenge" was still the cry.
The sky grew black, as if the gods looked down,

To blast the Tyrant with their withering frown;
And far behind, by the pale light, methought
I saw the Roman grasp the tyrant's throat:
Down, down to Earth he hurls his struggling form,
While thus his voice is heard above the storm—
"Relentless Tyrant, have I crossed thy path,
Now shalt thou feel a ruined Father's wrath.
Behold the hand that nipped my tender flower,
To shield her from a cruel despot's power,—
Know that the hand which struck that fatal blow,
Shall bear thee, Traitor, to the shades below.—
Think, that thou hear'st my lost Virginia sigh,
And in thy sins, Remorseless Tyrant—die!
I saw no more—for clouds had rolled between,
And from my sight veiled the dark tragic scene;
And the wild tempest, and the howling wind
Raised such a tumult in my anxious mind,
That sudden I awoke. The stars on high
Sparkled like gems in the blue vaulted sky;
All the bright beings of my dream had fled,
And dying night-winds sighed around my head;—
Lonely I wandered by the moon's pale ray,
And homeward took my solitary way.

PRETENSION.

By the Authoress of "The Vow," "Lona D'Alvarez," &c.

CHAPTER I.

"The world is still deceived with ornament,
That seeming truth which cunning times put on,
To entrap the wisest."

"O, what a goodly outside falsehood bath."

Merchant of Venice.

"Really, Almeria, you must abandon your late hours and continual whirl of dissipation, for positively you are beginning to look decidedly *passee*," said Mrs. Clifton, as she anxiously gazed upon her daughter, who was languidly sipping her morning chocolate.

"Very true, Mama," drawled Almeria after a pause,—slowly sitting the richly gilded cup on the breakfast table, and lifting her eyes towards an opposite mirror. "*La beauté passé promptement*—now-a-days, *that* of Almeria Clifton depends solely upon the goodly outside of dress."

But it was very evident from the deep lines indented upon her brow as she glanced over her whole person, that the careless, gay remark was not the prompting of an equally careless heart, entirely indifferent to the sad truth of the mirror's reflection. Whirling a lounge near the fire, she threw herself upon it, exclaiming—

"I have doubtless terribly disappointed you my ambitious *mère*—and you are beginning to fear being the mother of an old maiden daughter."

There was a slight sneer upon Mrs. Clifton's lip, and a shade of harshness rested on her brow as she listened to the taunting remark of Almeria, and witnessed her disrespectful nonchalance of manner. No one, to have then seen the fashionable Miss Clifton, would have recognized the same per-

son whose success had been so brilliant at a private ball the previous night. Although, respecting the perfection of features, or complexion, she had never been strictly awarded the palm of beauty—yet so exquisite was her taste in dress, so decidedly fashionable her whole air and appearance,—united with the high finish of an accomplished education, that she often enjoyed the eclat of belledom, when many of far greater claims to that just merit, were passed by as inferior, unnoticed and unknown. She had only one tolerable feature, her eye, which was full, lustrous and dark, and often sparkling with intelligent animation—*such* glances, however, were generally reserved for the hour of captivation, or studied policy. Nay, her every expression of countenance was with her a complete toil of care. She had at will the *tendre*, bewitching, innocent, and all those winning glances deemed irresistible in a woman. Art supplied all other deficiencies. So long as Mons. Lereux's cosmetics were fresh, so was her complexion; from his case of divine curls, she could always select a *rich mass of dark* ringlets, which were so tastefully and artfully intermingled with her own scanty portion of hair, as to defy the detection of even *that* obsequious coiffeur. Dr. Bodine had so *scientifically* inserted, and exquisitely matched several front teeth, that hardly one of his *acute clan* could have pointed the counterfeit from the real. Added to these conveniently supplied deficiencies, were the unrivalled efforts of Madame Deveux' skill, in proportioning the usual parts of dress to her person which was naturally graceful, and of that size, susceptible of *any* plastic formation. 'Tis true, Nature had not entirely been niggard of her gifts towards the ambitious Almeria; for no one could boast of a more perfect foot and hand than she, and surely no one could have understood better, the art of displaying them to the best advantage. The former was of fairy size and perfect proportion, and the latter of aristocratic mould and color. Neither of these desirable gifts were suffered to remain often in the shade of obscurity, but were visible in every movement. In fine, there was no effort or external appliance spared by Almeria to appear a beauty—which gifted possession, no one could have more ardently coveted than she did.

On the morning we have alluded to, every graceful appliance had been laid aside in her own chamber, to be resumed at a more fashionable hour, and she appeared in all her native and unadorned *laid-deur*. Greasy papers concealed little knots of frizzly hair around her forehead, which was of that sallow hue, and glistening smoothness so opposed to all that fresh velvet softness of youth. Her cheeks were, if possible, of a deeper shade of that dreaded color—and under those sparkling lustrous eyes, were those distressingly dark lines—dissipation or excess never fails to paint with a deep tint, even upon the most youthful face. A dark, and by no

means very clean calico robe *dé chambre*, was folded carelessly around her tall person, her delicately cherished hands were encased in short fingered, soiled kid gloves, and those fairy-like feet were suffered to rest comfortably, in embroidered slippers of the utmost softness, but which bore the marks of better days. Well might Mrs. C.'s countenance express disappointment and mortification, when the sole heiress of her store of maternal affections—her pride and only child, appeared before her thus completely disrobed of every personal attraction. But Almeria seemed not to share her feelings, or to return by word, look or manner, any of her expressed solicitude. She continued her reclining posture, hardly aware of the presence of any one worthy the effort of conversation or notice.

"Had you a pleasant party last night?" again spoke Mrs. Clifton after a pause. "Was Sinclair the devoted, in his attentions?"

"Passably agreeable; but I hazarded another scheme last night, I chose to play the cold and indifferent to Mons. Sinclair. It is not always judicious in a young lady, to evince too much anxiety in wearing her cap, after it has been *successfully* set. Many have lost a heart by *too* much pains to secure it. Men are so wily, and always on the alert against what they call the snares of beauty, that they begin to garner up suspicion, when a woman smiles *too* acquiescing."

But Mrs. C. was not to be deceived by the evasive nonchalance of her daughter's reply—she shook her head, saying:

"You would never have been thus venturesome, but from some powerful policy or motive. I suspect, Edward Lorimer was not a little connected with such *tactics*. It is high time you had discarded all such girlish sippant airs, and cease encouraging the attention of such a *parvenue* as he. You appear to forget entirely your twenty fifth birth-day is fast approaching—which age let a girl round off, and then, farewell to fresh charms, or *naïveté* of manner. They don't *draw well* in such traces."

Almeria, in vain, endeavored to maintain her usual sang froid. A slight flush passed over her sallow cheek, when she lifted her languid eye to her mother's face, and met her scrutinizing look. The remark evidently disconcerted her.

"The world shall never know when I round it off, and methinks, my fastidious Mama will be the last one to apprise them of it. She likes too well to play the agreeable, affable widow, in her rustling satin, to arouse any suspicious calculation of *her* own age, by announcing that of her daughter."

It was not often that Almeria cared to restrain her bitterness of feeling, even towards a parent, so little was she accustomed to self-government, and so sadly wanting in a heart that "knew a generous thought." But now, that parent had unkindly reminded her of what few women can patiently bear.

an allusion to her age, for what truth is more repulsive and annoying than

——— "to be told
The melancholy fact, that we grow old."

"One thing is certain, I cannot long support my present style of living," continued Mrs. C. "I have already expended too much in re-furnishing our house so expensively, while I have drained, as Cowper says, 'my cellar dry and larder clean,' to appear to the world rich. Your education and position in society, which, together with your frequent trips to cities and fashionable watering places, have nearly exhausted the *principal* of my fortune, to say nothing about my original income. It would, no doubt, be rather mortifying, after so much unwearyed indulgence, to curtail your luxuries, and appear to the astonished world in your own *true* light, disrobed of the dazzling gloss of wealth!"

"It would indeed," returned Almeria, thoughtfully, "but, I rely upon your thrifty economy, 'to keep up the noble ship from sinking,' as Lieut. Gordon always says about a *waning* lady. This you can manage to do very successfully, until I make an advantageous settlement."

"And that you *will* certainly never do," retorted the mother, contemptuously, "so long as Edward Lorimor is single. All the Sinclaire's, Hamilton's, and a host of other eligible wooers, might 'sigh like furnaces' to you in vain, notwithstanding my repeated arguments and entreaties, that you should discontinue the attentions of such a *pauvre* young man. I often repent ever consenting to take charge of Evora Beaufort, since it subjects us to a familiar acquaintance with her nominal guardian, Edward Lorimor. It was well for the poor orphan, that he was absent, when her aunt died, or I know, I never would have thus charitably accepted the trust, Miss Catharine Beaufort so imploringly assigned to me. I might have been guarded, as usual, with my well-tryed armor of suspicion."

"Quiet your fears, Mamma, and doff your charitable armor, respecting Mr. Lorimor's designs upon my heart. I wonder where your usual clear-sightedness has fled—for he evidently visits us only for the sake of Evora, who has managed to pretty securely entwine herself in his friendly interest. I never saw a guardian more indulgent or attentive, for all of which, I admire him the more. His generosity is unparalleled, towards one so desolate."

"Not so very desolate. I am sure the small anxiety left her by her aunt, might be some object, with one so poor as he, to have the management of! At any rate, I do not like him, and I know my suspicion respecting your sentiments of regard and admiration for him is not unfounded. You would make a pretty useful wife truly for a poor lawyer, and one too, rather advanced in years."

Almeria half arose from her recumbency, while the fire of indignation burnt in her dark eye.

"I would, indeed, be one far too unworthy of such as Edward Lorimor, having been so long under the tutelage of a heartlessness, that inculcates a marriage of convenience as the summum bonum of all earthly happiness, and to cultivate the flower of pure love in the heart, is time unispend, and feeling wasted. But fear not," added she, somewhat softened, "your daughter is equally politic and manœuvring—in every respect worthy your untiring preceptive care. Edward Lorimor will never be *blessed* with the *hand* of Almeria Clifton."

As the last words escaped her, a servant entered, bearing a note upon a splendid wrought silver waiter. Almeria opened it—a beautiful embossed card fell from the envelope, which she no sooner read, than a curl of haughty scorn wreathed her lip, as she tossed it to Mrs. C.

"Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow's compliments," &c.

"*They* climbing the flowery steep of fashion and aristocracy! How the vulgar do pant for praise, and how absurd their folly in supposing that 'leather and prunella' could ever tread those dear proscribed paths. Alas! poor moths, they know not that

'Pigmies will be pigmies still, though perch'd on Alps.'

I suppose from your recently expressed regrets at your expensive style, Mamma, I must not *dare* to name giving a party myself!"

"What, another, after all that expense and turmoil last winter? Not I, indeed, and you cannot question the propriety of my decision, did you but deign to look around you at the luxury courting your every glance, and which, I sadly fear, will yet prove my downfall."

Almeria's eye carelessly followed the motion of her mother's, as she cast it around the room, which did, indeed, speak the lavish expense alluded to. A rich carpet nearly buried the foot in its gorgeous velvet tuft—orange satin damask curtains, whose graceful folds were caught up by splendid gilded serpents, revealing embroidered muslin hangings, of the finest texture. Beautiful vases, mantle lamps and ornaments—large polished mirrors, wooing the anxious eye every where—massive pieces of silver glistened on the various, heavily carved tables—the walls were hung with the richest and rarest paintings, while lounges, ottomans, *fauteuils*, and chairs of velvet cushions, were placed in fashionable disorder throughout the room. Folding doors of shining mahogany, were partially opened, giving a glimpse of another parlor, if possible, more elegantly furnished, but reserved for more particular use.

Almeria's voice broke upon the reverie of Mrs. C., caused by the sight of so much elegant expense and taste. "I heard Sinclaire say, he became acquainted with Peter Brownslow in some city, and I do suppose, they have determined it shall be known to the world, that one of such wealth and so distinguished in his appearance is an *old friend*, and claims

their attention, though he is so much above their coarse stamp and *pretensions*. The party was, no doubt, hatched up for this display, which, of course, he will be *compelled* to attend, and I must even do the same on *his* account. It is bad enough to be forced to go to it, but much worse to return the compliment. Just think of our inviting a *tailor's* family, to mingle with their employers. Shocking alternative! I do despise such aspiring people; because they have acquired a little yellow dross, they forget immediately their own hands vulgarly toiled to accumulate it."

"Tis an evil we are compelled to submit to," replied Mrs. C., "and, in my opinion, one of the greatest, incident to American freedom and republicanism. This, is indeed, a mushroom age, and, as Shakspeare says, one would have to sift 'a bushel of chaff, to get a grain of wheat.' But Almeria, look at the *hour*, it is time you had attended to your toilet—remember, I only use this room while *Sinclair* is in the city—he is so given to early calls, and it looks so much more aristocratic to be accidentally seen in an apartment like this, as if it was *commonly* used. At the risk of every thing, we must keep up the *semblance*, to one like him."

"Yes, indeed," returned Almeria, rising to obey her mother's injunction, "it would, doubtless, horrify his fastidious eye, as also our high family pride, were he ushered into our usual breakfast room. High life below stairs, no matter what goes on above, the tact is, not to *incautiously* lift the gorgeous curtain, before the scenes are well acted."

At that moment, the door opened, and a young girl came bounding in, with all the grace of a fawn; her straw bonnet had fallen back upon her well rounded shoulders, over which floated, in wanton profusion, the richest curls of dark auburn. Her cheeks were glowing with the bright radiance of health, and her eyes dancing with gladness, while her lips, so bursting red, were slightly parted. She was about to approach Mrs. C., but panting for breath, she paused, and turned to Almeria—

"Glittering in beauty and innocence
A radiant vision, in her joy she moved
More like a poet's dream, in form divine."

"See, Miss Almeria," said she, holding up a large bunch of wild flowers, "what a beautiful bouquet I have gathered for you in my morning ramble; although the flowers are not quite so rich and rare as those Mr. Sinclair brought you from the public garden, still they are equally fragrant."

"Pshaw, Evora, how you alarmed me, I thought you were some visitor. You are forever filling the vases with your *common* hill-side flowers."

Almeria roughly pushed away the small hand, that was held towards her, while Mrs. Clifton said, sternly—

"A pretty way of spending your time truly—go to your embroidery. I am in want of the *ottomans*, and I do wish you would cease your very

infantile ways, and *cultivate* more refinement of taste. You will never lose your *gaucherie* of manner, and, notwithstanding you have always a pattern of excelling grace and fashion in Almeria, it does indeed seem, as if you had only been raised with vulgar, low-bred mechanics."

"She would find a proper element, were you to permit her to attend the Brownslow's party. Really if she had have been invited, I would delight to see her moving in that *courtly throng*, with her accustomed childish glee and ease."

As Almeria's stately form glided from the room, poor Evora, abashed, shrunk away, and seated herself in a recess, nearly concealed from the view, by the sweeping folds of the curtains. Her head sunk upon her throbbing bosom, while the long curls kissed her varying cheek, over which stole tears, more bright and transparent, than winter's congealed gems. The paleness and quivering of her full curved lips, bespoke some inward painful emotion, while her delicate fingers nervously plied the needle upon the gorgeous flowers of worsted embroidery.

"Evora," said Mrs. C., coldly addressing her. "I do not think it proper in one so young to walk out alone, even in the morning. You appear, recently, to think *my* advice or opinion, of small importance, and I am sorry to say, you are often forgetful of your promise to your dying aunt, to render *me* entire obedience."

A low sob from Evora, was all the answer Mrs. C. received for some time; at length, she ventured in a trembling voice to reply:

"I was not aware you disapproved of my morning walks with Mr. Lorimer, for he always accompanies me, and I am truly sorry you have cause to reproach me with disobedience. But if a promise of renewed exertions, to secure your kind approbation of my conduct, will atone for what I have done wrong, I will willingly make it."

Evora happily did not see the haughty look of Mrs. Clifton, when she answered:

"Oh! I suppose you only care to play the obedient and grateful to your very attentive guardian, Mr. Lorimer—as to *my* approbation, that is a matter of secondary importance, when *his* is to be secured. I did not know he was the companion of your charming walks, which, hereafter, I desire may be discontinued. If you are so very young, you are too old to transcend the limits of female propriety. Come, it is nearly the hour for visiting. Almeria expects a stranger to call on her this morning, and as it is time enough yet, for you to grace the parlor with your presence, you can retire to another room."

Evora, in silence, was about to gather up her embroidery and obey the command, when Mrs. C. interrupted her, saying:

"Oh no! leave your frame and worsted balls, also your paintings in the recess, it gives the room

an air of taste and elegant refinement, peculiarly attractive, to see such graceful implements of female industry mingled with the splendid array of costly art."

The door had scarcely closed upon the retiring Evora, when Mr. Sinclair was ushered in. Mrs. Clifton gracefully arose from her fanteuil to welcome the elegantly dressed, highly perfumed and distinguished visitor, whose matchless whiskers and curling mustache would have been the envy of admiring kings.

"Excuse the present *dishabille* of our sitting-room," said she with careless ease, "this is our little sanctum, where, sans cérémonie, we can loiter away our time, unrestrained by the fetters of fashion or form. My daughter generally pursues her morning studies and avocations here, undisturbed. Mr. Sinclair took the offered chair, with equal grace of manner, asking, in his most honied tone, 'If Miss Clifton was visible, and in health, after the dissipation of last evening?'"

"Oh yes," replied Mrs. C., "Almeria possesses a mind, so happily 'tempered and mixed' with those ingredients, which make our own felicity, that she rarely seems to be oppressed by any artificial excitement of giddy pleasure. In the morning, she is as fresh as the mountain dews, and just as eager for another rout, as if she had enjoyed an interval of rustication. Now, is the happiest time with all of her age, while the world is full of new delights, and when the froth of enjoyment mantles high. I only hope her native innocence and warmth of heart, may never become cruelly blasted, or receive a harsh check."

Miss Clifton appears indeed, truly blessed with a fine flow of spirits, and that happy faculty of only viewing the brightest side of life's picture. I presume her worldly career is just in its dawn, as I have heard you had resided here, but a short time.

"Not longer than two winters," returned Mrs. C. quickly, "but excuse my remissness (rising and pointing to the fire.) I have permitted you to become almost chilled, we will find more comfortable cheer in the parlor."

"Not before I have examined these beautiful paintings," said Sinclair, pausing before the recess window, where many sketches, with a handsome port-folio and drawing implements, lay upon a small table, inlaid with carved ivory. "This is really exquisite," continued he, holding up a painting; "I never saw a more correct or perfect sketch of Loch Leven. I presume Miss Clifton spends much of her time in cultivating her evidently fine talents?"

"Yes," spoke Mrs. C., carelessly, "she gives what few spare moments she can from her music and French to her painting—but really, they are lamentably few—she is so constantly engaged with company. There's her embroidery, and other more useful employments, almost neglected for the want of time; I fear my ottomans will never be finished."

Sinclair's eye followed Mrs. C.'s, and rested upon the embroidery, but he again turned over the drawings, remarking—"they displayed too much talent and taste in their execution, to be neglected."

"I believe I hear Almeria in the parlour," said Mrs. Clifton, as she led the way, followed by Mr. Sinclair.

Almeria's start of surprise was managed with all possible grace and art. She was seated beside her harp, holding the tuning key in her beautiful hand, on which glittered many rare jewels, as if about to tune it, but perceiving Mr. Sinclair, she gaily threw it down, exclaiming joyously:

"Mr. Sinclair with Mamma, instead of my expected odious maître de musique *Bonjour monsieur, soyez le bienvenu.*"

"But I may lay the 'flattering unction' of your welcome, entirely to the non-appearance of your music master," said Sinclair, in his most winning tones. "Permit me," continued he, approaching the harp, "to supply his place, and request you to play me a tune."

"Not I, indeed," said she, gaily shaking her head and pushing away the magnificent harp playfully with her *petite foot*, "I fear you would be a more authoritative and relentless critic than good Mons. Fontaine. I'm so tired of every thing in the way of *employment*, I'm determined to take 'time by the forward top,' and shoot folly as it flies. Look here at my precious bouquet of wild flowers, which generally rewards me for my *matin* rambles."

Sinclair gallantly plucked one from the vase, and as he placed it in his richly embroidered vest, he vowed he would preserve it as a memento of a nature-loving votary of fashion—a strange anomaly in the shifting giddy circle of wordly pleasure. "I shall hereafter, play the spy upon your morning rambles, and with your permission share some of their refreshing delights. I have just had the pleasure of examining your paintings, and 'pon honor, Loch Leven is portrayed with such vivid life, I almost stood 'neath the shadow of its frowning gray walls."

"I believe you are what the world calls a travelled gentleman—do tell me something about dear romantic Scotland, the land of elves, hobgoblins and spirits of all kinds. The genius of Walter Scott, has thrown a magic charm around its every glen, valley and highland. Would that I could roam o'er those hallowed spots—to climb its hoary mountains—to 'sit and muse' o'er its rocky cliffs, gazing down upon the now roaring and now silent waters of its numerous streams and lochs—whilst I sketched some of the surrounding sublime scenery. Methinks, I can hear the merry bag-pipes of those noble highland chiefs of valorous heart and sturdy mould. Did you ever meet with any of that towering race, and did you bring many sketches home with you?" asked Almeria, in the most playfully childish manner.

Sinclair replied in the negative, saying, he "unfortunately made so rapid a tour through that country, as also through others—he had no time to indulge his *tastes* or inclinations. However, the scenery was so vividly imprinted upon the tablet of memory, he intended, at some future day, sketching some of its most consecrated spots. By-the-by," added he, evidently desirous to change the conversation, and taking up a note of invitation from a filagree basket on the table, "do you expect to attend Mr. Brownslow's party? Pray who and *what* are they—I have a slight acquaintance with the younger Mr. Brownslow?"

Almeria's eyebrows (which Nature had arched rather heavily, but through the aid of the dexterous tweezer, they were made to appear most delicately pencilled) were raised with a look of suppressed irony, as she replied—

"You may well ask the question, though I am totally ignorant of their genealogical tree. America, you know, owns no family records of lineage. Mr. B. is quite a wealthy tailor, who has one son and two daughters—the latter have just returned from a boarding school of some fashionable celebrity, and now, doubtless, desire to make their *entrée* in genteel *société* although the youngest is several years *my* senior—past sweet *eighteen*."

"Will you honor them with your company?" asked Sinclair.

Almeria looked entreatingly at her mother.

"*Ma chère mère*, do you hear Mr. Sinclair? Now do say *oui*, for you know I do so dearly love dancing, and I am sure it will not affect *my* standing to go, besides, poor things, we ought to gratify them by some notice of their invitation!"

Mrs. Clifton looked gravely up from her knitting.

"Ah! my dear child, although I grant it may not injure *your* influential standing in the least to go—but do you think an intercourse with such people, very good sort of persons in their way I confess, could benefit you? In spite of all my efforts to instil into your mind a love of more rational amusements and refined intellectual pursuits, also to practice self-restraint, still you will continue to be so passionately fond of every thing that is frivolous. You should remember, that youth does not always last, or continue bright."

"Now you know, my beloved *mère*, (Almeria threw herself gracefully upon a *tabouret* at her mother's feet, and gazed coaxingly into her face) you have often said I inherited your disposition,—for which happy resemblance I am not to blame, and that my good *grand-mère* always indulged you. It surely did not injure you, for now you are such a *pious* member of the church. Perhaps I may complete the likeness, and be *equally* so—say, wont you let me go to the Brownslow's—if it is only to see what sort of people will be there. They will amuse me so—and I ardently pine for something new and astonishing."

Mrs. Clifton laid her hand gently upon her daughter's dark curls, saying—

"You do indeed well know how to exercise *your* power—I never could refuse *you* any thing—Heaven grant I may never repent my weakness! Would that your mother was more worthy of the 'high calling wherewith she has been called,' and that you may imitate a brighter example of piety, is her sincere prayer."

Mrs. C.'s eyes glistened with *tears of fervor*, as she arose, and hastily left the room.

"My dear good *mère* is always so kind, and withal so pious. I wish I were such a Christian, I think it would be very interesting to be a *religieuse*."

"What a wish for one so *jeune*," exclaimed Sinclair. "I guess Miss Clifton would find religion a cold panoply for her overflow of delightful spirits—who would bear an aspect grim enough to banish from her lip every gladsome smile. Such a requisite armour, is only suitable for ladies *passé*. But to return to the Brownslow's party—will you permit me to be your chevalier?—Sinclair rose to leave—"Call to-morrow, I will decide then; (Almeria always had the tact of arranging a *second* visit from a favorite gentleman) I really anticipate a deal of fun in beholding their *pretensions*—bah! I shall have to carry my *sal volatile*, to preserve my olfactories from the fusion of plebeian odors—for I expect to be jostled by rough mechanics, grocers, tanners, and all sorts—who will have no mercy on my feet. Bless me! the thought induces me to decline the honor—but then, I pine for some fun. You'll protect me from rude assaults, I suppose, and return me safe to *ma chère mère*?"

"Certes," returned Sinclair,—gallantly placing his hand upon his bosom—I will feel highly important with my *precious* trust, which will contribute greatly to mitigate *my* probable annoyances—resulting from the necessity, on my part, of bestowing the usual courtesies of society. *Je suis tout à vous. Vous n'avez qu'à commander.*"

Almeria smiled her sweetest, as she gracefully bowed to her retreating lover. "*Comme il vous plaira! Adieu, jusqu'au revoir*" replied she, in her blindest tone.

Sinclair's aerial turrets, were of the most elevated structure, as he wended his way homewards. "Judging by outward appearances, they are certainly wealthy, and she is the sole heiress. Young, sprightly, of high ton, and fascinatingly amiable in every thing she does. I must indeed look well to my *interests*—for she would be a God-send of luck in my present emergency. I flatter myself the bait has taken with her, also the wily *chère mère*. Smile on me propitiously, ye gods! for once, let me be successful in life's masquerade, though hypocrisy be my domino."

He had hardly descended the marble steps of

Mrs. Clifton's house, when that lady again sought her daughter, whom she found very complacently adjusting her ringlets before the mirror.

"What an inimitable actress you would make, Almeria—I never witnessed a better performed *piece* on the stage, and who would now recognize in you, the same care-worn, faded looking being, who, but a few hours ago, seemed incapable of even the least exertion of thought."

The metamorphose was as great as the one at the brilliant ball. Every thing about her whole mien and person bespoke juvenile grace and unimpaired health. The *jaune* hue of her cheek and brow was no longer visible: no rose was more fresh and bright in the surrounding vases, than the blooming color of the former; and the latter, was as fair and smooth as Parian marble. Even those pallid parched lips, were seemingly rich with the lively meandering current of nature, (thanks to *Leroux'* vermilion tint) as they poutingly opened, to disclose to the admiring eye, those lines of pearl, while tones, carefully modulated to the most silvery accents, issued from the beauteous partition. Well might Almeria have looked satisfied with the *tout ensemble* of her own handiwork!

"Yes, Mama," said she, with unusual affability, "I have often thought, I would have done better for the mimic stage of life, than for the real, or as the daughter of one of '*true religious blue*.' So much for tact, taste and policy—the three great moving principles of successful ambition and pride. I heard all that Sinclair said about my (as he thought) drawings, and I can likewise congratulate you on your *ruse*. How easy it is to still the small voice within—though some say, it is 'hard to hide the sparks of nature!' It is well Evora was not present—and as he appeared so good a judge of *painting*, I was cautious not to jeopardize an exhibition of my musical powers, for fear of his critical *acumen*."

Mrs. Clifton could not repress a rising sigh at her daughter's shameless deceit and sang froid—but, like daughter, like Mamma, she banished all unpleasant reflections.

"Mr. Sinclair is evidently a man of the highest polish, aristocratic birth, and doubtless rich. Do, for Heaven's sake, Almeria, play your cards well, and let the trumps be hearts, whether your own is concerned or not; only win *his* if possible, and thus end my wearing suspense on your account. Remember, I have removed from several cities, where you have worn out your youth and charms—all this I have done, to secure you an eligible matrimonial settlement, and now my stock—pecuniary, and of mental and physical patience, is well nigh exhausted. We will soon have to pause, and take a backward step in the scale of fashion—and pride."

Mrs. Clifton left her daughter, to ponder over and digest her sage advice.

Let us beware, of the first step in deceit—for 'tis indeed

—— "a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."

After we once "cut our cable," leaving the anchor of truth, to launch into its most dangerous sea, few possess the power of retracing their steps, or are capable of steering clear of those fatal eddies, which never fail to overwhelm every principle of goodness, virtue, or honor. The heart's store of garnered affections becomes stranded and wrecked on the barren waste of woe and guilty disappointment. Did we but as sedulously guard our inward tablets from its desecrating power and influence in the eye of our Heavenly Father, as we do to wear a "*goodly outside*" to the misjudging world, how infinitely more ennobled would we be, in the scale of being and excellence! How much more worthy of that high destiny He has so graciously bestowed upon us *here*, and which, He will assuredly allot to the virtuous in a brighter one hereafter.

[To be continued.]

THE HOLY HOUR.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH J. XAMES.

"JESUS WEPT."

1.

It was a Holy Hour!
Romance and fairy song were both laid by,
And the clear radiance of the sunset sky,
Fell in a golden shower
Upon the open page of that blest Book—
From which my soul a holier lesson took.

2.

Gently, the zephyrs breath
Amid the leaves of Inspiration stir'd;
Anon, mine eye from the Eternal Word
Caught the sad scene of death—
Where the two Sisters mournful vigils kept;
Where they were weeping—and where Jesus wept!

3.

Yes, "Jesus wept!" how deep—
How full of meaning was that one brief line!
Closer it drew my heart to Pity's shrine,
And bade my memory keep
The words on which I mus'd, that they might be
Ever the prompters of my sympathy.

4.

Still musing on, methought
Form, after form, rose 'mid the deep'ning gloom
That slowly gather'd o'er my quiet room—
And one with glory fraught,
Stood pale, sad, solemn,—yet serenely bright,
And heavenly, tho' bow'd by earthly sorrows' might!

5.

It was the Saviour's form ;
Beside him, with a troubled aspect, stood
Martha, whose worldly spirit now subdued,
Sunk 'neath affliction's storm ;
Wildly she lifted up her voice, and cried—
"Hadst thou been here my Brother had not died !"

6.

But at her Master's feet,
With the long tresses of her golden hair
Unbound, and O ! how radiantly fair
Sat Mary :—trusting, and sweet
Was the expression of those mournful eyes,
Whose tearful pleadings woke the Saviour's sighs !

7.

He pray'd, and groan'd, and wept.
He, whose pure being in the skies had birth,
In anguish knelt beside the bed of earth
Where that lov'd brother slept.
And with a tone of human grief and love,
Imploringly besought his Father's aid above !

8.

And then, his sorrowful eye
Lighted up with a God's benignity,
When he who had known death's dread mystery—
At that loud call, drew nigh
From the grave's portals, clad in ghastly white—
Chasing its fearful shadows from his sight !

9.

So from mine eye did fade
The thrilling scene, but the dark room did seem
Lighter, and purer from my musing dream—
And my heart better made.
Yet, ere I slept, once more I sought the Book,
And to my soul another lesson took.
February, 1844.

THE WIFE'S PRAYER FOR HER HUSBAND AT SEA.

Oh Thou ! who art of friends, the dearest,
Hear Thou my prayer
For him, who next to Thee, is nearest,
Whose love, next thine, my chiefest care.
Thy skill has wrought the deep emotion
Of human love,
Troubling the spirit oft with wild commotion,
Unlike the peacefulness above ;
Then pity Thou the boding sorrow,
Through darkness blind,
Foreseeing not so far as to the morrow,
Save presage of some ill to find !
Thou, on the far-off seas discerning,
That speck so small,
That "very little thing,"* not spurning,
Keep Thou the barque that holds my all !
Oh, lay thy gentlest hand, protecting,
On that dear head,
Each wind and wave in love directing,
Rocking in peace his ocean-bed.

* Isaiah, 42. 15.

And give thine angels charge concerning,
Each footstep rash,
Lest heedless, thoughtless, blindly turning,
Against some ill, his spirit dash.

In holy, god-like deeds, abounding,
And heav'nly grace,
Each tranquil hope his heart surrounding,
Show him Thy secret dwelling-place.

From all the grief my spirit measures,
Oh ! shelter him ;
From anguish that the heart-string severs,
From tears, that make youth's eye grow dim.

And oh ! my loneliness, so dreary,
My widowed heart,
In hours, when hope, itself, is weary,
Soothe thou with Heaven's unequalled art.

One boon,—one more I crave !—oh, hear me !
Bring him again,
With blessings back to love and cheer me !
Let, let not this one prayer be vain !

Father ! of every friend, the dearest,
Hear Thou my prayer,
For him, who next to Thee, is nearest,
Whose love, next Thine, my chiefest care !

H. S.

THIRTY YEARS PASSED AMONG THE PLAYERS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

BY JOE COWELL, COMEDIAN.

To those who remember the Theatre in its "palmy days," this book will, doubtless, afford interest and amusement, both from the broad farce which is scattered through its pages, and from the visions it will conjure up of many who, in their day, contributed to delight them by exhibitions of histrionic talent, which we fear we must in this locality, at least, count among the things that have been.

It is foreign to our purpose, to inquire into the value of the drama as a school of morals, although we may be permitted to say "*en passant*," that we think it at least as efficacious to that end, as the stale jests of a clown, or the tricks of a rider and his horse. But we must own "the soft impeachment," of having ourselves derived from a well performed play, most exquisite satisfaction ; and if ever we were made the worse man for it, we are ignorant of the fact, and our conscience sleeps in quiet on that score. To those who have no relish for Theatrical amusements, or who are scrupulous as to its indulgence, the book will be probably dull and, perhaps, offensive. It is true, that it possesses graphic scenes full of humor, but its style of composition is rather indifferent, and its tone of morals not over strict. We are very sure, however, that no harm is meant, and there is a combination of freedom, nature and heartiness about the work, which is the probable result of an educa-

tion commenced on ship-board and completed in the Green Room. Upon the whole, we sympathize with "Funny Joe," and hope that he may reap from his "Thirty years," enough to sustain and comfort his latter ones.

We are indebted to Messrs. J. W. Randolph and Co., for a copy of this work.

STANZAS.—SELF-RECKONING.

I.

Well may my friendships all decline,
Since, there is in this heart of mine,
So much of selfishness;
Disguise the feeling as I will,
'Tis selfishness I find it still,
Whatever be its dress.

II.

I seek not pleasure,—but, 'tis pride
That leads me from the crowd aside;
Nor can I feign the art,
To feel the friendships I have won,
Or cheat the cheerful guidance on
Of sympathetic heart.

III.

Still wayward, obstinate and stern,
What lessons duty yet must learn—
Alas! from birth I've been
—Perchance, because of lonesomeness—
Suspicious still of love's caress,
And friendship's soothing mien,

IV.

Why should they seek me? What had I
To capture human sympathy,—
I, timid, poor and lone?—
Wherefore the boon but to beguile,
The soothing word, the tear, the smile?—
To lure and leave undone!

V.

In all extremes of life, extreme,
My years have pass'd me as a dream,
Of strongest light and shade;
My grief was like a passion still,
My joy convulsion—from its thrill
My own heart shrank afraid.

VI.

Whate'er the mood 'twas still unrest,
No grief o'erthrew, no pleasure blest,
Each passion strove in vain;
But still, however strange it seem,
I cherish'd most the dark extreme,
And pleasure found in pain.

VII.

No joy, unquestioned, came to cheer
The winter of the rolling year,
And with a strange delight,
I lingered only to behold
Its glory fade, its promise cold,
Its beauty change to blight.

VIII.

And thus, but in a less degree,
Than him of Pontus,* I could be
Secure from other's bane;
I lived on sorrows—found in grief
A solitary, strange relief,
And joy'd in deepest pain.

IX.

Ah! sad the fate, perversely wild,
That tutor'd thus the orphan child,
And made him,—now that years
Have left him stranded on the shore—
Hopeless of human love no more,
As hopeless of its fears!

Ashley River.

IL PENSEROSO.

* Mithridates.

MELAIA AND OTHER POEMS.

BY ELIZA COOKE.

New York, J. & H. G. Langley, 1844.

This is one of the most elegant volumes, in point of mechanical beauty, ever issued from the American press. The type, paper and binding, are both rich and neat. The illustrations are of unequal merit, as regards design; but, taken collectively, they indicate a great advancement in the taste of readers, and the enterprise of publishers. The introductory poem, like almost all long effusions, does but inadequate justice to the talents of the authoress. It contains many fine passages, but lacks that sustained vigor and finish, which alone can insure to such efforts a lasting reputation. It is to her minor, and occasional poems, that Miss Cooke is indebted, for the reputation she enjoys. Several of these have become familiar to every class in this country, by their frequent appearance in the newspapers of the day, and their union with the favorite melodies, at present in vogue. Miss Cooke writes for the people. She is no refined sentimentalist, no ideal dreamer. Her verse is dedicated to the homely associations of every day life. She appeals to the universal, not the peculiar sympathies of men. Household affection, and every day events, are, for the most part, her chosen themes. To the illustration of these, she brings a frank, warm-hearted, and vivacious nature. There is a directness, a simplicity, and a spirited vein in

her poetry, which wins at once. She cannot justly claim an *exalted* rank in the English Parnassus, but she may rightfully assume a very *useful* one. There are many persons, whose poetic instincts are too latent, to be reached by the highest order of genius; whom metaphysics puzzle, and delicate imagery never impresses. Yet, they have generous hearts, and a degree of ideality. To such minds, the plain but feeling numbers of Miss Cooke, afford an innocent and delightful excitement. They mirror the most interesting phases of experience, and convey many affecting lessons. Nor is this all. Such intelligible poetry, is often the means of creating a yet higher taste. Through a very simple vestibule, many pass into the inner temple of song. The poor and uneducated need their minstrel, as well as the educated and tasteful. In the coarsest human clay, there exists more of the pure gold of love and truth, than careless observers can perceive. We deem, therefore, the popularity of such writers, especially where their morality is of a high order, and their labors stamped with honest enthusiasm, as an auspicious and welcome sign of the times; and we rejoice, that it has been found desirable to republish, in such handsome style, the volume before us. Having thus rendered our tribute of praise to the work and its authoress, we cannot refrain from expressing one thought, that suggested itself, upon our first cursory inspection of the volume. We could name a score of American writers of verse, not at all inferior, in their way, to Eliza Cooke, and some vastly her superiors, who can find no publisher in the country, to issue collections of their poems. To mention particular instances, would be invidious; but the fact is indisputable, that men, and women too, who have won from the highest critical authorities, and the voice of fame itself, abundant encomiums, are so little appreciated by their countrymen, that their best efforts have no local habitation, but the corner of a newspaper, or the scrap-book of a friend. We lament this preference of foreign writers, where merit is equal, both for the sake of the authors and the country, whose name they honor. It must be conceded, (notwithstanding the indignation expressed far and wide, at the vulgar injustice of a late article on American poetry, in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*) that there still exists among us, an absurd deference to English opinion, and a weak self distrust in ourselves on literary subjects. It is high time, we outgrew such childishness. We never shall have a national literature, until we appreciate those who are capable of promoting it. If Congress continues apathetic in regard to the mere rights of native authors, what is to be expected of publishers? If there is such a growing taste for poetry among the people, why not look at home for supplies, as well as beyond the sea? There is more beautiful, chaste and noble verse, scattered over this young repub-

lic—verse that has sprung from glowing hearts, and fine imaginations, than the mass of readers suppose. Let it be gathered in, and fairly presented to the world. It will then be seen, that we too, have our poets, worthy representatives of American life, scenery and institutions.

THE GRACES.

BY E. B. HALE.

The Graces, three in number are,
Beautiful beings with eloquent eyes!
Jewell'd with gems that the Houries wear,
In Mahomet's love-lit Paradise!
Oh! soft are the tones of an Æolian string—
And softer are the carolling notes of Spring—
But sweet and sweeter the Graces sing;
As 'round and 'round, in dulcet play,
And sprightliest mood, they while away
The weary hours of a darksome day,
And merrily trip,
And cheerily sip,
The sweets of pleasure's coronet-cup,
To keep their lively spirits up.

The Graces, three in number are,
Ken ye aught of their glorious home?
Ken ye any so Heavely fair?
Ken ye whether they go and come?
Oh! Kind of heart and gentle are they—
Musical ever—and ever at play—
In sadness never—in joy for aye—
Brides-maids oft where Hymen reigns,
Weaving and wreathing Love's golden chains,
And lingering still when Beauty wanes,
Faithful and true,
Existence thro',
Bearing the soul, when life is riven,
Up to the emerald shores of Heav'n.

The Graces, three in number are,
Bound by many a sacred tie;
Ken ye aught of the emblem they bear
Of Amethyst-blue? or ken ye why?
Heard ye never how ring upon ring,
In clustering curls the Graces fling
Their soft brown locks, to the Zephyr's wing?
Or, heard ye never how loving and true,
They ribbon'd a hoop of Amethyst-blue,
And 'round, and 'round, and skilfully thro',
The ends they knit,
And hallowed it,
That Cupid might adorn the face,
Of her who flung the hoop with grace?

Woo then, lady, the graceful three—
Woo them early—and woo them late—
For Loveliness keepeth them company,
And Beauty comes where the Graces wait!
Beauty of form—and Beauty of limb—
Beauty of soul—no time can dim—
Beauty to all—to her and to him,
Who wooing and winning that triune band,
So kindly of heart—so open of hand—
Go joyfully up to the Seraphim land,
Where Beauty and Grace,
Forever embrace,
And love-tuned spirits of blessedness full,
Worship forever the Beautiful!

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE MALTESE PEOPLE.

BY W. W. ANDREWS, U. S. CONSUL AT MALTA.

The Religious and, Popular Superstitions of the Maltese people; their Carnival and its consequences—Duels at Malta, and Remarks on Duelling.

Although we have said thus much of the carnival to show that it is an absurd and an immoral custom, still we have not done with our subject. We come now to look at this popish feast in a graver light, and to adduce some powerful reasons, why it should not be permitted by a protestant government, in an English garrison town. Wherever there exists a difference of religious belief between the rulers and those who are ruled, there will always be found a smothered flame, ready to burst forth whenever it may find a vent. Such is the case at Malta, and the ruling powers would, therefore, be justified in abolishing a custom, which, if longer sanctioned, may, sometime or other, cause their ruin. Should the Maltese ever become more disaffected to British sway, what better opportunity could they wish to create a revolution, than that which the yearly recurrence of this festa would give them? Do not the Islanders well know, that during carnival, the English officers are engaged in pelting comfits at ladies, while their soldiers are lounging in the streets, or drinking in the wine shops of Florian! And should they seize this time to revolt, what have they to fear, certainly not the few sergeants guards who would be at their posts to oppose them? Give the Maltese but a just cause and a festival day, with another Caruana* to lead them, and they can be free, though their freedom should last but a month. We need not tell them this fact, for their clever leaders know it full well, and have often hinted as much, when asking concessions from the government, which have not been readily granted. Let the English remember St. Bartholomew's day in France, in 1572, when the brave Coligny, with one hundred thousand protestants, was slain in cold blood, and by the express command of the king. Let them remember also, that when information of this massacre was received at Rome, that "religious ceremonies were appointed to thank God for the success of the plot; that solemn masses were celebrated, a jubilee published, cannons fired,

* Caruana is the name of the present Maltese bishop. Nearly five-and-forty years ago, this reverend person left the altar of his village church, and took command of his countrymen, who were then in arms, and trying to drive the French from their Island. Distinguished by popular manners and great courage, he soon acquired such an influence over his companions, that his wishes were always complied with, while at the same time, his will was a law. It was almost altogether owing to his persuasion and coercion that the Maltese became the subjects of England. The Islanders now say, that he has been too well paid for his services. That the laborer, in this instance, was not worthy of his hire.

bon-fires lighted in the streets, and grand processions formed, in which the pope, the cardinals, ambassadors, priests and soldiers assisted." With these occurrences floating in their memories, we tell these Saxons to beware, lest, at some future time, the follies of a carnival may not unexpectedly cause the scene of a horrible tragedy. The Sicilian vespers are not yet forgotten, and the bells of Malta may toll for a similar deed. We shall, doubtless, be told that this is an idle fear. So the Huguenots thought in France, and the French in Sicily, and dearly did they pay for their temerity.

Independently of the strife, bickerings and quarrels which the carnival at this Island usually occasions, it sometimes causes the shedding of blood, and once, to our own knowledge, has carried a thoughtless victim to his early tomb. Late on the afternoon of the 8th of February, 1842, four young officers of the 88th regiment were in Strada Reale, which is the great thoroughfare on a carnival day, and pelting the ladies whom they saw at the windows, or met in the streets, as they were walking along. Custom does not require that there should be any acquaintance between the parties, as the throwing of a handful of comfits in a lady's face, is thought to be a compliment, and the harder they are thrown, the more friendly the act. Among the many persons who were thus honored by these young men, was one fair girl, the daughter of an officer, who had been in her Majesty's army and risen to the rank of a captain. Bordering on the public square, and directly in front of the palace is a reading-room into which Capt. Levick thoughtlessly went, leaving his daughter in a crowd without any protection, unless her mother or a younger sister could give it. This a parent could hardly expect. It certainly has been a matter of surprise, that a gentleman, who had lived so many years in Malta, and was so well acquainted with the follies and liberties of a carnival, should have thus imprudently left his wife and children in a situation, where even his presence would hardly protect them. This unwary step obliged Capt. Levick, on the following morning, not only to put his own life in jeopardy, but while doing it, to take the life of another.* Had he been more prudent, his hands would not now be "indelibly stained with the blood of his fellow man, and his heart (we would fain hope) wrung with the tortures of remorse." During the time that these young ladies were thus unprotected, they were met by the officers of the 88th, who, wholly regardless of their lone situation, kept following and pelting them with sugar plums, until their father returned. Whatever may be the license allowed among the Maltese during carnival, still few Englishmen, who had been educated in the Army, would permit their

* Capt. Levick as a duellist felt himself under this obligation.

brother officers, in their intercourse with their families, to be governed by any such rule of action. Hence it was, that Capt. Levick immediately left the square to take his daughters home, it being his intention to return and call those who had annoyed them to an account for their conduct. This determination, however, he was for the moment prevented from carrying into effect, as the more he tried to get his daughter out of the way of her pursuers, the more she was pursued. Lt. Adams unfortunately so far forgot himself as to again insult Miss Levick by putting his hand on her bosom and leaving among her clothes a handful of comfits. No father can be expected to observe such conduct without wishing to resent it. But whether this is to be done at the moment, as was the case in this instance, has been a matter of doubt. Many have said that the provocation which Capt. Levick received was too great to be borne by a parent, and that by striking his opponent he only showed himself ready to resent the insult, as publicly as it was offered. Others say, that under no circumstances should he have given a blow, as Lt. Adams could be easily found, and that satisfaction, which a gentleman would ask, always be granted. We are well persuaded, that a practised duellist would have simply asked for the name of the person who had insulted his child; and left it to his good fortune and pistol hand to have brought him his revenge. And Capt. Levick, sanctioning as he does this barbarous practice of duelling, should have controlled his passion and pursued this course. According to the code of honor, by striking his opponent, he disgraced himself. Lt. Adams, on receiving a slap in the face, returned the blow with a stick. A scuffle immediately ensued, but the mother of the young lady getting between the combatants, the fight was not long continued. No gentleman, bearing a commission in the English Army, is allowed to settle a dispute by a pugilistic meeting. To receive a blow is to send a challenge. This custom has been established by the constitution of Charlemagne, which says, that "a slap in the face became an injury that could only be obliterated with blood, for the man whose face had been slapped, had been treated like a low-born person."

Was this absurd and unchristian law to be as strictly observed by the ladies of England as it is by their husbands, we fear that Victoria herself, might ere this have been in the field to be shot at by her spirited dames, who might, at different times, have received some such singular mark of her Majesty's particular notice. But fortunately in this, wisdom guides the weaker sex. Ladies, much to their praise, closely following that scriptural command, which says, if you are struck on one cheek, turn the other also. Were duellists to take counsel of their wives, we should not so often hear of these brutal murders which, even with the apologists of duelling, a barbarous custom alone can

justify. For many years, it has been the fashion among the higher classes in Italy and England, France and Germany, always to resent a blow, whether given by an open or closed hand, a glove, a cowskin, a whip, or a cane, by challenging the person who gave it. There appears to be a peculiar stigma attached to a blow, which the gentlemen of all countries are unable, or unwilling to bear. But why should there be this singular sensitiveness? Does not a person, however high his rank, by striking another, become a *facchino*? And being so, is his opponent bound to descend to such a level to meet him? we think not, however much duellists may differ from us in our opinion. In Roman law, it is expressly stated, that no infamy was attached to the person who received a blow. "*Ictus fustium infamiam non importat.*" "Sophocles, being advised to prosecute a man who had struck him, calmly replied, if a donkey kicked me, would you recommend me to go to law?" If this truly noble answer is not sufficient to satisfy the wounded pride of any man of the present age, we will cite a few other remarkable instances, to show that Sophocles was not alone, in ancient times, in thus passing over a blow, without noticing the man who gave it. "When Eurybiades raised his stick against Themistocles, the youthful hero merely replied, strike, but listen to me." Lycurgus also, we are told by Millingen, "did not deem it necessary to avenge the blow he received from Alexander, though it deprived him of an eye." Few men will be found willing at this day to carry their spirit of forgiveness as far as Lycurgus has done. Neither is it expected that a man who had thus grievously injured another should be permitted to go unpunished. But he should not be murdered, for such is the case in a duel in the eye of the law, when one of the parties is slain. Dr. Millingen, in his history of duelling, gives us an account of what he terms a "most vindictive duel," and which had its origin in a blow. We can only call it a deliberate, wilful, and malicious murder. For the committing of which, the survivor should as surely have gone to the gallows, as the authorities could have found wood enough in France, from which to erect one for his reception. A colonel in the guards, we are told, "was boasting of his good fortune in never having been obliged to fight a duel. Another officer present expressed his surprise, with some indirect allusions to his want of courage; observing "How could you avoid fighting when insulted?" The colonel replied, that he had never given offence, and that no one had ever presumed to insult him. Moreover, that on such an occasion, he would consider the character of the person who had wantonly insulted him ere he demanded satisfaction. Upon this statement, his interlocutor, in the most insolent manner, struck him in the face with a glove, adding, "Perhaps, sir, you will not consider this an insult!" The colonel calmly pet

on his hat and walked out of the room. The following morning, however, he sent a challenge to his aggressor. When they came to the ground, the colonel wore a patch of court-plaister of the size of a crown piece on the cheek which had received the blow. At the very first lounge he wounded his antagonist in the sword arm; when, taking off the plaister, he cut off an edge of it with a pair of scissors, and, replacing it on his face, took his leave of his adversary, very politely requesting he would do him the honor of letting him know when he recovered from his wound. So soon as he heard that he was able to hold a sword he called him out, and wounded him a second time; cutting off another portion of the patch. In a like manner he called him out, fought, and wounded him, until the plaister was reduced to the size of a shilling; when he again challenged him, and ran him through the body; then calmly contemplating the corpse he observed, "I now may take off my plaister." This, says the author, "was a cruel, but a well-merited chastisement inflicted on an insolent braggart, who little knew at the time he thus wantonly insulted this officer, he was addressing one of the most dexterous swordsmen in France." Then, say we, that it was the more disgraceful in the colonel, so to butcher his victim before he murdered him. How the learned doctor could have called this a "most vindictive duel," in one place, and only "a well-merited chastisement" in another, we are at a loss to know. It could not be both. "A well-merited chastisement" might be given with a whip, and no one would have pitied the aggressor in this duel had he received it, but it cannot be applied to a mortal wound when given by the point of a sword through a man's body. A stronger term must be used to express such a diabolical and murderous act.

In the French duelling code, which has been sanctioned by many of the nobles, ministers, marshals, generals and admirals of France, every advantage is given to a person who has received a blow. This has evidently been done to make men careful how they strike one another, when the insult may cost them their lives. We take a few extracts from this celebrated code, which Christian officers of the highest rank in their country have thus seen fit to sanction. The sixth article is as follows: "There are offences of such a galling nature, that they may lead the insulted party to have recourse to acts of violence. Such acts ought invariably to be avoided, as they can only tend to a mortal combat." Quoting only those portions which bear on our subject, we next come to number nine. "When the offence has been attended by acts of violence, the offended party (we are told) has the right to name his duel, his arms, and the distance." Number twenty-three. "The seconds of the aggressor, may, if they think proper, refuse to fire by signal, if the aggressor had

not struck his antagonist." Number twenty-seven. "The seconds are never to let their principals know that they are of opinion that the nature of the insult received is such as to render a mortal combat necessary." "There is," says an able writer, "much judicious consideration in thus allowing great advantage to a person who has received a blow, as it may tend to render hasty subjects more cautious, not only from the just apprehension of their affording considerable advantage to their opponent, but of rushing into a quarrel of a desperate character." With those who uphold the practice of duelling, this is a plausible argument, and doubtless has its weight in their councils. But to those who do not justify it under any circumstances, and look upon it in all cases as a felony, this reasoning would be wholly lost. Such persons would naturally say, first persuade us, that whenever a man is slain in a duel, the survivors are not murderers both by divine and human law, and then we will listen to all which may be said in its favor. Until this is done, your arguments would be like offering us a portion of the materials for an edifice, without, in all probability, our ever possessing a foundation on which to erect it. Before we want the pillars we must first be sure of a floor. And before we can legislate for duellists, we must first be convinced that by so doing, we should not sanction a practice, which is as unholy in the sight of God, as it is unjustifiable among men.

Hardly can we expect that persons who, to sanction duelling, must break every Christian and moral law, should be willing, when on the ground, to obey that which they themselves have drawn up. It is expressly stated in the French code, that when the injured party strikes the one who injures him, it remains for the person who is struck to send the challenge, although he may have given his opponent a good flogging in return for his blow. This appears to be a curious law, for by it we observe, that the same man who is insulted first, may be beaten, challenged, and killed. But curious as it is, it should be obeyed by duellists, and Capt. Levick was therefore wrong in sending a message to Lt. Adams, demanding satisfaction, when, by the laws which should have governed him, he had nothing of which to complain. Not so, however, with his opponent, for he was still serving in the army and must not bear a blow. Lt. Adams, on returning to his barracks, consulted with the senior captain of the corps, who appeared to be either a very stupid, or malicious person, and known by the name of Jeffries. Far better would it have been for this young man to have gone out of his regiment to have found a friend; for, by trusting to this Jeffries, he lost his life, or rather he was murdered. In saying thus much, we are not writing too strongly; for such is the opinion of all who have become acquainted with the circumstances which attended this unfortunate meeting. On the morning of the

ninth of February, a challenge was sent from Levick to Adams by the hands of Lt. Mattei, of the Royal Malta Fencibles, and another at the same moment from Adams to Levick, by Capt. Jeffries; the gentlemen bearing these messages, passing each other on the road, as they went on their mission. At twelve o'clock of the same day, the respective parties met in a secluded spot, behind a fort, and near to a Catholic burying-ground. After the seconds had consulted some time, a line of twelve paces was marked out, and the combatants took their stations at each extremity of this truly murderous distance. It has been proved that Levick, on taking his ground, told Adams "to remember, that should any sinister consequence follow this affair, the father of eleven children, would be brought to an untimely end." If such was his opinion, why was he there to fight, and also as a challenger? He should have thought of his family before, and remained at home. We know not with what intent this remark was made, but of its effect on the mind of a young officer, who was out to fight a duel for the first time, we may easily judge. How can a man fire at another when told by him that he is the "father of eleven children," and when he knows also, that it is on this parent they solely look for support? It is impossible, and on the moment when this remark was made, Capt. Jeffries should have withdrawn his friend, and said the "affair" was finished. But this stupid officer did not do it, and simply remarking, that he hoped "no sinister consequence would follow," went on to give his signal for a shot. The principals in a duel are never allowed to speak to each other on their first meeting, unless it is when touching their hats, to merely say good morning. Capt. Levick's observation was therefore as unmanly, as his conduct was unjustifiable, after he had made it, in firing at his opponent. Lt. Adams' pistol having missed fire, the seconds held another consultation, and decided on another shot. This wicked course was pursued at the instance of Jeffries, who said that the wounded honor of his friend could never be healed, so long as his pistol was not discharged. But how did the gallant captain of the 88th come to this decision? Certainly not from the duelling code, for in that it is expressly stated that a "miss fire, is to be considered a shot." Surely Lt. Adams was destined to fall, for fate was against him, and his adviser a fool. When Capt. Levick knew that he was to fire again, he told his second to put "a full charge in his pistol"—an expression which he can never forget. These words will ring in his ears, so long as life remains in his body. To put the "full charge in," for what purpose, unless it was that he might be the more sure to kill his man? Was not a wound sufficient? Must he send a ball through his opponent, merely to gratify a fiendish disposition. Too strongly does this remark remind us of a savage Corsican who,

after running his knife in a man's body up to the handle, turned it round in the wound, saying to his victim as he did it, "Ah, it holds, does it! This is my revenge!" But where was Jeffries that he did not stop the affair, when this fatal order was given? Was he bent on the death of his friend? Surely it would seem so, for otherwise, how easily might he have prevented the sad tragedy which was so shortly to happen. Blundering throughout, he missed the opportunity, and Adams was slain. We are told by John Burton, St. Croix Crosse, the present assistant surgeon of the 88th, who turned Queens' evidence to save his commission in the army, that Levick, after making this observation, commenced speaking in Maltese, a language which no one who was on the ground understood, save the person whom he was addressing. This speaking in an unknown tongue was unfair, and should not have been permitted by Jeffries, had he known his duty. Lt. Mattei appears, unfortunately, to have obeyed the injunction which was given to him by his principal, for when the word was given to fire, the ball from the pistol which he had loaded was sent with so much force, as not only to pass through the arm of Adams, but afterwards into his body, where it remained until after his death. On the tenth of February, at 8 o'clock in the evening, this unfortunate young man expired, "in the bloom of his age," and "only bequeathing" (as Dr. Bruno has pathetically said) "to his friends a painful memory, and to his family utter desolation." An able English writer, after commenting at length on this duel, thus remarks: "Here are your 'men of honor,' your 'gallant gentlemen,' who are the latest upholders of the 'code of honor,' your modern knights, sans peur, et sans reproche! striving it would seem to sneak from the halter, by the help of a mean Old Bailey lie,* and turning Queens' evidence! Turpin, was a Bayard to them." This language is much too severe, for none of the party were ever in fear of the hangman, and therefore could not be guilty of telling a falsehood, to save their necks from the rope, which is the badge of his office. Levick and Mattei denied that a duel had been fought in the same way as any prisoners would have plead not guilty to an indictment, at a criminal bar. Leaving it for the crown advocate to find his testimony, and prove the fact if he could. By the English law, no persons are obliged to criminate themselves and, though it would have been far more honorable in these gentlemen not to have answered any questions which were put to them by the magistrates, still we cannot call their denial of having been engaged in a duel, an "Old Bailey lie." The conduct of Jeffries throughout the whole of this sad tragedy, cannot be too strongly

* Messrs. Levick and Mattei, unfortunately said at first, that a duel had not been fought—they, erroneously supposing that the prosecuting officer would be unable to procure evidence wherewithal to convict them.

condemned. Three different times could he have arranged this affair, and done it in an honorable manner, but he failed in doing it, and hence the fatal result. The blood of young Adams is on his hands, and wash them as he may, still they will always be stained. By the decease of this officer, our thoughts again return to Mr. S., of whom, and his "evil eye," we have now but a word to say. Certainly it is a singular circumstance, that his prediction to the Judge about a capital trial should so soon have been verified, and still more remarkable is it, that one of the party, who appeared at the bar to be tried for his life, was the same Maltese officer who was present at the whist table, and took part in the conversation, when this unfortunate prediction was made. Several of these curious coincidences have tended to make many of the Islanders believe that Mr. S. is afflicted with an "evil eye," and that all who come in sight of him must be more or less affected. Ridiculous as is this belief, no reasoning will ever change it. It is a popular superstition, and so it will remain. Jeffries, hearing that his friend was mortally wounded, got his passport legalised by the Neapolitan consul and fled to Syracuse. Sorry are we to add, that since his return to England, he has been so fortunate as to get his majority in the same corps, which, by his inexcusable conduct in this affair, he has so much disgraced. When the trial came on, the members of the jury were so much disgusted at the escape of Jeffries, which they supposed had been effected by the assistance of Sir Hector Greig, the chief secretary to government, and also at the baseness of John Burton St. Croix Crosse in turning Queens evidence, that they at once acquitted Levick and Mattei, thereby sanctioning their assertion in the first instance, that no duel had ever been fought; or, in other words, that Adams was still alive, though all the officers in his regiment had seen his corpse, and attended his funeral. Such was the result of this trial at Malta. The jury would not believe Crosse's evidence, and therefore acquitted the prisoners. But how are the ends of justice to be attained, and duelling to be prevented, if men in such important cases will be governed by their private feelings, and look not to maintain the law? Lt. Adams' death was caused by a silly custom of the carnival time, and the sooner this foolish festa is abolished at Malta, the better it will be for all its inhabitants. Matthews, in his "Diary of an Invalid," winds up his description of the carnival at Rome, which he gives in sixteen lines, by saying that it is an exhibition "only fit for a nursery. Nothing," says he, "can be imagined more childish, and there is very little mixture of wit, or humor to make the childishness amusing." If such is a true statement of this exhibition in the Roman capital, and we have no reason to doubt it, how much more ridiculous must it be in this Island, where the population is so poor, and the people so

ignorant! Let this festa be abolished and in five years it will be wholly forgotten. The experiment at least should be tried, or there may be other victims to its follies, other Adams' to be slain. Now, that we are on the subject of duelling, we have still something more to say.

In the late trial of the Earl of Cardigan, before the House of Lords for shooting Capt. Tuckett in a duel on Winbledon Common, a remark was made by the Attorney General, which no *honorable* duellist can justify, or Christian excuse. This officer stated, on opening the case for the prosecution, that he was "rejoiced to think, that on the present occasion the charge against the noble prisoner at the bar did not imply any degree of moral turpitude, and that if he should be found guilty, his conviction would reflect no discredit on the illustrious order to which he belongs." The bishops were so much shocked at this unprincipled remark, that they rose in their places and left the house, not returning to their seats again so long as the trial continued. Wisely did they act in pursuing this course, as it was a severe reproof to the speaker, and one which, for his unjustifiable assertion, he most richly deserved. On Lord Cardigan's appearance at the bar, he was informed by the Lord High Steward, that he was there "charged with the offence of firing with a loaded pistol at Harvey Garnett Phipps Tuckett, with intent to murder him; in a second count, with firing with intent to maim and disable him; and in a third count, with firing with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm." Of the truth of these charges there was not a doubt, and yet the Attorney General, who was present to bring the guilt of the prisoner home upon him, so far neglected his duty, as to say to the right reverend prelates of England, and its assembled peers, that he was rejoiced to find the conduct of the noble lord had been wholly free from moral turpitude, and that even if they did find him guilty of firing at Capt. Tuckett with an intention of murdering, maiming, disabling, or doing him any grievous bodily harm, "his conviction would reflect no discredit on the illustrious order to which they all belonged." When such language as this is used by one of the highest living law-authorities in Great Britain, before the highest tribunal, and by a person also, who was charged by his sovereign to convict the prisoner at the bar of felony, if he could do it justly, there can be but a faint hope that duelling will be abolished, or that the laws which have been enacted to prevent it, will be carried into execution. If such a declaration is true of a peer, in the House of Lords, it is also of a cobbler in any criminal court. How then will a jury be able to convict a prisoner, even though the members of it should be satisfied of his guilt and feel disposed to send him to a prison, a gallows, or on a voyage of transportation to Botany Bay? Well would it have been, had the Attorney General given

us to understand what he meant by his term of "moral turpitude." He accused Lord Cardigan of taking "a deliberate aim" at his opponent, and of grievously wounding him with a pistol having a rifle barrel, while Capt. Tuckett was using one which was plain. These accusations he proved, and still it would seem they were not sufficient in his opinion to imply any degree of "moral turpitude" in his lordship's conduct, but, on the contrary, so far from it, that we find him saying to the peers, that if they declared him guilty, "his conviction would reflect no discredit on the illustrious order to which they all belonged." How different would have been the language of a Story, a Marshall, or a Legaré in America. Was a person in our country to try to take the life of his antagonist by following the same course which the noble lord is proved to have done, he would be justly called a base and unprincipled scoundrel. What is it but a daring attempt to commit murder, when a man fires at another who is only twelve yards distant from him after taking a deliberate aim? And what is it but taking an unlawful advantage when the same man uses his own pistols which have rifle barrels, while his opponent fires off hand, and with pistols having a common bore? Had Lord Cardigan killed Capt. Tuckett under such circumstances, it would have been a most wilful and malicious murder. The Attorney General perhaps would have called it a justifiable homicide, or manslaughter, or an accidental and fatal rencontre. But where is the republican judge who would not have said that it was a foul murder of the first degree? And where would a jury be found in America, that would not decree the same? Englishmen have so often called our duellists savages, and our courts corrupt, that we may be excused for continuing our remarks, promising faithfully to draw them from an authentic report of Lord Cardigan's trial, which we procured by accident, and have at this moment lying open before us. When his lordship was asked, on the opening of the case, whether he was guilty or not of the charges brought against him, and how he would be tried, he answered, "by his peers," without noticing the first query, although it was given in the same breath, and in the same sentence with that to which he had deigned to reply. Why, may we ask, was not the noble prisoner obliged to give a categorical answer to the question which was put to him, as any other criminal would have been compelled to do in any other court? Why was this deference paid to rank? Justice could not claim it for him, and certainly his conduct had not been such as to deserve it. Had Lord Cardigan been pressed for a direct reply, he must have acknowledged his guilt. The proceeding would then have been stayed, and the noble prisoner, claiming his privilege of a peer, would at once have been set at liberty. Not, however, having answered this question, witnesses were called, and this farce of a trial

went on. Never do we remember to have read the report of a case where the proof of a persons guilt was more clear, more direct, or more unimpeachable than it was in this against the Earl of Cardigan. Of the truth of this statement, we shall let others judge, by giving the evidence of the principal witnesses who were called by the Attorney General to sustain his cause. A person by the name of Dunn, who was both a miller and a constable, testified that he was near the spot where the duel was fought and took the parties into custody. His lordship at the time still having the pistol in his hand with which, on the second shot, he had wounded his opponent only the moment before. Strong as was this testimony against Lord Cardigan, still it was not all which the Attorney General could bring to bear against him. We have said, that of the noble prisoners guilt, there is not a doubt. And so well persuaded are we of this fact, that we ask in all confidence where is the man who, after having read the evidence of Mr. Busain, which we now give, will differ from us in our opinion? We quote word for word. "When (says this inspector of police) Lord Cardigan came up to the station-house at Wandsworth, on the evening of the twelfth of September, I bowed and asked his business. He said he was a prisoner he believed. Indeed, sir, said I, on what account? His lordship said I have been fighting a duel and I have hit my man, but not seriously I believe; slightly, merely a graze across the back. He then pointed over his shoulder, looked over and said, this gentleman also is a prisoner; my second, Capt. Douglas. He presented me his card, and I saw the Earl of Cardigan of the 11th Dragoons." After reading this testimony, we cannot but express our surprise, that his lordship, being so "honorable a person," should not have stated to Mr. Busain, that he had hit his man after taking "a deliberate aim," and with a rifle barreled pistol. He certainly should not have left these important facts to have been first told by the witnesses in an open court. Was the noble peer ashamed of his conduct, that he was silent on these important points? Or was it, that they had escaped from his memory? But what, it may be asked, had been the sum and substance of Capt. Tuckett's offending which caused Lord Cardigan to feel towards him such a deadly hatred, and prompted his taking such a foul and dastardly advantage to deprive him of his existence? It was nothing more nor less than publishing a letter in the London Morning Chronicle, containing, as his lordship said, "matter that was entirely false," and which must be contradicted. Capt. Tuckett, not coinciding in the Earl's opinion, they mutually appealed to the mouths of their pistols, to settle that difference which their own could not. The absurdity of this course can be easily shown. Had Lord Cardigan killed his opponent, and he came very near it, we should have been most effectually prevented from ever having

known who of the two was in fault. Had he himself fallen, it would have been no satisfaction for the insult which he had gone on the ground to avenge. Therefore, let the result have been as it might, the noble peer must of a certainty have been the loser. Hence the folly of his sending a challenge, even if we look not to its wickedness. On the testimony of the miller and police inspector, the Attorney General rested his case with the utmost confidence. So much so, that before closing his argument for the prosecution, he said to the peers, that he knew not how his "honorable and learned friend (referring to Sir William Follett, who was the prisoner's counsel) would be able with all his learning, ability and zeal, to persuade their lordships to acquit his noble client, on any one count of this indictment." Throughout the whole of this trial, the Attorney General appears to have pursued a singularly wavering course, which can only be accounted for from the fact of his having been a personal friend of Lord Cardigan's, and though he knew he was guilty, yet wished for his acquittal. How otherwise shall we be able to answer for the curious contradiction, which we can trace in his remarks? At one time we find him accusing the noble Earl of trying to commit murder, bringing his proof, and saying the accusation was proved. At another, declaring that he at once acquitted the noble lord of having done any thing which was unfair while fighting the duel, and that if found guilty of the crime imputed to him, "his conviction would reflect no discredit on the illustrious order to which he had the honor to belong." If this last remark is true, Lord Cardigan had committed no offence. Why, therefore, was he placed as a criminal at the bar of the House of Lords. And to be tried on an indictment, which, had it been proved against a commoner in a lower court, would have sent him to "Newgate," or New South Wales? With such an admission on the part of the prosecuting officer, it is somewhat surprising that his lordship did not sue for damages, laying them at a heavy amount; not for the injury done to his character, as we are told he had done nothing to disgrace himself, but for the payment of his counsel's fees, the annoyances he had undergone, and his loss of time. Perhaps, to make the farce the more complete, he should have procured the services of the Attorney General, to have enabled him to win his cause, which fortunately most men still think, could only have been done by breaking every law. Rejoiced, as would have been the Attorney General at the noble Earl's acquittal, still he would rather have had him a hundred times condemned, than that by his acquittal, the least reflection should have been cast on his professional skill. This feeling he has strongly evinced. For it was not until he had been told by Sir William Follett, that he had failed in making out his case, inasmuch as he had not proved the

christian names of Capt. Tuckett, which by law he was bound to do, that we find him forgetting his friendship for Lord Cardigan, and trying, with all his powers, to compass his condemnation. What, said the Attorney General in a burst of indignation, "am I obliged to call the clerk of the parish where he was baptized, in order to prove his baptismal register? Am I to call his father, or his mother, or his godfathers, or godmothers, to prove the name that was given him at the baptismal font?" The noble peers whom he was addressing, thought he was lying under this obligation, and therefore stayed the prosecution. Thus a mere quibble of the law, which would not have saved a boy a flogging in a common school, was sufficient to acquit Lord Cardigan of a heinous crime, before the highest tribunal in Great Britain. Each one of the peers was obliged to give his decision separately and John Lord Keane, being the junior baron, was the first who was called upon to answer. This nobleman, rising uncovered in his place and laying his right hand on his breast, answered, "Not guilty, upon my honor:" the only exception being the Duke of Cleveland, who said, "Not guilty legally, upon my honor." This decision may have been according to law, though not according to justice, and we think the Attorney General was perfectly justified in saying as he did to their lordships, that "they should not stop the prosecution upon any objection like that" which Sir William Follett had started. It was a trifling, shuffling way of getting rid of the case, and one which no distinguished lawyer should have seized upon, or the noblemen of England have sanctioned. Now that we have nearly finished with our sketch of this case, which has been fairly and faithfully drawn, we must say, that it was throughout, as a trial, from its commencement to its termination, a mere mockery of justice, a truly perfect farce. Long may it be, before the English will find a parallel case in our supreme court, or a similar decision from our judges. Until this does occur, we have but little to fear from their taunts. They may continue to talk of the "little learning" of our law givers, and of the "little justice" to be found at our tribunals, but until less can be found to censure in their own courts, they will talk and write in vain. In a debate which took place in the House of Lords, on a motion to print Lord Cardigan's trial, the Earl of Mountcashell thus remarked: "He said that something ought to be done on the subject of duelling; otherwise their Lordships would expose themselves, after the result of the recent trial, to the malignant aspersion that they identified themselves with the system. He wished to know from her Majesty's Government whether the act of the first of Victoria was framed with intent to put an end to duelling? If so, the trial which had occurred could only be considered as a mockery of justice." More than two years and a half have passed away since this language was uttered in the

House of Lords. During this time, duel after duel has been fought, and murder after murder committed, and still nothing has been done to prevent their occurrence in future. Was a noble lord to fight a duel to-morrow and kill his man, he could not be brought to punishment. For he would either escape as Lord Cardigan has done by a quibble of the law, or if found guilty, claim his privilege of a peer, and thus be set at liberty. How can we hope that the practice of duelling will be abolished in England, so long as their lordships are placed above the law? Lord Wharncliffe has stated his intention of bringing "in a bill to settle the point with reference to the right of a peer to plead privilege in case of a felony; as (he said) he happened to know that, in the case of the recent trial, if a conviction had taken place, that point would have been raised." This notice was given in February, 1841, and yet from that time to the present, nothing more has been said on the subject. That the noble lords should not wish to curtail those privileges which have come down to them from their ancestors for many generations, is natural enough, and that they will not do it, until compelled by the force of public opinion, is equally probable. Let, therefore, the English journalists take up this subject; for, without their united assistance, nothing will ever be done. The editor of the "London Times," has set them a noble example, and well would it have been, had his compeers of the press followed the same manly, fearless and independent course. We quote his remarks—they are eloquent, just and true. "No more disgraceful, or demoralising spectacle (says this writer) can possibly be exhibited before the eyes of a people than the accommodation of the laws, or the submission of their arbitrators to the popular crimes of the higher classes. Let the Attorney General say what he will, a crime is not divested of its inherent moral turpitude by the frequency or the impunity with which it is committed; nor does felony cease to be a crime, when the felon is countenanced, or even stimulated to the act by the class opinion of the circle which forms his world. Every class has in it an aggressive self-contriving principle which aspires to ride rough shod over society and chafes under the restraint of law. It is the very object of law to bind together all these discordant interests by restraining the eccentricities of each, and compelling each to submit its own opinion to the central intelligence, which consults for the common good. What the effect upon society in general must be, of letting it be understood, that there is a crime which must not or cannot be restrained or punished because peers and gentlemen think proper to commit it, while the law declares it to be a felony, we leave those to judge who know the power of example, and the aptness of the lower orders to learn evil from their betters. We are firmly convinced that no more pernicious or anarchical principle than that

of the defenders of duelling was ever broached by chartism, or even socialism itself. 'Strict legal formality' says a contemporary, 'brought Lord Cardigan to the bar of the house of peers under an accusation of felony; and strict legal formality has given him an unanimous, and, in our opinion, honorable acquittal.' All felons, we have no doubt, think the laws under which they are brought to justice are 'strict, legal formalities;' and we doubt not that they will cheerfully accept the doctrine which renders the law, "Thou shalt do no murder," to be as mere a 'formality,' as that which requires every one of three christian names to be proved, in order to sustain an indictment. Lord Cardigan's acquittal is honorable no doubt in the eyes of those who would have thought it equally honorable to be convicted, and of those alone. Something we trust will be done to remedy the evil consequences of the late trial, ere it be yet too late." This is a vain hope, for as we have before remarked, nothing will ever be done until the people of Great Britain take the subject of duelling in their own hands and see that their laws are obeyed equally by the peasant and the peer. How different was the language of Bacon who was the Attorney General in the time of James I., from that of him who conducted the prosecution in Lord Cardigan's case only three years ago, in the reign of Queen Victoria. The former said in a letter to Lord Villiers, that when persons were brought before him who had fought a duel, he would know no difference between the peer who wore a coronet, and the servant with his hat band. That all should be punished alike. But what said the latter? He congratulated the assembled peers of England, that there had been nothing of moral turpitude in Lord Cardigan's conduct, and that if found guilty of having attempted to kill his adversary, his conviction would reflect no discredit on the illustrious order to which he had the honor to belong. While the Attorney General entertained such an opinion about duelling, he would well become a fit successor to Sir John Jeffcott who, after having killed his man at Exeter, in 1833, immediately embarked on an English frigate, and went to Sierra Leone as the principal judge. Too good an exile for one who had committed so black a deed.

In our next letter we shall speak of the duels which were fought at Malta during the reign of the Knights, and also of those which have occurred since the flag of Old England, has taken the place of the standard of St. John.

La Valette, Malta, 1843.

[To be continued.]

He who employs his whole mind will know his nature.
He who knows his nature knows Heaven.

It were better to be without books than to believe all that they record.—*Confucius.*

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF SISTER CLAUDIA.

Who departed this life at the Female Orphan Asylum in Washington City, on Sunday evening, the fifth of November, 1843, in the twenty-fourth year of her age.

In te, Domine, speravi; non confundar in aeternum.

So young and fair to die!
On each beloved face,
Familiar scene of earth and sky,
With languid gaze
To look, and feel it is the last,
While life's faint tide is ebbing fast;

Ah! melancholy doom!
So tender and so bright,
To shrink into the darksome tomb,
From life and light!
Fearful, thou trembling and alone,
To plunge into the dread unknown!

Yet, maiden, didst thou meet
That moment dark and drear,
With soul serene, with aspect sweet,
And spirit clear,
As tho' it were a parting brief,
That did not ask a tear from grief.

No feverish flush of joy,
From frenzy's dizzy bowl;
No raptures fitful, fierce, to buoy
The sinking soul,
Were thine; with humble faith yet bright,
Thine eye caught glimpses of the light;

The light which oft doth dawn
On death's prophetic glance,
By angel hands the veil withdrawn,
In holiest trance;
While tones of heavenly music swell
From seats where happy spirits dwell.

Approach, yet softly tread;
How silent and how deep,
The solemn slumber of the dead,
The sacred sleep!
Nay, start not, for Elysian grace
Still woos us in that quiet face.

She sleeps, as they who rest
From weariness and woes;
Her palms are folded on her breast,
In meek repose;
From toil and care 'tis some release,
To look upon such perfect peace.

Call we this death, so fair,
So gentle, so serene?
And doth the King of Terrors wear
So mild a mien?
No pain, no sorrow and no strife?
'Tis something better, sure, than life!

Come, bear her gently hence,
Upon the mother breast
Of earth, with love and reverence
Lay her to rest;
Yet stay; a word I fain would breathe
Within the "dull, cold ear of death."

Then, tell me, silent one,
The world, why didst thou fly?
Had it no charms for thee alone,
Beneath the sky?

No joys for one too young and fair,
To sink beneath the load of care?

A father's fond embrace,
A mother's pleading tear,
Didst thou resist with steadfast face,
Yet not austere?
A sister's anguish, brother's sigh,
With sinking heart, yet purpose high?

Did ne'er the gentle flame
In that soft bosom glow,
Mantling with pure and graceful shame
The virgin brow?
Hast thou not glittered in the dance,
And revelled in life's young romance?

Or, timely, didst thou learn
The vanity of all
We prize, and disenchanted turn
From joys that pall;
Of pleasure's giddy draught but sip,
Nor drain its dregs with languid lip?

Perchance, by grace divine
Touched, when the world was bright,
Upon thy dear Redeemer's shrine,
With heart contrite,
Youth, beauty, charms that quickly fade,
A willing sacrifice were laid.

Peace to conjecture dim,
And surmise profitless;
Motives are seen alone by Him,
Who oft doth bless
The weakness of the human heart
With strength to choose the better part;

That better part which thou
Hast chosen, virgin wise,
Beside whose sacred relics, now,
Rain tears from eyes
Of orphans cherished by thy love,
And trained to follow thee above.

Though simple was thy lot,
Laborious and obscure;
Though pain and sorrow spared thee not,
Mild to endure;
Princes and Kings shall wish that they
Had humbly followed in thy way;

When crowned with living light,
To call his loved ones home,
The Bridegroom in the hour of night,
Arrayed shall come,
And hail thee as his virgin bride,
Forever bright and glorified.

Then, bear her gently hence,
Upon the pillowing breast
Of earth, with love and reverence,
Lay her to rest;
Nor weep as they who, hopeless, weep;
She is not dead; she doth but sleep!

Requiescat in pace.

Washington, D. C., Nov., 1843.

J. L. M.

TO MILDRED.

BY D. H. ROBINSON.

Dear little Lady! If, with song,
I've hallowed many another shrine,
Why should I not the strain prolong
To weave a wreath for thine?

Thou hast a heart as full and deep
As beats beneath a woman's breast,
Where Love will soon his revels keep,
And rosy longings rest!

Thou hast a mind from which the wild
Sweet flowers of thought will surely spring;
There seems already with the child
A mental blossoming.

The smile that lights that ample brow
Already tokens woman's might;
Thou hast an eye from which, even now,
There gleams a spirit-light!

God bless thee, Mildred! May the glow
That lightens up thy MOTHER'S soul,
Still through thy very being flow
Till life's last wave shall roll!

And may the joy thy girlhood hath,
Bloom ever with thy blooming youth—
And Heaven shower along thy path
The sweet star-light of truth!

Jackson, Mississippi.

ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF INSANITY IN THE U. STATES.

The importance of insanity is a sufficient apology for the publication of the accompanying insane statistics, calculated with great care from the returns of the late census and several of the reports of the insane asylums. As originally published, these statistics did not admit a ready comparison of this country with others, or of different portions of the country with each other. In the accompanying tables, the returns of the different States have been reduced to a common standard, and thus rendered more readable and useful. These statistics are necessarily less rich in information than those published by the insane asylums of Europe, and do not afford a comparison upon many important and interesting minutiae contained in the reports of Salpêtrière, Charenton and other European asylums. Independently of the total absence of information upon many points, these tables are not worthy of entire confidence in relation to those points upon which they professedly report. From the difficulty of obtaining correct returns from a wide area of sparsely populated country, the census doubtless underrates the percentage of insanity in this country. I am strengthened in this opinion by those reports, containing the proportion of the insane to the total population in their respective States, and which, as far as they have fallen under my observation, show a much greater prevalence of insanity

than is attested by the late census. Thus, according to an estimate made in New-York in 1825, the proportion of insane and idiots, was 1 in 721—and in 1838, 1 in 877 inhabitants. The latter estimate shows a diminution of insanity, but will hardly authorize the presumption of a sufficiently increased diminution to explain the discrepancy between this estimate and that derived from the late census, which is 1 in 1038. Although the accompanying tables may not be true in the abstract, they are relatively so, and prevent the general feature of insanity in this country and afford an important insight into the mental and moral influence of our social and political institutions. In examining these statistics, the first inquiry naturally suggesting itself, is the relative prevalence of insanity in this country and Europe. According to the most authentic estimate, the proportion of insane is, in Norway, 1 in 551 inhabitants—in Scotland, 1 in 573—in England, 1 in 783—in Wales, 1 in 911—in Rhenish provinces, 1 in 1000—in France, 1 in 1750—in Italy, 1 in 3785; making a general average of 1 in 1336, and a fraction showing the average prevalence in this country, 1 in 979, to be greater than in Europe, and if the fear already expressed be true that the census underrates the proportion of insanity, there is a greater difference in favor of Europe than above stated. We might at first refuse to admit the existence in our country of any peculiar causes, calculated to produce insanity, accustomed, as we are, to congratulate ourselves upon the very general diffusion among all classes of those blessings of existence, which contribute to mental and physical health and happiness. That our country is happily exempt from many ripe sources of insanity, incident to the dense population, and the social and political institutions of Europe, is indisputable; but do not those very institutions which we so much deprecate, present a check to insanity? And are not those free institutions in which we glory, calculated to promote it? Life in our republic has all the excitement of an olympic contest. A wide arena is thrown open, and all fearlessly join in the maddening rush for the laurel wreath, or golden chaplet, which are the guerdons in that race which is to the swift, and rarely does any Hesperian fruit seduce the candidates from the contest. Are not the bitter rancour of partizans, the morbid excitement of politicians, the feverish anxiety of gambling speculators, the sickness of hope deferred, ambition maddened by defeat, avarice rendered desperate by failure, so many sources of insanity? When the darker passions of the heart thus rise in mad rebellion, will not reason, either be dethroned, or reign in tumultuous anarchy? In Europe, on the contrary, the arena is more limited, the competitors are fewer, their course is comparatively clear, and the *metae* are less widely separated. Life is there rather a walk, than a race, and is pursued in a slower gait, rarely presenting the elbowing strife

and jostling emulation so lamentably frequent in our over crowded agora. The excitement of rivalry is diminished by the different castes of competitors being confined to their respective courses, which are separated by barriers rendered sacred, of time-honored custom. This system, in the same degree that it checks the development of the mental faculties, secures them from derangement they may suffer from *rust*, but not, as in the former condition of society, from *friction*. That numerous exceptions to these results are to be found in both countries, is as undeniable as that the general tendency of the social and political institutions of the respective countries is that alluded to. I am happy to quote in confirmation of these views, the opinion of the intelligent superintendent of the Bloomingdale Asylum, who detects a connection between periods of active commercial speculation and those in which insanity most prevails.

If from the average of insanity in this country, we proceed to examine its distribution in the different States, we shall find as great variety as in the different countries of Europe, and one as difficult of explanation. Several of the States enjoying, in common, the same climate, possessing a similar topography and soil, whose citizens are similarly distributed among the different professions, and which apparently are exposed to the same physical and moral causes, present a wide difference in the relative prevalence of insanity. It is difficult to detect the precise causes of insanity in the individual States, and when capable of detection, it is doubly difficult to so analyze the result, as to refer to each element its due proportion. Another source of complexity which should prevent hasty generalization, is derived from the fluctuating character of our population. Emigrants generally leaving behind them the idiotic and insane, the State receiving the immigration has less than its due proportion, and the parent State more. This is probably the explanation of the singularly small proportion of insane in several of our newly formed States and territories, as exhibited in the table. Owing to the complexity of co-existing causes, it is impossible to make a *numerical* comparison between the agricultural and manufacturing portions of the union, although it is sufficiently evident that insanity is more prevalent in the latter, after making due allowance for the denser population and other causes peculiar to the manufacturing regions. The reverse is the case in Europe, if the distribution of insanity among the poor may be considered as a criterion of its general distribution, which may be safely done, as a very large majority of the insane are of the pauper class. According to the returns of the Poor Law Commissioners, the proportion of insane and idiots among the paupers in the *entire* population of England, is 1 in 1038—in seven agricultural countries, 1 in 872—in Lancashire, a manufacturing district, 1 in 1790. The proportion be-

tween the agricultural and manufacturing districts being as 224 in the former to 100 in the latter, or more than 2 to 1. This difference, I conceive, finds an easy explanation in the fact, that agricultural operatives are more exposed than the manufacturing to the inroads of poverty, which, with its concomitant evils, is every where the purveyor of the insane asylum. Although those restrictions upon free trade which disgrace the commercial code of England, operate alike upon the agricultural and mechanical operative in rendering employment uncertain, and equally exposing them by any commercial casualty to be deprived of the means of subsistence, yet the evil falls more heavily upon the former than the latter, as the agriculturist is almost the sole supporter of his family; the children and females being comparatively unproductive consumers, but to the mechanic, the females and children are important aids, being more than able to support themselves. It would be more inconsistent with the character of this article to enlarge upon this subject, but all acquainted with this portion of political economy, will, it is presumed, admit that the agriculturist of England is more liable to poverty than the mechanic, and will see in this the cause of his greater liability to insanity, when it is recollected how large a proportion of the insane of all countries are paupers. Not only is the agriculturist of this country free from unwise governmental interference with the profits of labor, but owing to a more equal distribution of land, he occupies an entirely different position from the mass of the agricultural population in England, he is a land holder, and the fruits of his daily toil go neither to satisfy the rapacious avarice of the *middle master*, nor the extravagance of an *absentee*, but reward his own industry. To these causes we are undoubtedly indebted for the less prevalence of insanity among our agricultural population. If the statistics of insanity and education are examined in connection, no uniform relation will be discovered between them. Among those States possessing a high status of education, are those in which insanity is most abundant, as well as those in which it least prevails, and *vice versa*. This is not to be attributed to the inertness of education upon mental disease, but to the operation of existing causes from whose effects it is difficult to separate those of education. When the influence of education upon insanity shall be more fully developed, it will doubtless prove as upon crime complex. The Baconian apothegm, that knowledge is power, is now received as an axiom; power it undoubtedly is, but it is power for good or evil. In the thorny path of life, as in Paradise, good and evil are the fruits of the same tree, and the moral tastes of the gatherer will alone determine the choice. To bestow this power without the moral wisdom that can alone control and check it, is to arm the blind, and to trust to chance for a proper use of the power. The

remark of *M. Guery*, that crime is most abundant in those provinces of France, where education is most generally diffused, or a similar statement in reference to portions of our own country by De Beaumont and De Tocqueville, is not, therefore, surprising. The influence of education upon insanity, as upon crime, will therefore most probably vary with its nature, and to secure its ameliorating influence must be moral as well as intellectual—it must not be merely a *cramming* process of filling the head with ideas, but the heart must be formed to habits of virtue—virtuous principles must not be abstractly taught, but the pupil must be trained to their practice, and it must be ever borne in mind, “that education is but a school for life and life a school for eternity.” As the power by which mind influences mind, is chiefly derived from education, it may, in our country, frequently coöperate with our free institutions in producing mental disease, as it presents the ambitious with a ladder, the demagogue with the means of pinging to the passions and pandering to the vices of the mob, and adventurers of every kind a means of attaining their ends. There is a species of education undoubtedly prejudicial to mental health; that education which refines without strengthening the mental faculties, but which weakens them in the same proportion as it renders them more acute, and which terminates in a kind of intellectual epicurism. It is a law of our nature, that our organs in proportion as they become refined are weakened; thus the sensitive touch of the lapidary and the microscopic eye of the mathematical instrument maker are purchased at a sacrifice of strength. In the same manner, merely intellectual education would weaken by refinement. Corresponding to this intellectual acuteness, a morbid sensibility of the feelings is produced, alike unfavorable to mental health.

As the negroes constitute in this country a distinct caste, operated upon by few moral, social, political causes in common with the whites, but those peculiar to themselves, they have not been included with the whites in the estimate, but the proportion of insanity among them has been independently calculated. Taking all the States together, there is but slight difference in the relative prevalence of insanity and idiocy between the whites and blacks, the difference being in favor of the latter; but if the slave-holding and non-slave-holding States are compared, mental disease will be found very differently distributed in the different regions; in the former, it is much more prevalent among the whites, in the latter, among the blacks. This singular difference in the distribution of insanity can only be ascribed to the influence of *slavery*, as the States compared are in other respects equal. A glance at the tables will suffice to show the difference alluded to, as well as the much greater prevalence of insanity among the blacks of the non-slave-holding, than among those of the slave-holding

States. This difference is to be explained by the fact, that in the non-slave-holding States, the blacks are in a condition of social helotage, constituting the pauper caste and the heirs of all the ills which poverty entails upon its subjects. The negro of the South, on the contrary, cares not for the morrow, well knowing, that another will provide what he shall eat, what he shall drink, and wherewithal he shall be clothed; his simple mode of life secures him health, and in the winter of life, he crowns “a youth of labor, with an age of ease.” Not only is mental disease more prevalent among the blacks of the non-slave-holding States, than among those of the South, but it also predominates among the whites of the former, over those of the latter, although the inequality is much less than between the blacks.

NON-SLAVE-HOLDING STATES.

	Proportion of Insane to white population.	Proportion of Insane to black population.
Maine	1 in 931	1 in 14
N. Hampshire	1 “ 584	1 “ 29
Massachusetts	1 “ 682	1 “ 43
Rhode Island	1 “ 520	1 “ 241
Connecticut	1 “ 627	1 “ 184
Vermont	1 “ 731	1 “ 56
New York	1 “ 1108	1 “ 257
New Jersey	1 “ 952	1 “ 297
Pennsylvania	1 “ 860	1 “ 256
Delaware	1 “ 1126	1 “ 697
Ohio	1 “ 1340	1 “ 105
Indiana	1 “ 366	1 “ 95
Illinois	1 “ 2217	1 “ 49
Michigan	1 “ 5424	1 “ 27
Wisconsin	1 “ 3843	1 “ 65
Iowa	1 “ 6132	1 “ 47

In non-slave-holding states—in total population, 1 in 912.

SLAVE-HOLDING STATES.

	Proportion of Insane in white population.	Proportion of Insane in black population.
Maryland	1 in 820	1 in 1074
Virginia	1 “ 707	1 “ 1209
N. Carolina	1 “ 965	1 “ 1215
S. Carolina	1 “ 689	1 “ 2440
Georgia	1 “ 1386	1 “ 2117
Alabama	1 “ 1444	1 “ 2044
Mississippi	1 “ 1377	1 “ 2397
Louisiana	1 “ 3062	1 “ 4310
Tennessee	1 “ 916	1 “ 1240
Kentucky	1 “ 1743	1 “ 1053
Missouri	1 “ 1603	1 “ 876
Arkansas	1 “ 1714	1 “ 971
F. Territory	1 “ 5226	1 “ 2211
D. Columbia	1 “ 2118	1 “ 1865

In slave-holding States in total population, 1 in 1113

In total white population of United States, 1 in 972

In “ black “ of United States 1, in 932

The census of Virginia in connection with the reports of the State asylums, render it practicable to study minutely the distribution of insanity in the different districts of the State. East of the Blue Ridge, among the whites, the proportion of insanity, is 1 in 1436—among the blacks, 1 in 1436,—West of the Blue Ridge, among the whites, 1 in 688—among the blacks, 1 in 817. Insanity is therefore more common in Western than in Eastern Virginia, both among whites and blacks, but the increase is much greater among the latter, which

is probably to be accounted for by the larger number of free negroes in tramontane Virginia; insanity being from causes already explained more prevalent among this class than among slaves. The cause of the increased prevalence among the whites is less obvious. As observation, by no means limited, had previously to the census produced the opinion that *idiocy* was more common West of the Blue Ridge than East of it, and as the census fails to express whether insanity or idiocy is the more common form of the disease, we might feel inclined to select the latter as most abundant, and explain it by the opinion of *Esquival*, that idiocy was most prevalent in mountainous regions from some endemic cause peculiar to such districts, had we not been reminded by Dr. Dunglison, that as Wales and Italy, eminently mountainous, do not support the rule, it cannot be absolute. Whatever be the cause, the fact shows the truth of the statement previously made, that insanity is not in this country as in England, proportionate with agriculture, as East of the mountains, about 50 per cent. of the population are engaged in agriculture, and West of it but about 25 per cent. It will doubtless excite surprise, that in the sea-board district, composed of the eminently malarial counties, mental disease is less prevalent than in other portions of the State, the proportion being, 1 in 1049, including both blacks and whites,—in the country between this district and the Blue Ridge 1 in 819, and West of the Blue Ridge, 1 in 703, showing a gradual increase as we ascend from the sea level.

In reviewing the subject, we find much reason to congratulate ourselves upon the absence from our country of many causes predisposing to insanity which are prevalent in Europe, and that those peculiar to our social and political institutions will find an effectual check in education founded on a moral and religious basis. It is gratifying to the philanthropist to find in education both an antidote to the evils of our political system, and a security for its permanence and success, thus making the cause of America the cause of the world, and the cause of her people the cause of humanity.

Smithfield, Dec. 19, 1843. C. B. HAYDEN.

THE SOUTHERN LYRE'S WAKING MOMENTS.

Mrs. Sigourney's invocation to the Southern Muse, has waked several lyres. The following strain is the best that has reached us.—[*Ed. Mess.*

Awake! my Muse from "stilly" hours—
From 'neath the myrtle's shade,
Fling on the breeze thy lofty powers,
And through the heavens wade.
Thy spirit is invok'd abroad,
By sister Muse's lays;
Shake off old Rip's moss cloak so broad,
And wake to brighter days.

And while Aurora's golden beams,
Shall shoot the ether through,
Let not these Southern crystal streams
Glide on without thy view.

While these eternal mountains stand,
Whose brows are deck'd with white;
Where "leaps live thunder" from his hand,
Who made both day and night.

Let not thy strains their whispers cease,
Beneath the myrtle's shade,
Nor turn to sleep in silent peace,
In some lone Southern glade.

Awake! ye fires in Southern soul—
No longer stillness keep—
Dart radiant beams from pole to pole,
And o'er the foaming deep.

Born on the South's bright sunny shore,
Where genius spreads her wing;—
Awake! awake! to sleep no more,
And with thy sister sing.

Mount Vernon! echo back the strain,
And let the numbers roll,
Their echos long from main to main,
And loud from pole to pole.

While Marshall's and old Henry's names
Upon the record stand,
Let Southern Muse's god-like flames,
Spread light o'er freedom's land.

"Lyre of the South awake! awake!"
And let the wild winds bear
Thy swelling notes from lake to lake,
And Northern Muse's ear.

Wytheville, Va.

C. D. SMITH.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

RESULTS OF DESULTORY READINGS AND REFLECTIONS.

Cost of books; International copyright; Depreciation in the value of books; Maury's Navigation; Life of Dr. Baldwin of the Navy; An Essay on Organic Remains; Eliotson and Stewardson's Practice of Medicine; Quain's Plates; Condie on the Diseases of Children; Smith's Minor Surgery; Warren on Cancer; Sir Astley Cooper's work on Dislocations; Wood-engraving and printing; The cause of Sir Astley Cooper's success; General readers should know of the Existence of Medical books; The cost of the Medical Profession; The value set upon it by the Government; The Navy Department; Mental Labor undervalued; Medical Literature should be fostered; Information given to all government officers that are not Medical; Hints to the Chiefs of the Medical Bureaux at Washington; Report of the Secretary of the Navy; Extract from Dr. Dunglison's late introductory lecture.

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1844.

There was a time, and that time has not very long since passed away, when a novel would readily command two dollars. Now, the same food for the imagination and the same material for amusement can be procured for twelve-and-a-half cents. This is certainly a vast difference in the cost of an article, to occur in the course of fifteen or twenty years. What is the cause of this great

difference in money value? Is it that people are willing to pay less for intellectual amusement now than they were twenty years ago? Has money become dearer, or in other words, scarcer? Has the taste for light reading dwindled away so that novel-wrights are willing to sell their wares for whatever they can get? Has the supply so far exceeded the demand as to cause this great reduction of price? To these questions, the answer is, no. People are as fond now of amusement as ever; the number of readers has increased far more rapidly than writers; for the purposes of diversion, money is as abundant as ever, or theatres, concert-rooms, lecture-rooms, &c., &c., would not be so numerously attended.

Some years ago, when novels and light literature began to command a reduced price per volume, American authors were anxious to obtain the passage of an international copyright law, but they were vigorously and successfully opposed by American publishers, who found it to be their, then present, interest to print and publish books which cost them nothing in authors' fees. They argued, that an international copyright law would have a tendency to reduce the amount of printing, and therefore paper-makers, printers, ink-manufacturers, book-binders, folders, type-founders, die-sinkers, engravers, &c., would have less to do, and as American authors by profession were much less numerous than any one of the callings named, an international copyright law was anti-republican in spirit, because it sought to protect the few in their labors at the expense of the many. They further argued, that by not passing the law, the people would be very much benefited, because the price of books would be reduced, the number of readers would be increased and, consequently, information, the great foundation upon which the permanency of a republic must ultimately rest, would become in time universally diffused. As to the justice of giving British authors some reward in this country for labors in their own, the idea was not for a moment entertained, and they willingly lent themselves to be pirates on the great intellectual ocean of the world, laying violent and appropriating hands upon every man's mental argosie, that was not under an American flag, and if under an American flag, it was only suffered to keep the sea by paying a sort of "black mail," by large discounts on the value of the cargo.

What has been the consequence of the success of their arguments and opposition. These appropriators of British mental labors, in their eagerness to verify their predictions, were driven to compete in under selling each other, and, it is said, that large capitalists not unfrequently published books at less than the cost of "getting up," for the purpose of bankrupting publishers of smaller means. This system of competition has gone on till the whole country is flooded with cheap trash, twelve-

and-a-half cent novels, grammars of all languages, cook-books and scientific works. Now, we find that some large houses, whose capital was employed solely almost, in the "getting up" of the lightest and perhaps the most injurious kind of reading, have laid their money in another channel, and bring forth works of solid merit in literature and science. But finding this description of books, although yielding a more certain return, not as profitable as lighter reading, because the admirers of solid and useful learning are fewer, they have joined hands with the authors and are ready to make common cause with them. "A change has come over the spirit of their dreams," and they find that an international copyright law will protect the morals of the people, shut off the supply of the obscene trash of Paul de Kock, Eugene Sue and others; that the price of good books will not be materially increased, that it is only just that men who belong to the great republic of literature, which is confined within the narrow limits of no kingdom or country, should receive every where a fair reward for their labors; that encouragement would be given to the productions of our own soil, and poor devil, American authors, need no longer starve, and the trades which are connected with book-making will lose nothing.

What have the people gained by all this contention of rival and special interests? An astoundingly cheap literature mostly made up of trash—made to sell—and recently, some most valuable and cheap books. American medical libraries are now supplied at a comparatively small cost, with the very best productions the medical world ever saw, both of home and foreign origin. Let us glance at a few of these more recent volumes:—but first—

A NEW THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL TREATISE ON NAVIGATION, by M. F. MAURY, Lieutenant United States Navy. Second edition—1 vol. 8 vo. Ed. C. Bidle, Philadelphia, 1843.

Perhaps navigators may smile at even the idea of any person writing a book on the subject of navigation, knowing as almost every sailor does, that Bowditch is master of the seas. But let me assure them this is not a matter to excite either laughter or contempt, but is worthy of all praise. Indeed, it ought to be a source of naval pride, that a young navy officer, merely "a school-boy Midshipman" when the work was produced from his active brain as I understand, should be able to write a new book on the theory of Navigation which commanded the approbation of the great BOWDITCH HIMSELF, to say nothing of such mathematicians as BACHE, Ward, and very many minor masters of the higher branches of mathematics. But Americans have been ever diffident, it has been said, in their own judgment of American authors until their works have been stamped by European approbation; and this is perhaps, in a small degree, the reason why this truly admirable work is less known

than I am sure it ought to be, and surely will be. In no very long time it has silently and gradually made its way to a second edition, which cannot be said of every American book, for it was not voraciously seized upon and puffed up to the skies by every newspaper in the country. It has won favor by its own unobtrusive merit; and had there been an international copy-right law when it first saw the light, at this time, it would have been the text book in every school in which Navigation is taught throughout the broad face of our country.

The reader may ask, what are the peculiar excellencies of this book on Navigation? I shall play the honest critic and speak of defects as well as merits, for I am not bound as an editor, by fear of offending either author or publisher:—I am beyond the reach of both. And first of defects. It is not a foot-rule. Bowditch's Navigation is to the navigator what a foot-rule is to a carpenter—it enables him to measure his work as he goes; but, like the foot-rule, it teaches not very well for what purpose it is marked with inches, or why a foot may not be thirteen inches long as well as twelve. Bowditch does not deal in why and because so much as he does in, "thus it is." Now the difference between the books of Bowditch and Maury is simply this:—the former tells you most plainly it is so, and the latter tells you *why* it is so, and why it must be so, and the reason why it cannot be otherwise.

The book treats concisely, clearly and sufficiently for elementary purposes of Algebra, Geometry, Logarithms, Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, Nautical Astronomy and Navigation. The principles of all these branches of mathematics are explained in a simple manner—in fact, in a much plainer way than we have found in other books. But as the work has received the approbation of Bowditch, Bache, Rodrigues, Ward, Coffin and of the Naval Lyceum of New York, and is recommended by them as a text-book for naval schools, it is supererogatory to say a word upon the subject of the value of the book.

There is a definition in the volume which, to our conception, is remarkably beautiful. Heretofore, all the definitions we have seen of a point, were equally applicable as a definition of *nothing*. We learned at school, that a mathematical point has neither length, nor breadth, nor thickness. That is perhaps true, but it certainly conveys the idea of nothing, as much as it does of a point—but Maury most aptly, we think, defines a point to be "an atom of space."

Let us hope, although the praises of this work have not been loudly sung in England, that it may attract the attention it merits, and that our young naval officers will learn from it the theory of Navigation, while they acquire practical knowledge on the broad oceans of the earth.

As we have been speaking of naval matters, I will call the attention of your naval readers to a

most pleasant book, at least to all who feel an interest in the votaries of science. It is a small volume, published in Philadelphia during the past summer, entitled "*Reliquiæ Baldwinianæ; Selections from the correspondence of the late William Baldwin, M. D., Surgeon in the United States Navy.*" Compiled by William Darlington, M. D., an eminent botanist, and formerly a member of Congress from Chester county, Pennsylvania.

Dr. Baldwin was a native of Pennsylvania. He was born in 1779, and entered the Navy in May, 1812, and during the war served at St. Mary's and Savannah. "He was stationed at St. Mary's for two years and six months; and for a considerable part of that time he neither had mate nor loblolly boy. The one resigned and the other died; a great many on the sick list—the weather extremely sultry—he scarcely had time to rest night or day—notwithstanding," says his wife, "I did all in my power to assist him, in mixing and putting up medicine. He was stationed two years at Savannah. In 1817, he accompanied Messrs. Rodney, Graham, and Bland, in the United States frigate, Congress, as surgeon of the ship, on a mission to Buenos Ayres, and other South American ports, for the purpose of ascertaining the condition and prospects of the Spanish colonists, who were then struggling to establish their independence of the mother country. Dr. Baldwin's reputation as a Botanist, induced the government to select him for this service. After his return, in 1819, he was appointed Surgeon and Botanist, to accompany Major Long's Expedition up the river Missouri. He was an industrious and zealous botanist, although his health was extremely precarious. He died on the banks of the Missouri, in September, 1819, in the forty-first year of his age.

The correspondence shows how the difficulties which surround pioneers in natural science are overcome by a zealous love and admiration of nature; and it shows, too, how valuable a true votary of science is to his country, and how little such worth was appreciated in his day. His services were valued at the paltry sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars a year.

We have read "An Essay on Organic Remains as connected with an ancient tropical region of the Earth, by Thomas Gilpin, member of the American Philosophical Society," Philadelphia, 1843—pages 40. The object of this paper is to show that organic remains occupy "a great uniform zone of tropical climate" "differently situated from the present tropics." The author thinks that this zone was once actually the tropical region of the earth; but that the globe has since changed the position of its poles, so that the ancient tropics now lie in a north-west and south-east direction, somewhat in a line with the present ecliptic. It is a bone of contention for geologists and to them we leave it.

Among the volumes which have fallen in our

way, belonging to the subject of these rambling notes, is "Elliotson and Stewardson's Practice of Medicine," from the press of Messrs. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia, containing upwards of 1000 pages, closely and well printed. This work consists of the lectures formerly delivered by Dr. Elliotson in London, forming the skeleton, or outline of the whole, which is filled out completely by additions from the pens of Dr.'s Nathaniel Rogers and Alexander Cooper Lee of England, who have added, besides their own contributions, extracts from the best modern medical authors. To all this, Dr. Stewardson of Philadelphia, (physician of the Pennsylvania hospital) has made valuable additions, among which there are admirable chapters on Remittent and Yellow Fever. The work is extensively used as a text book by medical students in England, and there is but little doubt of its finding equal favor in the United States. Being originally in the form of lectures, the style is colloquial and familiar, and as technical words are explained, in notes as they occur, it is particularly well adapted to those who are seeking the rudiments of medicine—not such "rudiments" of the healing art, however, as Japhet studied.

The same house has published a cheap edition of Quain's beautiful anatomical plates this year, while their neighbors, Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, have devoted themselves almost to the publication of medical books. Among the most recent from them, we have a capital book, "A Practical Treatise on the Diseases of Children, by D. Francis Condie, M. D.," &c. An octavo of 650 pages. A standard, or text book, on this subject, has been long wanted, and from the author's large practice among children, his extensive learning, and long habit of thinking well, we feel pretty sure he has supplied the desideratum in a satisfactory manner to the public. It is an American book, by an American author.

Messrs. Barrington & Haswell, of Philadelphia, have published a neat little book on "Minor Surgery," by Dr. Henry H. Smith, of Philadelphia, a young surgeon of much promise. The same gentleman has edited the beautiful Anatomical Atlas which accompanies Professor Horner's "Special Anatomy and Histology" from the ever active press of Messrs. Lea & Blanchard.

From the Boston medical press, we have a most excellent book—Dr. Warren's edition of "Walshe on Cancer." Dr. Warren has added valuable notes to a new edition of Sir Astley Cooper's work on "Dislocations and Fractures," which Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have recently presented to the public.

Sir Astley Cooper's work on Dislocations and Fractures first appeared in 1822. It went through several editions during his life, both in England and this country, and at his death he had recently revised it and placed it in the hands of his nephew for a new edition. Of this last revised edition, the

present is an exact copy; and contains besides valuable notes and additions by Dr. Warren, of Boston.

"This edition is published under the superintendence of the committee on publications of the Massachusetts Medical Society. The engravings are copied by Mr. A. Hartwell from those of the English Edition and are perfect representations of the originals. The committee feel bound to express their gratification at the manner in which these engravings are executed by the artist; and their obligations to the printer for the care and skill manifested in the performance of the whole work."

We do not think, however, that as far as the printing of the engravings is concerned, the execution is equal to that seen in Clymer's edition of Carpenter's Physiology, or Norris' edition of Ferguson's Surgery, or Goddard's edition of Wilson's Anatomy, all from the press of Lea & Blanchard. They are not so perfectly smooth and black as they are seen in English printed books; perhaps the very best wood-cut printing done in the United States, is to be seen in that most valuable treatise on a special surgical subject, "Goddard's Curling," from the press of Carey & Hart.

The printing of wood-cuts in our country is almost a new art, and, whether attributable to want of knowledge, to inferior quality in the ink or paper, our work is far from being equal to that we find in French or English books. But we are daily improving; and the reason is, that wood-cuts are now almost as essential to books as text or types. As an example of good wood-engraving and wood-cut printing, we may refer to the Pictorial Bible in course of publication by the Harpers of New-York; a fine English specimen is seen in "The Book of English Ballads," and among the finest French wood-cut work is the "Fables de La Fontaine, illustrées par J. J. Grandville."

"It may be asked," says Dr. Warren in his memoir of Sir Astley Cooper, prefixed to his work on dislocations—"It may be asked, and the inquiry is not without instruction as well as interest, how it happened that Sir Astley Cooper, beginning life as he did, not only without patronage, but under circumstances in some respects calculated greatly to prejudice his advancement, should so early reach the highest emoluments and honors of the profession. Happily, the answer is easy. If he obtained from the medical profession more honor and emolument than any other man has ever done, it was because he devoted to that profession an amount of bodily and mental energy, rarely, if ever, equalled by any other. In the first place, as we have seen, he spent ten years in most laborious application, before he seriously attempted to acquire private practice; and during more than half of this period he was employed in teaching and in practice, as well as in learning, so as to give much the greater

force and effect to his inquiries. In addition to this, his whole life was a course of inquiry and study. Every case presented to him was not merely a disease or injury to be treated, but a subject for investigation. All these inquiries were directed to a practical object. He had little taste or respect for theoretical speculations; but an insatiable appetite for useful facts, and a remarkable aptitude to apply such facts to a practical purpose."

If we could be truly informed, there is but little doubt we should find, that in every case of individual greatness it would be traced, as in the instance before us, as much to extraordinary, mental and bodily labor, as to natural endowment. The richest soil will be unproductive of good, will lie fallow and waste, unless industriously cultivated, not for one season only but continuously. A great lawyer, a great divine, or a great physician cannot be formed by the labor and study of a single year. All these, or any one of these branches of human knowledge, is too intricate and too abstruse to be mastered by any intellect by paroxysmal efforts sustained for a short time. In the case of Sir Astley, ten years of laborious preparation were required before he began to practice. What an apprenticeship compared with the three years study required of students of medicine in most of our colleges. The requirements are too small for the interests of the people, and for the interests of the medical profession. Indeed, high grades of intellectual culture do not seem to be fully appreciated in our country: and we take too little general interest in the means afforded in the United States for attaining the highest degree of education in the professions. The general reader is often indifferent as to what scientific books are to be found on the shelves of our booksellers. Why should he not be informed of the publication of good books on medicine and surgery, theology, or law, as well as of those on history—books of travel, voyages, novels, or poems, and works of imagination generally.

Let me commend to all your readers, Mr. Messenger, and to your young readers especially, the paragraph above quoted from Sir Astley Cooper's Memoir: it contains the secret of success in almost every pursuit. And we may add, it shows that the profession of medicine requires a large money capital, besides industry and natural ability to insure success in its practice. Whilst he studies, the student must be maintained, for several years; and he requires books, instruments, &c., and he must pay preceptor and college fees. But the people set little value on this noblest of professions, even when acquired, if we take the salaries, &c., paid by the people, through the agency of the general government, for the services of the best educated medical men in the Army and Navy. A Navy register, at hand, shows that the Navy department consists of the office of the Secretary of the Navy and five bureaux; namely, a bureau of Navy-yards

and Docks; a bureau of ordnance and hydrography; a bureau of construction, equipment and repair; a bureau of provisions and clothing; and a bureau of medicine and surgery. To the chief of each of the first two bureaux is paid \$3500 per annum; these two bureaux are in charge of two captains in the Navy, whose pay would not be less on any other duty; the third bureau is also in charge of a captain, who is entitled to \$3500 on any duty whatever, although the law, creating the bureau, directs that its chief "shall be a skilful naval constructor" and shall receive for his services \$3000 per annum. Whether the captain in charge, receives less than his pay as an officer in the Navy, in consequence of being a "skilful naval constructor," (of course the terms of the law are complied with) the document does not say. The chief of the (4th) bureau of provisions, &c., receives \$3000; but the chief of the bureau of medicine and surgery is assigned only \$2500 per annum. The intrinsic importance of each of these branches of the Navy department taken separately, and the degree of intellect, professional and general knowledge, together with the amount of bodily and mental labor required to discharge the duties in each, cannot be very different; and it certainly is not least in the bureau of medicine, although such is the plain inference to be drawn from the salaries assigned to the chiefs of the several bureaux. A similar disparity will, most probably, be found in the bureaux of the War department; but as the officers of the Army receive a small salary, and emoluments, or perquisites "to make up," it is not so easy to make a comparative statement.

The reason of this difference of value set upon different branches of human knowledge by the government is, that the science of medicine is not physical, tangible, palpable to the senses, as some other kinds of information brought into the service of the people are. The man who rigs a ship, or builds a dock, or casts a cannon, produces something that eye can see and the meanest intellect appreciate; the degree and kind of qualification required by a man to purchase large quantities of provisions and clothing can also be easily appreciated; but a man who takes measures to avert disease from thousands of human beings; the man who has learned to rescue his fellows from the death-grasp of fever and pestilence; to make the blind see and the lame walk; and to relieve, or assuage the agony of the sick and wounded, performs acts which are not generally seen, are not palpable to the senses of ordinary intellects, and, consequently, his services are appraised lower than those of any of his companions in office—and, it may be further adduced in illustration, that in as much as the services of the chaplain are even less palpable and cognizable than those of the physician, if there were a chaplain at the head of a religious bureau he would not be paid more than \$1500.

This appraisal of mental labor below that which is physical merely, is strongly exhibited in the value set upon what they are pleased to call "head-work," by laboring mechanics, although, as was observed by Dr. R. M. Patterson in a lecture recently delivered before the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, all working men admit that the hardest labor they perform is adjusting their accounts at the end of the week or month. The act of weaving words into sentences, and sentences into a discourse or essay upon any subject requires an amount of preparatory labor and study, not readily appreciated by those who have never attempted to perform it.

This low estimate set upon purely mental labor by the mass of the people, is, perhaps, one reason why the international copyright law did not pass. Perhaps it was well for the nation at large that such was the case, since it has led to the results we have indicated, the reduced price of books, and the publication of a large number of works of solid merit, in the arts and sciences, and especially in medicine and surgery. The people generally, are, or should be, deeply interested in the spread of medical literature and the advancement of medical science, because it must have more or less influence upon the skill of the medical attendants called to their assistance when sick or hurt. The national legislature ought to foster and encourage medical science as well as every other, by setting a standard value upon the services of scientific men called into the service of the government. It should insist upon the highest grade of scientific attainments, and pay for them accordingly.

Care is taken to give information to most, if not all classes of government officers; members of Congress are supplied with daily journals, books, and a library at public expense; the departments have their journals and libraries; ships of war, forts and Navy-yards are supplied with libraries, including books on professional subjects, &c., but there is no such encouragement given to the diffusion of medical knowledge. There is no medical journal provided for any naval station; our naval hospitals, ships and Navy-yards have no medical books, but both in the Army and Navy, medical officers are left to obtain professional knowledge at their own expense, out of small salaries, or not obtain it at all. And it is much to the credit of these gentlemen that they do purchase books, journals, &c., to keep way in knowledge with a constantly improving science, which must be of unspeakable advantage to the sick and wounded who may come under their care.

Were it not that Washington, Madison and Jefferson severally recommended in vain the establishment of a national university, we would suggest to the heads of the medical bureaux in the War and Navy departments, to ask the government to furnish a medical library, and the best medical periodical in our country—"The American Journal

of Medical Sciences"—to every military post where there is a medical officer, to every naval hospital, every Navy-yard and every ship in commission. It might all be accomplished gradually by an appropriation of a thousand dollars annually, and the government and people would be benefitted more than this amount in return.

There is an indication that the value of science and of the services of scientific men is on the rise. The Hon. D. Henshaw, Secretary of the Navy, says, in his late report to Congress, "It is believed that great advantages may be derived by employing scientific persons in testing the quality of copper and various other materials, and in the preparation of many articles used in the service, which have heretofore been found, when used, of inferior quality. It is highly important that a competent person be employed in the preparation of fuses, rockets, and other fire-works, indispensable to the naval service. So deficient is the service in this knowledge that the fuses necessary for its use are obliged to be purchased.

"The medical department of the naval service requires talent, education, and moral worth, properly to fill it, of as high order as in other branches of that service; but the surgeons and assistant surgeons have no military rank. A modification of the law, by which medical officers in the naval service shall be entitled to rank, in a manner similar to that prescribed in the Army, might be beneficially made." (On this subject, see articles on "The Rules and Regulations of the Navy" in the Southern Literary Messenger for 1843.)

Whether Congress will act on these judicious recommendations of the Secretary of the Navy, there is no means of knowing. But it should do so; no matter whether it be *post hoc* or *propter hoc*.

Whether the services of scientific men will rise in the estimation of the government and of the people, in consequence of Mr. Henshaw's recommendation, remains to be seen. But if they should rise, it may not be in consequence of any thing but members of Congress obtaining sound and enlarged views on the subject. We are so liable to reach false conclusions by false reasoning, that I will forbear any conjectures as to what may be the cause of any result that may accrue in the premises.

I will close this desultory communication with the following extract from a late introductory lecture by the distinguished Professor Dunglison of Philadelphia.

"Here now," says Bishop Latimer, in the last sermon which he preached before Edward the VI. of England. "Here now," said he, "I remember an argument of Master More's, which he bringeth in a book, that he made against Bilney; and here, by the way, I will tell you a merry toy. Master More was once sent into Kent to try (if it might be) what was the cause of the Goodwin sands and the shelves that stopped up Sandwich-haven. Thither

cometh Master More, and calleth the country before him, such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could of likelihood best certify him of that matter concerning the stoppage of the Sandwich-haven. Among others, came in one afore him, an old man with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than an hundred years old. When Master More saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter, for, being so old a man, it was likely he knew most of any man in that presence and company. So Master More called this old aged man unto him, and said: 'Father,' said he, 'tell me if ye can, what is the cause of this great arising of the sands and shelves here about this haven, the which stop it up, and no ships can arrive here? Ye are the eldest man that I can espy in this company, so that if any man can tell any cause of it, ye of likelihood can say most in it, or, at least wise, more than any man here assembled?' 'Yea, forsooth, good master (quod this old man) for I am well-nigh an hundred years old, and no man here in this company any thing near unto mine age.' 'Well, then,' quod Master More, 'how say you in this matter? What think you to be the cause of these shelves and flats that stop up Sandwich-haven?' 'Forsooth, sir,' quod he, 'I am an old man. I think Tenterton steeple is the cause of Goodwin sands. For I am an old man, (quod he) and I may remember the building of Tenterton steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenterton steeple was in building, there was no manner of speaking of any flats or sands that stopped the haven; and therefore, I think, that Tenterton steeple is the cause of the destroying and decaying of Sandwich-haven.'

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1844.

The American Journal of the American Sciences; The Census of 1840; The Medical News; Biography of John Randolph; A Christmas Carol; Arabella Stuart; Commodore Elliot; Aristocratic Distinctions; Goddard on the Teeth.

Of late, I have had little time for reading or reflecting, and for this reason, my month's gossip for the Messenger will be soon related. I have found an opponent to one of the contributors of the Messenger, touching the insanity of the slave population; but of that in its place.

"THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES," edited by Isaac Hays, M. D., &c. Published quarterly, in Philadelphia, by Lea & Blanchard; in London, by Wiley & Putnam, and in Paris, by Bossange & Co.

Without exception, this is the very best Medical Periodical published on this side of the Atlantic Ocean, and is the oldest now being published in the United States, having been commenced upwards of twenty years ago under the Editorship of Dr. Chapman, who was succeeded by the present editor. The best skill and talent in the coun-

try contribute to its pages, which have long enjoyed the highest respect of the profession.

The January number of the present year, is a fair specimen of the journal generally. The first paper gives an interesting history of an epidemic erysipematous fever, which prevailed in Vermont and New Hampshire in the years 1842-'3. The second is on the "modus operandi" of medicines, by Professor John B. Beck of New York; the third is by Dr. John L. Atlee of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, describing a triumph of American Surgery; the fourth, by Dr. G. Hayward of Boston; the fifth, by Dr. Edward Jarvis of Dorchester, Massachusetts on "Insanity among the colored population of the Free States," in which he clearly shows, that the Census of the United States for 1840, on this point, is full of errors, and "is, in respect to human ailment, a bearer of falsehood to confuse and mislead." This paper is worthy the perusal of statesmen and political economists; and especially of the author of the article "Reflections on the Census of 1840," (Southern Literary Messenger, June, 1843,) for, in our apprehension, Dr. Jarvis has destroyed the data from which his conclusions are partly drawn. The sixth article describes the removal of a large tumor from the side of a "blooming boy" of four years old, by Dr. W. L. Atlee of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The sixth article is by Dr. T. R. Beck of Albany; the eighth, by Dr. Wm. P. Buel of the city of New York; the ninth, by Dr. Fosgate of Auburn, New York, on *Delirium Tremens*; and the tenth, by Dr. Bissell of Connecticut.

All these communications are good, and some of them excellent. Besides, the number contains several excellent medical reviews, and a general summary of medical discoveries in all parts of the world, collected in the past quarter.

The public ought to know of the existence of this high-toned, scientific periodical, which contains a record of the experience of the most distinguished physicians and surgeons in all parts of the United States, who are devoted to the improvement of medical science, and consequently, to ameliorating "the ills that flesh is heir to."

We have also, the "Medical News and Library" for February, 1844, containing the latest information by the steamers from Europe, and 64 pages of "Watson's Practice of Medicine," among the very best books on the subject in the language.

"A BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE," &c. by Lemuel Sawyer: 8vo., pp. 132. Burgess, Stringer & Co., New York.

The ex-member of Congress has given a meagre sketch of the caustic Randolph, not calculated to win the author many laurels, or add much to the respect of the public for the memory of the erratic genius of his subject. The style is often obscure, but the brochure has the rare merit now-a-days of clean white paper and pretty fair type.

We learn very little more of John Randolph and his man Juba, than has been previously published.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL in prose, being a Ghost Story of Christmas, by Charles Dickens. 8vo., pp. 31. Harpers, New York.

This is worthy of the better days of Boz, although it does come to us baldly printed on "whity brown paper." There is many a Scrooge in the world, who might see his picture here, and be better by imitating the reformation of the hero of the tale.

ARABELLA STUART. A Romance from English History, by G. P. R. James, Esq. 8vo., pp. 143. Harpers, New York.

Another badly printed book on bad paper. The story is a melancholy one, and familiar to readers of English History. It is generally well spoken of by the press.

ADDRESS OF COM. JESSE D. ELLIOT, U. S. N., delivered in Washington County, Maryland, to his early companions, at their request, on November 24th, 1843. 8vo., pp. 137. G. B. Zieber & Co., Philadelphia.

Whether we consider the author, the subject of the address, or the occasion of its delivery, a visit to his mother's grave, this must be regarded as an extraordinary production. It is a narrative of the author's own life, given in a vulgar, inflated style, which does but little credit to the literary ability of Naval captains, if we should be compelled to take this as a sample. Although the commission of a captain in the Navy seems to carry with it merit of every kind, it is very evident, that it has not conferred upon Commodore Elliot the qualifications of a fine writer or classical scholar. The old stories about Lake Erie and the figure head of the Constitution frigate are prominent features in the address, to say nothing of the Jackson affair, and the court martial, which sentenced him to suspension. He abuses the late Secretary Paulding and lauds Secretary Henshaw, and charges all the witnesses against himself with "being no better than they should be." Indeed, he makes some personal attacks, which do no great credit to his charity or kindness of heart. He represents himself as a much injured man, and seems desirous of taking what wrestlers call "a lower hold"—he addresses himself to the groundlings, and will probably get some votes, should he set up as a candidate for the Presidency. We say again, this is a remarkable production, and contains some "rich morsels" for those who seek after personal vituperation. To such, and such only, we cheerfully commend it.

The recent fracas in the House of Representatives at Washington, in which one Mr. Weller was a principal actor, shows there is an attempt to make aristocratic distinctions in our republic. It seems to have been clearly established, that a member of Congress is above the level of any of his fellow citizens, who report for the newspaper press. The duello, that was sought by the *beaten* party, could

not come off because of his inferior social standing. Was that not the reason why the member of Congress was not permitted by his friends to accept a challenge to mortal combat? It is a "pretty reason" in a republic—and simple citizens should take a hint, and not put themselves in the way of the "fisty cuffs" of honorables more powerfully endowed with bone and sinew than themselves.

"Goddard on the Teeth, with 30 plates," is a beautiful and highly meritorious quarto from the press of Messrs. Carey & Hart of Philadelphia. The plates are the best specimens of lithography, that have been produced in our country. It is a rarely good book, and we hope to give some account of it on a future occasion.

H. Russenberger HOLGAZAN.

Notices of New Works.

We are indebted to our enterprising neighbor, Mr. Gill, for A DIARY—together with STRIFE and PEACE. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt.

The name of Frederika Bremer is, in the eyes of the public, which has already passed judgment upon her merits, a sufficient recommendation. With them we leave it; but of the very coarse and un-lady-like preface, we cannot avoid saying a word or two.

It seems, as far as we can gather from her remarks, that some American translations of works of Miss Bremer have been imported into England, and sold at prices which seriously interfere with Mrs. Howitt's profits, and these "Yankees," as she calls them, have even had the temerity to be beforehand with the good Quakeress, in translating some productions of the Swedish lady, with which she (Mrs. H.) has not yet had leisure to favor the English public. She complains, that "an individual has proceeded, not only to thrust himself into the very midst of my (!) series, but has made an impudent attempt to injure my edition, as if I were publishing it in too costly a style." "He steps in, passes over the volumes on which I am, at the moment, engaged, and pounces on the next before me. This marks the Prowler and the Literary Body-snatcher."

With the relative merits of the two translations we have nothing to do, (we have not seen the American); but this "impudent attempt" to set up an arrogant and grasping claim to be the sole translator of the works of a foreign authoress, be the rival translations better or worse than her own, merits the severest castigation from the press. She claims, not only that no one should attempt a better translation of Miss Bremer's works than she has furnished, but that all future publications of that lady, and even those already out in the original, but not yet translated, should be left to her as "her series!" Ah! that "almighty dollar" seems to reign in other hearts than those of the "Yankees."

But this preface of Mrs. Howitt, furnishes ground for still more serious charges against her. Not to mention her impotent and spiteful attempt to underrate the American translations as "*abounding with Americanisms, which all well-educated persons will be careful not to introduce into their families,*"* (of which "Americanisms" she adduces *slads* as an instance—a word which Mr. Willis shows in a recent letter to the National Intelligencer, to be *English* and used by

* The italics are Mrs. Howitt's.

THOMSON and FLETCHER,) she abuses them most vulgarly and unsparingly, as translations from the *German* translations of Miss Bremer's works. Now, will our unsophisticated American readers, who, although aware of Marryatt's and Dickens' unblushing thefts, have still some confidence in female honesty, believe their eyes, when they learn, as is palpable from a comparison of Mrs. Howitt's earlier translations of Miss Bremer's works with the German translations, that those earlier translations themselves were made by Mrs. H. from the German translations? and that, at the period of their publication, about a year before the date of this preface, Mrs. Howitt probably knew not ten words of Swedish? Yet, she says, "I have spent two years in the preparation for, and in the execution of mine [my translations]!" If this is not a "suppressio veri suggestioque falsi" then, as one of Dickens' characters says, "the law is a ass." Indeed, judging from the number of translations she has made in the intervening year, we very much doubt if Mrs. Howitt is acquainted with the Swedish language now—and in her preface to the work before us, she *nowhere distinctly states that she is*, and even speaks of a "Norwegian language," while *no such language exists*, for the Norwegians speak Danish. We expect soon to hear that she has discovered an "American language," and meanwhile, advise her to study her own English tongue, and favor us with a list of its Americanisms.

As Mrs. Howitt is so nervous on the subject of the vested rights of "translated literature," (we presume this is a Howittism) we would respectfully inquire:

1. How much of the enormous profits, which accrue to her from her translations, does she transmit to Miss Bremer, (whom she anxiously vindicates from the charge of poverty), as a compensation for her share of the labor in producing these works; and 2. How much did she pay the German writer, from whose translations she at first translated her translations "from the Swedish?"

THE HOME-CRITIC, A NEW LITERARY JOURNAL.

We have received the Prospectus of this Periodical, which will shortly be commenced in the City of New-York, under very favorable auspices, and will be conducted on the plan of the London Athenæum, the first journal of the kind in Europe. We notice particularly the following remarks of the Prospectus, which meet our entire and hearty concurrence.

"The people ask for a journal, not which is *leagued against them by strict alliance with a bookseller's or writer's system of puffery*; which is negligently, and hence, if for no other reason dishonestly conducted; but one, however plain and humble, which has *manliness and independence*; which is not to be *bought by money or favor*; which shall, week after week, with industry and fidelity, sow the seeds of generous literary culture; cherish the good fame of the established author, which is the glory of the country, and not surrender his merits to the first careless writer, who, for pique, bad personal motives, or any other unworthy cause, chooses to make him an object of attack; be the *first to welcome merit in the new comer, and the last to abandon the well-tried servant.*"

To these principles, particularly those which we have italicised, we invite the serious attention of our readers. This is the first time, as far as we are aware, that the writers of the North have broken ground against the corrupt, debased and debasing tyranny of the publishers and their hireling journals. In this undertaking, we of the South, bid them most heartily "God speed!" As a class, the writers of the North have ever been ready to hail with pleasure, every appearance of awakening literary taste at the South, and welcome every literary effort of its sons. But it cannot be denied, that every production of a Southerner, un-

less published at the North, has the doors of Northern publisher's journals closed rudely in its face, and the deaf ear of hireling criticism turned to all its merits. Let this cease—let a journal be established in our literary emporium, (which New-York is fast becoming,) which, without regard to the interests of publishers, shall "be the first to welcome merit in the new comer," from the Southern press, which shall seek out our productions, (which our few publishers are too lazy, or unenterprising, or too uninitiated in the tricks of trade, to force them upon the attention of the Northern public,) which, *as far as we deserve it*, shall stand by us, and represent our literary interests, with an eye to the good of the whole country, and an utter disregard of sectional feelings, and the dollar and cent consciences of publishers and puff-ers, and, our life upon it, it should and will receive an extensive and warm support from the grateful and generous South.

As Mr. N. P. Willis remarks in a recent letter to the National Intelligencer, "Cornelius Mathews, Evert Duyckink, J. T. Headly, H. Fuller, W. A. Jones, George Folsom, A. W. Bradford, H. J. Raymond, J. B. Auld," are the gentlemen who are to furnish the matter—a strong company of manly writers. I understand there is a basis of some capital, and if the plan expressed in the preface is vigorously carried out, of 'assaulting all that is untrue, relying only on the advocacy of the truth, and making war on the immoral literature that is deluging the country,' there is a wide level in which it may find room and patronage. I wish the work success with all my heart."—*Nat. Intelligencer of Jan. 30th, 1844.*

It will be "of the size and general appearance of the London Athenæum, in sixteen quarto pages, of three columns each, printed in the best manner, and published weekly, on Saturday morning, at five dollars a year."

A subscription-list (with the Prospectus) lies at the bookstore of Messrs. Drinker and Morris, and we hope our public will be liberal in their aid. Subscriptions are also received by the publishers, Bartlett and Welford, 8, Astor House, New-York City.

SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW for January, 1844.

We are indebted for this number not to the Agent in this city, but to a friend in Charleston; we have not yet received the October number, and would call the attention of the publishers to this neglect of their Virginia subscribers, several of whom we have heard complain, that they have not received the recent numbers. No blame, we believe, can be attached to the Agent here, as he has never received them himself.

The leading article of the present number, is a profound and able essay on the French Revolution, by President Dew of William & Mary College. The second is a critique of "Mathews' Poems on Man," by Dr. Wm. Gilmore Simms, in which he points out many defects in that very pleasing work, though he justly considers Mr. M. "one of the most promising of the rising generation of American authors," and thinks his works "will place him very high on the list of names, by which the future literary reputation of the country is to be maintained." Mr. G. F. Holmes, one of the Editors of the Review, furnishes the next article. It is an elegantly written disquisition on the present state and prospects of our Indian tribes, and has the rare merit of furnishing much new and useful information concerning an old, and, as we had imagined, a thread-bare subject. Next comes an article on the "Relations of the Ancient World," by Professor Garnet, of our own State. It gives evidence of very finished scholarship, and contains much that will interest the reader and well repay perusal. Percival's Poems, give Mr. Jackson, of Savannah, an opportunity in the next article, of discoursing in a space of thirty odd pages, on poetry in general, and though the subject is a

difficult one, he has furnished a very interesting communication. The sixth and last article, is a Vindication of the character of Socrates, from the charges made by Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Mitchell and the rest of the Aristophanes clique (if we may so call them.) by President, J. L. Reynolds, of the Baptist Theological Seminary in South Carolina. A Charleston literary journal says: "it is one of the gems of the Review. We should not say gem either; to use a fancy, the questionable taste of which must be pardoned, it is one of those golden brooches—beautiful from its simplicity, which, gracefully lodged in the pages of the Review, give them that finish and unpretending elegance, characteristic of the habits and manners of the amiable author himself." The article exhibits erudition, accurate and polished scholarship, and a thorough acquaintance with the subject. Though he alludes to them, Mr. Reynolds does not seem to have had by him, the beautiful and poetical articles of M. de la Martine on the same topic, published not very long ago, in (we think) the *Revue de Genève*. If we recollect rightly, some French or German writer, some few years back, published an article, to show that the condemnation of Socrates was strictly "according to law" at the period: we presume it was akin to an attempt, by M. Salvador, in his *Histoire des Institutions de Moïse*, to establish the *legality* of the condemnation of our Lord (according to the Jewish law,) which called forth an indignant reply from that celebrated lawyer, the elder Dupin.

A few "Critical Notices" follow.

Before closing our notice of this very interesting number, we cannot, as lovers of our native English, pure and undefiled, avoid noticing some blemishes, which courtesy alone can consent to call slight. In President Dew's article occur such expressions as "the manner and condition on which" (p. 15), "the crowd with which he was besieged," (p. 16), "veneration and confidence in the old machinery," (p. 17). These inadvertencies occur on three consecutive pages, and, indeed, on one alone, (p. 15), we have noticed several expressions, which, to say the least, are objectionable; such as "illustrate" in the sense of *render illustrious*, (a gallicism, which, though sanctioned by some dictionaries, should be expelled the Saxon pale), "ardor of patronage," "the monarch exercised a power over the literary public no less despotic than over the political," "*made poor Racine die*" "and powers of address." We have noticed other blemishes of a similar nature in the article, but give that page merely as a specimen—not with any design of impotently attempting to underrate the great abilities of President Dew, but to solicit his attention to these little matters, which, however unimportant in themselves, give ground for one of the most annoying accusations which our English "brethren" are in the habit of bringing against us. Professor Garnet also frequently uses the word *staple* in the very unusual, if not obsolete signification of the German *Stapel*—a mart; and we dislike the use of the bastard "philologer" for the legitimate Greek "philologist"—but these are matters of taste, and we gladly recognize the Professor's right to consult his own.

ARABELLA STUART. A Romance from English History. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Harper & Brothers: New York.

This is, in our opinion, one of the best of Mr. James' novels, possessing great interest, as well from the portion of English history upon which it is based, as from the vivid delineation of the events of the time. It is likewise, in a great measure, free from that excessive minuteness of detail, which generally characterizes our author's productions, and to us, at least, is tiresome to the last degree. The Lady Arabella, and her husband, William Seymour, are finely and beautifully described. To the former indeed,

full homage has been paid, and the most poetical appreciation of that lovely and unfortunate woman, must, we think, be entirely satisfied with the pure, refreshing light, which Mr. James has shed upon her private life. Her death-bed scene, is highly wrought and deeply affecting; and yet, while causing sorrow to gush from our hearts, leaves a deep impression of the abiding power of virtue and genuine religious sentiment to soothe life's last agony, and impart consolation to the bruised hearts of those, who witness the fulfilment of the inevitable decree. We are well pleased likewise, with the sketch of the honest, fearless, down-right Countess of Shrewsbury. If King "Jamie" had been surrounded by male spirits resembling her, he would probably have been a "wiser and a better man." Our limits do not permit such a criticism of this work, as its merits entitle it to. Its beauties are many, and among its few faults, is the unmitigated censure of "England's Solomon," who is described as an unredeemed embodiment of folly, gluttony, tyranny and filth. He was certainly bad enough, but "methinks, not altogether monster." We also disapprove of the exclamation put into the mouth of Seymour, foretelling the punishment to be inflicted by Almighty vengeance on the descendants of James I. "On him, and his race, shall descend the awful curse, that plagues the wicked from generation to generation." This tampering with the awful and inscrutable judgments of Deity, is not to our taste; and besides, history does not record severer punishment, nor direr misfortune to the descendants, than to the progenitors of this monarch. And lastly, we protest absolutely and unequivocally against the marriage of the faithful, devoted Ida Mara to "Old Sir Harry West," noble, virtuous and glorious old bachelor, though he was.

To our friends, Messrs. J. W. Randolph & Co, we are much indebted for a copy of this work.

THE PRELATAL DOCTRINE OF APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION EXAMINED, etc. By Thomas Smyth, Pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Charleston, South Carolina. Boston, Crocker & Brewster, 1841: 8vo., 568 pp.

PRESBYTERY AND NOT PRELACY, THE SCRIPTURAL AND PRIMITIVE POLITY, etc. By Thomas Smyth, etc. Boston, Crocker & Brewster: London, Wiley and Putnam, 1843: 8vo., 568 pp.

ECCLESIASTICAL REPUBLICANISM, etc. By the same. 1843. 12mo., 323 pp.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL CATECHISM, etc. By the same. Third Edition.

The Edinburgh Presbyterian Review, an authority of the very first order, says of the work which heads the above list:

"This is not a work to be disposed of in a mere critical notice. It deserves, as we propose in our next number to give it, a more ample consideration. Had it come into our hands in sufficient time, we should have performed that office in our present number. But we cannot permit so long a period to pass by, as must necessarily elapse before we have another opportunity to address our readers, without recommending the work to all who take an interest in the question it discusses. These questions are rising in importance every day, and are destined, we are most firmly persuaded, to convulse not only Britain, but the world. * * * The present volume is one of the first fruits of the controversy in America. Mr. Smyth, with whom we became acquainted a few years ago, through the medium of his admirable 'Ecclesiastical Catechism of the Presbyterian Church,' was roused to study the controversy by the hierarchical assumptions, universally manifested by his Prelatic countrymen. * * * The work has been already most favorably received, not only among Presbyterians, but also

among all other Protestant denominations in America. To this expression of high approbation, we most heartily respond. This cordial recommendation we feel very great pleasure at having the privilege to reiterate to our brethren in this country. The work is decidedly the best manual of the Prelatic controversy in its present phasis, we have had an opportunity of consulting. * * * The work before us, being a reply to works that have appeared within the present century, and principally, indeed, within the last few years, is literally a work for the 'Times.' Whoever would study the Prelatic controversy, as maintained by the most learned Prelatists of the day, let him by the next steamer order Smyth's Lectures on the Apostolical Succession. The man who possesses this work, needs no other. It is full to satiety of extracts from the most popular Prelatic publications, both Anglican and American. We shall feel ashamed of our country, or rather of our degenerate sons, if the work has not a wide circulation among us. And were we not totally ignorant of the mysteries of 'the trade,' we would recommend a large importation, to meet the very large demand, that we are sure must be made for it."

And yet, will our readers believe us, that we inquired for it in vain in the principal bookstores of Richmond a month or two ago, and no one had even heard of it? But such is the case. Our publishers and literary men, are so isolated at the South, an *esprit du corps* is so entirely wanting among them, that such a thing is the rule rather than the exception. Unless our booksellers do also their part, all the exertions of the Messenger and other journals, to foster Southern Literature, uphold Southern writers, and free the South from its ignorance of its own literary greatness, will be utterly in vain. This, by the way, we return to the author and his works.

Thomas Smyth, D. D., is a Presbyterian Clergyman of Charleston, S. C. Born and educated for the Church in the North of Ireland, he came to that city some eight or ten years ago, and though quite a young man, made so favorable an impression on its public, by his eloquence, learning and fervid piety, that he was chosen pastor of its largest Presbyterian Church. Amid the arduous labors of this station, he has found time to master the science of Theology, so much neglected in this country, and the Prelatical Controversy, to which his attention was directed by his position as a Presbyterian divine, has furnished him with an occasion to exhibit his own powers, raise a stupendous bulwark in defence of the citadel of his Church's polity, and reflect honor on his adopted land. The works before us, give evidence of a clear and logical mind, an acute and powerful reason, and a profundity and extent of erudition, which would be rare, even in Germany. In these works, innumerable extracts from the Fathers, and from the obscure scholastic philosophers, are united with notices of the most recent publications and opinions on both sides of the Atlantic, and all are brought to bear in elucidating and establishing his positions. Our duty, as an exclusively literary journal, forbids our expressing an opinion on the merits of the controversy itself; but a regard for Southern Literature, a pride in the success of Southern writers, a satisfaction with our at length making preparations to contribute our due share to the literature of our common country, will justify our using such terms in speaking of works, which—though we may be, for a very short time, in advance of public sentiment in expressing such an opinion—we consider worthy to be placed alongside of those of Robinson and Stuart, and as decidedly the ablest polemical writings which our country has yet produced.

We will, in conclusion, give to our booksellers the same advice given above, by the Edinburgh Presbyterian Review, to those of Great Britain.

THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN BURNS AND CLARINDA. with a memoir of Mrs. McLehose (Clarinda.) Arranged and edited by her Grandson, W. C. McLehose. New-York, Robert P. Binby & Co.

We are not disposed to visit this little work with the severe censure, which has been bestowed upon it by one at least of our contemporaries. We think that every thing which tends to cast a new light upon the characters of distinguished men, is valuable and interesting, and there is nothing in this volume calculated to detract from the credit which Burns has always had, for enthusiastic, kind and affectionate, though often misled and wayward feelings. We presume no one could have known without loving him, and that a lady, as enthusiastic as himself, gifted too with a high poetic temperament, whose heart's young and best affections had been crushed and trampled upon by the worthless object on which they had been bestowed, should have clung to one who so deeply sympathized with her, may be very contrary to *bienveillance*, but it is most natural nevertheless. That the attachment thus formed, should have been pure, as it undoubtedly was, that the panoply of virtue and religion should have so effectually protected "Clarinda" from even yielding to the approach of any grosser feeling, we confess, so far from shocking our propriety, excites our admiration and respect. The lovers of Burns, will have no reason to regret the perusal of this correspondence.

Messrs. J. W. Randolph & Co., have favored us with the copy which we have noticed.

"AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY on the basis of the Précis Élémentaire de Physiologie par F. Magendie. Translated, enlarged, &c. by John Revere, M. D., Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine in the University of the City of New York. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1844."

The title page of the American Edition, announces this volume to be "especially designed for Students of Medicine" and, in our judgment, it is well adapted to their wants; for, under the existing system of Medical Education, the Student has scarcely time or opportunity to store away the principles, much less to dive to the depths of those profound researches, which have been devoted to his art, during the last quarter of a century. The work before us, is strictly what it professes to be, An Elementary Treatise, and although it cannot be elevated to the dignity of Muller's Principles or Carpenter's Human or Comparative Physiology, yet it comprises in a small compass, most of the leading experiments and facts upon which Physiology, in its present advanced condition, has been based, and constitutes, in every respect, a valuable addition to the list of Medical text books. We therefore commend it to all, who may desire to possess themselves of a general knowledge of the laws which regulate and control the human organism.

THE BOY'S AND GIRL'S LIBRARY. Edited by Mrs. Colman. Vol. IV., January, 1844—No. 1. Boston, Published by T. H. Carter & Co. New-York, Burgess and Stringer. Philadelphia, G. B. Zieber & Co. Baltimore, Wm. Taylor. Portland, George Colman.

Here is a very pleasing little Periodical, for the use of young masters and misses, and while it ranks among its contributors, such persons as the Rev. Jacob Abbott, T. S. Arthur, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Mrs. F. S. Osgood, O. G. Warren, Miss C. M. Sedgwick, Miss A. A. Gray, Mrs. A. J. Graves, Miss H. F. Gould and C. D. McLeod, it cannot fail to abound in excellent matter, most attractively conveyed. The prospectus to the number before us, declares, that "the character of the work will continue to be as it has been, devoted to the cultivation of the best affec-

tions of the heart, while the understanding is enriched with knowledge, and the taste improved by superior drawings and engravings."

The present number gives a fair earnest of the sincerity of this declaration; and except, that the embellishments scarcely deserve to rank among "superior" drawings and engravings, may, in every respect, be recommended to the public.

It has our best wishes for its success.

REPORT OF THE COMMENCEMENT AND PROGRESS OF THE AGRICULTURAL SURVEY OF SOUTH CAROLINA, for 1843.
By Edmund Ruffin, Agricultural Surveyor of the State.

We are indebted to the indefatigable author of this Report, for the copy now before us; and we congratulate our sister State, on the selection of a gentleman so able to conduct the important enterprise, in which she is now engaged. We do not doubt, that the results will greatly add to her already rich resources, and far surpass in value the estimates of even the most sanguine of her sons.

Mr. Joseph Gill has placed on our table the following new works:

PAGET'S VILLAGE TALES—1st, 2nd and 3rd series,
LYRA APOSTOLICA,
SUTTON'S LEARN TO LIVE,
RECTORY OF VALEHEAD,
MOTHERS OF ENGLAND; and
THE MINISTER'S FAMILY. New York, D. Appleton

and Co. Philadelphia, George S. Appleton.

The last two, by Mrs. Ellis, whose literary fame is too well established to need any commendation from us. We have had no time as yet, to do more than examine the externals of these works, and confining our remarks to their appearance alone, we can speak of them as highly creditable to the publishers.

GIBBON'S DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

With Notes, by the Rev. H. H. Milman, with Maps. New York: Harper & Brothers—No. 3. To be completed in fifteen numbers.

Our friends, Messrs. J. W. Randolph & Co., have favored us with No. 3 of this work. The type clear,—the paper fair, and so cheap, that this classic is now placed within the reach of every one.

NEW LAW JOURNAL.

The "South-Western Law Journal and Reporter," is the title of a new periodical, published by Cameron and Fall, at Nashville, Tennessee, and edited by Milton A. Haynes, Esq., of the Nashville Bar. It will be issued monthly, at \$2 50 per annum, and each number will contain twenty-four pages. In form and appearance, it closely resembles the Boston Law Reporter, and is evidently designed to be conducted on the plan of that eminently useful and able journal. The present number (for January, 1844) contains a great deal of useful matter in a concise form, and induces us to augur favorably of the editorial talent of Mr. Haynes and the eminent professional gentlemen who are his associates. Such journals are much needed by the profession in the South, and we cordially wish this one permanent success.

We are indebted to the Agent, Mr. Gill, for the *Edinburg Review* for January, 1844, (Edition of Leonard Scott & Co.)

The leading article (on Michelet's History of France) is an offering (we wish some competent hand would make it a burnt one) to the genius of Charlatanerie which, at pre-

sent, presides over British Literature. The writer coolly asserts, that "the English public is not aware, that both in historical speculations, and in the importance of her historical writings, France, in the present day, far surpasses Germany!" and then proceeds in the usual flippant style of a guinea-a-page reviewer, to pass off for new—as either of his own manufacture or Michelet's—ideas concerning the Middle Ages, the democratic tendency of the Papal supremacy, etc., which, profound and brilliant as they were when new, have to us the air of such very old German acquaintances, that we have actually forgotten where we read or heard them—from Michelet, or his reviewer, we are sure we did not receive them. We have not yet had time to look over the other articles, but as every body reads the *Edinburg*, *nobis nolentibus volentibus*, we leave the number with the remark, that the British Reviews generally, are depreciating sadly.

We have received from the same gentleman, the *Edinburg* for October, 1843, *Blackwood's Magazine* for January, 1844, the *Westminster Review* for December, 1843, (with able articles on Lord Sydenham, and on Porson's charges against Niebuhr in his "Examen," etc. Paris, 1837,) the *London Quarterly* for September, 1843, and the *Foreign Quarterly* for October, 1843—all republished by Leonard Scott & Co. More anon.

We hasten to tender our thanks to our fair friends of THE LOWELL OFFERING, for number 4 of the 4th volume of their extremely interesting miscellany. We recommend to the lovers of Poësy, the "Jew's Soliloquy," in which beautiful thoughts are beautifully expressed in smooth and melodious numbers. "The Mouse's Visit," is a playful impromptu, in Scottish rhythm, and contains a lesson of mercy and kindness to inferior animals, which will find a response in every feeling bosom. We heartily wish this spirited and original periodical all success.

DANGER AND DUTY; or, a few words on Popery, Puseyism, etc., by the Rev. Richard Marks. First American, from the ninth London edition. New York, 1844.

INVITATIONS TO TRUE HAPPINESS, etc., by Joel Parker. D. D., New York, 1844.

These are very beautifully printed and neatly got up editions of popular religious works, and are to be had at Mr. Gill's. We are indebted to the same gentleman for

Sweethearts and Wives; or, Before and After Marriage, by T. S. Arthur. New York, 1843.

Harper and Brothers have, through Drinker and Morris, kindly sent us the following works. A word or two about Dickens will be found on a former page.

A Christmas Carol. By Charles Dickens. New York, 1844.

McCulloch's Gazetteer. Part VIII.

Kendall's Life of Andrew Jackson. No. 3.

Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Harpers' edition, No. 4.

Neal's History of the Puritans. Edited by John O. Choules, M. A. Part II.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

APRIL, 1844.

REPLY TO E. D. AND MR. SIMMS.

Though our own views as to the benefits of an International Copyright coincide with those of Mr. Simms, yet we cheerfully invite attention to the following very able and gentlemanly communication, from a writer well known to our readers. The object of the Messenger is the advancement of Truth and the real interests of AMERICAN LITERATURE; and it will always promote the liberal discussion of important questions.

We regret exceedingly that we are constrained to divide the "reply;" but this will only affect the reader's impatience to peruse the whole, and not at all the force of the argument. [ED. MESS.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

Sir:—From two articles in your last January number on the subject of International Copyright I discover, that some of your correspondents are strenuous advocates of that measure, and defend its justice and policy by arguments similar to those which have been so clamorously reiterated by interested English authors. I should not have ventured to mingle in the controversy, had not the partizans of this legislative novelty, in a spirit of wholesale defamation, charged the American people with an obliquity of moral perception and criminal indifference to the sacred rights of property, because they have been slow to embrace a scheme fraught with the most disastrous consequences to the cause of popular education and to the interests of the American publisher. Had we been assailed only by the hungry writers and pensioned libellers of England, I should have been content to pass by such illiberal invectives as the harmless effusion of foreign ignorance, prejudice, or malice; but when a native citizen, whose accuracy and impartiality might be deemed unimpeachable, joins in the hiss of reproach, and condescends to endorse these aspersions, silence might, perhaps, be construed into an acknowledgment of guilt.

Your correspondent, E. D., does not scruple to assert, that the cheap republication of foreign books in this country is "founded in fraud and supported by injustice;" that it is a species of "robbery;" that "it is a system of piracy and plunder, a violation of the laws of national courtesy and honor."

He insinuates that those who uphold this enormity have very imperfect notions of moral honesty, and, to evince his abhorrence of such monstrous offenders in still stronger terms, declares that they should be hung up (under the authority, I suppose, of the *second article of war*) like other pirates to the yard-arm. Not satisfied with denouncing our moral delinquency in this particular, he seems so thoroughly imbued with the prejudices of Smith, Carlyle and Dickens, that he charges a "want of faith" as our national characteristic, and broadly intimates, that *repudiation*, breach of trust and embezzlement are looked on in this country as mere fashionable peccadillos—as the indications of superior genius, venial at least, if not laudable. These are hard terms and bitter reproaches which E. D. has applied so unsparingly to his countrymen, and, if true, justify to the fullest extent all the ribaldry and abuse lavished on us by the scribbling tourists of Europe. Should any American presume, hereafter, to accuse these veracious travellers of calumny and misrepresentation, they could confidently appeal to this testimony of a native writer as conclusive proof of their candor—as the strongest confirmation of their vile imputations on our national character.

It is apparent that E. D. is a scholar and a gentleman; and I am the more astonished, therefore, that he should have disfigured his pages with such odious charges and "base comparisons." Yet, in justice to your correspondent, I am persuaded that he does not intend to be understood, as his language would import, to allege a general depravity of moral sentiment in the American people, and his gross vituperation should be received rather as the rhetorical declamation of an advocate striving to sustain his cause, than as the deliberate censure of a calm and dispassionate inquirer. The refusal or failure of some of the States to provide for the payment of their public debt, the frequent instances of speculation and embezzlement among us during a few past years would seem, indeed, to substantiate one part of his indictment against the honor and good faith of Americans. No one laments more than I do these disgraceful occurrences, or has beheld them with sensations of deeper mortification.

cation. They have been the consequence of a period of unbridled speculation and unexampled pecuniary pressure, which, in all countries, have been the fruitful parents of fraud and crime. Witness the relaxation of morals which pervaded England after the South Sea scheme, and France after the explosion of Law's Mississippi project. On such occasions the designing are unmasked and the weak perverted by the force of strong temptation, while the great mass of society remains untouched by the prevailing contagion. The corruption is only superficial and temporary, and will be speedily cleansed and healed by the native vigor of our moral constitution. Your correspondent will surely allow, that the great body of our people are sound and detest, as much as he does, these shameful examples of public and private profligacy. In the sequel we shall see whether E. D. is warranted, either by reason or justice, in denouncing the people of the United States as false to the claims of honor and good faith, because they have not surrendered to the taunts and importunities of English writers the boon of International Copyright. For myself, I shall not be deterred by the "argument of epithet" from vindicating our government in its determination to be neither bullied nor cajoled into the adoption of a system, the policy of which, to say the best of it, is problematical.

The temper of E. D. and your other correspondent, Mr. Simms, in their animadversions on the conduct of our people towards foreign authors, though they evidently coincide in their general conclusions, is widely different. Indeed the latter, in his elegant essay, manifests a spirit so exclusively national, that he deems our political enfranchisement but half accomplished so long as we are dependent on Britain for our literary nourishment, and insists that we shall remain in a state of mental vassalage, scarcely less galling than colonial subjection, until we succeed in building up a domestic literature, peculiar and distinctive. He seems to apprehend, that British books will corrupt our taste and poison the fountains of public sentiment—to imagine, that the constant dissemination of her numerous publications among us is the result of a systematic scheme in the mother country to "make us a subject people, to suppress thinking, to throw every impediment in the way of knowledge, and to perpetuate her tyranny over American industry by paralyzing the original energies of American genius." I confess I cannot perceive what bearing these propositions, admitting their truth, or the other facts and reasonings advanced by Mr. Simms, have upon the question of International Copyright; though their connexion with that subject will, probably, be explained in his promised inquiry into the causes of the present languishing state of our literature. On the first impression I would conclude, that International Copyright, so far from being a panacea for the evils so

forcibly depicted by your eloquent correspondent, would, on the contrary, place British writers on the vantage-ground in their fancied warfare on American genius, by ceding to the enemy the stronghold of a monopoly in our own literary market.

The conspiracy of English authors against our mental independence, which your correspondent professes to have detected, is, I am sure, a mere figment of the imagination. Mr. Simms is a poet, and exercises the usual license of his craft in "giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." In the prosecution of such a design as he imputes to the writers of England, concerted action among so great a multitude would be totally impracticable, and that very difficulty must demonstrate, that a scheme so preposterous would never be undertaken. It were a strange method, indeed, "to suppress thinking, to paralyze the original energies of American genius" by supplying us with the best treatises on every possible subject, with the finest specimens of poetry and fiction, with the purest models of human composition. Such a plan could only succeed on the hypothesis, that education weakens the understanding; that cultivation corrupts the taste; that the most effectual mode of destroying thought is to supply abundant materials for thinking. We can conceive of no motive for so singular a project but to establish a political ascendancy, and for such purposes it would be utterly futile. As well tie Sampson with a thread, as hope to fetter the infant giant of America with these slender and fantastic ligaments. Our history, since the revolution, exhibits no indication of an abject reverence for British maxims. Instead of halting with cautious timidity in the rear of European precedent, we have advanced with a daring and confident step in the career of improvement, acknowledging no guide but reason, and discussing the lessons of past times as well as the example of other nations in a spirit of bold and liberal inquiry. Let this phantom then, which, if it were real, is powerless for mischief, no longer haunt Mr. Simms' imagination. The American mind is not of that texture to be daunted, or subdued by mere paper artillery. That a gentleman of Mr. Simms' sagacity should have been betrayed into so wild a theory is a fact, which I can only account for by the propensity of all speculative minds to disdain what is obvious, and to refer to some deep and recondite cause the solution of the most ordinary phenomena.

When Mr. Simms insists so strenuously on the importance of native literature as a means of effecting our complete intellectual emancipation, I infer from the tenor of his remarks, that he desires it to assume a peculiar anomalous character, specifically distinguished from that of every other nation. If this be his meaning, I must be permitted to dissent from such a view of the subject. Is there not danger, should we venture upon a new and untried path, that, as we deviate from the great English

models, we shall depart from nature and good taste! In striving to be original may we not produce an uncouth monster, half woman, half fish; an object not of admiration but of derision and disgust! But if, on the other hand, he wishes American literature to receive its form and pressure from English classics, to imbibe their spirit and reflect their image, while I readily subscribe to the reasonableness of such a sentiment, I must avow my utter inability to comprehend the source of his morbid jealousy of British dictation. I shall not deny that the creation of an American literature is a great desideratum, and I devoutly believe that, in the fullness of time, that literature is destined to attain a glorious maturity, even though cheap books should continue to multiply, and International Copyright be consigned with other crude projects to the gulf of oblivion. It does not follow, because we waste the midnight oil in the study of those exquisite specimens of human genius furnished by the mother country in our common tongue, that we are yet in mental leading strings, or that the American mind is dormant, because in the turmoil of business we have not time to compose books. As the wilderness is subdued, cities grow up, wealth and population are augmented, more men will have leisure to write, and many will be driven by the competition in other pursuits to devote themselves to science and letters as a means of subsistence. This revolution has already begun, and the day-spring of American literature is now dawning with every prospect of a brilliant meridian.

By tracing the course of the discussion in reference to International Copyright, the motives which have kindled such a fiery and intolerant zeal among its trans-Atlantic advocates, may be easily decyphered. The unexampled growth of our country in wealth and population, the general spread of education among our people, and their insatiable appetite for new publications, amounting almost to a mania, have given birth to the greatest literary market in the world. The cupidity of English writers has been awakened by the prospect of engrossing this vast market, and hence their animosity against every man who has the hardihood to question the validity of their claims to such a lucrative monopoly, their furious denunciation of the cheap republication of their works in this country as another, and more aggravated form of literary piracy, and their labored efforts to assimilate the rights of authors to other forms of property. This clamor is of recent date. The great writers of the last generation, though the demand here for foreign books was even then immense, raised no such question—uttered no complaint, because we had not found it convenient, or politic to admit them to the privileges of Copyright. The gains of literary labor were to them a secondary and subordinate consideration; and they were justly flattered by the homage of a distant and enlightened nation

to the cherished offspring of their genius, since it gave a foretaste of that posthumous reputation which was the ultimate goal of their ambition. They felt like Milton, when he sold the Copyright of *Paradise Lost* for the paltry sum of twenty pounds, that fame should not be weighed against pecuniary emolument; that the noblest recompense of intellectual effort consists in the contemplation of its beneficent effects, and in the grateful applauses of mankind. In this calculating age, literary ambition has assumed an opposite direction. *Quærenda pecunia primum, fama post nummos* is now the prevailing maxim. Men of the first abilities, content with a transient popularity, expend their great powers on the production of ephemera, destined, like insects, to perish in the passing hour. Haste and prolixity—formerly condemned as faults, are held in the highest esteem at a time, when the desideratum is to produce in the shortest space the largest quantity of light, flimsy, fugitive stuff, which, brought to the alembic of just criticism, would dwindle to the most insignificant dimensions, yielding scarce a pennyworth of useful thought to this enormous bulk of materials. In truth, book-making has been converted into a trade, a manufacture, in which quantity is regarded more than quality, and profit more than fame. It was natural, therefore, that your correspondent, E. D. should be struck with a resemblance between the productions of mind and the humble efforts of a butcher or tailor, since, now-a-days, the operatives in these opposite departments are governed by the same principles of action.

The notion, that the rights of authors, as defined by the new school of Dickens and Carlyle, rest on the same principles of natural right with property in general, and should in justice be placed upon the same footing, has never been recognized by any government in practice, and, if pursued to its legitimate results, involves the most startling conclusions; though E. D. contends that, to deny it, would be "to strike at the root of all intellectual labor, and to make the very existence of Copyright a continued injustice." A book, or a manuscript, which an individual has printed, or written, undoubtedly belongs to him, and he may refuse to publish, or impart it in any form, till he has been paid his price; and this was the only ownership which the ancients asserted in their works, when they sold copies to be transcribed or recited. When they had been recited, or published, and were thus incorporated into the mass of general knowledge, the ancients claimed no further property in their contents, nor considered it any breach of right in those who had heard, or read them, to appropriate their thoughts or language. Modern governments have gone a step farther, and secured to authors a temporary and exclusive property, not only in the original copy of their writings, but, to some extent, in the words and ideas they contain; and this

limited right is to continue even after publication. The position of the friends of International Copyright is, that this artificial ownership, thus cautiously limited, is not a mere contrivance of policy, but is analogous in all its features and incidents to other descriptions of property, and founded like them in the paramount laws of nature and justice.

Property in things tangible, in the fruits of bodily labor is not, according to the theory of the best writers on natural jurisprudence, a mere conventional arrangement. It results from the very constitution of human nature, and must have appertained to man in all conditions, whether antecedent, or subsequent to the formation of civil society. As cupidity is one of the strongest passions of mankind, this right, more than other natural rights, would have been peculiarly liable to the assaults of rapacious violence, because it would have presented irresistible temptations to lawless and unprincipled marauders, prone to indulge their covetous and indolent propensities at the expense of the weak and defenceless; and hence the desire to secure it must have formed the principal inducement to the first establishment of regular government. Being founded on those immutable principles of justice, acknowledged by the whole human race, the State was bound to guaranty its undisturbed enjoyment, to shield the possession of the owner against the encroachments of fraud, or force. In all civilized communities, therefore, property has been fenced round with every legal sanction, and fortified by the terrors of punishment. If Copyright derives its origin from the same source, it is entitled to the same ample securities. To seize on and appropriate it by stealth, or violence, without the consent of the owner, would be moral theft, or robbery, and should be visited by the same infamous chastisement. And yet such a crime is unknown to any penal code, and, so far as I know, not even hinted at as a hypothetical improvement in the speculations of Beccaria, or the codifications of Bentham.

Those who affirm that an author has an inherent property in his writings at all times and in all places, do not mean to confine that property to the mere paper and packthread, the gilt letters and Russia leather: for no one disputes his title to these visible objects, when they are either the work of his own industry, or purchased with his own resources. The proposition is, doubtless, intended to have a much wider signification. It is designed to embrace the language, and, more especially, the thoughts, without which words are "mere sound and fury signifying nothing." These, the fruit of patient research and meditation, give a distinctive character to every book and constitute its chief value as a source of amusement, or instruction. The essence then, the substratum of all literary property consists in the thoughts of an author, and, if these could naturally be converted into property,

it would be a matter of perfect indifference whether they were recorded in books, or imparted in public speeches, or private discourse. In whatever form they were embodied, they would still remain the subject of an absolute, unqualified ownership, which it would be criminal to invade, or violate, and which it would be, not only the province, but the imperative duty of civil government to protect. A man would be entitled, on this hypothesis, not only to the immediate usufruct of his own conceptions, but to every remote and incidental advantage to be derived from them. They are his by a title as certain and indubitable as his horse, his land, or any tangible possession; and no one has a right to use these for any purpose without his consent. Such are the attributes of all other property, and, if Copyright belongs to the same category, it must partake of the same qualities and incidents. If this doctrine be well-founded, then plagiarism should be stigmatized as felony, and even to use, or repeat the thoughts of another without any improper design should expose the person so offending to a civil action for the recovery of damages. Innocence of intention would avail nothing in the defence of such an action, because, to appropriate the property of our neighbor to our own convenience, or profit, for a single instant, knowing it to be his and without his permission, is, in strictness, a breach of his rights, and he is entitled to reparation commensurate to the extent of the injury. Neither could the defendant in such a case be allowed to plead, that he had made the plaintiff's thoughts his own by clothing them in new language and enforcing them by original illustrations: for he would be told that no disguise could change the intrinsic nature of the thing—that a thought, however transformed by the artifices of diction, or enveloped in rhetorical ornament, continues the property of the first inventor till divested by his own voluntary alienation.

But it may be alleged that, before the author of any new idea can complain of its wrongful appropriation by others, or reclaim it as his individual property, he must announce his title to the world, and fix his mark upon it by some unequivocal act, such as the publication of a book; that, otherwise, the first comer may seize it as a waif and apply it to his own use without the imputation of fraud, or injustice. Is it not manifest from this very distinction, that the supposed analogy between the productions of mental labor and other property is wholly illusory? Under what system of law does the security of human possessions depend on either a formal, or constructive proclamation of title to the wrong doer? And is not the fraudulent appropriation of the goods of another, with a felonious intent, theft in the eye of reason and by the principles of every penal code, though the owner of the stolen property be unknown? But if thoughts be property, surely that property can be asserted

and made known in some other mode, than by the publication of a book. When a new idea is imparted either in public or private discourse, what hinders its author, at the very moment of its utterance, from making continual claim to the exclusive use and benefit of the conception, from protesting against any implied waiver of his rights in behalf of his audience? Such a notification would be less liable to misconstruction than even the act of printing, and would effectually repel the presumption of an abandonment of title. On the principles of those who maintain the resemblance between Copyright and other kinds of property, it is a necessary deduction, that this right, thus proclaimed and insisted on, is as clearly founded in natural justice and as much entitled to the protection of the civil magistrate, as the vaunted claim of an author to the profits of his writings.

Let us examine the soundness of this new-found analogy between Copyright and the other forms of property by another test. It is contended, that the rights of authors originate in the same abstract principles of justice with other human possessions—that, therefore, governments are under the same fundamental obligation to recognize and protect them—and that the indelible stigma of fraud and dishonesty is branded upon those who neglect, or refuse to fulfil this paramount duty. It follows from these premises, that they should be held by the same tenure, governed by the same rules with other property—that they should be modified or abridged by no considerations of expediency—divested only by the voluntary alienation of the owner—not even forfeited on the overruling plea of state necessity without adequate compensation. Concede that they derive their validity from the same source with other human possessions, and you are bound to ensure their perpetuity; for justice is inflexible, and will not be content with a partial satisfaction. In this view, to secure the rights of authors for ten, or twenty years, for any limited period of time, falls infinitely short of their equitable claims, and, to parody one of E. D.'s graphic illustrations, a state, acting on this niggard policy, resembles one of those courteous robbers, who, after stripping the unfortunate traveller of his all, generously refunds a sufficiency to defray the expenses of his journey.

In every country with whose history I am acquainted, where literary property has a legal existence, that existence is restrained to a space of time, longer, or shorter, according to the caprice, or the policy of the legislator. Nowhere has it been admitted as a claim of right, or put upon the same footing, in point of character, or extent, with other possessions. And yet, who has been heard to complain of this statutory limitation as an act of imperfect justice? to insist that the duration of Copyright should be perpetual? Even in England, where his claim of right has been first set up, it

was solemnly adjudged, as far back as 1774, by the highest legal tribunal of that country in the case of *Donaldson vs. Becket*, that, at common law, an unwritten code, professing to embody the principles of natural justice and reason so far as those principles can be reconciled to the artificial constitution of society, an author has no exclusive Copyright in his writings, and holds only a temporary interest in them under the authority of statutes. Had an opposite principle been decided in that memorable case, it would have followed, that by the common law of England and of this country, which is essentially the same system, Copyright was perpetual; that it must be subject to the same rules and guarded by the same sanctions with other property. No statute would have been required to establish, or protect the rights of authors, either foreign or domestic; for, the moment that the common law recognized them as property, that beneficent and comprehensive code would have extended its ample shield over them in all places and provided adequate remedies to prevent, or compensate their infraction. Yet, if those rights rested, in truth, on the same original principles with property in general, the decision in *Donaldson vs. Becket* was undoubtedly erroneous and subversive of natural right and justice.

If the right of men to the exclusive use and application of their own conceptions had, in the origin of society, been placed on the same footing, in point of security and duration, with property in the fruits of bodily labor, and in tangible possessions, it is obvious, that such a system would have fettered the energies of the human mind, and interposed insuperable barriers to the progress of knowledge. Every great achievement of intellect has been the result of combined effort, of the united resources of many minds coöperating in the accomplishment of the same enterprise. Trace the history of any valuable improvement in art, or science, and you will find that it was not a sudden inspiration, an intuitive perception, a mere accident; but that the author was conducted progressively to the point of discovery by the vestiges of previous adventurers in the same path of speculation; that the obscurity in which some important truth was involved had been gradually dispelled by successive flashes of intellectual light, until the electric spark of genius had at length revealed it in the blaze of perfect day. It is because mental acquisitions have been regarded in all ages as a common fund for the benefit of our race, that philosophic research has penetrated so deeply the hidden secrets of nature, and guided benevolent effort to such brilliant triumphs in the career of moral and social reform. Let the domain of thought be parcelled out and appropriated, and you confine each individual within his own narrow circle; you throw him back on his own scanty resources, unaided by the exhaustless stores of knowledge accumulated by the la-

bors of his fellow men. On this system he would be debarred from the use of any moral, or political truth, of any invention, or improvement in art, or science, in short, of every production of genius, which he could not claim as his own by actual purchase, or by the right of original discovery; for I defy the most subtle and ingenious advocate of Copyright to distinguish, on the principles of natural justice, between property in thoughts promulgated in books and thoughts orally communicated. Had Newton, or Leibnitz, claimed perpetual and exclusive ownership in the differential calculus, and converted that invention into an instrument of gain, the miracles wrought by the agency of that splendid conception would, instead of embellishing the history of the past age, have been postponed to some distant epoch in the depths of futurity. But, to present a still more striking illustration, let us imagine for a moment, that the use of the *Novum Organon*, or the *Principia* had been trammelled by the fetters of a perpetual Copyright, is it not probable, that modern philosophy, deprived of free access to these great works, would have been still groping in the obscure unprofitable subtleties of scholastic disputation?

Perhaps, to elude the force of this reasoning, it will be said that the friends of copyright, admitting that the argument of inconvenience is conclusive against its unlimited extension, are content to give such a brief and transitory existence to that franchise as may promote the advancement of literature without compromising the great interests of society. The ground of justice, of its having the same root in natural right with property in general, must then be abandoned. Expediency can never enter into the discussion of a just claim except with those who make utility the basis of all moral obligation.

The moral duty of governments to provide a recompense for literary labor is sometimes referred to a different sentiment. It is said, that we owe a debt of gratitude to the great men, whose invaluable works have contributed to our amusement and instruction, and that the most appropriate mode of evincing our sense of their services, of ensuring them an ample remuneration, is to give them a legal property in their writings. It is obvious that this view of the subject assigns to Copyright a very different origin from other property: for our duty to acknowledge the claims of a benefactor is of a complexion altogether distinct from our obligation to reimburse the services of a common laborer. If we refuse to comply with the one, we violate the plainest dictates of honesty; if we fail in the other, we may be called ungrateful, but are scarcely chargeable with injustice, or breach of faith. Gratitude is a refined and elevated sentiment, and it is repugnant to the delicacy, as well as degrading to the dignity of that virtue to confine its exercise to a sordid traffic of pecuniary advantages. It is a tribute which we owe to a

benefactor, not because of the magnitude of the benefits conferred by him, but mainly on account of the benevolence of his motives. None is due to him whose aid is prompted, not by kindness, but by selfish and mercenary views. I am indebted to the butcher and the tailor for food and raiment, but when I purchase those necessary commodities, it will hardly be pretended that I am bound by any ties of gratitude to those useful craftsmen. In like manner, when the principal incentive of an author is pecuniary emolument, whatever may be the ability, or usefulness of his writings, the selfishness of the motive cancels the claim, which he might otherwise prefer to the gratitude of mankind. The great luminaries of science and literature have not been actuated in the production of their immortal works by such narrow and grovelling considerations. Though not insensible to the movements of personal interest, those illustrious men were governed by nobler impulses. Ambition, that "last infirmity of noble minds," the love of fame, the general good were their ruling principles of action, and to suppose them so covetous of gain as to prefer their own profit to the improvement of their species, is to disparage the purity of their motives and to pluck from them the brightest chaplet that adorns their brows. At the most, gratitude between man and man constitutes what, by the definition of ethical writers, is called an imperfect obligation, a mere voluntary and spontaneous tribute enforced by no system of jurisprudence; and if such claims are in their nature so vague and indeterminate, that no legislator has deemed them the proper subject of judicial interference in the relations of private life, their force is infinitely weakened in reference to governments, charged with the happiness and well-being of multitudes, and which, from the very objects of their institution, are bound to act in subserviency to the interests of the governed.

Some things, such as air and light, are essentially incapable of permanent appropriation, and have, therefore, never been considered the proper subject of ownership. In some of their characteristics the operations of mind resemble these indispensable supports of physical life. They are too subtle, too diffusive, too easily transmitted to be fixed in one spot, to be imprisoned within definite boundaries; and as they furnish aliment to the moral and spiritual world, the wise Creator of the universe seems to have designed them as the common heritage of our race. The air and light, which enter our dwellings dispensing warmth, vitality and comfort to the inhabitants, are ours so long as they remain within those peculiar limits, and no one can disturb us in their possession and enjoyment without an infraction of our rights; but when they are restored to the general circulation of those elements, the whole human family are entitled to an equal participation in their benefits.

In like manner every man may claim the exclusive use and enjoyment of his private thoughts and speculations, so long as they are confined to his own bosom and are subject to his control; but when, by his own voluntary communication, they mingle with the great mass of knowledge, they are no longer susceptible of individual appropriation. He may refuse to impart them without a pecuniary equivalent; but the veil of secrecy once withdrawn on whatever motive, his hold on them is forever relinquished, and they become the universal property of all mankind. It may, indeed, be deemed expedient, in the artificial arrangements of society, to carve out of these common blessings a temporary ownership for individuals; but to make that ownership perpetual would be treason against the laws of nature and a tyranny which no community could tolerate.

Campbell County, Va. *Wm B Dabney*

[To be continued.]

ISABELLE.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

(Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1844, by Henry B. Hirst, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

A lustrous maid was Isabelle,
And quiet as a brooding bird;
She never thought of passion's spell—
Of love she never heard;
But in her lonely chamber sat,
Sighing the weary hours away,
From morn 'till fitting of the bat
Around the turrets grey;
And trembling with a strange unrest,
A yearning for—she knew not what;
She only knew her heaving breast
Was heavy with its lot.
And so she spent her maiden days,
With neither heart to laugh nor sing—
With neither heart for earthly ways,
Nor hope from earthly thing;
But lived, a being wrapt in dreams
Of passion and of Paradise—
An earthly one! lit up by gleams
Beaming from heavenly eyes.
At last she passed to womanhood,
And sat her down on Beauty's throne,
A statue, with a beating heart
Beneath a breast of stone.
And then a blue-eyed page there came
Smiling along her lonely way;
And Isabelle was all aflame
And wild as bird in May.

Her lustrous eyes grew large with love,
Her cheeks with passion flushed and bright;
Her lips, whereon no bee might rove
Undrunk with delight,

Were ever apart and jewelled o'er
With diamonds of nectarian dew;
Her fair and faultless features wore
A spiritual hue;

Her step grew certain with the firm,
Full knowledge she had past the night
Of woman's life, and reached the term,
Where, henceforth, all was light.

She felt she had not lived in vain,
She saw the Eden of her dreams
Close round her, and she stood again
Beside its silver streams.

The seed of love God's hand had sown
With life, within her human soul,
Had swollen to leaf and, sudden, grown
Beyond her will's control—

Grown to a tall and stately tree,
Whose shadows fell (as sun-beams fall)
Upon her life, and she was free
From sorrow's solemn thrall.

She sighed no more at even-tide,
She sighed no more at night or morn,
She knew not in the world so wide
A single thing forlorn.

And ever she sung her lightest lays,
And never she shed a single tear;
But roamed about in woodland ways
As merry as the deer.

Her father watched her as she passed,
And said, her mother's step was there;
Her mother's features in her glassed;
She had her mother's hair.

The servants followed her with their eyes,
And prayed the virgin, that her hours
Might ever pass under azure skies,
And o'er parterres of flowers.

But shadows fall from angel wings,
And happiest moments welcome woe;
No joy is born but brings its stings,
And nought is bliss below.

Her father, wrapped in study's spell,
At last awoke, and saw the change
That time had wrought in Isabelle,
And thought it passing strange.

And instant out he called his train,
And forth, with hawk and bound, at noon
He rode, and when he came again
There came Prince Ethelrune—

Prince Ethelrune, a knight whose fame
Shone ever fairest in field or hall,
Came circled with his shining name
At lady's feet to fall.

He wooed the maid with courtly word,
And sought her bower with royal pride,
And said, with pain the lady heard,
He sought her as his bride.

And Isabelle rose like the moon
And bent the full light of her eyes
Upon the kneeling Ethelrune,
And, sighing, bade him rise.

"My hand," said she, "I may not keep;
My heart, sir knight, is not my own;
And 'till in Abbey-vault I sleep,
It owns but one alone.

"And, as thou art an honest knight,
Strive not my plighted faith to move;
Thy hand may clasp another's right,
But cannot grasp my love.

"No! choose a better—nobler part;
My true knight and my brother be,
And let a sister's loving heart
Beat in my breast for thee."

The gentle knight arose and said,
"Lady, I kiss thy snowy hand;
The maiden loth, I would not wed
The noblest in the land.

"And tell me, who is he so blest
With love that I would die to win;
For be he knight of noteless crest,
Or princely paladin,

"In hall or field to none I'll yield
A sovran's right to bear him on,
Until his lip his love has sealed
On thine, and thou art won."

"A noble knight," said she, "art thou!
Our Lady's blessing on thy head!
And had I never plighted vow
None other would I wed.

"A simple page, my love is hight,
But fair; and braver than the best
That bears on high in knightly fight
An unattainted crest!"

"A simple page!" the lover said;
"Why Lady, this can never be!
A maid like thee may never wed
A man of mean degree!"

"But I will make thy page a knight,
And forth beside me he shall go
And gather glory in the fight
From crest of Paynim foe.

"And I will give him house and land,
And shape his rank to favor thine,
And then, together ye shall stand
Before the sacred shrine."

The lady raised her azure eyes,
Like violets, gleaming with the dew
Of glistening tears, and said, with sighs,
"I yield my fate to you."

"Then bring the page, for I would see
The lover, who hath won so well
Despite her haught and high degree,
The Lady Isabelle!"

The merry-hearted maid is gone;
The noble knight in sorrow stands;
For well he loves the dove-like one
He yields to other hands.

But little time he had for woe—
The sound of gentle footsteps fell
Upon his ears, and smiling, lo!
The page and Isabelle!

And now he stands in mute amaze,
And now he drops his wondering eyes
As though afraid again to gaze
On what before him lies.

Up spake the page, "it is no dream;
Brother, I am a thing of earth;
And, Lady, not the churl I seem,
But one of lofty birth."

Then quoth the Prince in merry glee,
"Sure Fortune never smiled so well
On maiden as she has on thee,
Sweet sister Isabelle!"

Philadelphia, August, 1843.



SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

"GLI OCCHI DI CH'IO PARLAI SI CALDAMENTE."

BY MARY G. WELLS.

The lovely eyes that once I praised with pride,
The arms, the hands, the fairy feet, the face
Whose beauty drew me from myself, aside,
A separate one from others of my race;
The wavy curls of pure and shining gold,
The lightning of the sweet and seraph smile
Which made this heart a Paradise of old,
Are senseless dust; and yet I live the while;
Yes! I still live, from which I grieve, and scorn
To stay without the light I loved so long
In prosperous days, or when my bark was torn;—
My amorous strains I can no more prolong;
The fount whence flowed my genius dry appears:
My harp is turned to wailing and to tears.

Philadelphia, December, 1844.

THE DOOM OF THE CHILDREN.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE,

Corresponding Member of the National Institute for the promotion of Science, Washington, D. C.; Cor. Mem. Natural History Society of Montreal, Montreal, Canada East; of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, U. E., &c., &c.

"The practice of employing children only six and seven years of age to work in mines is almost universal, and there are no short hours for them. The children go down with the men usually at four o'clock in the morning, and remain in the pit between eleven and twelve hours." "I could not conceive of circumstances more prejudicial to animal existence than shutting up a little child throughout the day in subterranean confinement at the very period when light and air are as necessary to its growth as to a young and tender plant." "The use of a child of six years of age is to open and shut one of the doors or traps in the galleries which are used to prevent the ingress or egress of inflammable air. The child is trained to sit in a dark gallery, and is literally in the dark during the whole of its confinement. It is impossible to imagine a more monotonous and dismal occupation for a child; yet I was told the child was not unhappy, although 'they did fret a good deal at first.' The truth is, that by blunting the sensibilities and deadening the faculties, the mind may be rendered callous to a lot which would otherwise be too bitter for human endurance."—"Notes and Observations," &c., by W. E. Hickson, Esq.

"I found assembled around a fire a group of men, boys, and girls, some of whom were of the age of puberty, the girls as well as the boys stark naked down to the waist, their hair bound up with a tight cap, and trousers supported by the hips. Their sex was recognisable only by their breasts, and some little difficulty occasionally arose in pointing out to me which were girls and which were boys. In the Flotten and Thornhill pits it is even more indecent; at least three-fourths of the men for whom they hurry are entirely unclothed, or with a flannel waistcoat only."—J. C. Symons, Esq., Report, §iii, et seq.: App. pt. i, pp. 181-2.

"When the nature of this horrible labor is taken into consideration, its extreme severity, its regular duration of twelve to fourteen hours daily, the unwholesome atmosphere of a coal mine, and the tender age and sex of the workers, a picture is presented of deadly physical oppression and systematic slavery, of which I conscientiously believe no one unacquainted with the facts, would credit the existence in the British dominions."—S. S. Scriven, Evidence, 48, p. 383.

"The children are called up at all hours of the night when the lace machines are at work; they are generally at work twenty hours per day; when they give over at eight o'clock on Saturday night, they lose of course four hours that day, then that is made up by their being worked the whole of the night on the Friday night."—Evidence before the Select Committee on the Mills and Factories. Testimony of Mr. Bury, Question 3321-23.

"Mrs. Houghton, Walker Street, New Trenton, is a lace drawer and has four children—Harriet, eight years; Anne, six; Mary, four, and Eliza, two years old; of these, the three older are lace-drawers. Harriet was not quite three when she began to work, Anne was about the same, and Mary was not quite two years old."—W. Grainger's Report; quoted by Charlotte Elizabeth.

Eliza Baff, aged fifteen:—"Never heard of Jesus Christ;

never heard the name; never heard of our Saviour; never says any prayers; does not know one."

Henry Ward, near seventeen:—"Does not know how many disciples there were; does not know who Jesus Christ was; thinks he was an apostle; they don't learn the Catechism here; else he could tell about him, but thinks he was a King of some kind of London, a long time ago."

It is said that St. Gregory was passing through the Slave markets of Rome, one day, when he saw some children of great beauty who were set up for sale; he inquired who they were, and finding them to be English Pagans, he is said to have cried out, "NON ANGLOI, SED ANGELI FORENT, SI ESSENT CHRISTIANI!" "They would not be English but Angels if they were Christians!"

Mr. Horne says—"Many of the children told me they always said their prayers at night, and the prayer they said was 'Our Father.' I naturally thought they meant that they repeated the Lord's Prayer, but I soon found that few of them knew it. They repeated only the two first words they knew no more than 'Our Father.'"

There is an island in the sea

Where loveliest things the eye allure,
And like to Dreamland seems to be,
Where joy inhales the ether pure;
The flowing stream or gentle rill
Glides smooth or murmurs on its way,
Whose peaceful bosom fair and still
Receives the light of every ray.

There beauty in her rich attire
'Mid sparkling gems awakes her tone,
Or sweeps with gentle touch the lyre
To make Euterpe's gift her own,
And scenes of pleasure cast around
The dulcet strains of rapturous joy;
Where not one sorrow can be found
The sweet illusion to destroy:
The flashing eye delights to beam
In answer to a thousand smiles,
And sweetest oft becomes the dream
That woos the spirit with its wiles,
While Art expends her richest power
To grace the scene with lavish skill,
And 'mid the witchery of the hour
The cup of flowing nectar fill.

There Science takes her lofty flight,
And catches truth from earth and heaven,
And pours around her peerless light
Which seems exhaustless to be given;
There Truth unveils her richest springs
Whose sparkling waters glide along,
Where Fancy tips her airy wings
And soars aloft on pinions strong;
A thousand temples greet the eye
With lofty dome or glittering spire,
And seem to touch the azure sky
To bring to earth celestial fire,
And on their altars kindle there
The sweetest incense man can bring,
A type of praise and holy prayer
And heartfelt tributes that they bring;
There Faith reveals her radiant form
Baptised in glory in the sky,
And sent to earth amid the storm
Which Error ever welcomes nigh;
There touched with Heaven's resistless power
She warbles forth angelic strains,
And sheds a splendor on the hour

When man her sweetest gift obtains ;
 There Love enkindled from on high
 Pours forth her harmony of heaven,
 And hymns perpetual melody
 From Spirit-tongues to mortals given ;
 And Faith, and Love, and holy Truth
 Look up with eyes of pure Desire,
 And joying in perennial youth,
 String Hope's own silvery, chosen lyre.

But hark ! I hear a shriek of pain !
 Whence comes the sound ? and can it be
 This happy island in the Sea
 Sends forth this echo to its strain ?
 Aye ! turn thy feet from glittering halls,
 To see where sorrow ever falls—
 Where one long, deep, unbroken wail,
 Which sends its piercing to the gale,
 Reveals the vast, remorseless wrong
 That withers both the weak and strong.

Did ye not see an abject thing
 That shuddered as ye passed it by,
 And scarcely seemed to life to cling,
 Scarce spoke its misery with a sigh ?
 Did ye not see the hollow eye
 That spoke through tears of bitter pain
 A mute appeal, addressed in vain
 For aid and pity ere he die ?

There is an island in the Sea
 Whose glory fills the world with song,
 Whose most commanding pageantry
 Is gained by deep and speechless wrong ;
 And while the nation's heart is stirred
 With swelling songs, there may be heard
 A mournful, bitter undertone
 Of millions in a fearful moan,
 Which bears along the swelling sigh
 And long-drawn curse of agony !

Whence is its greatness ? Ask the grave,
 And let its slaughtered millions speak,
 Or plunge beneath the rolling wave
 And listen to the gurgling shriek ;
 Go, get the skeletons and spread
 Upon the field the countless dead,
 Then rear them in a towering pile
 And sing of greatness all the while
 Ye build the crumbling pyramid,
 In which entombed their glories lie ;
 Give Truth its tongue to speak amid
 This scene of fearful irony !

Whence is its greatness ? Ask the child
 That drags along its tearful way—
 And is in being's dawn defiled
 With sin's companionship each day ;
 "Greatness ! What is it ? I don't know !
 The great lord owns the pits below—
 The children work the livelong day
 And ne'er behold the sunny ray—
 The great sun shines, but not on me—
 The great God speaks, but not to me—
 The bright stars shine, but not for me—
 The happy spring does not cheer me—
 The great lord only is so grand,
 He drives his coach about the land :
 There's a great book, I've heard 'em say,
 That good folk read in every day,
 And tells a story about one

They call the Saviour's Lord's own son*—
 He died upon the cross to save,
 Our Saviour from the great, deep grave ;†
 But learnt folk never tells to me
 What great things in the world there be ;
 But I have heard there's one great place
 Where we shall see him face to face,
 And the great God lives there to count
 How many steps the children mount
 When we go 'hurrying' all the day,
 And drag our 'trams' along the way.
 But will He ever come to see
 In the dark coal-pits where we be,
 How many hours we toil and weep,
 And how the great lord breaks our sleep ?
 He is 'our Father' just as well
 As the great lords' of which they tell ;
 And don't He look all down the pit
 When the poor children work in it ?
 Or count how many tears we cry
 When aching on our straw we lie—
 And don't they say we shall be blest
 And we shall have a good, long rest,
 Up in His bosom by-and-by ?"

Oh ! could ye witness under ground
 That pale, dejected, withered thing,
 And hear that mockery of a sound
 Whene'er it tries to laugh or sing,
 And feel the spirit-blight that falls
 Like the dank mildew on its walls,
 And catch the breath that faints away
 From shattered tenements of clay,
 And feel the fevered pulse beat high
 The bursting heart's mute symphony.—
 Methinks that greatness would appear
 A mock, a dream, a burning lie,
 A strong deception of the ear,
 Brand of a nation's infamy.

See ye that hovel standing by,
 With broken thatch and hingeless door ?
 Dilapidation e'er comes nigh
 The cheerless cabin of the poor !
 Go, look within where squalor reigns ;
 No tones of love to sooth their pains,
 No little spot of cultured ground
 Is smiling 'neath the blooming flowers,—
 They spring not there to shed around
 A sweet perfume on childhood's hours ;
 No prattle speaks the infant's tone
 Of life's young joy within the soul,
 In golden sands of pleasure thrown
 Where spirit-streams first rise to roll,
 And give the deathless being there
 Its first fruition bright and fair.

* John Wood, nearly eighteen—"Never heard of St. John the Baptist ; never heard of King Herod ; has heard of Jesus Christ, the Saviour's Lord's Son."

† William Southern, aged seventeen—"Knows who Jesus Christ was, he died on the cross to shed his blood to save our Saviour. Never heard of St. Peter or St. Paul."

Walter Brindly, aged seventeen—"Has heard of the Apostles ; does not know if St. Peter was one, or if St. John was one, unless it was St. John Wesley ; does not know any thing about Job ; never heard of Samson ; knows about Jack Sheppard."

Samuel R. Horton, near twelve—"Cannot read, only in the six penny book. Is not afraid of any man or boy either. Thinks he is of the devil, but not particularly."

The poor men's children have no home,
No spot endeared by sacred ties,
They toil, but plenty does not come,
They weep, but none attend their cries;
They ne'er inherit wealth or power,
They win from fortune's hand no dower,
But life is all unwelcomed still
And binds them here against their will.

Nor can the poor men's children break
The galling bond which binds them down.
Should poor men's children think to take
One useless jewel from the crown?
Their sires were poor, and poor alway—
Their sires wore rags, and so shall they—
Their sires were born in hovels here—
Their sires oft wiped the falling tear—
Their lives were spent in toil and pain—
They sought for mercy but in vain—
They died and left their rags to bear
A witness to the children there—
They died and left their cup of tears
For these to drink in early years:
And shall these children not endure
The patrimony of the poor?

Go, Briton! to yon gloomy mine,
Where helpless infants toil and sigh!
No gladdening sunbeams on them shine,
Or hias the tear-drop from their eye;
But there in deep, sepulchral gloom,
Ye dwarf the spirit in its dawn,
And throw the darkness of the tomb,
In the young soul's bright hour to bloom,
Its deathless energies upon—
In which enshrouded it must lie
And bear its pent-up agony!
Go, see these infants where they crawl*
In fearful bondage day by day,
Go, see where tear-drops thickly fall
Upon their burdens on the way.
These mines are England's sin-cursed heart—
Their sinuous windings are its veins—
From which its streams of riches start,
And fill its giant form with pains;
Pollution fills the cells within
And sends corruption through its frame,
While dark, corrosive, damning sin
Casts all its blight on England's name;
And when its bosom heaves, ye hear
A stifled wail's sepulchral sound
Bring dark forebodings to the ear,
While blood cries out from underground!

The poor men's children do not know
What childhood is, their tearful eyes
First fall on scenes of pain and woe
And life's most stern realities;
They breathe, but not the breath of heaven—
The coal-pit's damps of death are theirs;
And in the joyous spring-time given
To be unknown of life's dull cares,
Condemned to toil they drag along
Their heavy burdens 'neath the thong;
In these dark cells they eke away

* They drag wheeled carriages or sledges by a belt or girth fastened round the loins, and a chain attached to it in front and passing between the limbs to the wagon or sledge, which the child drags on all fours, through passages in some instances not more than ten or twenty inches in height.

The rosy dawn of childhood's day,
And early in their thraldom learn
What sorrow is; for every prayer
Their lordlings and oppressors spurn,
And mete them out but vengeance there.
Hope stricken with the arrow dies
While rayless gloom before them lies,
And crushed and withered in the hour
They bow submissive to its power,
And spirit-broken humbly kneel
Beneath the bold oppressor's heel.

Would ye know more of England's isle?
Of England's youth and England's pride?
Go to yon vast and dusky pile,
In which a thousand beings hide!
The poor men's children labor there,
And poor men's children famish, too,
And poor men's children sadly bear
The chains their lords each day renew!
There, childhood's day is turned to night,
And night to bitter, toilsome hours—
The sun-beam brings to them no light,
And night no rest-renewing dowers;
But moving in one endless round
The poor men's children there are found,
And daily cry for mercy's tear
To England's lords who will not hear.

See ye that infant's hollow eye
And sunken cheek and blanching lip?
That scarce can say—"I may not try
The bitter cup of life to sip!"
See ye that feeble, faltering limb
That scarce supports his trembling frame,
And can ye mildly gaze on him,
Or will ye blush with burning shame?
Thy greatness springs from thence, my lord!
His misery yields thy rich perfume!
But soon 'twill be to him restored
To strip away thy robber's plume!
And ere the pale, gray morning light
Streaks all along the eastern sky,
The children's slumbers take their flight
And bear with them the waking sigh;
The spectre of the rude, rough hand,
That keeps them toiling all day long,
Is fellow to the harsh command,
The upraised arm and leathern thong;
No balmy sleep is theirs at night
Revivifying childhood's powers,
No morning breaks upon the sight
To waft to them untroubled hours,
And bid them join in pastime sweet
With bounding heart and tripping feet,
Where'er the gaudy butterfly
Their childish arts can all defy,
And tips with golden light his wings
Whence the pure ether softly springs;
Where mirth bedimples every cheek
And flashing eyes of pleasure speak,
And daisies spring the heart to teach,
In nature's holiest, purest speech,
The beauty of her gentle powers,
The innocence of childhood's hours.

The poor men's children wake in pain
From fitful, dark, unwelcome dreams,
And painful crawl to toil again
Which e'er their sad fulfilment seems,
And drag along unrested limbs
While tears each lifeless eye bedims:

They have a faith in dreams, I ween,
For every day their truth is seen!

Go, follow where the children lead—
Is not that noble, rich, and great?
There poor men's children daily bleed
To gather riches for the State!
Each seeks his own accustomed part
While terror chills the breaking heart,
And soon ye hear the busy sound:
The wheels of vast machines go round—
The fires again more brightly burn—
A thousand drums more swiftly turn—
And art seems prodigal of skill
The crowded realm with wealth to fill,
Performing with her wondrous power
A week's hard labor in an hour:
For all of these I would not care,
If poor men's children were not there.

There toil they when the dawn appears
To whisper in the ear of night.
Again this gloom the sunbeam nears,
Dispelling darkness with the light;
There toil they when the morning ray
Flashes bright waves from shore to shore,
Extatic leaping on their way
Fair nature's beauties to restore;
The little lark in gladness springs
And sweet orisons gently sings,
While up to heaven it seems to soar
Its great Creator to adore;
Anon the mellow sounds are heard
That tell the tiny humming-bird
Is glancing near on quivering wing,
Capricious, yet enchanting thing;
It touches every floweret's lip
The nectar from the cup to sip,
And vies with honey-bees each hour
Who most can win from every flower;
While these, of every form and hue,
Their varied tints again renew,
And analyze the passing light
To robe themselves, and all bedight
With beauty by their Author given,
They bid it speed upon its flight,
But seize their own inherent right,
Then cast their incense forth to heaven.

But, oh! the children ne'er partake
Of joy to which the insects wake,
When piping forth their roundelay
They hail the glad approach of day;
They ne'er inhale the ether pure,
Nor quaff the sweet inspiring draught,
Nor lovely scenes their eyes allure,
Nor Zephyrs pleasure to them waft;—
Immured within these dreary walls,
'Mid smoke and dust, and steam, and gloom,
The desolation on them falls,
And grief and pain their hearts consume;
There England finds her richest spoil,
Her infants offered at her shrine,
For there they ever, ever toil,
And shed their tears and helpless pine;
For night and day in mute despair
The poor men's children labor there!

Great iron wheels go round and round,
And vast machines of every name
Send forth their ceaseless busy sound
The children's labor e'er to claim;
And there the infant toilers sit

And ply their fingers' active skill,
The little pins with heads to fit,
And ply them ever, ever still;
Or each the silvery wash distils
From his own veins, to cleanse a pin—
The strangest formula that fills
The fearful chemistry of sin;
Could maidens who so freely wear
These little pins, nor seem to care,
Behold the price the children pay
Those gloomy walls all day within,
Methinks they could not throw away—
It is so cheap—a little pin:
For oft to me a pin appears
Corroded by an infant's tears.

Or here their fellows, hour by hour,
The cotton-cloths forever steep,
And terror stricken* fear the power
That brings the toil o'er which they weep;
They breathe the vapor of their tears!
Each day its sad rotation brings
Till each more drear to them appears—
Self-moving, macerated things!

Or here, another class is seen
Keeping the giant engines clean,
And every shape the frame can bear
They make their little limbs assume,
And life and vigor they consume,
And mind and soul for matter there;†
And up and down they ever turn
Each spot and blemish to discern,
And in their painful task they find
Their falling tears have made them blind;
But when they fall, along with dust,
They wipe them off for fear of rust;
Methinks, were they not wiped away,
The iron wheels would cease to drone,
For rust the gearing would decay
And leave them standing all alone;
The infant's tear-drops ever roll
While he the engine ever cleans,
And makes his spirit, mind and soul,
A spirit fire for dumb machines.

What see they in the years to come?
A blissful future, glad and free?
Oh, no! they only visions see
Of constant toil, and sad and dumb
They ever still inherit there
The infant's birthright of despair.

And when the day is past and gone,
A sweet release does evening bring?
Oh, no! the infant labors on
A crippled, blind, unrested thing!
The mellow light speaks not to him
A pure, sweet calm to soothe his powers,

* Mr. Thomas Daniel, in his examination before the Children's Employment Commission, testified—"They are always in terror; I consider that does them as much injury as the labor, their minds being in a constant state of agitation and fear." "They are constantly in a state of grief though some of them cannot shed tears."

† Mr. Daniel remarked further—"They are in all sorts of postures that the human body is capable of being put into, to come at the machines." "Their work is to keep the machines, while they are going, clean from all kinds of dust and dirt that may be flying about, and they are in all sorts of positions to come at them." &c.

He ever mid the lamp-light dim
Toils on till midnight's dreary hours ;
And when with pain, and toil, and sleep,
Ye see him stop against his will,
And sightless fountains cease to weep,
The tiny fingers move on still ;
And though the infant sleeps, his skill
Has grown so perfect, toiling long,
Were he not wakened by the thong,
He'd ply them ever, ever still !
Oh, Britons ! all your pride I spurn,
For wheresoe'er I look, ye turn
A favored isle to loathsome scenes
And deathless babes to dumb machines !

But these were angels, did ye teach
Their mind to know, their heart to love
The heaven-born faith ye daily preach
By full commission from above ?
And these were angels, were they filled
With that pure love ye call your own ?
Or could they feel the showers distilled
In spirit-droppings from the Throne ?
Or could they in their childhood learn
To tune their voice to angel's praise,
And on their heart's young altar burn
Immortal incense all their days ?
And these were angels, were they taught
To lisp the accents sweet of prayer,
That on their altar may be caught
Celestial fire awaking there ?
And these were angels, did ye give
The bread of heaven to feed their souls,
Or lead them where life's water rolls
Eternal on its shores to live ?
But angels are not there, I ween,
They come so few and far between.

In islands 'mid the Southern sea,
The heathen mother learns to cast
Her infants where they soon must be
Dead prisoners in its caverns vast ;
Or on the Orient's spicy plain,
Where joy might woo them with its calm,
Beneath the spreading, lofty palm,
They madly give them up to pain ;
Or on the verdant banks they stand
And with the mother's cruel hand,
Dark superstition's error slaves,
They plunge them deep 'neath Ganges' waves !
While ye, that have a holier beam,
A baser sacrifice have made—
Ye plunge them in a viler stream—
An Acheron of bloody trade.

This is the doom of England's young !
They wake to toil—they toil to weep,
And sigh till nature falls asleep
O'er toil forever from them wrung ;
Despoiled of life's bright day to bloom,
Their breast is Hope's cold, rayless tomb,
Round which pale spectres danced and flit
In apparitions of the pit :
Within the factory's dreary walls,
Or down in deep sepulchral mines,
The children's lot forever falls
To labor in their dank confines ;
No hand of mercy comes to save
The infant from his lasting doom,
He sees it only in the grave,
The toilless slumber of the tomb.

And poor men's children do not know
Of Him who died their souls to free
From bonds of sin, but ever go
Untutored in their infamy !
They think he was an ancient king,
In London town long years gone by,
Or some apostle who shall bring
Strange, gladdening news before they die ;*
They do not learn of Him who said,
" Oh, suffer these to come to me,
Of such my kingdom e'er must be,
By grace unto my Father led :"
And calling them around his knee
Laid sacred hands upon each head.

Nor do they learn the precious prayer
He taught disciples e'er to say,
When, filled with joy or bowed with care,
They turn their humble hearts to pray ;
They do not lisp the accents sweet,
Or raise the infant's tuneful sound,
Or at " the family altar " meet
A holy circle gathering round—
But midnight hours attend their cry,
When, aching on their straw they lie,
They 'mid their moaning feebly sigh,
" Our Father !"

And when the morning bids them bear
Anew their load of pain and care,
They utter still that hopeful prayer,
" Our Father !"

When sunbeams bright and gentle showers
Pour forth their streams to cheer the flowers,
They say amid their toiling hours,
" Our Father !"

And when at noon they ponder there
To take their rude and humble fare,
They offer up that simple prayer,
" Our Father !"

When evening throws her shades around
The infants at their task are found
Repeating with a tearful sound,
" Our Father !"

And though they sit unconscious there
The fingers ply with constant care,
And they do utter still the prayer,
" Our Father !"

And e'en their painful slumber seems
To plunge them still in bitter streams,
For oft they whisper in their dreams,
" Our Father !"

" OUR FATHER !" Thou who reignest on high !—
Bow down to them thy list'ning ear !
Oh, answer thou their constant cry,
And bid redemption's day appear !
Send mercy down on swiftest wing,
To bid the children wake and sing,
Beholding where thy mercies roll
The bright fruition of the soul !
Brooklyn, L. I., 1844.

* George Causer, over sixteen, said—" There were twelve apostles ; thinks Adam was one, and Eve was two, and Jesus Christ was another. Cannot recollect any more."

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE MALTESE PEOPLE.

The Religious and Popular Superstitions of the Maltese people; their Carnival and its consequences—Duels at Malta, and Remarks on Duelling.

BY W. W. ANDREWS, U. S. CONSUL AT MALTA.

As the Maltese historians have made no mention of duelling in their ponderous tomes, I am obliged to trust to tradition, and to Millengen's researches, for the most I can find to say on the subject. Montagne tells us, "that if three Frenchmen were put into the Libyan desert, they would not be there a month without quarrelling and fighting;" and this same spirit his countrymen appear to have brought with them to Malta, though wearing the cross of Christ and clothed in priestly garments. I would not say that the many crosses which now remain on the walls of Strada Stretta, are left to mark the places where the French alone have fallen, for the monks of the other languages are said to have been as proud, as overbearing and as much disposed to settle their differences at the points of their swords, as were the knights of France. This remark would more particularly apply to the Spanish Cavaliers, who were in every age a haughty race, and ever ready to fight. The Castilians have figured in many duels, but one of the most remarkable is that which Millengen thus describes. What a strange combination of superstition and ferocity is shown by its narration.

"Italian customs (says this writer) prevailed in the Island of Malta, and duels were frequent amongst the knights of that order, although prohibited by most of the Grand-Masters. The Strada Stretta was the spot in which these meetings usually took place, and the friends of the combatants, stationed at each end of the narrow lane, prevented them from being disturbed. Assassinations at one time were so frequent in this quarter, that an edict was issued, denouncing the penalty of death on every person who was found in it armed with pistols or daggers. But by a singular regulation of the order, every person was obliged to return his sword into the scabbard when ordered to do so by a woman, a priest, or a knight. A cross was usually painted on the wall opposite the spot where a knight had been killed to commemorate his fall, and claim the prayers of those who passed by to relieve his soul from purgatory.

Although the statutes of the order of St. John of Jerusalem prohibited duels, yet a knight was considered disgraced if he refused to accept a challenge. A case is recorded of two knights, who having had a dispute at a billiard table, one of them, after much abusive language, struck a blow; but to the surprise of all Malta, after so gross a provocation, refused to fight his antagonist. The challenge was repeated, but still he refused to enter

the lists. He was therefore condemned by the chapter to make an *amende honorable*, in the church of St. John, for forty-five successive days, then to be confined in a dungeon without light for five years; after which, he was to remain a prisoner in the castle for life.

A very curious duel took place at Valetta, between a Spanish commander, of the name of Vasconcellos and a French commander, M. de Foulquerre, the latter having had the insolence to present, as she entered a church, some holy water to a young lady whom the Castilian was following. Foulquerre was one of the most noted disturbers of the Strada Stretta; and although he had been engaged in many duels, on this occasion he repaired to the rendezvous with some reluctance, as though he anticipated the result of the meeting. As soon as his adversary appeared, he said, "What sir, do you draw your sword on a Good Friday! Hear me: it is now six years since I have confessed my manifold sins, and my conscience reproaches me so keenly, that in three days hence" — But the Spaniard would not attend to his request, and pressed upon him; when his opponent, mortally wounded, exclaimed, "What, on a Good Friday! May Heaven forgive you! Bear my sword to *Tête Foulques*, and let a hundred masses be said for the repose of my soul."

The Spaniard paid no attention to the dying man's request, and reported the circumstance to the chapter of the order, according to the prescribed rules; nevertheless, he was promoted to the priory of Majorca. On the night of the following Friday, he dreamt that he was in the Strada Stretta, where he again heard his enemy enjoin him to "bear his sword to *Tête Foulques*;" and a similar vision disturbed his slumbers every succeeding Friday night.

Vasconcellos did not know where this *Tête Foulques* was situated, until he learned from some French knights that it was an old castle four leagues from Poitiers, in the centre of a forest, remarkable for strange events; the castle containing in its halls many curious collections, among which was the armor of the famed knight, Foulques Taillefer, with the arms of all the enemies he had slain in single combat; and it appeared that from time immemorial, all his successors deposited in this armory the weapons which they used either in war or in private encounters.

Our worthy prior having received this information, determined to obey the injunction of the deceased, and set out for Poitiers with the sword of his antagonist. He repaired to the castle, where he found no one but the porter and the chaplain, and communicated to the latter the purport of his visit. He was introduced into the armory, and on each side of the chimney he beheld full length portraits of Foulques Taillefer and his wife, Isabella de Lusignan. The Seneschal was armed *cap-a-pie*,

and over him were suspended the arms of his vanquished foes.

The Spaniard having laid down the sword, proceeded to tell his beads with great devotion until night-fall, when he fancied that he saw the eyes and mouths of the Seneschal and his wife in motion—and he distinctly heard the former addressing his wife, saying, "What dost thou think, my dear, of the daring of this Castilian who comes to dwell and eat in my castle, after having killed the commander without allowing him time to confess his sins!"—to which the lady replied, in a very shrill voice, "I think that the Castilian acted with disloyalty on that occasion and should not be allowed to depart without the challenge of your glove." The terrified Spaniard sought the door of the hall, but found it locked, when the Seneschal threw his heavy iron gauntlet at his face, and brandished his sword. The Spaniard, thus compelled to defend himself, snatched up the sword that he had deposited, and falling on his fantastic antagonist, fancied that he had run him through the body, when he felt a stab from a burning weapon under the heart and fainted away. When he recovered from his swoon, he found himself in the porters lodge, to which he had been carried, but free from any injury. He returned to Spain, but ever after, on every Friday night, he received a similar burning wound from the visionary Taillefer; nor could any act of devotion, or payment of money to friars or priests relieve him from this horrible phantom."

Tradition tells us of a fatal duel which took place in Malta in 1780, and in which three of the four combatants fell—the seconds on the ground having taken the part of their principals, a circumstance which at that time, in Italy, France and Germany, was not at all unfrequent. Two Italian and two French cavaliers were the persons who engaged in this deadly and desperate conflict. The quarrel originated at a card table, where the parties had been betting high, and at a game which is still fashionable among sporting men, that of *ecarte*. It appears that one of the French Monks was particularly fortunate in turning kings and winning his games only by the points which he scored in this way. This so annoyed the Italian, that he is said to have remarked, "Sir knight, your cards are turned by a slight of hand, and I will play no longer." The Frenchman simply told his friend as he rose from the table, that he was going to the chapel to pray, and from thence to the ditch of St. Angelo, where he might be found in less than an hour. The hint which was conveyed in these words was well understood, and at the appointed time, the four priests were in the ditch to fight. Before sunset of that same day, both of the principals, and one of the seconds were slain. This fatal duel took place in the reign of Rohan, a worthy prince who was strongly opposed to duelling, and published the following laws for its pre-

vention. He ordained, that "in duels both the challenger and the challenged and their auxiliaries and seconds shall be punished with condemnation to the galleys for ten years, if death doth not ensue, and which punishment can be increased to a longer term than the ten years, in proportion to the excess committed." And furthermore, "if death doth ensue, then the duelling parties, as well as their auxiliaries, seconds and accomplices shall suffer the punishment of death." Severe as were these enactments, still they were just and productive of good, both to the morals of the monks and to their Christian conduct one to another. After their promulgation, no other duels ever occurred in the convent.

The first place to which a stranger is carried by a Cicerone, on entering the famed church of St. John's, at Malta, is to a pretty little chapel on the right, at the head of which, and behind a small marble altar, is a celebrated painting representing the decapitation of the saint, after whom the beautiful building is named. It was only a few days ago that I was in this little chapel with the Hon. Mr. Cushing, who remained at this place for a day when on his way to China, and standing on the slightly raised platform, from which this much prized painting can be seen to the best advantage. The surly, savage countenance of the executioner who stands holding his axe above the trunkless corpse, the fountain of gushing blood, and the gory visage of the fallen saint, have all been painted with a masterly hand. The singular manner in which this painting came into the possession of the order is worthy of being recorded. Michael Angelo Caravaggio, whose many productions now so much adorn the different galleries of Florence, Rome and Naples, was once so much enraged by the declaration of Arpino, that his paintings were not of so much merit as many supposed them, that he sent the critic a challenge to meet him in a mortal combat; saying also, that if he was fortunate enough to kill him, he would have an agreeable subject for another picture, even though he should be unable to do it justice. Arpino not disposed to grant the artist the favor he asked, merely said to the person who brought him the challenge, "go and tell Caravaggio that he and his daubs are equally beneath my notice, and that if he even expects to fight with me he must first rise from the grovelling rank in which thus far he has been obliged to move." Caravaggio took the advice of Arpino, for he immediately left his studio at Rome, and, bidding adieu to his dissipated friends, came to the Island of Malta. This he did, hoping in time, by his paintings and his presents to the Grand-Master, to become a knight of the order. He was not disappointed; For, after residing three years in Valetta, and painting the decapitation of St. John and some other scriptural pieces of equal ability, he was made a monk of the Italian language, and permitted to wear the Maltese cross. His dignity, however,

came too late to enable him to fight with Arpino, for the critic was already dead some months before he received it. Under the habit of a priest, Caravaggio does not appear to have improved his morals. "Seeking endless quarrels in the convent, he was obliged to fly from this Island, and going to Rome, after killing his man, ended his days in abject poverty on the high road."

Greatly is it to be regretted, that a person who was gifted with so much genius as Caravaggio should have been in his morals so debased; and also that he should have been spurred on to paint his happiest productions, and those of a religious nature merely to gratify a base and unchristian spirit of revenge. It was his wish to kill Arpino which made the knights of Malta indebted for a beautiful painting, the more valuable to them, as it represented the decapitation of the saint, after whom their order was named. Being therefore considered as common property, it had the first place in their principal church, and so carefully is it now preserved, that having outlived the order, it may yet outlive its memory. It is not surprising, that Caravaggio should have so well succeeded in painting the most diabolical expressions of the human face, when we consider that he always had present before him a living model in his own person. Being a highwayman, a thief and a murderer, he enjoyed a decided advantage over his brother artists, for while they were obliged to go to prisons and galleys to seek for their characters, he had only to look at himself. Caravaggio well knew how a murderer both looked and felt. And it must be acknowledged, that it is chiefly owing to the circumstance of his having taken advantage of this knowledge which enabled him as a painter to acquire such distinguishing celebrity.

In June, 1798, Napoleon drove the knights of Malta from this Island, which had been the venerable home of the order for the long term of two hundred and sixty eight years. During the twenty-seven months, while the French remained masters of Valetta, they were so seriously threatened with starvation, and so hardly pressed by their enemies, both at sea and on shore, that they had no time to fight with one another, even if they had been thus disposed. From their expulsion, in the fall of 1800, to the present day, the flag of Old England has been waving over the bastions of Malta, and duels of course have been of frequent occurrence. Dr. Griffiths, who so ably defended Capt. Levick when on his trial, has kindly furnished me with a list of meetings which have taken place at this Island since it came under the rule of his countrymen. It was prepared by the learned advocate to show the authorities of this place, that it was hardly just in them to take up Capt. Levick's "affair" with so much spirit, when they had, in other days, permitted duels of a still more aggravating nature to pass by wholly unnoticed.

A noble lord, by the name of Cochrane, figured in the first duel at Malta after it became a British possession. He was challenged by Capt. Andora, a Major of Brigade, and in the first fire was shot through the thigh. This occurred in 1806.

The next instance was that of an American naval officer who challenged one of General Oake's aide-de-camp, and shot him dead. This unfortunate meeting took place in 1806, at the time we were engaged in the Tripoline war.

The purser of the English frigate, "Regulus," in April, 1813, called out the First Lieutenant of the same ship. They fought in the ditches of Florian. Both having missed their man on the first shot, the only friend who was present was sent to town to purchase some powder with which to fire again. While this person was gone on his errand, the principals remained in the ditch looking at each other, though never a word passed between them. On the second discharge of their pistols the Lieutenant was killed.

Assistant Staff Surgeon, Grier, fought a duel with an officer of the 28th Regiment in the Cotonera, in 1817. Neither was wounded.

The noted duellist, Capt. Stafford, of the 10th Regiment, who was challenging people continually, was sent away from Malta, by Sir Thomas Maitland, that his diabolical wish of fighting with all his brother officers might no longer be gratified. Were this spirited measure of the gallant governor to become an established rule, we are well persuaded that few duels in this garrison would ever occur. Officers would hesitate a long time before sending, or accepting a challenge, if they knew that by so doing, they would risk the price of their commission, or be banished as a pest from the society in which they had been accustomed to move. Some such laws as these must be enacted, or duelling in the Army and Navy will never be out of fashion.

Lt. Mitchell, of the 68th Regiment, came up from Gibraltar with the Assistant Surgeon of the same corps as his second and fought at the Marsa with an officer of the Navy who had insulted him at Lisbon. Although it was publicly known, that this gentleman had taken this voyage to Valetta on purpose to fight, still the meeting took place without interruption, and Lt. Mitchell as leisurely left the Island as if he had come on a mission of peace.

It is not often that the Maltese have been engaged in duels, although we have found the two or three following instances to mar their usually peaceable character. Count Sant fought with Mr. Giammalva behind Spinola, and Ensign Consolat of the Malta Royal Fencibles was arrested by the police at Bighi, as he was going on the ground to fight with a commander of a gun brig whom he had challenged.

In 1825, the Marquis of Hastings* cancelled the appointment of Mr. Caruana in the Maltese Regiment because he had declined to fight a duel with Capt. Bussiet, who is now a Major of the same corps. It is surprising, that the Marquis of Hastings should have set so bad an example to the native population of the Island which he had been sent by the King of England to govern. The Maltese officers, if taken in a body, are a respectable set of men. If ever called into the service of their country they will never disgrace it.

We have now to record a fatal duel which took place between Col. Baylis of the 35th and Capt. Newman of the 20th Regiment. The former was the aggressor throughout, and the latter was the one who fell. Col. B. was so much enraged at the conduct of a woman who had left him to go under Capt. Newman's protection, that on his meeting this officer in the street, he struck him with a cane, and then placing his hand on the hilt of his sword, told him if he was a man to draw and defend himself. The unfortunate Captain said to his assailant that he knew his duty better than to fight with a superior officer in that way, but that in the course of an hour he should send a friend to arrange for a meeting. On the first fire Capt. Newman fell mortally wounded. After his death, Colonel Baylis was tried for murder, and acquitted because he was not the challenger.

The Honorable Lt. Perry and Lt. Hall, who were both in the 7th Fusiliers, exchanged shots on account of a Maltese belle who bestowed her smiles on each. After Lt. Hall had received his adversary's ball through his right hand, the delicate affair was amicably arranged. A few years ago, two noble lords of this same regiment, Ranclough and Chichester, had a misunderstanding at the "Union Club" about a game of backgammon. By the kind interference of the late lamented Sir Frederick Ponsonby the dispute was settled in an amicable way, and to the satisfaction of both.

At a ball which was given by Admiral Rowley in 1836, a Lieutenant of the Highlanders insulted a Passed Midshipman of our Navy by asking the English officer to whom our countryman was speaking, "pray who is your Yankee friend with his flying cravat." The Passed Midshipman hearing this remark, immediately noticed it, by handing his card, and saying to the Scotchman, that he would answer his question to-morrow. When the gallant officers of this famed corps heard of the circumstance, they obliged the Lieutenant to go on board the American frigate and apologize for his conduct. An honorable course, which created and kept alive a friendly feeling so long as our squadron remained.

We have now only to make mention of another

* Better known in America under the title of Lord Rawdon of the 5th Fusiliers, of which corps he was a Lieutenant at the battle of Bunker Hill.

noble lord who has recently fought at this Island and then we shall have done with our brief and imperfect account of the English duels at Malta within the last half century. At the very time that Capt. Levick's trial for the death of Lt. Adams was pending, and indeed at the very moment when both Capt. C. and his second were confined in prison to be tried for their lives, Lord Sussex Lennox* came out to Malta to fight with Capt. Norcott of the Rifle Brigade, who it was reported had corresponded with his lordship's wife. Major Studholme Hodgson of the 19th Regiment appeared on the ground as the friend of Lord Lennox, and Capt. Roper of the Rifles for Capt. Norcott. His lordship is considered a first rate shot, and not without reason, as he cut the cravat of his opponent and came within an inch of his life. Capt. Norcott, having discharged his pistol in the air, the duel could not be continued. Lord Lennox was not satisfied and expressed his determination to call on the gallant rifleman again on some future occasion for that satisfaction which, as an officer in Her Majesty's Army, he should be at all times ready to give him. From what we have said of duels and duelling at Malta, one may well judge of the reckless conduct of military and naval men in an English garrison town.

Malta, Oct, 6th, 1843.

* A son of the Duke of Richmond.

"A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF REGINALD DE LACY."

FROM A MS. OF THE XVII CENTURY.

I have been a wanderer from my youth; the love of home, so strong a feeling with most men, has never found a place in my breast; restless and troubled has been the whole course of my existence; and the years which my contemporaries spent in the pursuit of lucre or of fame rolled almost unheeded by, whilst I was flying from clime to clime, in the vain hope of banishing from my memory the recollections which had embittered my early youth and frozen up the warm current of my affections in a sullen and hopeless misanthropy. Many men consume their lives in a vain chase after the bubbles of Ambition, or Love, or Avarice, which lure them afar from happiness and then burst into air before their disappointed eyes, and then they blame their "fortune" and not their *folly* for the result; but I have chased none of these shadows; the sole aim of my life, since early youth, has been *forgetfulness of the past*, and now, standing upon the verge of the grave, I am forced to own the bitter lesson Experience has taught me, that there is "no Lethe for the Heart." I have sought it in the winning smile of woman and in the fierce excitement of war; I have searched for it in the intoxicating

bowl and in the delusive dice; I have traversed strange lands and mingled in the game whose pawns are men; but the busy fiend, Memory, was ever with me, and now I know that peace will never visit this wearied frame and aching brain until both shall repose in the quiet of the grave, whither a few short days will bear me now. As a Statesman and a Warrior, the name of Reginald de Lacy has filled the mouths of men, and bards have made it the theme of their lays; yet, at heart, a more wretched man has never walked the face of the earth, and as a lesson and a warning to you, my nephew and my namesake, do I now trace this brief record of the event which stamped my future destiny and sent me forth, like Cain, "a fugitive over the face of the earth." Let my experience teach you not to garner up the affections of your young heart upon one object alone, lest that one light should fail, and that rayless darkness of soul await you, which has been the doom of Reginald de Lacy.

It matters not when I first saw the light, or in what manner my days of childhood were passed; suffice it to say, that my family was noble and affluent, and that at the early age of 16 years I was left undisputed master of my own actions, without a friend or relative to counsel or advise me; my guardian, a cold ambitious man of the world, dwelt in the city, and was content with devoting his attention to the care of my property and in wielding the political influence which his situation secured him, and he encouraged my habits of study and seclusion from the world. My father, a man of powerful and cultivated intellect, who had figured largely as a Statesman and Politician, had, in the latter years of his life, sunk into a state of profound melancholy, and his own pleasure had been to instil into my youthful mind the same love for classical literature with which his own was imbued; but he died as I was entering into my 16th year, and I was then indeed alone in the world; your mother, his only other child, having married long before, and dwelling in a remote part of the kingdom. Naturally of a stern and moody temper and never having mingled much with the gay world, owing to the isolated situation in which my patrimonial residence was located, on the death of my sole remaining parent I secluded myself from society and plunged with renewed ardor into the studies doubly endeared to me by my own and my parent's fondness for them, and forgot the busy living world in the glorious productions of the past. The effect of such a course of life upon a youth of ardent feelings and imaginative temper may readily be imagined. I became a visionary enthusiast, my imagination invested surrounding objects with its own hues and I was near sinking into a dreaming visionary, had not all my energies and passions suddenly burst forth into activity and life under the influence of the most

exalting feeling which can thrill the fervid pulse of youth; for let heartless worldlings sneer as they may, there can be no higher and nobler stimulus to exalted actions than the pure and absorbing sentiment of first love. All other love is mixed up with the leaven of worldly selfishness,—that is as pure as the fresh unsullied hearts in which it springs to life; mine was as a star gleaming down in pure radiance for a few brief moments upon the troubled waters of my life and then fading from the firmament forever. The quiet and sequestered life I have described I led, until I had reached my twentieth year, when new feelings began to stir within me; a feeling of restlessness and ennui—a longing desire to see and know that world of which I had heard and read so much, and a weariness of the quiet of my home. I began to pine for action, and like a young eagle longed to test my untried powers. In this feverish state of feeling my books would often be thrown aside, and I would wander afar into the forest, feeding my fancy with visions of future fame and greatness to be achieved by my efforts; and in one of these an accident occurred which influenced my future destiny; on such slight threads are the actions of man often suspended; a word, a look, a gesture, may make or mar the fortunes and the character of the most gifted among us—and in youth, the first strong passion which is awakened, often stamps the future character of the man.

The place wherein I dwelt was an ancient Baronial Castle, embowered in a thick and almost impervious grove of oaks, which gave it a retired and gloomy appearance; stretching far behind the castle was a long line of unbroken forest, the haunt of the red deer and other game, with here and there, at long and irregular intervals, the cottage of a peasant with its small clearing around it. With the neighboring lords I had no intercourse, they were ignorant and rapacious, their souls absorbed in petty feuds, or in grinding to the dust their miserable tenantry, who were at that time just beginning to feel and appreciate the fact of their degraded condition, and breaking out into occasional rebellion to improve it: with such men I could have no sympathy or communion, and therefore, my sole relaxation consisted in wandering through the forest and holding silent communion with my own thoughts. One bright evening in May, I had wandered much further than was my wont, lured on by the beauty of the scenery and the unbroken stillness which reigned around: save when the wind would agitate the leaves of the lofty oaks, all Nature seemed hushed in quiet and repose; the sunbeams were sleeping upon the verdant turf, the soft zephyr, as it stole by, seemed laden with the perfume of every flower it had kissed in its amorous progress; the hum of the ever active bee as it flitted by invited to slumber; and the clouds were of that deep azure tint, which

seems by its purity to give an earnest of the delights of Heaven! The beauty of the scene sunk into my inmost soul, "This," I exclaimed, "is happiness! Let me thus commune with nature, undisturbed by man, and I will rest contented." As I spoke, I threw myself upon the verdant turf and abandoned my mind to the train of thoughts which the time and place conspired to produce. But my reverie was destined to be of short duration, and my philosophy all vanished into air, as a joyous laugh was suddenly borne to my ears from a distant part of the forest, it was a ringing joyous laugh, the outburst of a happy heart,—I was struck with surprise, could a delicate female be wandering in that trackless forest? No! it must have been a delusion, created by my own heated fancy: I raised myself, however, from my recumbent position and gazed long and earnestly around; at length, I observed at a considerable distance from me a thin line of smoke curling up from the dense undergrowth, a sure mark of a human habitation. I had just satisfied myself of the fact when that joyous laugh rose again upon the air, and died away like the rich tones of an *Æolian* harp when its chords have been swept by the passing breeze, and then a soft and melodious voice poured forth a song, so wildly beautiful, that I hushed the tumultuous beating of my heart, lest I should lose one note of its enchanting melody. The song at length was concluded, and then, but not till then, did I cautiously arise, and moving stealthily forward in the direction from whence the sound had proceeded, obtained a position from whence I could behold without being perceived this fair Siren whose voice had thus enchanted me. The sight which met my eye was indeed an interesting one; on a rustic bench in a retired nook sat a youthful maiden, but not alone, and with a painful thrill for which I could not account, I turned my eyes upon the youth by her side, whose eyes seemed to drink in the expression of his companion's face. He might have numbered eighteen summers, but Passion had already engraven on his face the marks of maturer age; and his eye, large, dark and fiery, roved with a restless troubled expression on the things around, denoting a heart ill at ease. But she, who sat beside him, oh! never had my eyes rested upon aught so radiantly beautiful! it was not the mere harmony of her features, or the symmetry of her form (though both were perfect) which gave her a nameless charm; but it was the mingled sweetness and intelligence which illumined her speaking countenance, and irresistibly melted the heart of him who gazed—into Love. But I will not attempt to describe her—that were profanation, for language has no word to paint the beauties of mind and heart irradiating a virgin's face—but her image is indelibly impressed upon my heart, and there will endure until this wearied frame shall slumber in the dust.

But fascinating as was the sight of so much

loveliness I tore myself away, for I felt that my presence there was unauthorized, and if detected would be humiliating; so, with a heavy sinking of spirit, such as I had never before experienced, I turned away, with the conviction stamped upon my soul, that she, whom I had seen but for a few brief moments, was destined to be my guiding star through life or its haunting curse, for there is an intuition in affection, as well as in faith; and love has had its self-devoted martyrs as well as religion; for is not love the religion of the heart? I returned to my solitary home, and never had it seemed so desolate and cheerless to my eyes; with irritable impatience I tossed aside my favorite authors, for they had no longer the power of fixing my attention, or enlisting my feelings; for the first time a full sense of the loneliness of my situation pressed painfully upon me, and as if by a sudden spell the things around me seemed to have become "weary, stale and unprofitable." Fool that I was! not to know that the change was in myself and not in the things around me! I retired to rest at an early hour, but the capricious Deity fled from me the more I wooed his presence, at length, however, a heavy slumber fell upon me, but chequered by the wildest and strangest dreams! Methought I was again in that deep forest, with the same sweet voice pouring forth its melodious notes, suddenly converted into wails of agony—rushing towards the spot, I beheld her fair form encircled in the folds of a monstrous serpent, whose fiery eyes seemed to burn into my brain; with a shudder of agony I awoke, blinded by the glare, and found that the morning sun was shining in upon me through my open casement; with a feeling of relief, I rose and descended to my customary studies. That evening, mounting my steed, I slowly rode in the direction of the cottage, and under the pretext of having lost my way, entered, and soon became acquainted with its inmates; a sudden storm arising detained me for some hours, and favored by this accident, I improved my time in such a manner as to learn the history of its inmates, and to pave the way to future intimacy. The master of the household was a venerable man whose head had been whitened by sixty summers; he was a scion of a noble but impoverished family, and pride and poverty had but recently driven him into this obscure retreat. The youth, Albert Hardinge, was the son of an old friend, who dying had left him to his charge with a small patrimonial property, but his violent and hasty temper rendered collisions between himself and the old man of not unfrequent occurrence; and at such times, the only one who could restore peace was the fair Emily, whose lovely form concealed a lovelier heart. These details of course I could not gather during my first visit, but our acquaintance soon ripening into intimacy, in the course of a few weeks I was treated almost like an inmate of the house, since

my society was a pleasure and relief to the old man in his isolated situation; and from his conversation I drew many an instructive lesson for my future guidance, as he had both seen and mixed much in the great world, and in his day been the idol of his sovereign and the people, who now left him to moralize in solitude over their neglect. Nor was his conversation the only attraction—in his daughter, I saw the embodiment of my early dreams of female perfection, and a deep absorbing passion took possession of my entire being.

It is needless that I should dwell long on this part of my history—it will suffice to tell you that my visits to the cottage became more and more frequent, each visit discovering some new charm in her I adored, until at length, I drew a trembling confession from her rosy lips, that she loved me, and me alone. Who can tell the rapture which swelled my heart at this avowal! I thought myself favored above all other mortals, and in my madness dreamt that unalloyed happiness might, in this world, be enjoyed by mortal man. Fool! Dreamer! Idiot that I was, to risk all my happiness upon one cast,—it has made me what I am. But there was one member of the family who shared not in the kindly feeling towards me, on the contrary, evinced from the first a marked repugnance and dislike; that one was Albert Hardinge: with the quick instinct of affection he marked the impression which Emily's beauty had made upon me; and with impatient bitterness observed our increasing intimacy, for he had himself long cherished a secret passion for her, the more intense, because of its utter hopelessness; and the prospect of the successful issue of my suit drove him almost to frenzy. At first he contented himself with a chilling reserve of manner, but as my attentions became more marked, his manner indicated that a feeling of decided hostility had taken the place of his former coldness, and his evident intention was to entrap me in a quarrel, which I avoided, partly because I appreciated his feelings, and partly from that feeling of triumphant superiority which a successful suitor always entertains for a baffled one. But the smothered flame broke out at last; one evening, after a stormy interview with his guardian, in which he had announced his determination of leaving forever the home "in which," as he said, "he had been supplanted by a stranger," I entered the room as he was turning to depart and witnessed the conclusion of the interview. Upon the noble countenance of the old man was an expression of pitying regret, while anger and shame seemed struggling for mastery on the countenance of the young one; for a moment he paused irresolute, then stood forward and bent his haughty head before the old man's seat; "Father, your blessing!" were the only words he uttered. The venerable man placed his withered hand in silence upon the glossy curls of the young one's head; and the next

moment he had left the friend of his childhood forever; he cast not even a glance upon the pale face of the weeping girl, but as he passed me by with a glare of deadly hate, he muttered, "We meet again;" then vaulting upon his steed and plunging his spurs to the rowels in his side, he was borne rapidly away from the presence of the only beings on earth who took an interest in his fate. To wile away the melancholy which this event occasioned both to the father and daughter, I protracted my visit until near the hour of midnight, when reluctantly I tore myself away, leaving them both in a more tranquil frame of mind than I had hoped; and it was with a feeling of joyous exhilaration that I leaped upon my noble steed who stood pawing at the gate, impatient of my lingering adieux to the lady of my love, whose bright eyes beamed in the clear light of the moon as she stood waving me a mute farewell with her snowy hand. The night was remarkably clear and bright, and I was able to discern the surrounding objects almost as distinctly as at noonday. I was riding carelessly along, humming a joyous roundelay, when, to my surprise, on turning a sharp point in the road, I suddenly beheld the figure of a man, standing in the centre of the road over which I was compelled to pass, with his horse's bridle slung over one arm and a drawn sword in the other. The bright light of the moon fell upon his uncovered head, and in an instant I recognized Albert Hardinge—his whole position and appearance denoting his hostile purpose. I reined up my steed, and for a moment neither spoke; at length I broke silence, "What means this mummery?" said I sternly; "Is it robbery or murder that you contemplate? if neither, stand by and let me pass."

"Never," was the fierce reply. "Think you, I will forego my only hope of vengeance upon the enemy who has robbed me of all I prized in life! But one of us two leaves this spot a living man. Draw and defend yourself!" As he spoke, he cast the bridle from his arm and his trained steed stood still, while he, with his rapier drawn, confronted me. But the quiet beauty of the night, as I had ridden along, had filled my mind with thoughts of happiness and peace, and indisposed me to violence and bloodshed; so I answered him with a calmness which I myself marvelled at; but his hatred had rendered him deaf to the voice of reason, and he dared to call me, "Coward!" Then all the hot blood of my race boiled in my veins, I sprung from my steed, and confronted him with a fierceness equal to his own, and in one instant more, the peaceful quiet of the scene was broken by the clash of our swords as we met in deadly strife. The combat was short but desperate, we were equally matched in strength and skill, but my antagonist fought with a blind fury which rendered skill unavailing: my life was his object, and in gaining that, he cared not whether he lost his own:

at length, he deceived me by a sudden faint, and lunged straight at my heart—I saw it in time and parried the thrust, striking up the rapier which only grazed my cheek, and in return passed my weapon through his sword arm; the sword dropped from his nerveless grasp. As for an instant I paused to take breath, the sound of loud laughter was borne upon the night wind, and the tramp of horses and jingling of their trappings indicated the approach of a party of cavalry, numbers of whom, half-soldiers, half-robbers, had been created by the civil wars which convulsed the kingdom. To seize my horse's bridle and vault into the saddle was the work of an instant, and casting a glance upon my adversary who had fainted from loss of blood, I retreated into a neighboring thicket, where I could observe all that passed, without detection. In a few moments, the tramp of horses came nearer, and a small band of cavalry, headed by a grim old veteran, rode into the open space and halted on the spot where the wounded man lay in his death-like swoon. "By St. George, a dead man," said the leader in surprise, "how came this about?" "Look to him, Hugh, and see if thy leech-craft can avail him aught, or if his soul has gone to kingdom-come." The trooper addressed, dismounted, and after a brief examination, replied carelessly, "The lad is not much hurt, Captain; only a flesh wound,—suppose, as he is a tall young fellow, we enlist him—he will be fit for service very shortly!" "Well thought of, Hugh," was the reply, "strap him on to your belt, and we will soon attend to him! Forward;" and away went the troop, bearing with them the wounded man. I had not interfered, because under the circumstances I thought it the best thing that could be done. He had expressed his intention of joining one of the troops of cavalry which were scouring the country, and chance had thus furnished him with a good introduction; so I rode on my way with a lighter heart and reached my home in safety.

Time passed on, I had never mentioned to Emily or her father my encounter with Albert; and he had sent them the tidings of his having joined a troop of horse about a month after, without alluding to it; so my mind was at ease, and I dismissed him and his jealousy from my recollection, happy in the confiding affection of my betrothed bride, who had consented to our union the ensuing spring.

Several months had elapsed unvaried by any incident, and the summer was fast departing; yet of late, no tidings of Albert had been received by the family at the cottage; rumor too had been busy with his name; it was said that for some act of daring insubordination he had been sentenced to death by a court-martial, but had effected his escape and allied himself to one of the roving troops of disbanded soldiers who were the scourge and devastation of the peaceful citizens; soldiers in war

and robbers in peace, in both characters they were equally mercenary and cruel, and tales of their savage cruelties were often related by the peasants at their own firesides. Hitherto, they had contented themselves with prowling in the vicinity of the large cities for the purpose of intercepting wealthy travellers; but of late, a whispered rumor had been circulated throughout the country that one daring band, whose chief had been outlawed and a price set upon his head, had taken refuge among the wild mountain passes, which lay back of the forest in which my castle was situated; but, for my own part, I gave no heed to these rumors, believing them to be no more than the idle inventions of village gossips.

Autumn had at length arrived, and the forest with its withered foliage and hoary rocks presented a gloomy prospect to the eye of the wayfarer; the deep green of the leaves had given place to a pale and sickly yellow, and as the wind swept with a sighing sound through the lofty oaks, their withered leaves came fluttering down, while those, which had already yielded up their verdant covering, stood like giants, stretching their mighty arms over the scene of cheerless desolation below. Such was the general aspect of the forest, when Emily and myself wandered forth one evening, enlivening the monotony of our ramble by planning the course of our future life and indulging in bright anticipations of coming happiness. Thus pleasantly engaged we sauntered on, until the sun sank down behind a mass of angry black clouds which were ominously gathering in the Western sky, and Emily, looking upward with an anxious gaze, remarked, that we had better hurry home before the storm. Scarce had the words left her lips, before a peal of thunder burst above our heads, accompanied by a flash, so vivid, as to blind our eyes for the instant, and then large heavy drops of rain began to plash heavily upon the withered leaves which strewed our path; while the wind, which had hitherto been sweeping furiously along, suddenly lulled as if collecting its strength, in that awful calm which always precedes the full fury of the storm. Taking advantage then of the brief respite afforded me, I hurried the terrified girl along, and had already gained a sight of the cottage, when I heard the wind come sweeping on like a lion roaring for his prey, and the next moment, the full fury of the tempest fell on our devoted heads.

Nerved by the danger in which Emily was placed, I dragged along her almost inanimate form, and had begun to flatter myself that all danger was over, for we were now within a hundred yards of the cottage, when a bright glare of light blazed into my eyes, scorching my very brain, accompanied by a peal of thunder which appeared to strike the oak under which we stood: stunned and blinded by the shock, the earth seemed to rock beneath my feet, I staggered for a moment like a drunken man,

and then fell so heavily against the oak, that I lay stunned and insensible. How long I lay in that death-like swoon I know not; slowly I revived, and when full consciousness returned to me the moon was riding high in the heavens. At first, all that passed seemed more like a troubled dream than a reality, but suddenly the truth flashed upon my bewildered brain; weak and wounded as I was, I sprang to my feet and shrieked the name of Emily! A thousand echoes caught up the name and sent it back, but no human tongue replied. Had she deserted me! I cast my eyes towards the cottage, and my blood was frozen in my veins; where that tasteful dwelling had stood, was now a mass of blackened and shattered ruins; the thunder bolt had stricken it, and it was the concussion only which had felled me blind and bleeding to the earth. But where were Emily and her father? I looked around but could see no trace of them; the earth around had been torn up by the hoofs of horses; but I saw no trace of a human form. With a fearful presentiment of evil, I rushed to the ruins of the cottage; I tore aside, with frantic eagerness, the shattered boards which impeded my view, but they were not there. Relieved at heart, I was about to turn away, when suddenly, beneath a massive pillar, something caught my eye resembling a human form; to rush forward and heave at the massive weight until the drops stood upon my brow, was the work of an instant; but the pillar remained immovable; again, with the energy of desperation, I strained against it, and as the pillar rolled heavily aside, the crushed and mangled form of the old man met my view—the pillar had fallen upon him, and crushed him beneath its ruins!—Years have rolled away since that ghastly spectacle met my eye; I have since seen Death in every shape he can assume; I have dashed on my war horse over dead and dying wretches on the tented field; I have watched the victims of disease perishing with nameless agonies in the loathsome lazaretto; I have witnessed the despairing struggles of shipwrecked mariners when the good ship went down amid the waters and I alone was saved; but all these scenes of woe and agony have not been able to efface from my memory the sight which met my view in that lonely forest. Calm as if in sleep the old man's body lay, save that his white hairs were stained with the blood which oozed from his fractured temple; while the death-spasm had convulsed his lips into a sardonic sneer of unutterable agony. I gazed, like one stupified, for a time upon the corpse, but my heart was hardened into stone by my loss, and I did not shed a tear for the miserable old man. I even experienced a kind of relief since I was now convinced that Emily was safe; but whither and how had she disappeared? I carefully surveyed the ground again, and was convinced that a troop of horsemen had visited the spot, and these probably had carried her away; the more I pondered upon it, the more certain did I become; until a wild scheme of tracing her suggested itself to my mind, which I departed to put in execution.

Returning to my castle, I despatched a band of my retainers to enter the body in my family vault, and having performed the last sad offices for the dead, prepared to commence my search for my lost Emily. But I determined to go alone, and therefore summoned to my side my favorite hound "Ranger;" he was a noble animal, black

as jet, with a tawny muzzle; age had stiffened his limbs and dimmed the fire of his eye; but had not impaired his strength or fidelity. He had been thoroughly trained by my father, and on his sagacity I placed my chief reliance. Girding on my trusty sword and followed only by my faithful "Ranger," I again sought the cottage, and with a palpitating heart placed him upon the trail of the troops I intended to trace. Gradually, the fire seemed to kindle in the old hound's eye, he shook his shaggy hide, snuffed the breeze for an instant as if in doubt, and then bounded forward on the trail with a lengthened howl of exultation. With a throbbing heart I followed after: for several hours did the staunch hound pursue the path he had first taken, and I still kept him in sight, until, suddenly diverging from the beaten path, he turned into a narrow sheep track which led to a wild and mountainous part of the country bordering on the river frequented chiefly by the mountain shepherds, men who combined the characters of smugglers and robbers; and Emily was in the power of these lawless men! should I return for a force to wrest her from them, or trust to my own good arm and ingenuity to rescue her? My pride suggested the latter; and setting my teeth with firm resolve, I clambered with fearless intrepidity over the rugged path and leaped the yawning chasms, where a slip would have been certain death. Thus I proceeded, and already the roar of the river had broken upon my ear, when Ranger, who, for the last three hours, had followed the trail with silent pertinacity, now crouched down amid the brushwood and gave a low warning growl. Pressing eagerly forward, I found reason to praise his sagacity; for, scattered on the ground in various groups, were about a dozen men, whose swarthy and truculent countenances would have betrayed their character, had not their arms and accoutrements more plainly indicated it. Most of them appeared to be partially intoxicated, some were playing dice, others engaged in cooking their food; while at the point most distant from me sat two persons who, from the deference with which they were treated, were evidently superior to the rest of the band; and in one of these, though closely enveloped in a huge cloak, I fancied I could recognise the matchless symmetry of my own Emily. All the party were booted and spurred, and their hard ridden horses proved to me that they were the men I sought. A rapid survey of the ground decided me how to act; cautiously creeping through the undergrowth, I neared the spot where the two principal persons were seated, and saw at a glance the truth of my surmise; but her companion's face was so hidden by his mask, as to evade my scrutiny. My plan was immediately formed, raising my voice, I shouted in a voice of thunder, "Surrender in the Kings name!" and rousing the hound at the same time, he dashed in among them with a deep bay of wrath. The astonished robbers, terrified by the suddenness of the attack, and believing themselves surrounded by an armed force, lost all presence of mind, and disregarding the commands of their leader, leapt upon their horses and scattered in flight. Finding his efforts futile, he turned to Emily and lifting her in his arms as though she had been a child, vaulted with her upon his steed and turned to fly. Rushing forward, sword in hand, I sought to intercept his progress, but plunging his spurs into the sides of the noble animal he rode, he bounded

forward, and had I not leaped aside, would have crushed me beneath his hoofs; then, giving him a free rein, he darted off at full speed in the rocky path which led to the river side. As he darted by with the rapidity of a whirlwind, I heard Emily's shriek for help—the sound fired my soul, and urging the hound in pursuit, I turned aside and strained my nerves to reach a deep gorge which I knew he must pass to gain the river, and having gained it, waited with fierce impatience for the arrival of my foe. And a wild and dangerous place it was; the path winding like a thread over a narrow ridge of rocks, presenting a sheer front of two hundred feet to the river below, whose rapid current swept with a roaring sound through its narrow channel at the base, while in the gorge where I stood, the piled-up rocks on either side rendered escape impossible. Nor did I await him long, but a few minutes had elapsed, when the rapid clatter of a horse's hoofs rung upon the flinty soil, as he dashed up the narrow path, while the deep bay of the hound, as nerved by hate he followed on, came from the glen beneath. Already had the horseman gained the cliff which jutted over the precipice, and in a moment more would have been opposed to me in the gorge beneath, when the noble steed he rode, worn down by the desperate efforts he had made to outstrip the fierce blood-hound, whose sullen bay came nearer and nearer, staggered and fell, scarce giving his rider time to extricate himself and his lovely burden. Casting a wild and hurried glance around, and seeing no prospect of escape, the robber drew his sword, and awaited the attack of the fierce hound who was toiling up the steep ascent. But another antagonist awaited him, for, bursting through the impediments between, sword in hand, I confronted him, just as the mask had fallen from his face, discovering the countenance of Albert Hardinge, convulsed with wrath and hate. To Emily, the sight of a basilisk could not have been more fearful!—the adopted brother of her youth an outlawed felon! With a shuddering groan, she hid her face in her hands and turned away. But the outlaw heeded her not! the sight of his hated enemy had lashed him into frenzy; with a savage imprecation he rushed forward, and we would instantly have met in deadly combat, had not Emily sprung forward and clinging to his arm exclaimed, "Spare him, Albert! spare him! By the memory of our childhood I implore you not to stain your soul with the shedding of innocent blood! he knew you not! he could not know you in this strange disguise! and never has wrought you harm!" "Girl!" said the bandit sternly, while the fire of hate flashed from his eyes, "your prayers are idle; my enemy stands before me, and one of us two must die before yonder sun shall sink in the Western sky; plead not with me," he continued, "for I would sell my soul to the foul fiend to ensure my vengeance upon that wretch who has made my life—a curse! and has hunted me down, even now, like a wild beast with his ferocious hound."

Terrified and exhausted, the trembling maiden sunk to the earth; and the silence was only broken by the clash of our weapons, as with the stern intensity of men who fight for life, hand to hand we contended together. On one side knelt Emily, her cheek as hueless as that of the dead, her eyes strained towards Heaven, and her lips moving as though in prayer; on the other side crouched the noble hound, his fierce eye glaring upon

us, and ready at a word to spring upon my enemy; while the roar of the river and the clashing of our swords alone broke the stillness of the spot, never before profaned by the unhallowed passions of man. For a time the combat had continued with equal fortune, several wounds had been given and received, and we had mutually paused for an instant to breathe, when the traitor snatched a whistle which hung at his side, and attempted to sound a call for his followers; but I saw and frustrated his purpose, ere he could sound it I was again upon him, and it was evident to us both that the conflict now must shortly terminate; for driven backwards by the violence of my assault, he retreated a few paces until he stood upon the very verge of the precipice. He was now wounded in several places, I too was wounded and bleeding at every pore, but despair gave me strength; each instant, however, I became fainter from loss of blood, and each lunge of my enemy inflicted a new wound; collecting all my remaining energies for one final effort, I parried his thrust, closed in upon him, and flung the whole weight of my body full against him. Exhausted by loss of blood and his previous efforts, the bandit could not resist the sudden shock of my fall; for an instant the wretched man braced his muscles and stood upright; and then, losing his balance, rolled heavily over the precipice, grasping at my collar as he fell, with such frantic energy as to rend the portion he had seized. One despairing cry of agony and hate burst from his lips as he hung suspended by a vine that jutting over the precipice, then releasing his hold in sullen desperation, he passed from our view, and the heavy plunge of his body as it struck the stream beneath, alone announced to us that his erring spirit had passed from time into eternity.

With a deep drawn sigh of relief, I strove to rise from the spot where I had fallen, but the excitement which had hitherto sustained me, was now rapidly subsiding, and exhausted nature asserted her supremacy; as I staggered to my feet, a mighty ocean seemed roaring in my ears, bright flashes streamed before my sight, my brain reeled, and but for the supporting arm of Emily, who sprung forward and sustained me, I would have fallen into the abyss. As it was a dream-like faintness stole over my senses, and I sunk down, as void of sensation as the enemy whom I had destroyed.

What passed for weeks succeeding I only know from the report of others, for all that period I hovered on the confines of life and death; and, when I awoke to consciousness, I was lying, weak and attenuated in my own room, at the farther end of which a female figure was bending over a table, busied in composing some draught or potion for the sick man. A glance satisfied me, that it was not Emily, and a sickening feeling of fear crept over me; as I moved restlessly upon my couch, the female turned and exhibited to my view the features of a comely woman of middle age, but a stranger to me. It was your mother, Reginald! whom Providence had sent on a visit to me, during my absence; and from her I learnt, that Emily was safe and in my castle; and then she reluctantly admitted the fact, that Emily had been ill as well as myself, but was then rapidly convalescing; which was confirmed by the Leech, who entered soon after, and who promised if I kept perfectly quiet that day that I should see her on the next. Satisfied on this subject, I then inquired of my sister the

mode in which I had been found, and from her I learnt that the whole household on her arrival were plunged in the deepest affliction at my mysterious disappearance, to which they had no clue, as a day had now elapsed and nothing had been seen or heard of me. At a late hour the family had retired to rest, and my sister was still up in her cabinet, musing upon my strange disappearance, when her attention was excited by a violent scratching at the outer gate; and then the long, loud, melancholy howl of a dog rose upon the midnight air; for some time she paid no attention to it, but the noise was so long continued, that she at length sent the porter to drive the dog away. No sooner had the gate been opened, than old Ranger, covered with dust and foam, staggered into the hall, and again repeated the long howl which first had roused her attention,—which done, he turned again towards the forest. A light flashed upon my sister's mind; she summoned the steward, bade him arm a band of retainers and follow the hound, which was promptly obeyed. Need I describe how they found my lifeless body on the rock, shielded by the devoted girl who had never left me, whose deep affection had served as a protection against the unwonted exposure and fatigue to which she had been subjected; for all of which she felt repaid, when the Leech allowed us for the first time since my illness to see each other; for a time neither spoke, our hearts were too full for words, but we gazed upon each other and felt that we were happy. Happiness is a sovereign restorative, my recovery was so rapid as to astonish the Leech, and I was soon able to enjoy the pleasure of rambling again through the forest with my betrothed. Slowly and unwillingly did the conviction force itself upon me, that a change had been wrought in that perfect figure and faultless face, that her form, each day became thinner, and her step more languid and slow; while a dull hacking cough, which she strove in vain to suppress, became more frequent and distressing. I even ventured to express my apprehensions to her, but she only laughed at my fears, and when I gazed upon her cheek, where always of late there bloomed a bright warm glow, and marked the brilliancy of her eye, flashing with light, my fears did indeed seem idle; but the nameless dread haunted me still. But with the coming winter there could be no longer any doubt; that fatal crimson spot upon the cheek, the accursed hand of the insidious disease—the laboring breath, and the unnatural brightness of the eye—all told that consumption had seized its victim; the excitement and mental anxiety of that fatal night, had been too much for her delicate frame; and the Anaconda-coil of that accursed malady, which no human skill can baffle, had wound itself around that pure being, in whom was centred my only hope of happiness. Who can imagine the tortures I endured, while witnessing the fading of that pure existence, as day by day her hold upon earth was loosened; but God was merciful and she was not doomed to linger long; yet with the blessed self-deception of her disease, she would sometimes cheer up even my sinking heart with plans of happiness for days to come, and kindle up a delusive ray of hope to be quenched in deeper despair. One evening in especial I well remember, nor will it ever be forgotten until I cease to exist; it was the hour of sunset, and we sat together at the

casement, watching in silence the glorious drapery of clouds which veiled the setting sun; the weather was so unusually mild, that the casement was open, and for several days she had been so free from pain, that I had flattered myself with a hope of her recovery; upon her mind, however, there seemed a settled conviction, whether favorable or otherwise I could not tell; but on this evening, as half supporting her slender form, we sat within the casement, the calm tranquillity of her features inspired me with hope, and clasping her attenuated hand within my own, with all the eloquence of true and warm affection, I besought her to become my bride, that I might bear her to the sunny clime of Italy, and baffle the insidious disease which had bowed her almost to the grave. As she listened to my earnest and impassioned words, a glow came over her pale face and she hid her face upon my shoulder; but in a moment more she raised her head and fixing her eye full of strange light full upon my own, she answered me: "Reginald," she said in a low, earnest tone that sank to my heart. "a love like yours deserves a rich return, and I have loved you as few have ever loved before; almost to idolatry,—and now that all the other shadows of earth are fading away before my dying eyes, your image mingles in my thoughts of the future, and gives me the sole pang I feel at leaving earth and its vain shows behind me!"

"Talk not of death," I cried wildly, "a love like mine should be omnipotent with a kind Creator! Be mine, and we shall yet live and be happy!" A smile of heavenly sweetness illuminated her pale face,—“We part for a time, oh, Reginald!” she said, “but we will meet again to part no more.”

"Where! where!" I cried.

"In heaven," was the reply; and then, the high excitement which had sustained her, suddenly giving way, she sank fainting in my arms. At that moment, the hound beneath the casement gave a long wailing howl which thrilled through my frame, as stooping down I took the pale hand, which responded not to my pressure; I looked into her face; it was hushed in the stillness of death; with the last word she had uttered, her pure spirit had taken its flight to a better world; and I was alone with the dead! Stunned by the suddenness of the blow, I sat for a time in a state of stupor lethargy, holding that cold hand in mine. I was not roused from that state of tearless apathy until the corpse of her I loved was laid within the vault, where reposed the bones of my ancestors; then suddenly consciousness was restored to me, and with it convulsive agony; with a howl like that of a wild beast, I darted into the forest, followed by my faithful hound, and was soon lost to the sight of the anxious menials who pursued me!

For three years after, I was the tenant of a mad-house—but my family kept the secret; and when I emerged from it, I was sound in mind, but dead in heart; a cold, stern, callous man, who called no man friend; and shunned the presence of woman. Since that time I have seen and suffered much, but the events I have recorded are as fresh in my memory as though they happened but yesterday. And now, oh Reginald! thou hast heard the cause which made me the cold worldling men deem me! May my sad history be a warning and a lesson unto you. Farewell!

South Carolina.

PRETENSION.

Susan Walker
By the Authoress of "The Vow," "Lona D'Alvarez," &c.

CHAPTER II.

"There are some who only strive themselves to raise
Through pompous pride and foolish vanity.
In the eyes of people, they put all their praise."

"Fools indeed drop the man in their account,
And vote the *mantle* into majesty."—Young.

With your permission, reader, we will take a few backward steps in the calendar of time, and look in upon a family circle, with whom the web of our story now, necessarily, weaves for your notice. It is then, a few mornings before the one mentioned in our first chapter, that we wish to introduce the Browns to your friendly acquaintance. In a back room of small dimensions, a breakfast table was laid, and if, when looking around, you find life's shifting panorama not quite so pleasing to the cultivated eye and taste, as when we lingered in that of the aristocratic Mrs. Clifton, you have only to wisely reflect, how constantly the axis of fashion turns upon vicissitude, and that truly one half of the world know not how the other half live. Every article of furniture in the said room was plain, rather coarse, though comfortable, as also that of the said breakfast table. Instead of a richly chased silver urn, there was a plain brown crockery coffee pot, with a set of common white china placed on a half worn waiter—before which, was seated the mistress of the house, dispensing the graceful duties of that meal. Mrs. Brownslow was a large, fat woman, whose rubicund face beamed as much with the flush of good nature as from the plethora of health; her heart was, no doubt, as warm as the freely coursing blood through her ponderous structure of mortality. A cap of multitudinous ruffles, ornamented with pea green ribbon, rested carelessly upon a foretop of light hair, which was pushed broadly from her face, displaying her large features in bold relief, while the long strings which, even in winter, proved too great a confinement for her freedom of respiration, floated over her broad neck. A dark merino shawl was pinned over her shoulders, and a once slate-colored bombazine loosely fitted her obese figure. So looked the well-meaning Mrs. B., as she briskly poured out the coffee for her husband. Glance at him readers—did you ever behold a more contradictory opposite-looking pair yoked in conjugal bondage! Mr. Brownslow was a short, lean-shaped man—his every feature sharp and keen, with a nose as red as the glaring bricks of his house, an eye quick, clear and searching, his forehead open as day, while his crown would have proved rather an unsafe resting-place for any impertinent fly, so sleek was its baldness—but no persuasion could induce him to repair time's damages, so long as the

thin edge of gray hair still garnished his head piece. Every thing was in perfect harmony about Mr. B's dress—his drab coat and pantaloons were never suffered to look dull from the relief of any other colored vest or neckcloth—from time immemorial, each article had retained its original shade, unassisted by any ostentatious effort of fashion. There was, likewise, the same uniformity in his manners, which were invariably kind, though blunt to all, while a vein of good humor and sterling common sense generally marked his conversation.

"Wife," said he, taking his second cup, "I fear you are ruining our girls; they hardly think it worth while to eat a meal with us, since they returned from school. Pray where are they this morning?"

"No wonder, Brownny, you are such a plain mechanical sort of a man; breakfast, dinner and supper must be exactly with the click of the clock, and the poor things have hardly time to appear, before you are off to the shop, at least, so they say. They have been away from us so long, I dislike now to oversee them *too* severely."

Mr. B. drew from his pocket a large red handkerchief, and took refuge in a loud blowing of his nose, which operation had hardly been completed, when the eldest daughter, Milly, made her appearance, attired in all the *negligé* possible; she slightly inclined her head to her parents, as she quietly took the seat offered her by Mrs. B., who asked in the softest tone, "what will you have, dear, this morning?"

"Have you no *thé vert*, mamma? I told you I could not relish the *café* our cook makes."

Mr. B's cup was set down. "Pray what is *that*—any new drink for ladies—I thought this was an age of temperance for them, as well as we men folks!"

"Bless me, Papa, it is nothing more than what you call tea and coffee. You must excuse me, I have lived so long with a French family, I forget I am often using an unfamiliar language to you."

"Well, here comes *Josee*; I suppose she'll want some such *thing abob* too, for *her* breakfast."

"I'll promise papa, never to want any thing but what is reasonable, if he will drop the vulgar cognomen, *Josee*. It shocks my auricular sense, and refined taste."

The second daughter sank into a chair nearest Mr. B., looking more languidly interesting than her sister.

"Why I am sure you were named after your own mother, and I know *she* never was ashamed of it! What shall I call you?" added he, fondly laying his hand on her head.

"Josephine—a proud name too, since Napoleon said it was one of music to his ear. Don't you know all abbreviations are obsolete, and show a decided plebeian taste. Sister was always called Emilie by our French governess, any thing but plain Milly; I am immediately carried to the vulgar savory kitchen when I hear it."

"Well, well," returned Mr. B., placing his knife and fork systematically across his plate. "this is truly a new-fangled age of new-fangled sentiments. Every thing is turned upside down, even folks' names, the only inheritance a poor man can leave his children. I suppose *Peter* will put in his voice for a Frenchified alteration!"

"I think well he may," remarked Emilie, "and if you don't want to shock every nerve within me, don't call him Peter. How much more *euphonious* Pierre falls on the ear!"

"You-phonious? what's that? I guess it will be a long time before Pete's dull ear for music, could make him like an *you-olian* harp, as I suppose *that's* what you mean?"

Emilie and Josephine bent a frowning look of contempt upon the smiling face of the old man, while the former answered with infinite dignity:

"It is only a word, quite common, and conveying much softness of sound, which you know Pierre studies, as all of us should, to acquire."

"And pray what has become of Mr. *Pare*, I suppose he is lounging in his bed, indifferent about his breakfast and every thing else?"

"Mamma is always thoughtful and kind enough, to reserve our dear brother's *déjeuné*."

"There it is again," cried the wonder-looking Mr. B.: "I'm sure this is a very *sun-shiny* day, he need not wait for a brighter or clearer one to leave his bed."

"La, Mr. B., you are worse to teach French than I am. I know what Emilie means by *day-shunay*, it is simply what we call breakfast, and I am sure much better sounding, for I never did see any sense in the word *break your fast*. But the English language, as Pierre very often says, is entirely too *verbose*."

"And your mouth is fixed for *Pare* too," added the good humored husband; "the whole set of you are fast loosing the little good sense Nature ever blessed you with, by your Frenchy imitations. Well, you use a successful weapon in driving me to a more suitable place, my shop-room."

Mr. B. rose to go, but as he paused before the fire to take his accustomed warming, Josephine glided from her seat, and affectionately threw her arms around his neck, while she begged him to be seated.

"A few moments, dear Papa: I have a petition to make, which, if you grant, I'll even consent to be called *Josee*, provided you don't carry the name into the parlor."

"Well, what do you want; something in the way of a new dress, bonnet, or some such flummery, I dare say?"

"Neither, Papa, we want to have a *soirée*; say, won't you give us your consent?"

"A what?" said the puzzled Mr. B., "what the

mischievous is a *sworay*? Is it any thing the color of my sorrell horse?"

"Oh dear! Mr. B., how you do talk, and shockingly *butcher* the *Frarnsa* language. I am sure you have often heard of *swora's*, for you came home last night, and said the city was in an uproar about the Hamilton party, and Pierre told you it was called a musical swora."

"It means then a party," replied the old man, giving way to a hearty burst of laughter. "Beg your pardon, Josee; I actually thought you wanted a *horse*, or some sort of an animal, as now-a-days you are too Frenchy to walk, or do like other folks."

"Yes, Papa, we want to give a party; but please call it *soirée*, and now give us your kind consent," whereupon, Josephine twined her arms closer around his neck.

"Why it will take all the coats and cloth in my shop to pay for the fixins, and then Josee (I mean your mother) and I will have to sit up long past *ten*—the next morning I should not be able to cross my poor aching legs upon the counter."

I did not think you were niggard, Mr. Brownlow, with all your dullness. You know very well you are free from debt, and can very conveniently incur the expense—nor will one coat or inch of cloth be missing in the store. Besides, I am sure you can retire just when you choose, there's *Pare* can be master of ceremonies."

Mrs. B. had almost shook off her cap in the vehemence of the moment.

"Go on, go on with your notions. I'll consent, make yourselves the biggest sort of fools while you are at it. I never like to see *pretension* of any sort, and always go for *work* being well done, the whole cabbage, or none at all, and a half made coat is no coat to come from under an honest tailor's goose."

"Then you say *oui*," cried Josee, rubbing her hands with delight. "Thank you ten thousand times, Papa, now give us a *carte blanche*, for every thing necessary, and we will be satisfied."

"That I can't exactly do, for I don't own a *coat* in the wide world, save a small trundle one, used in the shop. But you can send Dick to my friend, the coachmaker's, and hire one of his best, as I suppose you want every thing of the *latest cut*. Will that suffice, Josee?"

It was Josephine's turn to laugh, for she was too happy to look her usual frowns when her father misunderstood her French phrases. She was about to correct him, when her mother impatiently observed:

"Do pray let him go to the store, for out of it he knows nothing, not even refined words. I really thought, Mr. B., you were a man of quick parts. I'm surprised we have such intelligent and well-informed children."

"You need not, love, for you know while I was courting you, Jim *Porker*, the *butcher*, said you were entirely too smart for any but a genteel tailor."

like myself, so our chicks took after you." In spite of Mrs. B.'s stout resistance, the good man gave her a loud kiss on her flushed cheek, and took refuge from the evidently aroused elements, in a speedy exit.

"I do declare, though your father is a good sort of a man, and we have managed to live very peaceably together, yet I always thought he cared more about making *coats*, than cultivating his mind. He never will lose his blunt *natural* ways, which actually make me ashamed of him *now*, especially when you all do every thing to appear *genteel*."

"I sincerely wish Papa would 'sink the shop in company,' as the old adage says. We never can forget he is a tailor; and just think, Emilie, they were a *calibre* Napoleon said, should only consist of the lame, impotent and worthless, while he always selected for his army, mechanics of all grades, but who could boast of manly vigor and bravery of character, declaring that such requisites were incompatible with a *tailor's* occupation. I do believe I had rather be the daughter of any other tradesman or mechanic, than what I am."

"Well, we can't help it, quietly replied Emilie; it remains for us to use every exertion to *appear* the *smoother* pure ourselves—if we can only manage to keep Papa out of the way when we have our *soirée*. Mamma, can't you make him retire early, and you know when we are fairly introduced into *société*, he can sit in this room, while we occupy the parlor!"

"Leave all that to me," said the acquiescing Mamma. "I can do more with the good soul than any body else, because, in general, I don't rouse him from his *lair* of ignorance, by using French words. Come let us talk about the *sworay*. Who are to be invited? I suppose, as we have a pew in a genteel church, and I belong to it, we could very properly invite some of the families we sit near, and have *heard* something about."

"Never mind, we'll manage all that, only let us consult about the preparations. As we have no French cook, and you, Mamma, are so ignorant of that style of cooking, we must hire one, and order a good deal from a French confectioner."

"Pray what do you want, that I don't know how to make?" asked Mrs. B. in a defying tone.

"There's a *blanc-mange* and floating island, that I've heard you say, you never *even saw*."

"Don't call the thing *blarny-marnge*, I always am reminded of Jim Porker's talk about the *Irish* and his *hags*. If you have the nick-nackries cooked at the confectioners, I know enough of meats, to have them served at home."

"No, no, Mamma, that would be still worse, for you know gentlemen always go *more* for well-dressed meats, than the ornamental things. We can very easily send for Mons. Nicola, and have it all done by him."

"Well, draw off the list of necessary things; as we are *acquainted* with the butcher, we can proba-

bly get them cheaper, for I begin to be sensible of the terrible expense the business will cost."

Emilie commenced—"Ragoûts of all kinds, *Petits pieds*, *Cotelettes de mouton*, *Gibier*, *Fricassée*, *Agneau*, *Jambon*, and"—

"I never heard of such *curious* named meats," interrupted Mrs. B.

"They are in French, Mamma, which you know Mons. Nicola will understand."

"Well, I suppose you don't want any vegetables, though I think you are making a fair dinner of it."

"Now we'll enumerate the ornamental things. *Gâteaux* of every variety, *Confitures*, *Des-glaces*, *Gelée*, *Dragées*, besides *Morceaux friands* of every selection."

"I wonder if the people will be able to swallow such *queer* stuffs; do pray send them to a *sure enough* Frenchman, for fear of any mistakes," rejoined Mrs. B., with an anxious face. "Well now, what are you going to have in the way of drinkables, or must it be a cold water affair?"

"Never," exclaimed Emilie; "it would be too niggard and plebeian not to have wines. By-the-by, Richard, (turning to the servant who had entered, I wish Papa would not call our *sommelier*, Dick) go to your young master's room, and tell him your mistress desires to speak to him. Pierre will arrange the beverages."

In a few moments he returned, saying, *Mas Pete* had just got up and would be down soon as he *dressed his-self*.

"Bless me! Richard, we will have to give you a few fashionable drillings too! What a trouble it gives one to appear genteel, when they have not been *raised so*," said Josephine petulantly.

After a sufficient time spent in dallying at his morning's toilet, Peter Adolphus Brownslow condescended to make his appearance in the breakfast-room. A calico *robe de chambre*, lined with plush flannel, was folded around his Apollo-like limbs, which almost concealed their slender proportions. Light hair hung around his low, narrow forehead; not a *wavy line* marred its *sleek straight fall*, from which peeped pale blue eyes deeply sunken, while his whole face was sicklied o'er with a *paler* "cast of thought." Slippers of silken softness contained his small but misshapen feet—on his delicate looking hand, there glistened a ring of immense size and brilliancy, which he gracefully exhibited when pushing back the hair from his brow, while he slowly took the chair, Mrs. B. bustlingly placed for him by the fire.

"What is the cause of my being aroused from my slumbers so early?" drawled he. "The gray dawn peered above the Eastern horizon, ere I sought '*Nature's soft nurse*,' and even then, my thoughts were so active, my imagination so restlessly brilliant, I found no repose in her sweet arms. It seems I have scarcely slept an hour."

"We'll not trouble you until you eat your *da-*

shunay; it is quite warm and tempting, you have only to say what you want," tenderly remarked the fond Mrs. Brownslow.

The two girls, with difficulty, restrained their impatience, while Pierre continued without deigning to speak, slowly sipping his coffee. No sooner had he whirled his chair from the table, announcing that he had finished, than they eagerly commenced.

"Papa has given us permission to have a *soirée*, and as we have arranged the preparations, you must assist us in setting down the necessary beverages," said Emilie.

"I must first know for *whom* and *what sort* of people the beverages are to be selected. I hope you will only invite the elite of *société*—those styled the *first in standing*. As it is the first we have ever given, we should be very cautious about this important step." Peter actually manifested some animated interest in the matter.

"That we certainly mean to do—to night we'll write the invitations—it is necessary to attend to the preparations before any thing else."

Peter took the offered pencil from Josephine's hand, to set down what was required. Mrs. B.'s eyes dilated with greater astonishment than at what her daughters had named, when he slowly read it to her.

"*Eau de vie*,"—"dear me!" interrupted she, "what is the use of having any *cologne*?" Peter went on, "*vin de Madère, vin de Bourgogne, vin de Champagne, vin de Bordeaux, vin d'Orporto*, besides lemonade and ponche."

"Well, I never heard of so many *vins*; I suppose they are composed of vinegar and something else. Suppose we have *brandy* and *gin* in the place of some, for you know your father don't drink watery or self-made liquors!"

"Mamma, the first is the French for brandy, but for heaven sake abandon *gin*, I would fancy our sitting room converted into a liquor shop."

Peter almost raised himself from his reclining position at the very idea of *gin*.

"Your uncle Tom will be here, and as he keeps such a *sh—store*, he'll be sure to criticise so many *vins*."

"Not he," returned Peter disdainfully; "we have only to send the order to a wine merchant, and all will be as it should. I cannot spare any more of my time from the delightful labor of study. I have a good deal of writing to do, and several letters from fellow *students* to answer, so you must go on without my assistance. I may have a few leisure moments this evening, when we will make out our list of guests." Mr. Peter Adolphus gathered around his person the folds of his *robe de chambre*, and with an air of kingly dignity he left the room.

The day was spent in removing this and that piece of old-fashioned furniture, and replacing those more modern, some *burroiced*, but the greater number *hired*.

"This vulgar gilt mantle mirror must come down; who ever heard of such being in any *gentrel* house, they are only seen in *taverns*, and all those coarse pictures of horses, hounds and daubed female faces must be swept from the room. Those windsor chairs are intolerable, so are the carpets; but, however, the former are not required now, it is the fashion to stand altogether, and as we will have dancing, the latter can be removed out of sight."

Emilie and Josephine made every necessary arrangement with all possible despatch, while poor Mrs. B. stood by petrified with astonishment at the fate of her "dear high priced mirror," and Brownny's pictures, that had hung up ever since their marriage, but old things and old people must give way before the rapid tide of modern inventions. Evening found them seated around a table, consulting about the most important duty, enumerating those to be invited. Pierre Adolphus had emerged from his morning's dishabille, and now appeared in the full blaze of parlor costume, also Emilie and Josephine, who, to tell the truth, were quite pretty and *delicate* looking girls. The old man sat beside another table, engrossed in the interesting details of "prices-current" in his daily paper, while Mrs. B.'s fingers were dexterously seeding some plumbs, "which," as she said, "did not require any knowledge of *French* to understand." Richard, much to their relief, soon entered with a large basket filled with beautiful embossed cards, paper envelopes, seals and ribbons. In a few moments the girls were rapidly calling a host of names for Peter to write.

The Hamiltons, Montaignes, Greys, Westons, Cliftons and Mr. Sinclair, whom *you* know very well.

Mr. Brownslow's paper fell from his hand.

"What the deuce are you talking about, children. Those big fish never troubled *you* any, and what should you be bothering yourselves about them?"

"Papa, we did not *insinuate* having been troubled by any of them, we intend inviting them to our *soirée*," remarked Josephine.

The old man nearly turned his *didapper* person out of his chair.

"And pray are you fools enough to think they will *belittle* themselves so much as to come here. Why, I suppose Miss Almeria Clifton would not hesitate to *trot* your invitation back, and ask you what was meant by it. Indeed, I think she would serve you right, and I actually would not be sorry."

"True politeness pertains less to rank than to real goodness of heart, and fashionable, *aristocratic* people generally possess it—therefore, we need not fear such an impolite act from the well-bred Miss Clifton, who smiled upon me most graciously when I told her Mr. Sinclair was a *ci-devant* friend of mine." Peter's pale blue eyes looked volumes as he bent it upon his amazed father, who was imme-

diately silenced. The cards were all closed in envelopes, which were directed in the most delicate hand possible, and that very important business was completed. Mr. B. finished his paper.

"Well," said he, "I only want to know what I am to do for company. I suppose, as I have to bear the brunt of the expense, I may *cabbage* in a few old friends, for I am sure I do not know any you've mentioned, save in a business capacity."

"Who do you wish, Papa?" asked Josephine, anxiously.

"Why, there's Jim Porker, you know, wife, it would not do to slight him, he was your old beau, and he might think I still had a grudge against him. Tom Jones, my fellow tradesman, who has done me so many favors; John Shanty, the carpenter; Bob Fletcher, the coachmaker; Bill Dixon, the grocer, and—"

"Mon Dieu! I should never have courage to show my face," warmly exclaimed Peter, "if such vulgar specimens of mechanics are permitted to mingle promiscuously with the ton of *société*. The world would cry 'Motley was the mean' at Mr. Brownslow's *soirée*."

Josee had recourse to her usual coaxing, for she certainly appeared to be the favorite with Papa, and notwithstanding Mr. B.'s sincere friendship for his old chums, he was forced to resign his will by resigning them, his wife adding the consolatory remark:

"You know, old man, we can have a scrap dinner and invite those you desire, besides many more—for I dare say they would enjoy a good warm meal in the day time much more than the flummeries at a *soirée*."

Calling them a set of run mad Frenchified *apes*, the good unpretending soul retired for the night.

All was arranged to the entire satisfaction of Peter, the girls and Mrs. B., and early the next morning, Richard was rigged out in an old cast off suit of *Pierre's*—a fine basket given him, filled with the precious, beautiful and *highly scented* invitations, to be duly delivered. The Brownslows were determined to astonish even the Hamiltons and Cliftons.

To inspire *proper* esteem and consideration should be the grand object of our conduct; without it, the relations of society would be a humiliation and punishment, but no one can secure such, unless he is "armed within" and self-sustained by true principles, for 'tis only

"Moral grandeur that makes the mighty man."

Blank and crest fallen would the aspiring Brownslow's have felt, could they have followed Richard, and have beheld the looks of astonishment, the smiles of scorn, the shrugs of contempt, the words of ridicule manifested by those invited, when their glossy cards were received. But ignorance was indeed to them a bliss—that gift to "see ourselves

as others see us" was denied them, and with eager fluttering hearts, they awaited the day of their surpassing *soirée*. It came—Sol arose in all his glorious radiance—even the Heavens looked propitious—but the morn had not basked long in his sunny rays, ere there poured in a number of apologetic cards and notes for the Misses Brownslow—until the *few* left who had accepted, would indeed be too few to term the gathering, a *soirée*. All they could do, was to hurriedly write invitations to the most *genteel* of their acquaintance amongst the tradesmen and mechanics—as it would never do, after Mons. Nicola had succeeded so admirably in his preparations, and after all their trouble and expense, not to make *some sort* of a display. Mrs. B. declared it would be an unheard of waste of French good things—and at any rates, there was some consolation, that Miss Almeria Clifton had not declined the invitation, neither had Mr. Sinclair. Never mind, the Hamilton and Montague's notes would show to wonderful advantage in the card basket—people would see they were acquaintances of theirs—and *that* was some honor in the eyes of many. Poor Richard's second tour was not so extended, but certainly his success was greater, for he even brought back answers, which were highly favorable, and still hoping, that all would pass off as it should, the girls, jaded and worried almost to exhaustion, retired to their chamber to array themselves for the *soirée*; and whilst they are attending to the onerous duties of the toilet we will return to Almeria Clifton.

Happy indeed is that man who

"Is pleased with his own state, and were he free to choose Would make his fate his choice."

CHAPTER III.

"Vain show and noise intoxicate the brain,
Begin with giddiness, and end in pain."—*Young*.

"The bubble bursts,—and we are what we are."
Wordsworth.

Although it is not altogether compatible with American refinement and common usage, to be introduced into a ladies' private dressing room, but then, reader, as we have fallen in so sociably by the way, during our narrative we'll still continue our reserved familiarity, and daringly enter the sacred precincts of Miss Almeria Clifton's *boudoir*, where we will no doubt become initiated into some of those mighty occult doings, which the unweary finger of vanity never fails to perform. Before a small table, with a looking glass before and one behind—covered with pomatums, perfumery, little boxes, and all the various paraphernalia of a lady's toilet, sat Almeria Clifton, preparing for the Brownslows *soirée*. Notwithstanding she had selected one of her plainest dresses—saying "any thing would be good enough for *such* a party"—yet the same artful array of her face and head-gear had to be as carefully studied, as if she

was to appear in the saloons of the most fashionable aristocrats. Her art even compelled and taught her to become her own *coiffeur*, for not even to one of *that* dexterous race, would she have dared to expose her natural deficiencies. Are you a phrenologist reader? because I do not know a finer head than hers to give a practical illustration of the organ of secretiveness, whose size was exceeding belief, while that of conscientiousness was lamentably deficient. The rouge was rubbed in—then the white powder—the tweezers and crayon made the brow perfect—the vermilion tint *clearly* defined the fresh lip—and those polished ivories were securely fixed—while the delicate hand and correct eye carefully adjusted those dark glossy ringlets in *a-la-mode* style, as she twined a wreath of white moss roses, so emblematical of *youth*, in the rich plaits behind. It was finished—and that to perfection—at least so thought Almeria, when she rose to ring her bell for a servant.

"Send Evora to me," said she impatiently, "I am waiting for her to arrange my dress."

She was quickly obeyed—Evora stood by her with the dress in her hand, and never had a queen a more beautiful waiting maid—for, even in her plain, every-day dress, she looked more lovely than all the most studious art could ever have rendered her imperious companion. After enduring, with angelic patience, her many petulant flouts—unkind remarks, and discontented airs, Evora at length had the satisfaction of seeing Almeria give the finishing touch to her toilet.

"I never saw you so plainly dressed," said she gently—"I think Edward Lorimor's eye will be attracted by your charming simplicity, for he always admires such in a lady's appearance."

Had not the rouge been so thickly laid upon Almeria's cheek, a slight increase of color would have been perceived on hearing Evora's remark. She unkindly pushed away the soft hand from her arm, that had just then assisted in clasping her bracelet.

"I suppose such is the *bait* you always use to lure him," replied she, tauntingly, "as also that 'eternal smile' you wear, and *naïveté* of manner. I do despise so much of art and intrigue in a young girl—especially when it is practised on one so old as Edward Lorimor."

More changing than the evening sky of an Eastern clime, was the face of Evora Beaufort, as she listened to so unmerited a charge. At first, her mild hazle eye beamed with a dazzling lustre, and her playful smiling lip was curled with the deepest indignation—but the emotions of anger or revenge were not permitted to impress their seal long upon a face formed to be a mirror of every amiable feeling—those expressions passed away, giving place to the same sweetness that always lingered there. She silently clasped the other bracelet, and as she lifted her head, a gem, brighter

than those gleaming on Almeria's arm, was the only trace of aroused feeling, resting on her changing cheek.

Mrs. Clifton met her daughter in the parlor, saying "she only awaited her departure, to attend her *regular* prayer meeting, as she supposed she did not care how early she went to the Browns—*for* they would doubtless think every thing *she* did was right—I am glad," added she, "you have wisely spared an elegant dress from the contamination of such rough people as you will probably meet there."

"Oh! I dare say some of the *first* will accept, as I understand every body is invited,—if I did not think so, I can assure you I would not go. I have promised Mr Sinclair to pay a visit with him before we drive there, as it will be immaterial how short a stay *we* make in such an element. Here Evora, while I'm gone, trim my *pelerine* with lace, I shall want it to-morrow."

"Yes, rejoined Mrs. C., if you finish it time enough, don't forget my handkerchief—you have been very idle lately. Be sure to put out the hall lamp after we leave—for oil is so very expensive."

Mr. Sinclair was punctual to the hour appointed, and soon the mother and daughter left Evora alone with her own sad thoughts and a plenty of work to employ her time. But solitude nor work could ever have so shaded her bright face with such sadness, as she leaned it upon her fair hand, while the long curls fell unrestrained o'er her bedewed cheeks.

"Ah, what an unenviable lot is mine," murmured she,—"*treated* little better than a menial—the target for unwearied scorn and petulance—while a kind word scarce ever bids me forget the many so wounding to my feelings. Can it be *my* fault? Perhaps I am not so grateful as I ought to be, and do not evince it in my conduct towards Mrs. Clifton—and sometimes I am heedless and resentful towards Almeria—but really she is so very unkind, and often unjust in her remarks to me. Well, I'll make renewed exertions to please them more than I have done, so I won't despair yet awhile. But oh! mine is indeed a heart-wearing and a heart-aching servitude—it is truly a sad thought, that not one being in the wide world cares for me *now*."

"Will you not except me?" said a kind voice, as a hand was laid gently upon her bowed head.

Evora started, as if some horrible apparition had appeared before her—but when she beheld those friendly eyes beamingly bent upon her face, she smiled joyously, and eagerly seized his hand, exclaiming—

"How you alarmed me, Mr. Lorimor—a voice from the tombs could scarcely have horrified me more. I was in the very depths of the deepest blues, and giving vent to an unusual fit of discontent—I am glad you have dispersed it, for I by no means delight in such. Pray, how did you enter the room so silently, without even ringing the bell?"

"I met a servant going out, who told me I would find no one at home but yourself, in the parlor, and so great was his hurry, that he permitted me to be my own usherer. Your vaporous fit was so absorbing and spell-binding, I might probably have heard some interesting and tell-tale soliloquy; however, your last words were all I heard—what a lament for one so young and lovely as you, in which I hope you will admit of some exceptions. He then drew her to a sofa like some favorite child and seated himself beside her.

"Certainly," replied she, looking innocently into his face, "I always except you—at least I do in my heart, if I dont in my expressions. Would that every one were as kind to me as you."

"One must indeed have a heart destitute of all those refreshing springs of kindness and affection, and a nature colder than an iceberg, not to feel an interest and love for you."

"Ah! you view me with a too partial eye," said she, taking his hand and pressing it to her soft round cheek; but why are you not at the party to night, for I understand the world and his wife are invited?"

"An hour hence will be time enough to go, as it is already early. I came for the purpose of spending the interim with you, thinking I would find you alone."

Edward Lorimor's voice and countenance expressed an evident embarrassment, that caused Evora to look at him inquiringly.

"How old are you, Evora?" asked he, musingly. "I presume you are not of that particular age, to deem the question impertinent?"

"Not I indeed," said she, laughing—"though Mrs. Clifton sometimes says I am too old to be so full of childish fancies and ways—and then she tells me I am too young to be in the parlor, or to think of dressing fashionably. Let me see (counting her fingers) I shall soon be *sixteen*—dear me! it seems but yesterday when I heard the last injunction of my dying aunt, bidding me to be a dutiful, obedient, respectful child to Mrs. Clifton, who had kindly promised to take charge of me. That was three long years ago."

How beautiful even when sad and tearful was the face of Evora Beaufort! It would have been difficult to have decided when she looked most lovely. She was one that charmed the gaze because a soul was there, and who seemed

"To know no language, save the language of the heart."

Her companion remained silent.

"And pray," continued she, after a pause, "may I put the same question to you; for if Almeria thinks you so *very* old, I know I do not."

Edward Lorimor's handsome face lost its deep shade of seriousness, when he put back the falling curls from the smiling Evora's brow—saying, earnestly,

"Will you promise not to change your opinion when I tell you my age—but probably I had better not, for fear you would then think me too venerable to sympathize with all your joys and sorrows."

"Oh no! you need not fear any such change in me. If you were a Methuselah I would not care, so old father Time spared his *sear* on your kind heart."

Something trembled upon Edward's lip—but a moment's reflection restrained its expression, and he replied, with some gayety—

"Like you, I will soon see another birth-day, which will be my *thirty-sixth*. Am I now transformed into an old grand-father, fit only to tell you simple tales?"

"Really you are *right* old, but not so decidedly ancient as all that. You would be just the age for Almeria Clifton," said Evora, thoughtfully.

"Why not for Evora Beaufort too? Look not so surprised, dear girl, when I add another confession—viz, that I do truly, wholly love you, and would prize this little hand above the value of worlds." He took it and pressed his lips upon it, but no answer fell from Evora, whose look was full of puzzled incredulity. Her young heart lay pulseless, as her hand rested motionless in Edward's, while the power of speech seemed utterly denied her parted lips.

"Yes, Evora, strange as my confession may seem, 'tis as true as truth itself, that I love you; and I find concealment can no longer be preserved, when my happiness is so centred in another. Although more than twice your age, yet the fountain of feelings within my bosom has never before been moved by the spirit of Love. I have looked upon beauty with only a passing admiration—I have mingled with the busy gay in the shining throng of fashion; I have basked in the sparkling light of wit and intellectual fascination—nay, I have seen life in its every phase, but never has my heart been so wholly and magically bound, as by that nameless power, which you alone possess over me. Say then, Evora, that you do not think me too *uncongenial* for a return of your own *fresh* and *youthful* affections?"

Gradually Evora's head fell—while o'er her pale cheek there rushed the tide of eloquent crimson. Edward felt the pressure of his hand gently returned—a few muttered words escaped those beautiful lips—they were sweetly low—but not too faint to escape the eager ear that hung upon each one—whose import doubtless justified the warm caress he bestowed upon the fair girl.

"Truly is my past life of solitary coldness more than fully cancelled by the bliss of this moment," said the happy looking Lorimor.

Perchance, reader, you may not be one to sympathize with the ecstasy of two so happy in mutual love, because there may not thrill an answering echo within your own bosom—and as nothing saddens us more than to turn from mirth and glad

faces to our own internal gloom and desolation, we will therefore leave the lovers alone, with their bliss and tender outpourings, for they doubtless, (as *all* do) desire it.

That night, Edward Lorimor left Evora as her betrothed—and well might the latter fear a reprimand for not finishing her allotted task, yet I am pretty confident those of her own fair sex, (*always* so sympathizing) who have ever sought that dear retirement, to ponder over an agitating proposal, and indulge in Elysian dreams, will readily excuse the forgetful Evora. As to the judgment of those of sterner moulds, they are too ignorant of the delicate structure and labyrinths of a woman's heart, to be capable of passing a just sentence. We will therefore leave her, to roam through those flowery fields of fancy, as she again and again asks herself, "can it be, that one like *him* loves so thoughtless and childish a being as myself," while we follow Edward Lorimor to the Brownsnows *soirée*.

"You are unusually fashionable, Mr. Lorimor," said Almeria Clifton, as Edward greeted her with more than ordinary cordiality. "I congratulate you upon the exercise of such good taste and judgment, in not inhaling such an atmosphere as this so long as I have." She glanced around the room with ineffable contempt, while she leaned with all her graceful ease upon the arm of the Parisian looking Sinclair. Edward's eye followed hers, but not with the same expression, for his heart was the seat of too much *true* nobility, and his mind of a cast too elevated to look down upon any fellow being with disdain, when he was the recipient of their courtesy and kindness.

"Your dizzy height of fashionable notoriety has probably subjected you to attentions, that would never be bestowed upon one so *humble* as myself," remarked he gallantly. "'Tis a dangerous elevation, Miss Clifton, you occupy, which, to many of your worshipped sex, often has proved self-destroying."

"You are likewise unusually complimentary," replied the flattered Almeria. "I had just unwillingly consented to prolong my revolution in this strange orbit until after supper, which consent I do not regret now, that *your* familiar face beams upon me in this motley crowd. I believe you are slightly acquainted with *our* hostess and daughters!" Almeria's dark eyes flashed the deepest scorn.

"Yes, and your question reminds me of my neglect in not paying my *devoirs* to them."

Edward moved from her side.

"Pshaw, *they* would never be sensible of your remissness. I dare say they know nothing about such forms of civility. I never thought of honoring them thus—for I had no sooner entered the door, than the old lady obsequiously took my shawl and furs, assailing me with a thousand thanks for accepting their invitation. Mons. Pierro begged

the honor of being my usherer, and the two simpering girls looked unutterably grateful when I swept past them in all my dignity. Poor things, they also looked imploringly to me for an introduction to Mr. Sinclair, but I was resolved not to gratify them, or subject *him* to such an annoyance."

"Is it possible, that any one, of the slightest *pretensions* to common politeness, could be guilty of such an act of wilful neglect—and permit me to be candid in adding, *unkind* rudeness," exclaimed Lorimor, with evident disgust. "Excuse me, I cannot incur a similar imputation, by any longer delaying my greetings."

"Pon my word," cried the chagrined Almeria. "Edward Lorimor looked quite ferocious, as if the Brownsnows were *worth* a resentful feeling. Do mark Mrs. B.'s furnace-like face as she receives his respectful *devoirs*. If innate nobility depended upon the richness of one's blood, I fancy she would be a pretty *full* specimen, judging by the mantling color of her peony face. All the lumber of learning, which the small head of *Mons. Pierre* could contain, would never make him passable—and all the polish of accomplishments, or the highest touch of fashionable dress, would never banish that plebeian stamp of the smirking daughters."

"O scandal, thou sweetener of a feast." Almeria's haughty lip had hardly thus vented her boiling spleen, when Mr. Peter Adolphus Brownsnow reverentially made his obeisance, requesting the honor of her hand, as they "were about to trip the light fantastic toe." Minerva must now drop her helmet, and the rest of her sisters resign their several sceptres to Terpsichore, whose all potent sway would alone be acknowledged.

"Excuse me," replied she, not deigning to look at his stately majesty; "I never dance quadrilles, they are too obsolete since the dear delightful waltz was introduced—besides," added she, "I wish to reserve myself for Gen. Staunton's ball to-morrow night; I prefer being *now* merely a looker on in Venice."

"Ah! *then*, I will claim the honor of a waltz with you, as doubtless I may saunter in and flutter for a while in that bright circle, if it be only to escape the tedium of oppressive study." (Poor Peter, what a misfortune to be blessed with so *brilliant* an imagination, for surely to it alone you are indebted for an invitation to Gen. Staunton's!) "How delightful, Miss Clifton," continued he, "to 'peep from the loop holes of retreat' upon a giddy world, and still not partake of its follies or weaknesses. My books are my principal companions—no draught is so delightful to me, as those I sip from Hippocrene's pellucid fountain, but occasionally a physical exhaustion subjects me to *atrabilariousness*, which, however, soon evaporates, when I sun myself in beauty's eye, or *deign* to jostle amongst the 'mighty stir of this babel' *pour passer le temps*. By the way, *entendez vous le Français?*"

Peter carelessly smoothed down his Byronic collar. Almeria drew herself up with all her exclusive dignity, while she scanned Mr. Peter Adolphus from his elaborately curled head, which often caused his doating parents and sisters to wonder "that one so small could carry all he knew," down to his sharp pointed, high heeled boot. At length, as if fully satisfied that that *one* look was answer enough, she turned to Sinclaire saying—

"Helas! Monsieur, do you not think a 'little learning is a dangerous thing'?"—and with a loud laugh, she again bent her eye upon the immovable Peter, asking—"Savez vous *quiest ce, Monsieur-là, vis-à-vis* to your sister Milly?"

"Mr. Jenkins," quickly answered Peter; "you know, Miss Clifton, politeness, interest and *unto-ward* circumstances often compel us to mingle with uncongenial people gregariously. I dare say poor Emilie is now suffering mentally, in consequence of her present juxtaposition and apparently *homiletical* intercourse with those around her."

"Pray, who and what is Mr. Jenkins," said Almeria; "he looks very like a shoemaker I have seen in Bonde street. I do believe he is the very identical one, who furnishes our servants shoes. What girl is that dancing with Edward Lorimor—if he is not actually listening as respectfully to her conversation, as if she was a" — Peter interrupted her from finishing her invidious comparison.

"Miss Sawdust is indeed quite a *savant* young lady, highly accomplished and recently returned from the same boarding school, my sisters were educated at."

"Is that Mary Sawdust, the carpenter's daughter? I might have thought so, for her stiff, straight figure looks as if it had been ruled and lined by her father's measuring rule. I vow there's a milliner's daughter, with her plentiful garden of artificial flowers and dangling ribbons, the *fac simile* of her mother's *last block*, and I suppose next to her is the *heirress* of a mantua-maker, judging by the tight *whaleboned* fit of her dress. Really, Mr. Sinclaire, you ought to *submit* to an introduction to some of these ladies, doubtless Mons. Brownlow will perform the ceremony of your presentation."

"It would be *supervacaneous* for me to assent, as Miss Clifton must be aware her law is my delight—in willing chains she binds me, for 'beauty always draws us by a single hair.'"

Mr. Sinclaire was just at that moment called to another room, and as Almeria reluctantly withdrew her arm from his, Peter bowingly presented his, but she declared the heat of the room was too oppressive to endure such an approximation. Not at all daunted, he still maintained his position, and had just resumed the conversation, when his arm was roughly pulled, while a stentorian voice saluted him:

"How-dye-do, Pete—I'm duced glad to see you

at last, for your mother and I had trouble enough in forcing our way through this big jam of a crowd—well, how are you old fellow? I did not expect to see such a *grand* party when I dropped in to pay you a social, every day visit; I hope I'm nice enough looking, aint I?"

Peter's *easy* flow of speech was lost in wonder at the vexatious interruption, which was considerably increased, when his eye fell upon his panting mother close behind. Her sleeves were rolled half up, disclosing to view her large red arms, her cap, decorated with orange colored ribbon and flowers, was set more jauntily upon her head, while the longest sort of strings hung upon her broad expansive bust—in her hand, she held a tremendous turkey feathered fan, which she flapped with all the vehemence of a whirlwind across the face of the shrinking Almeria.

"Indeed, you may well complain of the heat," said she, puffing like some steam engine, "the girls would have more coals than usual put in the grate,—we dont mind *expense* in any thing for our *sworay*, but I reckon 'tis the breaths of so many persons that makes the heat so overpowering. But grin and endure it my dear, we'll soon be cooled by some *des-glaces*. Dont you dance! La *Pet—Pierre* I mean, what in the world has become of your politeness? why dont you ask Miss Almira to join the same cotillion with Emilie and Josephine? I am sure you need not fear being too conspicuous, for your coat fits as well as Mr. Sinclaire's."

Almeria had in vain retreated from the good bustling Mrs. B., until she felt the wall would prevent another move, and she resigned herself to the terrible approximation of mother and son, although the latter's attention had been somewhat monopolized by his intruding friend. "I am glad," continued Mrs. B., "you were so *complaisant* as to stay and see our supper, for I think you will enjoy the eatables, every thing, meats and all, were cooked by a Frenchman. I thought as every thing was done different now-a-days, and the crowd would be so great the people wouldn't know what to call for, that we ought to have bills of fare, but Pierre wouldn't hear of it. We old folks have to give way. I dare say, Miss Almira, your pious, godly mother has to do the like by you, especially respecting having dancing in our houses, when we are members of the church. The best way to get over our strict parson is to let it all appear *accidentally done*. I do wish our ministers of the Gospel would grant us some sort of a thing, (I dont know the name, Pierre called it too the other day,) that they say the *biggest* Pope in Rome does to his great people, and let us do as we choose about dancing, for it is a monstrous inoffensive amusement."

If Almeria's every look betrayed the most supreme disgust for the mother, it was not at all diminished or relieved on seeing Peter move nearer, as if about to introduce his friend. And never had

her eye rested on a more unique, queer looking figure. His square-built, cumbrous person, was encased in "righteous blue;" the coat was garnished with countless huge brass buttons, and the pantaloons were of a paler shade, which, in their fit, somewhat resembled the Turkish trowsers. A collar of *knee deep* dimensions, surmounted a yellow neckerchief, which was carefully tied in a double knot, and then crossed over pompous ruffles, whose undulating motions were not a little restrained by the weight of a saucer breast pin, on which was elaborately painted two loving doves, sipping from a bowl of Cupid's nectar. A vest of marigold tint, over which shone a massive large linked chain, completed his dress. The head piece of this bust of god-like man, was of Herculean size, boasting a luxuriant abundance of carotty hair, that hung in heavy array over a face as redolent with good humor, as it bore the visible stamp of exposure to the sun. He flourished a handkerchief of divers colors in his hand as he approached Almeria.

"Allow me to introduce Mr. Dobbins to you Miss Clifton," said Peter, with an angular bow.

"Very glad to see *you* Miss—tho' I may be a strange chap to *you*—yet I've heard about *you*, when *you* used to live in the place where I went to college. I tell you what, I did fool the old folks at home, also, the old professors, for they thought I was a monstrous hard student."

"You have mistaken my name probably—for I am confident you never heard of, or saw me in any such place,—we reside in this city."

"Yes I know you do *now*, at least Pete tells me so—but that's no reason you never lived anywhere else; however, if I never saw you before, the students used to talk about a Miss *Almiray* Clifton; but surely you can't be the same one, for they called her rather old maidenish, and *you* look as fresh as a clover shining in the dew."

"You are very familiarly complimentary. I am well convinced, that were *you* once seen, one could hardly ever forget the vision."

"Much *obleged* to you Miss. Pete told me you were very civil to *young men*, and the students said the same; but, as I never like to impose myself on any lady, I always am pretty free spoken. You see as how, my father was an overseer, who, feeling often the plaguey disadvantages of having no book-learning, when my uncle left me a legacy, (he was a bachelor, thanks to reading so much of Mr. Pope's notions about the tender sex,) he advised me to go to college. Now, I had often thirsted to drink from that wonderful spring Squire Nonsense's son used to call *education*; and as I used to let the horse guide the plough, while I read some tattered book, I thought I might turn out something great, like one of our statesmen who used to do the same, so I determined not to trot through life as hard as my poor father, and off I

started for the college. I managed to wheedle a license out of the old professor, while I fooled the whole set by my lavish expenditure of money. The dear girls, who were as plenty as blackberries in them parts, were completely gulled, for you know they always give more smiles to a lawyer and doctor, and poor things they never dreamt all the time, I was only an old overseer's son."

"I thought you never imposed yourself upon any lady?" said Almeria, as he paused to take breath; and I can assure you, a stranger like myself, cannot feel interested in a history of your parentage, or classical career."

"Classical," echoed Mr. Dobbins, with a hearty laugh; "bless you, Miss *Almiray*, I never dipped into them sort of secret sciences. All I cared for, was a *placard* with the *gilt letters* 'Mr. Timothy Dobbins, Attorney at Law,' which now hangs pretty staringly at the court-house, a few miles from here. I thought, before I entered into the clatter and clash of my professional career, that I would step into the city, and see what my old friend Pete was doing. Never mind, old fellow," added he, slapping Peter on his back, "If our good fathers are tailors and overseers, we can trip it away now with the ladies as well as any body, for *we* can boast that placard, you know;—those *big letters* 'Attorney at Law' are very precious—aint they?"

Peter replied with surpassing dignity—

"You evinced good judgment and taste in the selection of your profession. I myself had rather be even an obscure defender of my country's civil code, than to bask in all the wealth and purchased splendor of an *ignoble* mechanic, or a successful speculating tentative dealer in cloth and woman's gear. What science could be more ennobling than that of litigation—the preservation of man's liberties and rights!—who so deserving of the pedestal of eminence, as he who pleads for, and supports those unalienable rights, without which we would be *levelled* with the savage and forever tossed on the estuating waves of anarchy, discord and inhumanity. To ascend this great apex is *my* daily aspiration."

"I have no doubt such eloquence as you possess, Pete," replied Mr. Dobbins, slapping him more furiously than at first, "will ensure you success, and future generations will own you a real *ignis fatuus* light through the bogs and quagmires of law and justice. Come, let us banish all professional cares, and as Bill Shakspeare says, 'throw law as well as physic to the dogs.' Pon my soul, I feel in for a job of love; I mean to flutter awhile in the court of Cupid, and I think (glancing around the room) I will have a first rate chance here among such a host of pretty girls,—what do you think of my determination, Miss *Almiray*."

This inquiry was followed by the action of pulling up his plentiful collar and drawing off his buskin gloves, displaying a hand of no small size, and not unlike the speckled surface of a guinea's egg.

which he passed through his pendent locks, causing every golden hair to show its exact length by a *setaceous* obedience.

Ere Almeria could reply, Mrs. Brownslow approached, loudly announcing that supper was ready. Mr. Timothy Dobbins extended his hand, while Peter Adolphus, bowingly offered his arm to Almeria, who gave an agonizing glance around in quest of Mr. Sinclaire. What was she to do, for she certainly would go forever without a supper—nay, she would die before she accepted the escortage of either. But her fears were allayed when she saw her own elegant, refined Sinclaire making his way towards her.

"For Heaven's sake come to my rescue and take me home, or any where, so I am released from such bores and uncouth creatures aping man. Positively my every nerve is unstrung, and I am exhausted with the clatter of vulgar tones."

Mr. Timothy Dobbins' large white eyes grew larger with astonishment, and shrugging his shoulders, he turned to ask Peter "if that tall, whiskered animal-looking man was a lawyer or doctor, to cut them out so nicely?" But Peter's motions had been as rapid in leaving Timothy as Almeria's, so he was forced to follow on with the crowd to the supper room. As they entered, or rather poured into the small back dining-room where the tables were arranged, Mrs. Brownslow's voice was heard above that of every one—

"You all must excuse the smallness of the room, the girls and Pierre would have a *set down table*, and I thought as many as could *chock* in might come along—so make yourselves at home, and just help to whatever you may fancy."

"Yes, rejoined a voice equally as loud and clear, and you all may *cabbage* too just as much as you choose, for these French flummies will be of no service after this great *sworay* is over."

Just think, reader, it was Mr. Brownslow who had, unperceived by his *better-half*, entered the room, having been disturbed in his bed by the dancing below; he said he thought it would make him feel young again to shake his old feet, so down he came, full of delight and ready for a jig.

A dead pause followed his *entrée* and remark, but soon the clamor of voices and the bursts of laughter told that a reaction had taken place; all hands, as well as mouths, were busily obeying the injunctions of their kind host and hostess. Mr. Brownslow no sooner perceived Almeria, than he pushed his way towards her, dragging the horrified Peter with him.

"Here's Pete, Miss Clifton, who can serve you to any thing, for he understands all the Frenchifications, and you need not fear eating what he recommends, for I dare say he has *tasted* them all."

"What shall I do," cried Almeria, clinging to Sinclaire's arm; "if I ever get clear of this scrape, Heaven defend me from such another."

"Dont mind your coat so much," continued the old man, as Peter endeavored to dodge him when he presented a glass of ice cream to Almeria. "You know I can cut another just as good a fit, and while we are in for a penny, we can throw in a pound, not even counting the *cabbage*."

If looks of entreaty, displeasure and various winks could have silenced the more than usually garrulous Mr. Brownslow, those that *Pierre* bestowed upon him would have done so completely—but it seemed as if he had entered into the very life and spirit of the great *sworay*, which he took every opportunity to comment upon. The supper passed off, and with it the exhausted Almeria, who gave one long breath of relief as she threw herself in the carriage, declaring, "that all the blood of all the Howards" would never make the Browns-lows even passably genteel. It was a most apropos moment for Sinclaire, seated beside one so fair and languishing, in the full enjoyment of an uninterrupted *tete-a-tete*, how could he refrain an unreserved confession of his ardent love and devotion?

The offering of his enchained heart was laid at her shrine—it was in her power to crown his life with unspeakable bliss, or to blight its promising bud forever, by a cruel rejection. Ah! anxious reader, it was not in the nature of one so kind and considerate as Almeria so to act towards the handsome and refined Sinclaire. All the annoyances and mortifications she had that night been subjected to, were fully compensated by the happy *denouement*. Never, no never would she forget the Browns-lows party, for the first proposal of marriage was the result. Though she was *twenty-five*, still 'twas even so. Mr. Sinclaire was the first offer; many had been *caught* in the magic circle of her charms, but then, they managed always to make a speedy retreat, ere Cupid had very seriously wounded them in the conflict. But Sinclaire was an offer not to be spurned—his mustache, whiskers and Hyperian curls, were irresistible—and, provided "*ma chère mère* consented," was her own soft, sweet answer. Had you been in Almeria's situation, fair reader, I am sure you would have done likewise; and it would be better for many, did they but look well and regard thus carefully their first offer. But our interest and sympathy must not be wholly bestowed upon Almeria—we will therefore return to our friends the Browns-lows.

The guests had all departed—the numerous lights flickered into waning dimness—crushed pieces of cakes and nutshells, instead of faded garlands, strewed the floor, and all the consequent confusion and desolation after a giddy revel reigned in the parlor; still the family lingered there. The two girls, pale and haggard, sat in the sofa, looking the picture of the deepest mortification. Pierre Adolphus paced the room with an air of elevated indignation—while Mrs. Brownslow stood before the ex-

piring fire, a shade of anxiety having displaced her usual look of jolly good humor.

"Oh! Mamma, how could you say such coarse things to Miss Clifton; what must she have thought of our gentility, and why in the world did you permit Papa to come into the supper room? You might have been sure he would have exposed us by his vulgar ignorance and *shop-like* sayings, 'What will become of us? We may now give up all attempts or hopes of ever getting into the *first société*.'"

Poor Emilie entirely forgot all her exultation of feeling when she stood before her mirror, a few hours previous, arrayed in her beautiful white satin, as she thus gave way to a paroxysm of wounded pride.

"I am off to-morrow from this now hateful place," said Peter. "I could never show my face in public, after so signal a defeat. Timothy Dobbins was the apex of vulgarity and preposterous *pretension*; he completed the *tout ensemble* of my chagrin and disappointment. I must hie to some more congenial *cycle*, where I can gather honors for myself, and forget my father is a plebeian tailor."

"What, Peter, leave your loving mother and family for such a trifle? Indeed, I never tried so hard to do my best and genteelest, but the more people try, the worst is always sure to happen. You all are very ungrateful children, to upbraid me for the *fauxes passes* of others. I do believe, as Shakspeare says, 'ingratitude in a child is the *biggest* sort of a monster.'"

"Oh! mamma, you even butcher the *apothegms* of the immortal Shakspeare. If you have any respect for my learning and cultivated taste, spare me that profanation. Yes, I am resolved to leave you all after this tremendous downfall of every cherished hope, whether you deem me ungrateful or not." Peter was about retiring in all his resolute importance, notwithstanding the tender expostulations of his fond mother and sisters, when the short, lean figure of his father confronted him.

"What's all this *colliky* about? Why wife, what are you blubbering about, and if Milly and Josee aint doing the very same thing after this great and mighty French *sworay*. If this is the way that dandified, slick-haired race do, after they give their grand parties, then I'll never give *another*. Dear me! I shall never be able to set things to rights in the shop, or get to work quietly, after sitting up so late."

"Oh, Papa," cried Josee, "we are undone, completely exposed, and I fear we will never be ranked among the genteel."

"Well, well, I could have told you as much. You may rely on it, my children, you would do better and be happier to know, and never quit your proper place. Hereafter, take my advice, and never appear what you *cannot* with *truth* and propriety support. All the *sworays*, French jabberings, strummings on the piano, and the furbelows of finery,

will never make the world think any more of you, for forgetting you are a tailor's daughter. Though this may be an insupportable stroke of mortification to you, yet I won't regret it if it will bring you all to your reasonable senses. As to you, Pete, if you choose, you may go just where your plaguey learning will be of some service. I begin now to think I was the biggest fool of the two, in not teaching you to cross your legs on the board and learn the tailors stitch, instead of all your dabbling in law and languages."

The family cabal ended by all retiring to rest. Had we the power of reading the hearts of Pleasure's devotees, when exhausted satiety bids them seek refuge in the calm repose of solitude or slumber, what a map of infinite variety would be sketched out for our warning instruction and beneficial improvement. Oh! that insupportable aching void! How the grim spectre of disappointment obtrudes his repulsive visage, banishing the sweetest fancies, and bearing on his head Folly's cap of jingling bells, instead of the firm and all enduring helmet of Reason, while he casts his sardonic smile on the wreck he has wrought. Too often do men in their weakness

— "play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep."

[To be Continued.]

LINES.

BY MRS. MARIA G. BUCHANAN.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."—*Mat. xi. 28.*

Bright words of Love, ye're like the tears
Which midnight sheds for faded flowers—
Sweet as the chord untouched for years
Of mem'ry's harp—our childhood hours,
When in the opening bud of life
No blight was found to mar its brightness,
But all its leaves with Joy were rife,
Fanned by Hope's wing of fairy lightness.

Or like the beam that struggles through
The lonely captive's cell of sadness,
Awak'ning with its blessed hue
Within his heart some thoughts of gladness;
Welcome as breeze that fans his brow,
When Earth on Night's dark breast is sleeping,
And trees and flowers in murmurs low
Are for the golden sunshine weeping.

Sweet as the music of the breast,
When o'er its chords roam Hope's bright fingers,
And wild despair forsakes the rest
Where oft, alas! too oft he lingers;
Or, like Joy's smile of cloudless light
Affliction's darkest gloom dispelling,
When, on the storm-toss'd seaman's sight,
A sail appears of succor telling.

Fall not these precious words of love
Like dew upon the soul's crushed flowers?
In softest tones they breathe—above
They'll bloom again in fadeless bowers.

And are they not to erring heart
As sweet as thoughts of childhood's hour,
When sin was as a thing apart,
As yet unfelt its Demon power?

And steal they not like sunbeam glad,
To cheer the soul in sin's dark prison;
Chasing all anxious thoughts and sad,
And breathing Christ thy God has risen?
Yes! and sweet as midnight's air of balm
To those in Satan's chains enfolded,
Telling of fair Religion's calm,
Salvation's path by Jesus moulded.

And breathe they not the fairest lay
Which Hope sings to her lyre of gladness?
Herald they not the brightest day
That dawns on sorrow's night of sadness?
O yes; beneath their spell so bright,
The soul by Sin's fierce light'ning riven
Awakes to life and hails the light
Of Mercy by a Saviour given.

Waukena, Ala., Dec. 4th, 1843.

PROFANE GENESIS.

BY C. B. HAYDEN.

The brilliant developments in every department of science and research, which so strikingly characterize the present age, constitute it a golden era, both in the annals of the world and of the human mind. The discoveries of the age, which have so richly rewarded the labors of the artisan, student and philosopher in every path of their varied research, are intellectual achievements displaying the far-reaching power and in-dwelling strength of the human mind. In these revelations of the gigantic strength of the intellectual man may be discovered faint traces of that divine and bright original, in whose image man was first created. If, as *men*, we claim with conscious pride a natural brotherhood with the master minds who have achieved these triumphs of human genius; if, as *philanthropists*, we hail these blessed results as the harbingers of social improvement and civil and political happiness; with what feelings of prayerful, heartfelt gratitude must we as *Christians* regard those developments which have so signally advanced the cause of natural and revealed religion by illustrating the *word* and the *works* of God? Every portion of Holy Writ has derived confirmation and support from modern research, but particularly Genesis. This book, so long the rallying ground of the skeptic and infidel, now enjoys an enviable preëminence from the confirmation it has derived from the deductions of astronomy and geology respecting the origin of the planets and the physical history of the earth, and the researches of the historian, antiquarian and philologist into the primitive history of the human family. The external evidences derived from these and other sources, are so full and conclusive, as to constitute a *Pro-*

fane Genesis, corresponding with, and corroborative of the *Sacred Genesis*. The evidences afforded by this *Profane Genesis* are the more conclusive, from their entire freedom from bias, as, in many instances, they have been derived from the labors of the avowed enemies of the Bible: not unfrequently they have been the result of researches professedly hostile to it, and generally, they have been developed by those indifferent to the cause. They hence, from their independence, appeal with equal force to believer and skeptic—to all, they convincingly prove the divine origin of the Bible, and conclusively show, that this *magna charta* of the Christian did, in truth, emanate from heaven, and that it bears the impress of the *Great Seal* of the King of Kings.

As these evidences are now generally inaccessible, from the scarcity, costliness and technicality of the works containing them, it is proposed to present them in a popular form, in a series of articles in the *Southern Literary Messenger*.

CHAPTER I.

The *Sacred Genesis* informs us of the existence of a primitive people, and makes us acquainted with their religion, philosophy and history, previous to their dispersion and consequent peopling of the earth. The information here given us respecting this people is that which all nations are most solicitous to preserve. From the importance which every people attach to their origin and early history, traditions respecting them are treasured with religious care; they constitute the chief subjects of the legendary songs and traditionary poetry which, among all nations, are the repositories of primitive national history, which is thus handed down to after ages. An examination into these sources should, therefore, if the Mosaical account be true, show a general agreement between the primitive history and religion of the different nations of the earth, and that given in Genesis of the primeval nation from which all others have descended. The coincidences with the *Sacred Genesis* derived from these and other sources, as already mentioned, constitute a *Profane Genesis*, which illustrates and confirms the *Sacred*. The better to compare the two, the different subjects as they respectively occur in the *Sacred Genesis*, will be collated with the parallel portions of the *Profane*.

(A.) *The Creation of the World by God and His Attributes.*

We learn from Genesis, that God created Heaven, earth, and sea; and all that in them is. The earth, and every living thing that moveth upon it; the green herb of the field—the fish of the sea, and the fowl of the air,—the firmament of the heaven, and its two great lights to give light upon the earth—all, originated in his will, and were created

by his power. All things were made by him; and without him was nothing made that was made. We further learn from this and other portions of Scripture, that this "Great First Cause" was in the *beginning*—that he is eternal, omnipresent, omnipotent and omniscient.

In referring the material world to the creative energy of a Supreme Being, eternal, immaculate, self-existent, and all powerful, Genesis agrees with the *Theogonies* of the Greeks, the *Hermetic Books* of the Egyptians, the *Zendvesta* of the Persians, the *Vedas* of the Indians, and the *King* of the Chinese, respectively the sacred books of these different nations, and also conforms to the sagas and creeds of many other nations, both ancient and modern. The savage of Madagascar, though he does not make him the subject of his prayers and adorations, yet believes in a "Creator who has created all things."* The Tlascalan creed, though polytheistic, yet recognizes a Superior God, without designating him by any particular name. The Mexicans, amidst the multitude of their gods, acknowledge a Superior Deity, "*Teolt, or Ipalnemoani*,"† to whom they attribute the creation of the heavens and the earth, and signify their knowledge of him by looking toward heaven with veneration, and giving him the name of *Ineffable*. The Supreme God of the Peruvians is *Pachacamac*, sometimes translated "Creator of the World,"‡ at others, "the Soul of the Universe." The *Shoo-King*, one of the five Canonical Books of the Chinese, acknowledges *Shang-ty*§ "the Supreme Ruler"—"an animating intelligence, which presides over the world, rewarding virtue and punishing vice." Similar opinions obtained in the Egyptian Mythology respecting *Ammon*, the Supreme God of the Egyptians. He is thus spoken of in the *Hermetic Books*. "Before all things that essentially exist, and before the total principles there is one God"—"self-begotten, the only father, and who is truly good"—"the fountain of all things."|| *Ammon* thus alluded to was worshipped under a variety of forms and names,—*Nef—Nouv, or Chnouphis—Noub, or Choubis*;¶ all, according to Champollion, representing the male nature of *Ammon*, and signifying Good. The female representative of nature was *Neith*, an emanation from *Ammon*. Upon one of her Temples in Sais, is a hieroglyphical inscription thus interpreted by Champollion; "*I am all that has been, all that is, all that will be. No mortal has ever raised the veil which conceals me; and the fruit I have produced is the sun.*" The language here used, strikingly corresponds with that used in the Scriptures to describe the Supreme Being. Which was, and is, and is to come—*Rev. iv., 8*. The same yesterday, to-day, and for-

ever—*Heb. xiii., 8*. I am that I am—*Erodus, iii., 14*. No man hath seen God at any time—*John i., 18*. Who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man hath seen—*Timothy i., 18*. According to the ancient Persian creed, God, or *Zeraune Akérene*,* created *Ormuzd*, who created the world. Zoroaster, the Moses of the Persian theology, thus speaks of the Deity;—"He is the first, indestructible, eternal, unbegotten, indivisible, dissimilar; the dispenser of all good; incompatible; the best of the good; the wisest of the wise: He is the father of equity and justice, self-taught physical, and perfect, and wise."† Speaking of God as creator, Zoroaster says, "He made them (planets) six in number, and for the seventh, he cast into the midst the fire of the sun." The earlier creed of the Greeks, as contained in *Theogonies* and other Orphic Poems, recognizes the same belief, as will be seen from the following quotation by Eusebius, from the Orphic Poems;—"Zeus is the first,—Zeus the thunderer is the last,—Zeus is the head,—Zeus is the middle, and by Zeus all things were fabricated. Zeus is the foundation of the earth and of the starry heaven,—Zeus is the King. He is the author of universal life."‡ The later opinions of the philosophers, respecting the Deity and his attributes, though similar, were somewhat modified, as has been repeatedly shown by modern scholars. Plato taught, "that there is an intelligent cause, which is the origin of all spiritual being, and the former of the material world."—"God is the Supreme Intelligence, incorporeal, without beginning, end, or change, and capable of being perceived only by the mind."§ While the philosophers conformed in their opinions to those of the earlier creed and of Genesis, respecting the existence of God and his attributes, yet they use the word *Maker*, in reference to God, in a modified sense, signifying that God did not originate the matter, out of which the world was created, but that he only rearranged it.¶ This opinion was a necessary consequence of another notion of the same school, that "nothing can be produced out of that which has no existence." Sophocles says,

"There is really but one God,
The maker of heaven and earth,
And sea, and winds.

The following quotation from the "*Phænomena*" of *Aratus*, a Grecian poet who flourished about 270 B. C., contains similar views—

"Begin with Jupiter, whose essence is
Ineffable by mortal man, whose presence
Does all things fill; assemblies, courts and marts,
The deep abyss and ports are filled with him.
We all enjoy him, all his offspring are,
Whose nature is benign to man; who stirs

* *Quæstiones Mosaicæ.* † *Park's Pantology.*

‡ *Quæstiones Mosaicæ.* § *Davis' History of China.*

|| *Cory's Fragments.*

¶ *American Encyclopedia*—article *Egyptian Mythology*.

* *Quæstiones Mosaicæ.*

† *Cory's Fragments.*

‡ *Anthon's Classical Dictionary*, article *Plato*.

§ *Lord Brougham's Nat. Theology.*

Them up to work, shewing the good of life.
 'Tis he appoints the time to plough and sow,
 And reap the fruitful harvest.
 'Twas he that in the heavens fixed the stars,
 Allotting each his place, to teach the year,
 And to declare the fate us men attends;
 That all things are by certain laws decreed.
 Him therefore, let us first and last appease,
 O, Father, the great help we mortals have."

It was to this poem that St. Paul alluded, when, from Mars Hill, he declared unto the Athenians the "*unknown God*" whom they ignorantly worshipped as him of whom certain of their poets had said: "For we are also his offspring." This ingenious allusion by the Apostle to a poem whose doctrines so singularly agreed with those which he was about to declare unto them, was a ready passport to the favor of his audience. The resemblance of the doctrines of this poem and those of the Platonic school already alluded to, with those which St. Paul made known to the Athenians, was so intimate, that we are not surprised at learning that some said, we will hear thee again of this matter, or that certain men clave unto him and believed. Raffaele, in his Cartoon of Paul preaching at Athens, has justly given to the Platonists among the group of listeners an air of deep attention and an expression of countenance, which says to the Apostle, almost thou persuadest us to be Christians. Opinions still more strikingly in accordance with those of the Scriptures are to be found in the Indian Sacred Books, as the following quotations from Robertson's India will show. "The Pundits assert that it was the Supreme Being who, by his power, formed all creatures of the animal, vegetable and material world, from the four elements of fire, water, air and earth, to be an ornament to the magazine of creation; and whose comprehensive benevolence selected man, the centre of knowledge, to have dominion and authority over the rest; and having bestowed upon this favorite object judgement and understanding, gave him supremacy over the corners of the world."

"As God is immaterial, he is above all conception; as he is invisible, he can have no form; but from what we behold of his works, we may conclude that he is eternal, omnipotent, knowing all things, and present every where." These opinions can not be regarded as modern interpolations in the Indian creed, as they are found in the Baghvat Geeta, an episode in the Mahabarrat, a sacred poem referred to 1000, A. C. The following extract from this poem possesses a beauty and sublimity approaching that of the Inspired Writers.

"O, Mighty Being, who art the prime Creator, eternal God of Gods, the World's Mansion! Thou art the incorruptible Being, distinct from all things transient. Thou art before all Gods, the ancient Pooroosh (*i. e. vital soul*) and the Supreme Supporter of the Universe. Thou knowest all things and art worthy to be known; thou art the Supreme

Mansion, and by thee, O, infinite Form, the universe was spread abroad! reverence be unto thee before and behind; reverence be unto thee on all sides: O thou who art all in all! Infinite is thy power and thy glory. Thou art the Father of all things, animate and inanimate. Thou art the wise instructor of the whole, worthy to be adored; for thou shouldst bear with me; even as a father with his son, a friend with his friend, a lover with his beloved."

SKETCH OF A VISIT TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY

AND

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

BY A VIRGINIAN.

Westminster Abbey and the Tower, the two great objects of curiosity and renown of London, attract the first attention of all strangers at all acquainted with the English history. I entered the Abbey by the most common entrance, at the Poet's corner, and after paying the usual fee to the money changers who occupied the Temple of God, proceeded toward the main body of the building. I had often heard that the architecture and external appearance of the building were overrated; that its principal lustre was derived from its age; and that most of the admiration in which it was held sprang from historical associations, and the gorgeous spectacles of which it had been the theatre; and, consequently, was not so well prepared to be pleased with the structure itself as I was. From floor to ceiling it is grand. Of course I speak of the inside. The exterior, with the exception of Henry VIIIth's Chapel, is not worthy of the interior. The adjacent grounds, embracing a large number of tomb stones which form the pavement of a public promenade, as much frequented as the side walk of a business street, are in a state of dilapidation, disgraceful to the Parliament which sits on the other side of the street and votes away thousands every year for less worthy objects; neglecting this, only because they are familiar with it from daily observation. The Chapel of Henry the VIIth which stands like a sort of wing at the end of the nave or main body of the building is, both within and without, above and below, roof, floor, walls, windows, carving, tracery, woodwork and all, one of the most elaborated pieces of Gothic art that can be imagined. An architect, not long since, expressed it as his opinion, that such a work could not now be erected for less than £2,000,000, an estimate which seems incredible when we consider the dimensions of the structure. It is made the depository of a number of the banners of ancient knights, and is not used as a chapel unless the chapel in the main body of the Abbey be undergoing repair, or otherwise rendered unsuitable for ser-

vice. The monuments in it are numerous, and constructed with a profuse disregard of expense. There are other chapels (of course very much smaller) to the number of six or seven throughout the Abbey; all of them tenanted by the illustrious dead, and adorned according to the varying tastes of the ages in which they and the monuments within them were finished. I passed through them all, and had no hand-book with me except the account of Westminster Abbey contained in Leigh's picture of London. There was a guide, or "Verger," as he was called in old times, along, who, mechanically, and as fast as he could speak, pointed out the various monuments. He was dressed with studied neatness, and wore a black gown in token of his office; but his information did not extend beyond the inscription upon the tombs and what might have been gathered from a penny guide pamphlet. He did not know as much as a Frenchman, who was among the party, made known in broken English. We got into an apartment in which were kept two chairs of rough materials and rude construction. One of them was the chair in which the monarchs of England have been crowned for several centuries, and in it the stone on which the kings of Scotland were made to stand when receiving their crown. The Verger invited the party to sit "where her Majesty sat when she was crowned."

The North Transept contains monuments of more modern construction than those in the chapels. Some of the most elaborate and conspicuous are erected in memory of persons whose names are never mentioned in the history of the past, except of the British peerage, and who would not be known but for their cenotaphs. Pitt and Fox, the rivals in Parliament, and the leaders of two great parties, which alternately swayed the destinies of the British Kingdom at the most eventful period of its existence, lie almost side by side; a few feet only separate the slabs which point out their resting places. Chatham and Lord Mansfield are there—the virtues and excellencies which endeared them to England perpetuated in the best of marble.

Major Andre, whose remains were brought here from America in 1821, also has a monument; and a pathetic inscription tells his accomplishments and his end. But it is useless to attempt to specify names,—the whole building is full—still less can I describe them. If the attempt were made, I should have to tell of every shade of art and taste from the Pagan images, which look so odd in a Christian Church, to the unpolished stone slab with its old style inscription. The nave for near two hundred feet is studded with them.

The "Poets Corner" is a crowded mausoleum of genius. The most unpretending portion of the national edifice, it contains the monuments of men who are now more thought of than all the royal inhabitants who occupy the statelier recesses. I went out of the Abbey, as I had entered it from

this consecrated precinct. The last name my eye fell upon was that of Addison, the scholar, the moralist, the wit, the poet, the liberal politician and enlightened benefactor of his age. I thought of the words he had written, "When," said he, "I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the griefs of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment upon the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day, when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together."

And whilst on the subject, I will notice a visit to St. Sepulchre's Church, (erected by Sir Christopher Wren in 1670 in Skinner Street,) where our Virginia John Smith lies buried. Pocahontas was buried at Gravesend, 28 miles below London, where she was about to embark for America. I learned the locality of Smith's tomb from an old work which says, "The famous Capt. John Smith, who, perhaps, underwent more romantic adventures and deeds of arms than any other man who ever existed, rests here from his turmoils. I refer to his history for his wondrous acts of chivalry; for the kindness he experienced among the Turks, from the beauteous lady *Tragaby Sanda!* the charitable lady *Calamata!* and the blessed *Pocahontas*, the great king of *Virginia's* daughter!!!"

The tower of London continues to attract as many visitors as it ever did. It is daily seen by hundreds and at the gate are sold guide books to it in three languages. Some of the buildings were destroyed a year or two ago by fire: Still, so many others remain, that the parts destroyed are scarcely missed from an area of five acres, covered with barracks, armories, offices, a church, store houses and even shops. Visitors are conducted over such parts of the establishment as are open to the public, by warders, dressed in red frock coats, with a profusion of buttons, stars and devices upon them. You are at first ushered into the Horse Armory—a large apartment at once commemorative of feudalism, knighthood, battles and tournaments, and the progress made in the art of war, during a period of more than four hundred years, from the time of Edward Ist to that of James IInd. There is a group of equestrian figures ranged along the whole of the apartment in chronological order, accoutred in the very armor which was worn by the kings and warriors of England in those

days. Among the most prominent, I observed the famous John of Gaunt, from whom sprang so many kings; the suit worn by the black prince at the battle of Cressy; the armor of Henry the Vth showing what was worn when the contest between the houses of York and Lancaster were raging, when Jack Cade and Joan of Arc became famous, and when the imperishable art of printing was invented; the steel of Henry Vth the companion of Falstaff and of Edward IIIrd, who added the words "*Dieu et mon droit*," to the Royal Coat of Arms. The armor appears highly polished, and from the protection it afforded against arrows and lances, I deem it nothing marvellous that the heroes of chivalry were bold to lead their followers to onsets, in truth, perilous only to the poor soldier who could not encircle himself with metal. The horses were likewise coated, and, therefore, the strongest were required. Some of the suits of armor were pointed out by the warder as having been worn by noble knights of latter-day creation, who tilted at the Eglinton tournament in 1839. The walls of this great apartment, or Horse Armory, are lined with arms of every description, arranged in various shapes, and representing different devices. Above it is what was once called the Spanish Armory, from the number of trophies it contained which were taken from the Spanish Armada. They show you a quantity of instruments of Spanish invention and manufacture intended to have been used to torment the English prisoners, which that "invincible" expedition expected to take—such as thumb screws, poisoned pikes, a machine for compressing and fastening a man into the space of about three feet; yokes, cravats of iron, &c. The relics of the age of Elizabeth are very numerous, many of them very curious, and some reflecting as little credit on the English as did the thumb screws on the Spaniards. There was the axe which severed the head of Ann Boleyn from her body—a deed which was performed by an executioner, specially brought from Calais. I held it in my hand. Raleigh's room was there, where he was confined before his execution, where he slept and wrote his history of the world. But the limits of this sketch leave no room to tell of many other things in this apartment; nor of the antique cannon in the yard; nor of the crown jewels and regalia, more than that, I saw them in the strong room, in the large glass case in which they are preserved. They consist of several crowns, sword of State, sceptre, staves, salt cellar, bracelets, spoons, wine fount and other paraphernalia. I need not say anything of the lustre of the polished gold and the glittering diamonds and precious stones. The contents of the room are valued at £3,000,000, and the crown made for Queen Victoria of itself at £1,000,000. What a sum to pay for the dazzling reflection of a little concentrated light! Such is the sole use of the diamond upon a monarch's brow!

POETICAL SIMILARITIES.

To B. B. MINOR, Esq.

Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.

DEAR SIR: The Poetical similarities, which I have here collected and send you, may serve the purpose of adding variety to the pages of the Messenger, and of amusing that class of your readers who are, like me, lovers of good poetry. Farther than to amuse has not been attempted. It is still farther from my intention to arraign the authors here quoted, for the sin of literary larceny or plagiarism. The imitation, and still more, the similitude, either casual or intentional, between passages of different authors, is certainly not plagiarism. If it were, there is not an English author of my acquaintance, who could not be convicted of appropriating epithets, images, and sometimes entire passages, the property of others. Indeed, as Sir Walter Scott has remarked, [*Intro. Min. Scottish Border*] Homer is only entirely original, because we have lost the compositions of those bards who must have preceded him, and from whom he must have borrowed many thoughts, turns of expression, images, hints, &c. For surely it were absurd to suppose, that such an art as Poetry ever sprang into existence full grown and armed like the goddess of Wisdom from the brain of Jupiter; or, that such splendid structures as the Epics of Homer could have arisen, like the castle in the fairy tale, in one night, without having been perfected after models, and designs and rules of art, resulting from the attempts and experience of ages.

If I had more space and were disposed to investigate this subject thoroughly, I would divide it into these heads: Plagiarism, Imitation, Similarity, and Coincidence. I would say, that the first must bear sufficient evidence of motive or purpose. That it must be an intentional appropriating of something of value—such as an argument, an image, or some remarkable epithet belonging to another. Imitation is of two kinds: that which is casual, or usual and customary among authors, and that which is servile, which latter does not strive to combine thoughts and beauties, so as to impress a conclusion or result that is new, but is a mere reproduction of the model which otherwise ought to be brought out improved or altered to answer some end not known to the original artist. Similarity needs no definition, and Coincidence differs from it in this, that it consists in the employment of the exact image or expression by two authors who could not have known each other. And I would proceed to furnish examples under each head. But I am not attempting anything so extensive; endeavoring merely to write something that will amuse, in a light *gossiping* sort of way. The quotations found here, would be generally ranged under the

head of similarity and the reader must not look for much system.

This similarity, though generally pervading the whole Republic of Letters, is particularly observable among contemporaries. Two great authors, both master spirits in the style peculiar to each, have not been ashamed to acknowledge the influence of contemporaries upon the general conception as well as upon particular passages of their poems.

Mr. Shelley, in his preface to the "Revolt of Islam," says "I have avoided the imitation of any 'contemporary style. But there must be a resemblance, which does not depend upon their own will, between all the writers of any particular age. 'They cannot escape from subjection to a common influence which arises out of an infinite combination of circumstances belonging to the times in which they live, though each is, in a degree, the author of the very influence by which his spirit is thus pervaded.' * * * * 'And this is 'an influence which neither the meanest scribbler, nor the sublimest genius of any era can escape, and which I have not attempted to escape.'"

After the publication of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," there appeared in the newspapers of the day, an article over the initials of Coleridge [S. T. C.] accusing Sir Walter Scott of plagiarism. Coleridge having, at that time, but slight acquaintance with Scott, requested Southey to write to him and inform him, that he was not the author of the accusatory paragraph. Sir Walter, (then Mr. Scott) in answer to Southey's letter, replies—"As for the imitations, I have not the least hesitation in saying to you, that I was unconscious at the time of appropriating the goods of others, although I have not the least doubt, that several of the passages must have been running in my head. Had I meant to steal, I would have been more cautious to disfigure the stolen goods. In one or two instances, the resemblance seems general and casual, and in one, I think it was impossible I could practice plagiarism, as 'Ethwald, one of the poems quoted, was published after the Lay of the Last Minstrel.'—*Lockhart's Scott*.

I may as well observe, that though this amusement is not despicable, and is frequently resorted to by literary men, as is observed by the "researching" D'Israeli, [so my Lord Byron calls him] and therefore I am not ashamed of indulging in so elegant and intellectual an entertainment, still I have not set me down with pen and ink at my side for the sole purpose of detecting similarities. Those here offered, are such as have occurred to me, and are such remarkable passages, as fixed themselves in my memory, either by the beauty which they possess, or the obvious similarity they bear to each other. As soon as any passages occurred to me, I turned to the author, and have preferred generally

to quote them entire, without marring their beauty by cutting them up, or abridging them, in hopes that the splendid gems of poetry with which I have adorned my pages, would afford pleasure to those who may peruse them, should my own short observations fail to arrest or merit their attention.

If this should prove too long an introduction for so unimportant an article, it must be attributed to the influence of taste in the West, where porches are not unfrequently seen larger than the houses they are intended to adorn.

To commence, then, with Shakspeare. It is remarkable, that many of the most admired passages in our poets are to be traced to the inspiration of his muse. As an instance, take the following celebrated and often quoted lines of Pope—

"Honor and fame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."—*Pope*.

The germ of this thought, and similarly expressed, is to be found in the following—

"From lowest place, when virtuous things 'proceed.'
The place is dignified by the doer's deed."—*Shakspeare*.

Young says in one place—

"How blest is he who first gave tongue to time!"
Night Thoughts.

And in another—

"The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man." *Ibid.*

The thought seems to have arisen quite naturally in his mind on hearing the tolling of a bell at midnight, as he lay oppressed with those bitter and intense thoughts which are the characteristics of his poetry. But there is a line in Hamlet very similar—

"The iron tongue of midnight has tolled twelve."
Hamlet.

Horatio in the same play says

"I have heard
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth, with his lofty and shrill sounding throat,
Awake the God of day," &c. *Hamlet, Act 1.*

Mr. Gray was perhaps thinking of the cock, as here described, when he wrote—

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow, twittering from the straw-built shed—
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."
Elegy.

And from Mr. Gray, Mr. Rogers may have borrowed the feature of the swallow in the picture of quiet happiness he draws in his popular little poem, "The Wish."

"The swallow oft beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest."

There is also some similarity between two very beautiful passages of Shakspeare and Shelley.

"But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

Hamlet.

Shelley's, whose poetry in many passages frequently reminds me of the richness of Shakspeare, is similar, though sufficiently unlike to prove its originality.

"The grey morn
Dawns on the mournful scene! The sulphurous smoke
Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow."

Queen Mab.

This is taken from that most splendid battle-scene in *Queen Mab*, which is not excelled as a piece of poetic painting in any poem that I am acquainted with in the English language.

Mr. Shelley in the same poem seems to have borrowed an image from Gray—

"Ah whence yon glare
That fires the arch of heaven—that dark-red smoke
Blotting the silver moon?"

Gray has it thus—

"Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun:
Sisters! weave the web of death:
Sisters! cease, the work is done."

Fatal Sisters.

The "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower"—the mountain daisy, which has been immortalised by Burns, has also been celebrated by bards as noble, Shakspeare and Milton, in strains very similar and of great beauty. Milton writes

"Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide."—*L' Allegro.*

And every one remembers the delightful song of Shakspeare commencing

"When daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight," &c.

Love's Labor Lost, Act V.

There is a fine example of the similarity, [without the slightest grounds for suspecting imitation, far less plagiarism.] which is almost sure to exist between authors who draw their inspiration from the same source—nature's inexhaustible fount—to be found in a description of the death of a stag in Thompson's "Season's" and in "As You Like It." They are however too long for quotation, and I am not inclined, where it can be avoided, to garble and mutilate a beautiful passage for any purpose.

Moore, though the first Lyric Poet of the age, after Burns, is certainly at times very loose in his literary morality, appropriating without a word thoughts and entire sentences of others. I will

give two instances, which seem to be surely more than mere similarities.

"There's not a garden walk I tread,
There's not a flower I see, love!
But brings to mind some hope that's fled,
Some joy I've lost with thee, love!"—*T. Moore.*

Unquestionably taken from Burns.

"There's not a bonnie flower that springs
From fountain, shaw, or green;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me of my Jean!" *Burns.*

These extracts show the characters of the Great Lyrists. Moore's flowers bloom in the garden amidst trimmed borders and cultivated vistas, which invite to the voluptuous softness of "Love's Young Dream." Burns' flowers are the mountain daisy, the violet "by some mossy stone," and such as spring spontaneously upon the rich and varied fields of nature. Moore is however not less natural because he is the poet of elegant society. Nor is Burns more so because he has selected for the source of his inspiration the tangled wildwood, the richness of mountain scenery, and the enchanted streams of his native land. They are students only of different pages of the great book of nature.

If my memory does not deceive me, it was Horace who wrote

"Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diu."

Almost literally translated by Moore,

"You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
The scent of the roses will cling round it still."

Speaking of Lyric poetry, I am reminded that the last line of this beautiful picture of Virgil,

"Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ,"

has afforded a fine image to one of our popular hymns—

"My span of life will soon be o'er
The passing moments say,
As lengthening shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day."

The least said of the expression the better, but the figure is certainly good, and recalls to mind the myetic lines of Campbell so much admired by Scott—

"'Tis the sunset of life gives him mystical lore
And future events cast their shadows before."

There occurs also great similarity between two descriptions of Scott and Moore.

"Of broken arms and banners tore
And marshes dark with human gore."

Lord of the Isles.

Thus adroitly altered and adapted by Moore—

"The crags are red, they've clambered o'er,
And rock-weeds dripping with their gore."

Fire Worshippers.

Perhaps when Scott wrote the concluding lines of *Marmion*,

"To all and each a fair good-night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light,"

he had in his mind the almost identical lines of Gray—

"Their buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new.
And lively cheer of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the rosy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn."

Ode.—"Prospect of Eton."

There is great similitude, almost identity, between two passages of Byron and Shelley.

"Even the instinctive worm, on which we tread,
Turns, though it wound not—then with prostrate head,
Sinks in the dust and writhes like me—and dies."

Revolt of Islam.

Byron has improved upon this, for his poem was published sometime after the *Revolt of Islam*, and his verses are free from the blemish in the last line of the above in the allusion to *self*—the morbid sentimentality of men determined to be unhappy under any circumstances and yet continually complaining—which mars so much fine poetry of both these authors. The rhythm of Byron's is as noble as Pope's, or indeed any in our language.

"Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake
The slumbering venom of the folded snake.
The first may turn, but not avenge the blow;
The last expires, but leaves no living foe."

It is not improbable, that Lord Byron had another passage of Shelley's in his mind when he wrote a celebrated portion of the *Seige of Corinth*. Alp, the renegade, is met by the spectre of his betrothed at a tower outside the walls of Corinth. She persuades him to return to his allegiance to his country and his religion, and concludes with these remarkable lines—

"There is a light cloud by the moon,
'Tis passing and 'twill pass full soon.
If by the time its vapory sail
Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,
Thy heart within thee is not changed,
Then God and man are both avenged;
Dark will thy doom be; darker still
Thine immortality of ill."

Siege of Corinth.

Shelley has these—

"Alas what strength! Opinion is more frail
Than yon dim cloud now fading on the moon
Even while we gaze, though it awhile avail
To hide the orb of truth," &c.

Revolt of Islam.

I consider Shelley's the better poetry. The "dim cloud fading on the moon" is better, I think, than the "light cloud" with its "vapory sail." Besides, he uses the figure to heighten the impression of an abstract truth—a noble sentiment. The

concluding stanza of Byron's gives me no distinct idea.

Night has been very beautifully, nay, grandly, personified in a similar manner by three great Poets. We quote in the order in which they were written.

"Lest Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night," &c.

Il Penseroso.

Shelley's are from the battle scene in *Queen Mab* already alluded to,

"Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale Midnight on her starry throne!"

Scott's are to be found among his smaller poems.

"Far in the bosom of the deep
O'er these wild spells my watch I keep;
A ruddy gem of changeful light
Bound on the dusky brow of night," &c.

Pharos Lequiver.

The same figure occurs in Dr. Darwin's *Botanic Garden*, where he describes the invading army of Cambyzes as overwhelmed by the sands of the desert agitated by a storm—

"Wave over wave the driving desert swims,
Bursts o'er their heads, inhumes their struggling limbs."

And one great earthly ocean covers all.
Then ceased the storm,—Night bowed his *Æthiop* brow
To Earth and listened to the groans below."

I might quote many similarities in different authors on the subject of love of country. Particularly might this be done from Goldsmith and Montgomery—"The Traveller" of the one and "The West Indies" of the other. The comparison of the character of the inhabitants of a country with its natural appearance, productions, &c. is another favorite subject with Poets and has been more so since Byron wrote the *Giaour*, where it is beautifully done in the commencement of that poem. Goldsmith is not behind Byron however—for numerous splendid examples can be found in "The Traveller." But I am afraid of extending my pages to too great length.

Mr. D'Israeli in his article on "Poetical Imitation," in his "Curiosities," points out an instance in "the train of thought and imagery," of two passages from Beattie and Norris. I quote the first as I think it may have suggested a striking image to Moore.

"Fond fool, thou deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
How vain the chase thine ardor has begun;
'Tis fled ere half thy purposed race be run," &c.

Minstrel

Moore has it—

"The babe may cease to think that it can play
With Heaven's rainbow," &c.—*Veiled Prophet.*

I may as well mention, in passing, an instance where Mr. D'Israeli's "critical sagacity" has over-shot the mark. Upon the lines of Goldsmith—

"Princes and Lords may flourish and may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made"—

he suggests this reading as perhaps that intended by the author and more elegant—

"A breath ~~un~~makes them as a breath has made."

Now this would be inadequate to express the author's meaning, and would destroy the beauty of the antithesis, as is apparent by reference to the entire passage, which reads thus—

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and Lords may flourish and may fade
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry their country's pride
Where once destroyed can never be supplied."

Deserted Village.

The Poet simply means, that the safety of a land does not depend on its Princes and Lords, for should they be destroyed they could be easily again supplied, for "a breath can make them as a breath has made." But a bold peasantry, "*who constitute the State*,"* who are the nerve and sinew of the nation, "where once destroyed can never be supplied." This last assertion seems startling at first, but it may not be found incorrect when looked into. It, at least, seems warranted by the fact, that in all those countries of ancient grandeur where homely industry and manly fortitude have been banished from the land by habits of luxurious ease and voluptuous effeminacy, though there exist Princes and Lords in abundance, there are now no hardy peasantry with stern honesty to guard the rights and sustain the grandeur and integrity of the Nation.

There is to me striking similarity in the structure and harmony of the verse, though not in sentiment or imagery between two very beautiful passages of Scott and Bryant. At least, I can never read the one without being reminded of the music of the other. The first is the opening couplet of one of the Cantos of the Lay—

"Call it not vain: they do not err,
Who say that when the Poet dies
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper
And celebrates his obsequies."

Mr. Bryant's are these—

"Truth crushed to Earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are her's;
But Error wounded writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

The Battle-field.

There are not the slightest grounds for supposing Mr. Bryant guilty of even a slight and allowable imitation. Yet, I think, [and the thought is by no

* Sir William Jones.

means derogatory to the great American Poet,] that the lines of the immortal Scotsman *may* have been ringing in his mind when he penned the more beautiful lines I have quoted. I say more beautiful, because the first, though very beautiful, contain a thought which is fictitious, [though of that kind of fiction allowed to Poets generally,] and therefore cannot, I think, be equal to those of the great American which are not inferior in cadence and have the higher merit of embodying a noble moral truth. I do not pretend to be an adept in the "*ungentle craft*" of criticism, as Southey calls it, and I may be incorrect in my standard, but I have always considered *truth* as a most essential ingredient in the highest kind of Poetry. Truth I mean of sentiment and opinion—moral truth—and not merely truth of incident. To fairy tales and poems, such as the Curse of Kehama of Mr. Southey, where we meet with little else than mere glitter, and are bewildered by useless splendor and unintelligible allegory—and to such poems as are designed only to amuse and captivate, I have ever preferred those poems from whose perusal I could arise better and wiser—more prepared to oppose to "the peltings of the pitiless storm" a breast nerved by virtue and a high and lofty sense of honor—the "*Justum et tenacem propositi virum*" of the Latin satirist. This seems to me to be the true object—the utility of poetry.

Let us turn now to the much admired, much questioned, and only half genuine Ossian, and open at the first page of Fingal. There is a kind of simple sublimity in the beginning of the poem which will attract our attention. It opens thus—

"Cuthullin sat by Tura's wall: by the tree of the rustling sound."

The "tree of the rustling sound" was undoubtedly the Poplar or Aspen. I have been amused by observing the frequent use of it by Poets to beautify their descriptions and illustrate their sentiments. A few instances from the most celebrated poets will answer my purpose. I may first observe, however, that whatever be the opinion as to the authenticity of the entire translation of McPherson, it has been generally conceded that the opening of Fingal is among those portions which have been considered by all the genuine production of Ossian himself. If I do not mistake, Sir Walter Scott and the indefatigable Malcolm Laing are of the number who entertain this opinion. So that if there be any merit in introducing the Aspen into poetry, it rests with this ancient Bard of Scotland. We have seen that "daisies pied and violets blue" have not wanted great Poets to celebrate them, and the Aspen has, by no less master hands, been wedded to immortal song.

I must quote an entire stanza of Spenser.

"But when as none of them he saw him take,
He to him brought a dagger, sharp and keen,

And gave it him in ban : his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leaf of *Aspen green*,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seen
To come and go with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had been.
At last resolved to work his final smart.
He lifted up his hand that back again did start."

Fairy Queen.

Brutus says to his wife Portia—

"You are my true and honorable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart."—*Julius Caesar, Act 2.*

Does it not seem strange that the imagination of Spenser and Shakspeare should have comprehended the alternate flowing of the blood to and from the heart long before medical science was enriched with the discovery?

Thompson has also introduced the Aspen.

* * * "Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of Aspen tall." *The Seasons: Spring.*

Perhaps Gray derived from Thompson his epithet of many-twinkling—

"With antic sports and blue-eyed pleasures,
Friking light in frolic measures:
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To briak notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet."
Progress of Poetry, 1, 3.

Scott makes the leaf of the Aspen "quiver" instead of "rustle" or "twinkle" in those well known lines—

"Oh, woman! in hours of joy and ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering Aspen made!"—*Marmion.*

Shelly also has it. He is describing a little child pleading to the tyrant for the life of Laon, and says—

—— "She trembled, like an Aspen pale
Among the gloomy pines in a Norwegian gale."
Revolt of Islam.

Scott compares to the *shade* and Shelley to the *tree* itself. This is artistically done, for the one speaks of the character, and the other represents the person.

There is of course no plagiarism in all this. But I find a passage in James Montgomery almost identical with that from Ossian.

"As through the forest's breathless gloom I strayed
Upsprang the breeze in this delicious shade;
Then while I sat beneath the rustling tree,
I waked this pipe to wildest minstrelsy," &c.
World before the Flood.

There is some little similitude between the two elegant extracts with which I shall close the poeti-

cal specimens that have enriched this rather protracted article, and which I hope have not proved an unacceptable regale to the lovers of intellectual and refined viands. The first is from the pen of Mr. Meek, a gentleman justly celebrated at the South for the delightful lyrics he from time to time gives us.

"Ne'er did on mountain lake,
Swan the wild mirror break,
Gliding in motion so graceful as thine.—
Lark in the summer sky,
Breeze 'mid the hending rye,
Fountain through flowers are not so divine!"
Girl of the Sunny South.

In a ballad of Wm. Shenstone I find a figure similar to Mr. Meek's comparison of the motion of a girl to that of the swan. Shenstone compares to the wild duck and also to flowers.

"Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
That float on Avon's tide;
Bright as the water-lily sprung
And glittering near its side;
"Fresh as the bordering flowers her bloom;
Her eye all mild to view;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half so blue."—*Nancy of the Vale.*
Doddsley's Collection, Vol. 5.

At the conclusion of this article, will you permit me to say one word on the subject of the contempt with which many persons regard the pursuits of literature, and particularly poetry, holding it unworthy the attention of sensible men. Mr. Jefferson has written that "all men are born equal" and the Nation has adopted this as the grand fundamental principle in our political creed. But this equality has been misunderstood by all foreigners, without exception, and many of our own citizens are lamentably ignorant of its true tendency. It means simply legal or political equality, and no intelligent Republican will for a moment resist the doctrine of inequality in a natural or social point of view. Men are not born equal in tastes, in physical or in mental power, and in society there must exist classes, depending upon these differences, and as unequal as are the physical and intellectual endowments of those innumerable and discordant masses which compose the great integral of the Nation. In rights they are equal—in tastes and pursuits and social organization they must be dissimilar, disunited and unequal. Their own happiness requires that the fabric of society should not be composed of parts unsuited to each other united in too intimate association.

The great majority of men are mere feeders—animals—whose great business in life is to accumulate money that they may, in the language of the Dean of St. Patrick's,

"Eat, and drink, and sleep—what then?
Why eat, and drink and sleep again!"

To this every thought is devoted. They pursue

wealth with all the energies of their nature, as though man was alone created for so noble and laudable a purpose. The souls of such men are bounded by the circumference of "the Almighty dollar." Such men despise poetry—though the Bible is full of poetry. They despise literary men, literature and literary avocations, though they are indebted to such men and to such pursuits for the freedom in which they enjoy their own gross and sensual employments.

To the innumerable achievements of science and to the pervading influence of literature, and more particularly to the lofty aspirations of poetry, how much do we not owe that is useful in commerce and manufactures, that tends to increase the comforts and diminish the misery of man, that is noble and salutary in principle and practice? There is *utility* in poetry. The verse which the desponding and solitary poet pens in his poverty-stricken chamber incites to noble actions, induces to lofty character. Its influence is felt through the whole frame-work of society, long after the hand which wrote is mouldering in the dust. And when some blow is stricken for human liberty, or some sentence uttered causing a whole people to vibrate, perhaps its unseen and incalculable power may have animated the arm that struck or moved the tongue that uttered it.

Honor and honesty and patriotism and love of right and repugnance to wrong, respect for ancestry, care for prosperity, veneration for age, fortitude in adversity, temperance in prosperity, are all the inculcations of poetry. Its legitimate object, in connection with science and prose literature, is to ameliorate as far as possible the condition of man, to emancipate him from the shackles of error, and by enlarging the liberality of his judgement and his affections, to contribute to his liberty of pursuing that course for happiness which his taste may desire and his reason select.

There is another class of men, greatly in the minority, however, who are the antipodes to those of the leaden soul of whom I have spoken, who are literary men, who write and who read—*who think*—whose pleasures are intellectual, whose aspirations are high, whose souls are alive with all those nobler sentiments which make the gold of human nature.

There is and always has been a deadly hostility between these two classes confined to no country and to no age, but raging with as much rancour under the Dominion of the Cæsars and in the remotest days of Pericles, in the palmy days of Athenian splendor, as at the present day, in Aristocratic Britain or Republican America. It is the case in Edinburgh* as well as in New-York, though it has been erroneously attributed to some peculiarity in

our institutions. It exists every where in civilized society, because it arises from a principle in the character of man which will not permit him to love or appreciate that which he cannot understand and with which he is incapable of feeling any congeniality of taste or disposition.

I would that the thousands of men who are now going on in their ceaseless march to eternity, without one thought elevated above the mere necessities of this life, were capable of understanding, of loving and of appreciating poetry! It is such a resource to fall back upon—it so elevates the mind, ennobles the heart—is such a solace in misfortune, such a comfort in solitude, such a strengthener of the bonds of honor and virtue, and contains so great a store of quiet and peaceful happiness.

Poetry has been called *light reading*, and considered on that account unprofitable. Are the wonderful story of Job, the mystical song of Solomon, and the flaming pæans of Isaiah and Habakkuk, light reading intended merely for amusement? Can that splendid and complete treatise on philosophy and theology, the "Essay on Man," be read without profit? The soul of the chivalric Sidney, by the reading of a simple English Ballad of the olden time, was, as he himself has said, aroused as by the blast of a trumpet; and how is it possible to calculate the heroes that have been made, the souls that have been attuned to lofty daring and noble deeds, by the innumerable grand poems in our own language and in the language of every nation where the art of writing has been known. Poetry, so far from being *light reading*, is the utmost perfection of thought and language—the concentration of reason—the embodiment of ideality—the vehicle of religion and morality; clothed with the spirit of harmony and beauty it is an angel whose mission is to expand the intellect and to attune the soul to something higher and nobler than the "*eating, drinking and sleeping*" of mere mortality.

We have seen a Great British Minister cheering his hours of exile with literary avocations, and I will end this *gossiping* epistle with a quotation from the great Roman Lawyer and Orator whom that minister has characterised as "That great man, who had been the savior of his country; who had feared in the support of that cause neither the insults of a desperate party nor the daggers of the assassins."^{*}

Cicero in his "Oration for the Poet Archias" says, "Sit igitur, judices, sanctum apud vos, humanissimos homines, hoc poetæ nomen, quod nulla unquam barbaria violavit. Saxa et solitudines voci respondent, bestię sæpe immanes cantu flecuntur, atque consistunt: nos instituti rebus optimis non poetarum voce moveamur?"

Allow me, Mr. Editor, to conclude with the hope

* Vide some of Sir Walter Scott's letters in Lockhart's Life of Scott.

* "Reflections on Exile" by the Right Hon. Henry St. John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke.

that this article will prove neither too long nor too uninteresting for the pages of your Journal. I shall certainly feel myself honored in seeing it there published.

I am, sir, with great respect,
Your most obt. servt.
Eufaula, Ala. JAMES L. HUNTER.

TENNYSON'S POEMS.

We must own, that we are devout believers in the well-known dictum of Horace

"*Mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non di, non concessere columnæ.*"

Or, as Byron has it,

"The middling poet's miserable volumes
Are cursed alike by gods, and men, and columns."

And, if it be true, we fear that Mr. Tennyson and his works stand a strong chance of being condemned forever, although, indeed, he can scarcely come under the category even of the "*poetæ mediocres.*" In reading his verses, we are continually reminded of Swift's lines, in his "Rhapsody on Poetry,"

"From bad to worse and worse they fall,
But who can reach the worst of all?
For, though in Nature, depth and height
Be equally held infinite,
In Poetry the height we know,—
'Tis only infinite below."

Thus, we speedily ascertain the height of Mr. Tennyson's poetry, but the depth is a more difficult question. We are continually cheated into the hope, that we have reached the lowest pitch of folly and bathos,

"But, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide."

We find that we have to begin our search anew, and, after various efforts, settle down in the conviction that "the worst of all" is not to be found.

For instance, when we meet with an inanity like the following, we sincerely hope that there can be nothing worse.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

"Two children in two neighbor villages
Playing mad pranks amid the heathy leas;
Two strangers meeting at a festival;
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall;
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease;
Two graves, grass-green, beside a gray church tower,
Washed by still rains and daisy-blossomed;
Two children in one hamlet born and bred;
So runs the round of life from hour to hour."*

* It may be as well to inform the reader, that the above is in rhyme, or, at least, is meant to be so; a fact which we did not discover until we had perused it for the third time in the hope of extracting some meaning from it. We found, at last, that it was merely a kind of *double* of Shakespeare's "Seven Ages."

But this well-founded expectation is immediately dashed to the ground by the following *sportive* lines on a

SKIPPING-ROPE.

"Sure never yet was Antelope
Could skip so lightly by.
Stand off! or else my skipping-rope
Will hit you in the eye!
How lightly whirls the skipping-rope!
How fairy-like you fly!
Go, get you gone, you muse and mope,
I hate that silly sigh!
Nay, dearest, teach me how to hope,
Or tell me how to die.
Here, take it, take my skipping-rope,
And hang yourself thereby!"

This is exactly such a conversation as we might expect to pass between a man like Mr. Tennyson and his *Dulcinea*, but it is hardly worth putting forth to the world.

Our search after "the worst of all" is again renewed by lighting on the two songs to the owl. Of these elegant compositions, the first is sufficiently characterized by its first and last line—

"When cats run home, and light is come,—
Alone and warming his five wits
The white owl in the belfry sits."

To the second, we should render injustice, did we copy less than the last stanza.

"I would mock thy chaunt anew
But I cannot mimic it.
Not a-whit of thy *tu-whoo*
Thee to woo to thy *tu-whit*
Thee to woo to thy *tu-whit*,
With a lengthened loud halloo
Tu-whoo, tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-woo-o-o!"

The reader will mark the exquisite puns contained in the third and fourth lines, which we have italicised for his convenience.

These extracts are sportive, and, in intention at least, witty. But Mr. Tennyson's command over the pathetic is even more remarkable than that over the humorous. How deeply does he not call upon the finest sympathies of our nature by the following inimitable instance of climax, from the affecting ballad of "*Oriana!*" A lover in battle, aims an arrow at a foeman, but, somehow or other,

"The *bitter* arrow went aside,
Oriana!
The *false, false* arrow went aside,
Oriana!
The *damned* arrow glanced aside,
It pierced thy heart, my love, my bride,
Oriana!
Thy heart, my life, my love, my bride,
Oriana!"

By this masterly selection of adjectives, we are brought to observe the almost maniac earnestness with which the unhappy being dwells upon the fatal accident which has bereaved him, and how, in repeating it, his feelings are gradually worked

up from "bitter" to "false, false," and from that to "d—d." Mr. Tennyson, with great skill, has perceived that such profanity finds its own excuse in the terrible anxiety of the unfortunate lover to lay the blame on anything but himself. In all the range of modern poetry, we remember but one passage which will bear the slightest comparison with this. We, of course, allude to the celebrated and beautiful scene in which King Arthur is informed of the tragic end of Tom Thumb, by the villainous Red Cow.

Mr. Tennyson appears to be a man of slender intellect, who has inflamed his imagination by believing himself a poet, and has supplied its numerous vacuities by studying the works of others. Thus, as might be expected, his works are one long imitation, sometimes of one poet, and sometimes of another, according to the state of his mind, or the nature of his reading. We trace it in the plots of his ballads, the cast of his thoughts, and in his very style and diction. A few striking instances of this will be noticed as we proceed, but we may as well throw together here a few minor ones which have occurred to us in glancing over his volumes. He has taken divers old women's tales, such as every child has by heart, and cooked them up into long, prosy ballads, completely extracting all the naive spirit that is in the original. For instance, the worn-out incident of a nobleman's wooing a maiden in humble guise, which has served all such unfortunate poetasters, until it ought, in common charity, to be set aside as superannuated, is made to do duty, in naked simplicity, in a poem more than a hundred lines long. A child changed in the cradle constitutes another of five pages; an old fairy-tale, saddled with prologue and epilogue, moral and "l'envoi," occupies nearly twenty pages; and Mr. Tennyson has even gone so far as to give us, in the "Miller's Daughter," as original, a wretchedly paraphrastic translation of Anacreon's beautiful little ode "Ἡ Ταντάλου πορ' ἐστὴν. κ. τ. λ."

As an instance of pilfered thoughts, we may give the following from one of his numerous addresses to his various lady-loves. It is nothing more than an amplification and degradation of Byron's exquisite lines in his description of Zuleika.

"Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel—until his failing sight—
Faints into dimness with its own delight—
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of loveliness." &c.

Now for the tinsel, after the real gold.

"How may full-sailed verse express,
How may measured words adore
The full flowing harmony
Of thy swan-like stateliness,
 Eléanore?
The luxuriant symmetry
Of thy floating gracefulness,
 Eléanore?

Every turn and glance of thine,"
Every lineament divine,
 Eléanore?" &c. &c.

There is a good deal of melody about this, and the words are disposed so as to sound very much like sense: but it is the sense of the eye and the ear, not of the mind, for if we analyze it, we will find that it is merely Byron's idea, almost smothered beneath an enormous pile of meaningless words.

By the way, his odes to his numerous Dulcineas are usually of a somewhat singular nature. Here, in the commencement and conclusion of one addressed to a maiden whose *nomme-de-guerre* is "Lilian," and who appears to have been so much amused at his peculiar manner of popping the question, that his dignity was outraged.

"Airy, fairy, Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me.
Claps her little hands above me
Laughing all she can.
* * *
Praying all I can,
If prayers will not hush thee,
Airy Lilian,
Like a rose-leaf will I crush thee,
Fairy Lilian."

He is certainly sanguinary, when he wishes to crush young ladies "like rose-leaves," because they cannot, for their little souls, help laughing at him. Were he to follow out this destructive plan to its fullest extent, he would be a second Nero, and would wish that his readers were collected in one rose.

But, to resume the subject of Mr. Tennyson's originality, we may observe, that his usual style is a kind of dreamy imitation of the worst parts of Coleridge and Wordsworth, occasionally throwing in an antiquated word or phrase. In a happy manner, peculiarly his own, he has managed to mingle, in one common abortion, now the cloudy mysticism of the one, and now the impoverished simplicity which marked the earlier efforts of the other. To make the composition complete, he has adopted Keats' style of rhyming, bringing in ideas for the sake of the rhyme, and contenting himself with a faint jingle of sound; but of this, more anon. Coleridge, however, would seem to be his favorite. The attempted imitation of him may be seen in several of the extracts already given, and we might quote dozens more, although our limits will admit of but one.

He has an almost interminable poem, entitled "The Palace of Art," of which the style is affectedly Coleridge's, and the design a base imitation of Thompson's inimitable "Castle of Indolence; but

"Hei mihi! ——— quantum mutatus ab illo
Heclore"———

*Even this idea is but the line in the same passage of Byron,
"The mind, the music breathing from her face,"
carried to a pitch beyond all taste.

It commences thus—

"I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.
I said, 'Oh soul! make merry and carouse,
Dear soul! for all is well.'

"A huge crag-platform, smooth as burnished brass,
I chose. The ranged ramparts bright
From level meadow-bases of deep grass
Suddenly scaled the light."

He must have searched long before finding a "location" so singularly adapted to his purpose. But, granting this, we must accompany him through a long and verbose description of the said "lordly pleasure-house," in which Thompson's is used as a ground plan. When that is safely accomplished, we find his soul, by way of making merry and carousing, begins to *metaphysicize* in the following profound, yet lucid stanzas:

"From shape to shape, at first, within the womb,
The brain is modelled," she began.
"And, thro' all phases of all thought, I come
Into the perfect man.

"All Nature widens upwards. Evermore
The Simpler Essence lower lies:
More complex is more perfect. Owning more
Discourse, more widely wise."

This is worthy of the author of the "Biographia Literaria" himself. But, to return. It is not to be supposed, that a course of such dissipation and carousing could last forever. Accordingly, though three years passed away happily enough, during the fourth—

"But in dark corners of her palace stood
Uncertain shapes, and unawares,
On white-eyed phantoms, weeping tears of blood,
And horrible night-mares,

"And hollow shades, enclosing hearts of flame,
And, with dim-fretted foreheads all,
On corpses three months old at noon she came,
Standing against the wall."

And this is worthy the author of "The Ancient Mariner." But we must own, that we have no very clear idea what were these three-months-old corpses, uncertain shapes and hollow shades, with their white eyes, tears of blood, dim-fretted foreheads, and hearts of flame; still, we are willing to believe that it was all very terrible, and are, therefore, not at all surprised that it brought his unhappy soul to her senses, and that she left her "Palace of Art," as we do, with disgust; although, unlike us, she looked forward to returning to it at some more auspicious period, when these "day night-mares" should have taken themselves off.

Now, in the above poem, Mr. Tennyson is evidently laboring under the remarkable delusion of supposing that he is illustrating an important psychological fact. As in this singular opinion he appears to be supported by some of his admirers, (the *Edinburg Review*, among others,) we would recom-

mend it as an interesting subject to Mr. Mackay, for the next edition of his amusing book.*

Again, here is the commencement of another poem, meant, we presume, to be in Wordsworth's style. It is a natural colloquy, or a colloquy between two naturals, John and James, and is entitled

WALKING TO THE MAIL.

John. I'm glad I walked! How fresh the country looks!
Is yonder planting where this byeway runs
The turnpike?

James. Yes.

John. And when does this come by?

James. The Mail? At one o'clock.

John. What is it now?

James. A quarto to.

John. Whose house is that I see
Beyond the water-mill.

James. Sir Edward Head's, &c.

And this is called poetry! It is worse than Southey's worst Juvenile Eclogue.

Having now described some of Mr. Tennyson's borrowed plumage, we will proceed to examine the peculiarities which mark his own feathers, and should any inconsistency appear to exist in the faults that we find with him, we beg the reader to bear in mind that he has so skilfully contrived to mingle the most opposite errors, that it is almost impossible, in exposing them, to steer clear of apparent contradictions. For instance, we have just quoted a passage as an example of the most naked simplicity. Now, in what appears to be Mr. Tennyson's natural style, one of his greatest faults is a certain vague redundancy of words, which he piles on each other, without eliciting the slightest sense. He will thus ramble on, page after page, perpetually beguiling us with the hope that we are on the brink of something, until, tired of exclaiming "quo tendis," we retrace our steps, and find that the whole consists of nothing but nonsense-verses. We can almost believe that Horace had him in view in the beginning of his *Art of Poetry*.

"Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
Finguntur species; ut nec pes, nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ. * * *
* * * Amphora caput
Institui; currente rotâ, cur urceus exit?"

As examples of this fault, we may mention a long collection of double-trochaics entitled "Lockesly Hall," which occupies twenty pages; "The Two Voices" of thirty; "The Lady of Shalott;" "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue," of thirteen pages, and "The Vision of Sin," of as many. By the way, we cannot resist the temptation of quoting a few lines from this said "Vision of Sin," it is such a piece of "rhetoricke sweete." In it, we certainly cannot accuse Mr. Tennyson of having imitated any body or any thing. It is a feather of his own, and let him put it in his cap and wear it.

* * * *Memoirs of Popular Delusions*, by Charles Mackay.

"Wrinkled Ostler! grim and thin!
Here is custom come your way.
Take my beast and lead him in,
Stuff his ribs with mouldy hay!

"Bitter Barmaid, waning fast!
See that sheets are on my bed.
What! the flower of life is passed;
It is long before you wed.

"Slipshod Waiter, lank and sour
At the Dragon on the Heath!
Let me have a quiet hour,
Let me hob-and-nob with Death!" &c.

Had Mr. Tennyson followed the antiphlogistic diet he prescribes for his horse, his brain could never have become so inflamed as to imagine himself a poet.

Even in his smaller pieces, we are often at a loss to discover his object. He never seems to know when to stop, and yet he always seems to stop sooner than he had intended, and before he had come to the middle of his poem. Our limits forbid us to extract any long piece to exemplify this properly, but we give a short one which will serve as a specimen of the usual meaning, or rather no meaning, of his verses. As in nearly all of his pseudo-ballads, it is stolen from the nursery.

THE BEGGAR-MAID.

"Her arms across her breast she laid,
She was more fair than words can say.
Barefooted came the Beggar-Maid,
Before the king, Cophetua,
In robe and crown, the king stepped down,
To meet and greet her on her way.
'It is no wonder,' said the lords,
'She is more beautiful than day.'

"As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen.
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair, and lovesome mien.
—So sweet a face, such angel grace
In all that land had never been.
Cophetua awoke a royal oath,
'This beggar-maid shall be my queen!'

Now, how much paper and ink would not Mr. Tennyson have saved, had he merely remarked, "A Beggar-Maid came before Cophetua; she was beautiful and he promised to marry her." We should have had quite as much poetry in fewer words. And yet this is better than many of his other pieces.

In one place we have between seventy and eighty stanzas entitled "A Dream of Fair Women." The idea is a good one, and, in the hands of a poet, might have produced a pleasing performance, yet, in his, it is but a silly abortion. Among other "fair women" he sees Cleopatra, and surely Shakspeare's exquisite impersonation of her might well have warned him off the premises, and spared us such verses as the following. Cleopatra loquiter.

———"But prythee, friend,
Where is Mark Antony?"

"By him great Pompey dwarfs and suffers pain,
A mortal man, before immortal Mars.
The glories of Great Julius lapse and wane,
And shrink from suns to stars.

"That man, of all the men I ever knew,
Most touched my fancy. Oh! what days and nights
We had in Egypt, ever reaping new
Harvest of ripe delights," &c.

In reading this, we are strongly reminded of Horace's

"Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari," &c.

Mr. Tennyson has endeavored to imitate Shakspeare's delineation of Cleopatra; her exaggerated praises of Antony, her fiery voluptuousness, and the indescribable charm which that master hand has communicated to a character not naturally pleasing to us, and see what he has produced with his "ope Dædalea!"

And again, how beautifully and philosophically he describes the changes of his visions. We could almost believe that he had Coleridge at his elbow while composing it.

"All those sharp fancies, by down-lapsing thought,
Streamed onward, lost their edges and did creep
Rolled on each other, rounded, smoothed and brought
Into the gulfs of sleep."

We here see how sharp fancies can be streamed onward by down-lapsing thought until they lose their edges, then creep while rolled on each other, rounded and polished, and finally brought into the gulfs of sleep. One would think that he was, in reality, filling up the cavities of his imagination with rubble-stones. Compare, for one moment, this labored effort with Byron's majestic simplicity.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream,"

and we shall see the spanless "gulf" that exists between a real poet and a versifier like this.

Then again, how exquisite is Iphigenia's description of her own death! He apparently forgets, what every school-boy knows, that she was carried by Diana to Tauris.

"The tall masts quivered as they lay afloat,
The temples, and the people, and the shore.
One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat,
Slowly,—and nothing more!"

And what more would she have? But we may safely defy any one to make sense of the stanza. Did the tall masts, as they lay afloat, quiver "the temples, and the people, and the shore?" And what was it that did the bloody deed, one temple, or one tall mast, or one people, or one shore? The form of the sentence, certainly would indicate the last, yet we shrewdly suspect it must have been the first. But let him give up the pen and read

Euripides and Lempriere and he will have a better idea of it than all his own writings can give him.

These, however, are but as the playful lashings of the tail of the Great Leviathan of the Deep. Mark him when he comes, in the full consciousness of irresistible might, to exterminate a puny and unfortunate foe.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

"You did late review my lays,
Rusty Christopher,
You did mingle blame and praise,
Crusty Christopher.
When I learned from whom it came
I forgave you all the blame,
Musty Christopher.
I could not forgive the praise,
Fusty Christopher!"

With this piece of unrelenting severity, and the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" before their eyes, it will be long before the Northern critics will again venture to dissect an unfortunate Southron.

It will readily be seen from the extracts which we have given, that Mr. Tennyson finds what Byron calls

"Those buoyant supporters, the bladders of rhyme,"

to be any thing but a support or assistance. Indeed, they seem to press on him like the fetters of a galley slave, and he can no more sustain them with ease or credit, than that respectable personage can perform on the corde-volante. Yet, in spite of all this, he is continually burdening himself with the frequent and useless recurrence of a rhyme and the necessity of bringing the same line at the end of every stanza. Instances of the former may be found in the "Skipping-Rope" and "Beggar-Maid," quoted above; of the latter, we will only mention one of his least silly poems, "The May Queen," in which every quatrain stanza ends with this snake-like line.

"For I'm to be queen o' the May; mother, I'm to be queen
o' the May!"

This, of course, subjects him to the necessity of finding a rhyme for it in every verse, and the shifts to which he is put to sustain this are truly ludicrous.

And again, he delights to bring in the same line or couplet into each verse, whether it bear any relation to the context or not. For instance, take the first stanza of a piece called

"THE SISTERS."

"We were two daughters of one race,
She was the fairest in the face:
The wind is blowing in turret and tree,
They were together, and she fell;
Therefore revenge became me well.
O the earl was fair to see!"

* In justice to Mr. Tennyson, we must observe that he appears to have been made sensible of the exquisite folly of this and has omitted it in his late editions.

Now this is ridiculous.

"The wind is blowing in turret and tree,
—O the earl was fair to see!"

is brought into each verse of the poem in the same head and shoulders-manner. This fault may be found in very many of his pieces, such as "Oriana," whose name alternates with every line; "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," whose title thus commences each stanza; "The Lady of Shalott" in which the refrain is ingeniously varied from "The Lady of Shalott" to "Down to Camelot," and occasionally to "Brave Sir Lancelot;" "The Dirge," where the burthen is "let them rave," forced, against its own will, to enter continually, after this fashion—

"Crocodiles wept tears for thee!
The woodbine and the eglanters
Drip sweeter dew than traitor's tear.
Let them rave."

Another peculiarity of Mr. Tennyson's manner of writing is, that he has managed to join, with felicity essentially his own, unbearable prolixity to a style completely impoverished by the shortest possible sentences. Thus, in the verse just quoted from "The Sisters," it will be seen that every line constitutes a separate and entire sentence; and the same will be found, on examination, to be the case in nearly all the extracts given above. It occurs, indeed, throughout his writings.

Mr. Tennyson's versification partakes of the same irregularities which distinguish his style; but with this distinction, that it is sometimes good. We occasionally meet with passages of considerable melody, such as the lines on "Eleanore" extracted above, but he is, in general, exceedingly careless, and we not unfrequently come across passages in which he seems to have collected all the "dissonant consonants,"* and impracticable vowels in the language, and which set our teeth jarring to repeat them; as the following couplet from "Sir Galahad":

"My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough spear thrusteth sure."

Besides all these, Mr. Tennyson has faults of language in abundance. He manufactures words, alters them, and frequently uses them in the most singular manner. Thus he says, "my sense undazzled" for "my sight became undazzled," "great Pompey dwarfs," "a gemmy belt," "vary-colored shells," "dazed vision," "twisted silvers," "a many tears," "lovesome," "anight," "anear," "atween," "anadems," &c., &c. He furnishes Cupid with "sheeny vans," and dignifies the sun with the appellation of "captain of my dreams." It is the same with respect to rhymes. Every page teems with half-rhymes, barely admissible, and many that are no rhymes at all. Thus "palaces" is

* "Some Russian, whose dissonant consonant name
Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of Fame."

Moore.—*The Two-penny Post-Boy*.

forced to jingle with "sanctuaries," "sloe-tree" with "coterie," "air" with "sepulche," "lattices" with "breeze," "tendons" with "attendance," a "tear" with "eglantere," "more" with "evermore," "heaviness" with "weariness," "stateliness" with "gracefulness," "Shalott" with "Lancelot" and "Camelot,"—but our list is growing too long, "I'll see no more!" We are not of those who would always had the poet down to a perfect rhyme, but these are carried beyond all license. And another thing which the reader must have remarked, even in the few extracts given here, is the profusion of double epithets, a fault very striking in our language, and one in which a careless writer is very apt to fall.

Again, from his affection of old words and obsolete phrases, he evidently wishes to imitate the older writers, and, no doubt, flatters himself that he is doing so: but he should remember that they atoned for ruggedness by strength, and for occasional vulgarity by force and fidelity to nature, while his verse is completely effete and unnatural. Thus we see a mixture of turgidity and poverty which is often striking. In short, he is one of those who cannot originate, and who, in imitating, manage to catch all the defects of their models, and to let slip all their beauties. There is hardly a poetical fault, collected from the most opposite sources, which cannot be pointed out in some part of these volumes.

We had marked for extraction a great part of some truly exquisite lines addressed to the Old Year, but we are already exceeding our limits and must be content with the following elegant adjuration:

"Shake hands before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you,
What is there we can do for you?
Speak out before you die!"

How encouraging! It sounds like the first attempt of a melancholy school-boy on his tenth New-Year's Day.

It would seem, however, that Mr. Tennyson has anticipated criticism, for he thus enters his caveat against it:

"Vex thou not the poet's mind
With thy shallow wit.
Vex thou not the poet's mind,
For thou canst not fathom it.
Clear and bright it should be ever,
Flowing like a crystal river,
Bright as light and pure as wind."

What can *he* know of the poet's mind? Indeed, we suspect, from the general character of his poetry, that with him it is not "out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." He would seem to sit down to compose, not that he feels the *estro*, the inspiration, but that he thinks it necessary to write, because he has the reputation of poet. Indeed, we should not be surprised if he imposed a certain number of lines per diem on

himself as a task. Thus it is, that we so constantly find words without thoughts. He takes up the pen in order to bring ideas, instead of allowing the ideas to call on the pen.

Still, notwithstanding all these multitudinous faults, when Mr. Tennyson throws off the fetters of rhyme, which he has not sufficient command of language to master, and releases himself from the restraints imposed by the complex form and frequently recurring rhyme of his stanzas, he can sometimes write well. There are good and even beautiful passages in "Ænone," "Godiva," "Dora," and one or two others, but to exhibit them in their prolixity, would require more space than we can afford.

Mr. Tennyson might, also, very likely please if he would only condescend to be more natural, but he rarely calls on us for sympathy with humanity. Almost the only instances in which he has done so are "Dora," "The May-Queen," its continuation, "The New-Year's Eve," and "The Miller's Daughter," and these are, by far, the most pleasing pieces in his volumes. The following lines from the latter are good, but their beauty is clouded by the neglect of harmony and of elegance of language, which is one of his characteristics.

"Look through mine eyes with thine, true wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine.
My other, dearer, life in life,
Look through my very soul with thine.
Untouched by any shade of years,
May those kind eyes forever dwell.
They have not shed a many tears
Dear eyes! since first I knew them well."

If he were to confine himself to such simple expressions of natural feeling, his poetry would be pleasing, but all his "Claribels," "Adelines," "Fatimas," "Marianas," "Eleanores," *et hoc genus omne*, are creatures which have never existed anywhere out of his distempered brain, and which, in their mysterious attributes, such as

"Mystery of mysteries,
Faintly smiling Adeline
Scarce of earth, nor all divine," &c.

are so entirely removed from us in every thing, that all his raptures concerning them can excite but a smile. And this is the general peculiarity of his poetry. It has, usually, the same dreamy misty character, as if it had been fashioned during a summer afternoon nap, under a tree, after too much dinner, while his brain was humming with the rustling of leaves and the buzzing of bees. It is, accordingly, particularly destitute of force and vigor, and, therefore, when he would be satirical or witty, his failure is ludicrously wretched. As instances of this, we may mention "Amphion," "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," and the lines quoted above on Christopher North.

In conclusion, we may be permitted to observe, that Mr. Tennyson might confer a benefit, not only

on the world but on himself, if he would only convert his pen into a pruning-hook, and his inkstand into a watering-pot; for, though his vanity would no longer be gratified by seeing his own name in print, except as the cultivator of enormous pumpkins and gigantic strawberries, yet he might gratify a spirit of enlarged benevolence by raising two blades of grass where one grew before, and his rest would be no longer broken by remorse at sending "such reams of blank among the sons of men." Indeed, we have no doubt but that in a short time after the enjoyment of these placid pleasures and the delights of a quiet conscience, he will look back to his past life with regret and repentance.

We feel that we owe some apology to the reader who has accompanied us thus far, for having detained him so long over so poor and fruitless a subject; but the fact is, that in the present dearth of poetical talent, many false prophets arise who are not without that honor which should be reserved for worthier objects. Mr. Tennyson's poems have been successful in England. They have been republished here, and we are informed that they have met with a ready and extensive sale. They have been considered worthy of all the elegancies of typography, in a manner rarely accorded to authors in this country; and they have been read, and no doubt admired, by many who should have had more critical judgment, for poetry like his is apt to beget an agreeable confusion of ideas, which careless readers mistake for an evidence of the power and depth of their author, when, in reality, it but shows his looseness of thought. These facts we consider to be a sufficient excuse for the space we have bestowed on him, and, if we are mistaken, "*humanum est errare.*"

SONNET.—ENDURANCE.

BY ANNA M. HIRST.

Some writhe—some sink—some die in this rude world

Beneath the rough blows of their brother man;
But there are those that scorn his envious ban,
Who, with high hearts and lips serenely curled
In honest scorn, laugh at the slanders hurled
Against the armor of their honesties—

Who, flinging out their banners on the breeze,
Walk on; their noble eyes with tears impearled
That flesh should be so base—who, as they go,
Scatter the seeds of honor o'er the land,
Knowing that after-times will see them stand
Tall trees, whence shades shall fall and music glow
To glad some way-worn brother's heart—some soul
Who seeks, with trust in truth, Fame's golden goal.

Philadelphia, 1844.

NOTES ON OUR ARMY.

No. III.

"An Army is a collection of armed men, obliged to obey one man."—*Locke.*

TO THE HON. THOMAS H. BENTON.

For fear of an incorrect and unjust inference which may be drawn from my preceding numbers, as they expose abuses without suggesting remedies, and to check, if possible, what I conceive to be an erroneous move in Congress in regard to the interests of the Army, I must so far modify my plan as to explain before hand what I had intended to prove, so clearly as to require no further elucidation. Before commencing to build on an old site, I had intended to remove the ungainly and almost irreparable edifice, with its attending rubbish, and then, upon a foundation unincumbered, rear a structure of the same material which would do honor to the country, and relieve it from a burden now imposed for attendants and furniture which the improvements introduced would render unnecessary. This can be done with a saving of at least half a million to the treasury and at the same time increase the efficiency and usefulness of the Army.

I regretted to perceive one of the inquiries of the Hon. Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and through you I will suggest to him a delay of action on that one point until I take it up, when, I doubt not, he will see the advantages of the plan I will propose to him. I refer to his inquiring as to the propriety of disbanding a number of the youngest of our officers, the most competent, physically and mentally, to enter upon the duties of a soldier's life. They are just arriving at the vigor of manhood, and, in the event of there being a necessity for an Army at all, they are the men we shall want. The amount which will be saved by disbanding these young men will be very inconsiderable in itself, but if it be a consideration, and it is believed the country will be benefitted by a reduction in the number of officers in the line of the Army, let it be done upon a plan which will not only save the same amount of money, but secure efficiency to our service. A plan has been several times pressed on Congress by the Commanding General, Secretary of War and President, for establishing a retired list for old and invalid officers. It was proposed to allow those unfitted for duty by age, or other infirmities, to retire from active service and to fill their places by the young men below them in such a way as not to increase the Army, unless additional officers were appointed at the bottom of the list. A bill was submitted by General Macomb, in 1840, for this purpose, accompanied by a tabular report from the Pay Master General showing that a saving would be effected by it though the vacancies created should be filled

by new appointments of Second Lieutenants. If these appointments are not made, but those now in service be retained to fill vacancies thus created, you must readily see the advantage which must result to the Army, and that a greater saving will be made than by dropping the same number of junior officers from the foot of the list. And if any further action be necessary, suspend the operation which supplies these young officers, but I cannot believe that Congress will think of discharging from the service men whom they have educated at a considerable expense, and who are rendered doubly valuable by experience principally acquired in the field, and continue the education of more to supply vacancies which the disbanding of those now in service must soon create. I had intended making this the subject of a separate letter and must now refer you to General Maccomb's and Mr. Poinsett's reports of 1840 for the particulars of the plan submitted; which, with a few modifications, will effect more than Mr. McKoy seems to aim at; and, in the end, leave us in a healthy and vigorous condition instead of palsied and enervated by years and disease. What would be thought of the man who should go into his orchard and trim out all the young, healthy and thriving shoots from his fruit trees, leaving behind him decayed, windshaken and diseased trunks, which can scarcely bear their own weight and are unable to afford sustenance to the fruit with which nature cloths them? But apply the case: it is precisely similar. I would not be understood as expressing a desire to cast aside the veterans who have spent their lives in support of their country—they deserve and have a right to demand more. The plan to which I refer you fully provides for them. If the Hon. Chairman will give me his attention, I promise to convince him he is but “penny wise.”

On one of his inquiries, Congress should act at once. Cut off all double rations—and reduce the appropriations *thirty thousand dollars*. Such is *their* cost. I will give you reasons and good ones hereafter.

I find, from official documents, that in 1838 the *line* of our Army was increased in numbers about *fifty per cent.*

The *Staff* at the same time was increased in numbers about *two hundred and seventy-five per cent.*

The expenses of the *line* at this time were only increased about *twenty-five per cent.*, owing to the additions being made entirely to “the rank and file”—the number of officers was actually *reduced*.

The expenses of the *Staff* were increased from *one thousand to fifteen hundred per cent.*, owing to the additions made to the number of officers, nearly all with increased rank and every one with greatly increased pay.

What is the result in 1842, when the Army is again reduced?

I find from official documents, that the *line* is reduced from twelve thousand four hundred and ninety-five, to seven thousand five hundred and ninety—nearly *forty per cent.*

The *Staff* is at the same time reduced about *seven per cent.*, and that, too, by cutting off the most useful and necessary part—the Medical, Pay, and Inspector's Departments. The increase in 1838 required an addition to our *Staff*, at least we were told so, and I can discover no reason why their own arguments for an increase will not bear against them when a reduction is effected, unless our late Secretary has discovered one in “the extent of country over which they are spread.” We find too, in less than five years after this small reduction has been made by Congress, it is more than counterbalanced by the addition of Brevet Second Lieutenants to the different *Staff* corps, whose services are about as valuable and *necessary* as the thread lace is to a lady's cambric handkerchief. Including these supernumerary and unnecessary officers, our *Staff* is as large and expensive now, with an Army of seven thousand five hundred and ninety, as it was when the Army was twelve thousand four hundred and ninety-five. This *may* be necessary from “the extent of country over which the Army is spread,” but I doubt whether Congress will be willing to keep up a large and unnecessary *Staff*, composed of indolent and useless officers, in order to supply every large city in our wide spread country with one of these drones who lives upon the reputation of the working bee, and who is of about as much use to the Army as the fop of Broadway, or Chesnut street is to the society of New York or Philadelphia.

Before proceeding to my task of examining these *Staff* Departments, corps by corps, I must in candor say to their members, individually and collectively,

“A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And faith, he'll prent it.”

The table in No. 2* shows that in 1821 we had a Quarter Master's Department which was considered sufficient for the wants of the service at that time. It consisted of a Quarter Master General, two Quarter Masters and four military store keepers. Since that time three regiments have been added to the eleven we then had in service and with them we find two Colonels, two Lieutenant Colonels, two Majors and twenty-eight Captains added to this department, an increase of *seven hundred per cent.* Why were these offices created? This question would be easily and plausibly answered by the department if referred to it; but ask any officer of rank and standing in the Army, disconnected with the loaves and fishes, which the department distribute, and the answer will universally tell against them. The increase

* See S. L. Mess. for March, 1844, p. 156.

of the Army has not demanded it—"the extent of country over which the Army is spread," which our late Secretary tells us should regulate the *Staff*, has not demanded it—nor has the public service demanded it. It is evident that Congress became infatuated on the subject of our *Staff* in 1838 and yielded to the importunities of an Army of office seekers, whereby they destroyed the efficiency of the service and increased its expenditures so enormously, that the cry of extravagance has been raised throughout the country, and efforts are now being made to shift the responsibility from our unwieldy and unnecessarily expensive *Staff*, where it is and must rest, to the shoulders of the weak and oppressed *line* which has no friends at court, and no means of counteracting the influence brought to bear upon the minds of our legislators.

The Quarter Master's Department is but one of the six *Staff* corps which received an impetus in 1838, which must and will lead to its downfall, or entire reorganization. Let us examine the additional expense to which this increase subjected the country in 1838. Previous to the acts of the 5th and 7th of July of that year, the department was organized as follows :

1 Brigadier General, pay and allowances	\$3,800
4 Majors " " " "	8,900
(Temporary appointments) 20 Asst. Qr. Masters, in addition to line pay	7,200
2 Store keepers, pay and allowances	1,920
Total for pay, &c. of officers	\$21,520

In 1844, the organization as allowed by existing laws is :

1 Brigadier General, pay and allowances	\$3,600
2 Colonels " " " "	5,860
2 Lieutenant Colonels " " " "	4,900
4 Majors " " " "	8,900
28 Captains " " " "	47,500
2 Store keepers " " " "	2,500
20 Forage Masters " " " "	15,480
Additional rations for length of service by law of 1838	7,760
Total for pay, &c. of officers	\$96,400 !!!

Behold the result ! An increase from *twenty-one thousand five hundred dollars* to *ninety-six thousand four hundred dollars*, and in the item of pay alone. Could I but form an estimate of the additional expense on account of office and clerk hire, office furniture, fuel for offices, transportation of these officers from point to point—for you find some of them continually travelling, and never without orders—the above sum would be increased beyond *one hundred and fifty thousand dollars*. And where is the benefit resulting from it ! I can suggest but one. The department in Washington has less trouble in settling their accounts, and for two reasons. In the most of our *Staff* Departments it is believed that the "crown can do no wrong," and an account rendered by an officer holding an ap-

pointment in the department is readily passed, which would require reams of paper to explain if rendered by a young subaltern disconnected with these "*scientific corps*," as they are modestly called by one of their own number in some recent publication. Again, if an officer of this department meets with the slightest difficulty in settling an account, he is forthwith ordered to Washington for the purpose of attending to it in person, and the government pays his expenses. Examine the register of arrivals in the Adjutant General's office for proof of this assertion. Our Army has about one half as many *Staff* officers as it has officers of the *line*, and not more than one third as many of the latter will be found visiting Washington, or any other attractive city, as there will be of the former. No small item in the expenditures of this department is thus made out.

That the duties of the department are as satisfactorily and economically done at the different military posts by these officers of high rank and pay as it has been, and can be, by subalterns of these posts, I utterly deny and call on commanding officers of posts to sustain me. Such has been my experience, and I have heard the opinion so often repeated, that I believe it to be universal.

Some good and practical reasons existed at the time of this increase for a slight addition to the department, and for a more perfect organization, but at no time has the service required the unwieldy department which was created. The two principal reasons for this increase no longer exist. The Army has been again reduced to what it was before 1838, and the Florida war has died a natural death : let its offspring, an abortion, follow.

It would seem natural, too, that the officers of the *line* should be excused from performing these duties after the creation by Congress of so large a corps for the express purpose ; yet such is not the case—as many *line* officers now perform duties in this department as before the increase in 1838. We will find in our large cities and at some of our largest and most agreeable military posts an officer of this department, but in most instances you will find but little or nothing to do, or if there should be occupation, a subaltern of the *line* will be found encumbered with the disagreeable duties, and the Quarter Master living at his ease and only attending to what agents and commission merchants would willingly do for the custom without compensation. One half of our Army, or seven of the fourteen Regiments are stationed west of the Mississippi, but we find only ten out of thirty-two officers in the Quarter Master's Department on duty with that portion. There are but few very agreeable posts West of the Mississippi, however, and Lieutenants of the *line* can do the duty there ; but in our large cities, on the seaboard, a Captain of cavalry at least is deemed necessary. The presence of officers of the Quarter Master's Depart-

ment is more necessary in the West, too, where all works are put up by that department, as well for defence as for accommodation, whereas on our seaboard both are done by the engineers. But these are by no means the most serious evils attending the present organization of that department. Twenty of the twenty-seven Captains now in that department are taken from the heads of their companies which are left in the hands of Lieutenants, many of them young and inexperienced, and but few possessing rank and age enough to make competent company commanders. This system will break down any Army in the world, and especially our Army, where there is no stability in its Lieutenants. A company whose Captain is thus transferred to a *Staff* corps often changes commanders several times in a year, and owing to the necessary details for detached services from the subalterns, I have often known companies in Florida without a commissioned officer for months and even years. The place for a Captain is properly at the head of his company, and no one of proper military pride will ever consent to leave that place; but the policy of our government has been such as to destroy that high military tone, without which an Army is worthless, by offering high pay and pleasant stations to officers for abandoning their appropriate duties and assuming those which foreign services seem to consider as beneath officers of scientific education and high standing, and as appropriate rewards for old and faithful *non-commissioned* officers.

Upon this point I cannot more fully express my views than by an extract from the published opinions of a field officer in the British service.

"The Quarter Master is one of the earliest appointments in all standing armies; his name implies his duties—the distribution of quarters in barracks and cantonments, with the charge of all regimental camp equipage and baggage; but his functions and avocations are, besides these, numerous and various. He is the acknowledged chief of that little dirty-looking band that leads the van of every infantry regiment and looks like its grave-diggers; but the Quarter Master is too modest to place himself at its head. He is also the dictator of the regimental tailors and armorers, and the Rhadamanthus of the washerwomen. He is on good terms with the Barrack Masters, hand and glove with the corn and coal merchants of the town, and is looked up to as a great man by the contract butcher and baker. He has a perfect knowledge of every thing that goes to making up a soldier—arms, ammunition, clothing and accoutrements; intimate acquaintance with the value of all the miscellaneous articles, packs, straps, buckles, shirts, shoes, &c., even down to a soldier's millinery; his cap, plate and tuft; his combs, his razors, his brushes, pipe-clay and blacking. At those solemn meetings called Clothing Boards, consisting generally of the three oldest Captains, the Quarter

Master is present as a sort of hook-and-eye judge advocate. I recollect one of these occasions, when some alteration was expected in the form of the clothing, the commanding officer was present at the unpacking. When the drummers' jackets were produced, the commanding officer put the question to his Quarter Master, "what do you think of these, McB——?" "They are certainly very handsome," was the reply; "but, Colonel, don't you think there is a great deal too much *tautology* about the lace?" The word certainly would have applied with more force to drumsticks than to lace; but it was not a bad Quarter Masterish phrase, to express his contempt for that superabundance of frippery and gingerbread on the jackets of the drummers of the British Infantry, which make them look more like merry-andrews to a quack doctor, than heralds authorized to rouse gentlemen's sons out of their beds before day-light. On active service, the duties and responsibilities of the Quarter Master are much increased; he is here allowed money to purchase a horse, and forage for his keep—an article indispensable to the journeys he is obliged to make. He requires to possess diligence and activity, as well as a fair knowledge of the country and its roads, and to keep a sharp look out that his supplies are in no danger from marauding parties of the enemy. He has occasionally to add the duties of commissary to his own; to provide the food, as well as to serve it out, which doubles his labor and anxiety.

"In recompense for these, as well in regard to the trust committed to his charge, the *pay of Quarter Master has been gradually raised to its present rate 6s. 6d. per diem; after ten years on full pay, to 8s. 6d.; and fifteen years, to 10s. It is the best possible gift to a deserving non-commissioned officer*, (generally the Quarter Master Sergeant,) more particularly if he is married and not obliged to live at the mess. In all the range of barracks, no room is found so snug and cozy as that of the Quarter Master; and no man in or out of the Army sits down to a more comfortable and plentiful Christmas dinner."

A comparison with our service at a glance exhibits the ascendancy which *Staff* influence has gained over our legislation. Offices, which in the British service are considered as proper rewards for non-commissioned officers, are eagerly sought by our Captains, and he who obtains one is considered a lucky if not a favored man. The reason is very plain. In the British service there is no rank attached to the appointment, and the pay is only commensurate with the duties performed and the standing and respectability of the office. At no time is the pay of a Quarter Master increased beyond *seventy-five* dollars per month, and it is only fifty dollars to those first entering the service. In our service an officer is selected, generally some favorite, for promotion. The appointment of As-

sistant Quarter Master confers on him the rank of a Captain in the Army with the pay and allowances of a cavalry officer of the same grade, at no time less than *one hundred and fifteen dollars* per month, and by the addition of a ration every five years, it increases in the same ratio as in the British service. The duties of a Quarter Master in our service are the same as those in the British, and I am unable to discover a reason for giving additional rank and pay to commissioned officers in our service—men of scientific education—for performing duties which more appropriately belong to the capacity and grade of non-commissioned officers, and which are performed by men of that standing and capacity in the British service. In that service, too, we see that a Quarter Master is supplied with a horse and forage for him when on “*active service*.” In our Army the lowest grade in the Quarter Master's Department, a Captain, is allowed forage for *three* horses when in garrison, where his duties do not even afford exercise.

I deem it utterly unnecessary to offer further reasons in support of my opinions against the present organization of our Quarter Master's Department, and must delay for a future number a few remarks on the unequal, unjust and unprecedented anomaly of allowing officers to hold two commissions at the same time, with the privilege of exercising the rank and authority conferred by either at their discretion, and to receive promotion in two different corps. This system is particularly unjust to those officers who hold but one commission and who consider that military duty is more honorable than that which renders it necessary for them to be “hand-and-glove with the corn and coal merchants of the town,” and to act as “hook-and-eye judge advocates to Clothing Boards.” And the *esprit du corps* of any Army must be destroyed by a system which throws grey haired veterans of twenty years' hard service upon boards and courts martial as the juniors of men who but yesterday looked up to them for counsel, advice and instruction, and who have thus early overreached them by no other merit than ability to write up neat and legible accounts, purchase hay, corn, oats, lumber, &c., with facility, and, above all others, the possession of influential friends at court.

To remedy these abuses will require a very simple act of Congress. Repeal the law of 1838, so far as it relates to the Quarter Master's Department, and reestablish it upon an entirely different plan. Give us the same able and distinguished Quarter Master General who now presides over the department, with five or, at most, six Quarter Masters without military rank, and with a salary of one thousand five hundred dollars a year each; one of them to superintend the clothing bureau in Philadelphia, the others to perform the duties now done by the Colonels, Lieutenant Colonels and Majors of the department. In addition to these, give us

one regimental Quarter Master to each regiment with the pay of one thousand dollars a year, without military rank, and to be stationed at the post occupied by the greatest part of his regiment. At other posts have the duties performed as they now are by the Lieutenants and Assistant Commissaries. The department, thus organized, would be more efficient than the present and will cost the country *one hundred thousand dollars* a year less. When on active service in the field, allow these officers the use of a public horse and forage to keep him, and in barracks place them on a footing with Pay Masters and Medical officers in regard to rank; allow the Quarter Masters to assimilate with Majors, and the Regimental Quarter Masters with Captains.

The Quarter Master General is fully aware of the necessity for a change in his department, and recommends one which would be far preferable to the present organization, though it would be more costly, and I think less efficient than the one I propose. The strongest proof that he considers his department too large, and that there is too much rank in it, is to be found in the fact, that vacancies are permitted to remain unfilled when applicants can be found by the hundred anxious to accept. Confide the administration of his department to hands less considerate of the public good and more anxious to reap the benefits from patronage, and the expenses will again rise beyond the reduction of *thirty thousand dollars* which he tells you has been effected.

The Quarter Master General in his last annual report, says; “the great object of supporting a peace establishment is to prepare for war. One of the most efficient means of preparation is an able and well-instructed Staff, at all times ready for action. When the establishment is small, and raw troops have in consequence to be employed on every emergency, it is important that as many officers as possible be qualified for Staff duties. With that object in view I respectfully suggest such a modification of existing laws as shall require all Staff officers holding regimental appointments to be returned periodically to their regiments, and their places in the Staff to be supplied by others. Were such a measure authorized the Captains and subalterns of the whole Army would, in a few years, receive competent instruction in all that relates to the Staff, and acquire habits of business which would render them doubly efficient and valuable to the country in time of war.”

I agree with the distinguished General at the head of that department as to the “object of a peace establishment,” and I also believe with him, that “one of the most efficient means of preparation is an able and well-instructed Staff, at all times ready for action.” Supposing that he refers to his own department in these remarks, I must take issue with him on the propriety of forming this Staff

by detailing officers from the *line*. There can be no object in instructing these line officers in Staff duties, preparatory to war, unless it is intended to put them in Staff Departments when that crisis arrives. If such be his intention, I will answer his argument by a simple question. If the officers are taken from the *line* to form *Staff* corps in time of war, where will he find others to supply their places in the *line*? It has been considered in all services before ours that the *Staff* was merely an appendage to the *line*, an evil it is true, but a necessary one to enable the *line*, the *Army*, to operate with facility and celerity. But now, and for the first time since the first organization of armies, we hear it gravely asserted, that the *line* of the *Army* in a peace establishment is to be kept up to educate *Staff* officers, and those, too, who are appointed, in foreign services, from the deserving soldiers. The fact is, that our *Army* has so long remained under *Staff* control, that it has become a settled principle that the *line* is only an appendage to the *Staff*, a sort of preparatory school for *Staff* officers. Whenever a vacancy occurs, and is to be filled, the chief of the department selects from the *line*, and his choice is confirmed:—thus

The *line* "is a bundle of hay,"
Staff men "are the asses who pull,
 Each tugs in a different way,"
 &c. &c. &c. &c.

The education of our young officers is not calculated to make them Quarter Masters and Commissaries, nor was the Military Academy ever intended to educate such men; it gives a military and scientific education, to fit young men for *military* duty in the *Army*, and not for corn, coal, or pork merchants. Men competent and willing to fill these offices can be found in every grocery-store and counting-house in the country, without subjecting the government to the expense of educating them. A parallel is not to be found in any profession in life. Look to the Navy. Do we ever find a commissioned officer in that service detailed to perform the duties of Purser in order to accomplish him in Staff duties? The duties of Purser are very similar to those of Quarter Master including those of Pay Master in the *Army*.

The object to be obtained by the periodical changes proposed by the Quarter Master General will be secured by the plan which I propose, and without the additional expense of converting these Lieutenants into "Captains of cavalry" during their temporary service in that department—and I cannot believe the duties of a Quarter Master will be any sooner learned by clothing the officer with additional rank and giving him greatly increased pay; the former of which may render him vain and presumptuous, and the latter will most undoubtedly lead him into habits of extravagance,—neither of which will improve him as a man, or render him "doubly efficient and valuable" as an

officer. Let these young officers remain with their companies and superintend these duties when required in addition to their military duty, and they will be as competently instructed in all that relates to the *Staff*, and have "acquired habits of business" which would render them not exactly "doubly efficient and valuable," but competent to perform duty in *Staff* Departments when required; the *Army* will not have lost their military services during their *Staff* educations—they will not be unsuited for military duty, as *Staff* officers generally are—and the country will not be subjected to the expense of *one hundred thousand dollars* a year for effecting what can be better done without cost.

The *line* will protest against the suggestion of the Quarter Master General being adopted so as to require them to perform duty in his department periodically and to be relieved from military duty for that time. A large majority of the officers of the *line* will never consent to perform duties so totally at variance with their education and habits, though they will not object to superintend those duties in addition to their appropriate professional ones. They enter the *Army* as *military* men, and not to become coal and pork merchants, or muster carpenters; nor will they ever consent to any law or regulation converting them into drivers of mules, or slayers of bullocks. On one other ground will this be strongly opposed. Past experience has convinced the majority of our *line* officers, that those who have been removed from military associations and educated in the *Staff*, are forever afterwards fit for nothing else; and when returned to their proper positions, (fortunately for the *line* they seldom are,) they are only fit to play the fawning sycophant to some weak and superannuated commander, as they seldom fail to become proficient in the subtle art of pleasing in high places, and generally know the proper proportion of modest assurance necessary to secure desired ends. It is a common remark in our service, that "*Captain — and Lieutenants — and — are very inefficient company officers, but nothing more can be expected of them as they are Staff men.*" Shall we all be reduced to this unenviable condition?

A SUBALTERN.

A SONNET.—MY LADY'S ABSENCE.

Oh "weary, stale and flat," as is a bore
 Who of himself, sweet youth! and nothing more,
 Can prate until our very ears are sore;—

Sad as the autumn, when there blooms no tree;—
 Dreary as earth without its flowers and streams,
 As youth without its hope-created dreams,
 As night deprived of all the starry beams,—

Such in thine absence, love! my home *must* be;
 And such it is! Oh! what a desolate time

Since last, my Lady bright, I gazed on thee!
Dull as the lapse of day in sultry clime,
Dull as a suckling bardie's self-read rhyme,
Or long drawn whining of a sacred chime,—
So sadly, slowly, hath time gone with me!

Jackson, Mississippi.

R.

GOSSIP ABOUT A FEW BOOKS.

MR. MESSENGER :

Who can have written the little book called "CONQUEST AND SELF-CONQUEST?"* I met with it lately in a Richmond bookstore; and read it with a delight that no book of its class has inspired me with, since *Sandford and Merton*, *The Parents' Assistant*, *Popular Tales*, and the best of Miss Sedgwick's juvenile narratives. Amid the numberless and worthless tomes of trash that have in recent times superseded those glories of English Literature just named, it is meat and drink to one who relishes an exquisite blending of the sweet with the useful, to find such a treat as this "Conquest and Self-Conquest." It is a story of an American boy, who, after an early education at home, under the eye of a judiciously fond mother, went, at 11 years of age, to a grammar-school: fought, was beaten,—grew stronger in body and principles,—won the heart of his adversary,—entered the Navy,—and there in a career of virtue and honor, proved how unnecessary vice or ferocity is, to a high place among the sons of maritime glory. Except Miss Edgworth and the author of *Sandford and Merton*, I do not know a writer who has so happily portrayed true heroism. I pray you, tell me who she is! A woman, certainly; as well from the delicacy of some turns and touches, impracticable to a man, as from one or two slight incoherences, which his more mathematical nature would have avoided. Thus, in September or October, 1811, a certain adventure occurs (p. 61): eighteen months afterwards, is another incident: and then (p. 105) the succeeding March is in 1812, not long before our last war!—At least one other inaccuracy might be found, by a person who chooses to hunt out a bit of chaff in a bushel of wheat. Whoever does it will surely deserve, like him of old, to be rewarded with the chaff for his pains. The book seems in the main, above the powers of my favorite, Miss Sedgwick: yet it contains a vulgarism to which I grieve to say she is addicted—the transitive verb *to leave*, used without expressing its object: thus, (p. 93) "readiness *to leave* whenever," &c. Fie, fie, Mrs. Nameless!

Does it not excite your ire, Mr. Messenger, to

* Conquest and Self-Conquest; or, Which makes the Hero? pp. 216, 12 mo.

see the glorious works I have mentioned, shoved aside or overlaid by the trash I alluded to! It excites mine. How wroth it makes me, to enter a bookstore, and on asking for *Sandford and Merton*, the *Parents' Assistant*, *Popular Tales*, or any other of the inimitable Miss Edgworth's productions, or those of Miss Sedgwick, or *Evenings at Home*, or Sargeant's *Temperance Tales*,—to be told they are not there, and to have Peter Parley, or Mary Howitt, or Sir Lytton Bulwer, or a dozen besides, too new and poor to be named, pushed in my face!

I always long to serve such a bookseller as Alcibiades is reported by Plutarch once to have served a schoolmaster in Athens: "You remember Alcibiades—young, handsome, rich and spoiled, so that he could take strange liberties with every body. He entered a school one day, and asked the teacher for Homer's works. "I have them not," said the pedagogue. "Have n't got Homer?" replied Alcibiades: "then take that!"—and gave him a rousing box o' the ear, before all his scholars. I am very much inclined to treat parents in the same way, who confess that *they* are without the same books.

Considering the incredible multitude of books, and other kinds of reading, that are hourly crowding into the world, the great aim of all except first rate geniuses should be, methinks, to direct the public mind continually to the acknowledged standards of excellence, and divert public favor from inferior works. The classics of our language should live perpetually in the critic's page; and his stiletto* should be busy in exterminating the insect swarms, which every day brings forth, and which a day, thank Heaven! for the most part consigns to oblivion—and so saves him the trouble. And if our periodicals would copy ten times what they do from the great Masters, and exclude nine-tenths of the so-called "original" matter they publish,—at least one reader would be very much obliged to them.

Dickens. His new assault upon our country, in the January number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*,† is the most venomously spiteful that he has made. Yet it has a pungency that tickles,—a frequent happiness of expression that strikes and pleases,—amid all the injustice, and the still greater malignity in which it abounds. Nor is it always unjust. Though, upon the subject of slavery, and its incidents, Mr. Dickens exaggerates and falsifies more than Mrs. Trollope, or any travelling book-wright since, and approaches the brutal injustice of Parkinson, Fidler, and the other early tourists who slandered us,—yet, to much that he says on other topics, our plea ought to be "guilty." Boastfulness about our country,—excessive thirst for money,—a consequent neglect of many useful

* Is not 't'other end of the *stylus* called *stiletto*? Of course I do not mean an assassin's dagger.

† In an article entitled "The Poets of America."

things which tend not only to comfort, but to virtue, and even to Freedom—lawless violence, under the decrees of that vile usurper, Judge Lynch—and perhaps above all, the foulness of our newspaper press,—are sins for which Mr. Dickens does not give us one lash amiss. Truth never outwent fiction farther, than two village newspapers in Tennessee outgo Boz's Eatanswill Gazette and Eatanswill Independent, in violence and scurrility. And the daily observation of us all,—even daily remarks now current among us,—show that our Newspaper Press generally is, and that we feel it to be, worse than Dickens' worst representations of it. It was with difficulty, three days ago, that I could get a gentleman of very high standing for intelligence and honor, (no dyspeptic, either, nor otherwise morbidly inclined,) to except the National Intelligencer, the New York Evening Post, the Boston Courier, and one or two others, from the general censure for unfairness, vulgarity and bitterness. We have not taken the criticisms of foreigners (including Boz) upon our manners and country, as we ought to have done. We have been too thinned—too resentful. The uses of censure, like those of Adversity, are sweet, if rightly taken. "Though like a toad, ugly and venomous," it "wears yet a precious jewel in its head," to such as know how to find that jewel. If, instead of bristling up at those ill-natured criticisms, we had carefully examined ourselves to see how far they were just, and to mend our ways accordingly, it would have been wiser. Pictures that others draw of us, are in fact the very fulfilment of Burns' prayer which is in every body's mouth:—

"O would some Power the giftie gie us,
To see ourself as others see us!
It would frae many a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

By flying into a passion at such pictures, we become unable to see what truth they contain; and lose all the benefit of having the poet's prayer granted. By-the-by, if our foreign monitors wish us to profit by their schoolings, they ought to infuse more kindness into them. Advice, to man, woman or child, is sure to be rendered powerless by spite or arrogance in the giver!—Suppose Mr. Dickens in his Notes for General Circulation, and in his late Review, had substituted kindness, and that good-humored banter in which he excels, for the snarling tone in which he utters his well deserved blame of our filthy spitting habit—of our fast eating—and our other peccadilloes?—why, he would have done more for our amendment than all our own lecturers and satirists combined; and at the same time have doubled his popularity in America, instead of annihilating it.

I do not see what we gain, or that we at all refute the foreign calumniators, by shewing their own countries to be worse than ours. It would poorly mitigate the evil to Virginia, of having

60,000 white people above 20 years of age, who cannot read or write,—to know that England has two millions. It is wiser to compare her with the 4,500 of Massachusetts, or the 44,000 of New York, or the 33,000 of Pennsylvania: the first having as many, the second thrice, and the third twice as many white inhabitants as Virginia has.

A word more of Mr. Dickens' Article. I am glad of his severity (if it were less ill-natured) towards the poetasters, whom I have long ranked among the country's nuisances. Who can dissent from the justice of his animadversions upon the Epic yclept "Washington,"—the common-place tameness of Pierpont,—the "feeble verbosity" of "the American Hemans,"—and the utter inanity of ninety-nine hundredths of those newspaper and magazine rhymesters,—clerks, foredoomed their father's souls to cross, and penning stanzas when they should engross! Rhymesters, to whom Oblivion has a fair, indefeasible claim; and of whom Mr. Griswold vainly endeavors to defraud her, in his late collection of their indiscretions.*—But towards Hail Columbia and the Star-Spangled Banner,—towards Drake's American Flag, and Trumbull's McFingal, Mr. Dickens has not been just, as any jury of sensible Englishmen could easily be satisfied by an examination of them. To six American Poets, he has dealt out a measure of praise with which even themselves would probably be satisfied: Alfred B. Street, Mrs. Brooks of Louisville ("Maria Del Occidente"), Ralph Waldo Emerson, Halleck, Bryant, and Longfellow. "Halleck," he says, "is the author of a noble lyric, 'Marco Bozzaris.' Had he written nothing more, he must have earned a high popularity; but he has written much more, equally distinguished by a refined taste and cultivated judgment."—"We are too much pressed for space to afford room for the whole of this poem, and are unwilling to injure its effect by an isolated passage. The chrysolite must not be broken."—I wish his praises even of the three whom he most admires, had not been alloyed by some qualifications that savor of the ill-nature and illiberality that pervade nearly the whole "Article."

Mr. Dickens ends with a paragraph *powerfully* true. Though I fear its effect in America will be marred by its coming from him, and by its repulsive context, yet quote it I must, for the sake of its truth. How impressively it reinforces the (entirely too long) essays of Mr. Simms, in your January and March numbers!

"We repeat," says Mr. Dickens in the Foreign Quarterly, "that it is matter of regret, and not of censure, that America should be destitute of a national literature. The circumstances through which she has hitherto struggled, and to which she continues to be exposed, are fatal to its cultivation. With the literature of England pouring in upon her, relieved of the charges of copyright and taxation, it is impossible there can be any effectual encouragement for

* The Poets and Poetry of America. By Rufus W. Griswold.

native talent. Literature is, consequently, the least tempting of all conceivable pursuits; and men must float with the stream, and live as they can with the society in which they have been educated. Even were the moral materials by which this vast deposit of human dregs is supplied, other than they are—purer, wiser and more refined,—still America could not originate or support a literature of her own, so long as English productions can be imported free of cost, and circulated through the Union at a cheaper rate than the best productions of the country. The remedy for this is obvious, and its necessity has long been felt on both sides of the water,—a law for the protection of International Copyright. Such a law would be valuable to us, simply in a commercial point of view—but to America its advantages would be of incalculably greater importance. It would lay the foundation of a comprehensive intellectual movement which never can be accomplished without its help; and by which alone, she can ever hope to consolidate and dignify her institutions. We trust the day is not far distant when the unanimous demand of the enlightened of both countries will achieve a consummation so devoutly to be wished for."

Good bye, Mr. Messenger.

Louisa, March, 1844.

Q. Q.

Lucian Minor

TO THE HON. T. W. GILMER, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

The following letter was drawn up by the advice of the Hon. Thomas W. Gilmer, late Secretary of the Navy. It was commenced on the day after the fatal accident which occurred on board the Steamer, "Princeton;" and was not entirely finished, when the sad news of his death reached me. In him I have not only lost a valued friend whom I have known from my boyhood, but the country has been deprived of an able and faithful public servant.

I at first laid aside my pen without any intention of resuming it; but have since been induced to finish the letter for publication in the Southern Literary Messenger, in which have appeared so many interesting papers on the subject of the Navy.

Randolph Macon College, Feb. 29, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,—When I last enjoyed the pleasure of a personal interview with you, I promised that I would commit to writing and transmit to you, a few suggestions in respect to the proper organization of the Marine Observatory now in erection at the seat of Government. Your recent appointment to the Secretaryship of the Navy, upon which you will allow me to congratulate both you and the country, reminds me of that engagement and of the propriety of fulfilling it at this time.

The organization of the Observatory must be determined in a great measure by the objects which are intended to be accomplished by its establishment. It will, therefore, be proper to direct your attention to some of the most obvious and important of these.

The first which I shall notice is the rating of Naval Chronometers.

This is a service of great importance to both

Navigation and Geography, and ought to be executed with all the refinements of modern science. The method of finding the Longitude at sea, by *Lunar Distances*, first noticed by Werner and applied by Frisius, and afterwards perfected by Halley, Lacaille, Maskelyne and others, has been usually relied upon for the determination of a ship's place. Many attempts have been made to simplify and shorten the calculations which it exacts, but they are still somewhat tedious in practice. The length of this method would form no serious objection to its employment, if its results, when arrived at, were always sufficiently accurate. Their inaccuracy arises, indeed, from no defect in the theory of the process employed, but from the difficulty experienced in making, with sufficient precision, upon the unstable deck of a ship, the observations upon which its application is founded, as well also as from the errors in the Lunar Tables. An error of 30 seconds, in the measurement of the apparent angular distance of the moon from a fixed star, will produce an error of $\frac{1}{4}$ of a degree in the longitude; and this error will not unfrequently be increased a fourth of its whole amount by the errors as yet existing in the best Lunar Tables. Under the equinoctial line, this error in a ship's place would be about 20 miles. To arrive at a tolerably correct result, the errors of observation must be eliminated as far as possible, by taking in immediate succession several distances between the moon and stars, both to the East and West of her; and by using the time as deduced from the altitude of the sun, taken in the afternoon of the preceding day. This last precaution is necessary because the horizon is not sufficiently well defined at night to measure with precision the altitude of a star. But the time as deduced from an observation made several hours before, will be affected by the change in the ship's place during this interval, and consequently cannot be determined with any very great degree of accuracy. When, however, attention has been paid to every circumstance which can affect the accuracy of the final result, and when the instruments employed are of the best construction, this method, it must be granted, is competent to determine with sufficient approximation the longitude of a ship at sea. It is nevertheless very desirable that a method, which is so laborious in practice, which is so uncertain in its results, unless applied with the utmost care and skill, and which is of no account at such times as the heavens are overcast, should be replaced by one easier of application and at all times available. This end is likely to be attained by the use of the Chronometer constructed with all the modern refinements in the art of Horology. This instrument is now made to maintain a steadiness of rate which is truly remarkable, when we consider the various causes which have a tendency to affect its motion. The manner in which it accomplishes all

the purposes of navigation, may be indicated in very few words. If a Chronometer could be constructed so perfectly as to indicate, with precision, the mean solar time under the meridian to which we refer the longitudes of places, suppose under that of Greenwich, the determination of the longitude of a ship at sea would be as easy and as accurate as we could desire.

It would be only necessary to find the mean solar time at the ship, and to compare it with that at the primitive meridian as indicated by the Chronometer, and the difference of these times would be the longitude of the ship, East or West, according as its time preceded, or succeeded that of the primitive meridian. It is indeed impossible, in the present state of the arts, to give to the Chronometer this supposed degree of perfection; but it may be constructed to run so nearly uniform, that in the interval of six, or seven weeks, longitudes determined thereby will be as accurate as those determined by lunar distances, and for shorter intervals of time even more so. In confirmation of this last statement I refer you to the Chronometrical determination of the longitude of New-York by Mr. Dent of London. The longitude of New-York, as given by Mr. Walker, is 4h. 56m. 04.6s. West of Greenwich. This result was obtained, as well as I remember, from several solar eclipses. That obtained by Mr. Dent from the indication of three Chronometers transported on board the "British Queen" is 4h. 56m. 3.35s., which differs by only a second from the former one.

To render, however, even the best Chronometer subservient to the purpose of finding longitudes it must be rated with great care. There are several considerations, which should induce us to regard this process as not so simple and easy as to be performed with sufficient accuracy by the use of the sextant and artificial horizon, as was generally practised before the establishment of the Marine Observatory. In rating a Chronometer, three things are to be determined; first, its absolute error, at a given moment, upon the mean solar time of the assumed meridian; Secondly, its daily rate at that moment; Thirdly, the law by which that rate is altered from day to day. But it is not sufficient to determine these three particulars, without special reference to the circumstances under which the Chronometer has to perform.

It was very satisfactorily ascertained in the voyage made by Capt. Buchan to the Arctic regions in 1818, that the rates of Chronometers are considerably different on board and on shore.

This conclusion has been subsequently confirmed by a Series of Observations instituted by Mr. Barlow, with a view to determine the cause of this difference and the laws by which its action is governed. (See "Phil. Transactions" for 1820.)

That the difference of rate really exists and is quite too great to be neglected, will be made evident by the following results of some experiments by Lieut. Wm. Mudge and published in the "Edinburgh Phi. Journal" for Oct., 1821.

On board H. M. S. Leven	No. 1970 Arnold.	No. 498 Arnold.	No. 249 Harris.	No. 503 Arnold.
	RATE.	RATE.	RATE.	RATE.
Mean Sea Rates - - -	s. — 16.95	s. — 1.47	s. + 6.52	s. + 8.47
Mean Shore Rates - - -	— 14.17	+ 2.69	+ 2.75	+ 13.80
Differences between sea and shore rates	s. 2.78	s. 3.22	s. 3.77	s. 5.33

That these differences are not attributable to the imperfection of the Chronometers themselves is plain from an examination of their rates either on land or sea. Let us take for example No. 1970.

SEA RATES.

	s.
From February 8 to February 14 - - -	— 17.30
" February 28 to March 28 - - -	— 16.27
" March 28 to April 20 - - -	— 16.99
" April 27 to May 4 - - -	— 17.90
" May 4 to May 12 - - -	— 17.66

SHORE RATES.

	s.
From June 20 to July 7 - - -	— 14.88
" July 7 to July 17 - - -	— 13.90
" July 17 to July 28 - - -	— 13.72
" July 28 to August 6 - - -	— 14.40
" August 6 to August 24 - - -	— 13.85

It is very obvious that the shore rates of these four Chronometers would have been totally inadequate to determine with precision the ship's place at sea. And I have no doubt, that the seeming inaccuracies in the indications of Chronometers at sea, which perform well on shore, result from the employment of their shore instead of their sea rates, which may differ from each other, as in the

case of No. 503 Arnold, by 5 or 6 seconds per day. It is, then, a question of much importance to Navigation, how may the sea rate of a Chronometer be accurately determined? It is not possible, in our present state of ignorance in respect to the action of the metal of a ship upon the motion of a Chronometer, to give to this question a satisfactory answer. We do not yet fully understand the mode in which this influence acts, much less the laws by which it is governed. Whether the metal of a ship becomes magnetized by the directive power of the earth, and influences the balance of the Chronometer as a magnet would do; or, whether a degree of magnetism is inherent in the balance itself and is influenced by the metal of a ship as by a small mass of soft iron brought very near to it, are points not certainly ascertained. It is most probable that both modes of action obtain, if not others yet undiscovered. We must, therefore, depend rather upon actual experiment for correcting the disturbing influence of the metal upon the rate of a Chronometer, than upon deductions merely theoretical. It is true that there have been proposed methods for counteracting this influence, or eliminating the errors which it produces, founded more or less upon hypothesis in respect to the source and nature of its action. Captain Scoresby, for instance, considering the cause of disturbance to arise from the directive influence of the earth upon the balance itself, proposes to neutralize its effect by bringing the balance within the control of an artificial magnet sufficiently powerful to keep the whole Chronometer, freely suspended upon gimbals, in the same relative position to the magnetic meridian. To say nothing of the uncertainty of the theoretical view involved in this proposed method of correction, which attributes to terrestrial magnetism a direct action upon the balance, so much more energetic than any which can be exerted by the metal of a ship, as to render the latter altogether insensible, it is very questionable whether the presence of a powerful magnet will not introduce new sources of disturbance. Mr. Barlow, who has paid a great deal of attention to this subject, thinks that there is danger in this case, of the magnet itself affecting the rate of the Chronometer, not merely by its own action, but by communicating some portion of fixed magnetism to the balance, more than it ordinarily possessed.

Mr. Barlow takes this view of the subject. He is of the opinion that the power of iron to disturb the action of a Chronometer resides in its surface; and he proposes to assign the position of an iron plate in respect to the Chronometer, which will produce upon it the same disturbance which will be produced by the iron of the ship. If, then, the Chronometer be rated on shore in the presence and under the influence of such a plate, it is obvious that the rate so obtained is not the *shore* but

the *sea* rate. In every case the position of the plate must be determined experimentally, and will be different for different ships.

I regard it very important to test the correctness of Mr. Barlow's views. This, it seems to me, may be done in the following manner: Let a signal be displayed at the Observatory at the instant of mean noon from day to day, and within sight of a vessel having all its metal on board and its Chronometer placed as it is intended to be kept when on a voyage. The Chronometer may be rated by a daily comparison between its mean noon and that indicated at the Observatory, allowing for the difference of longitude between the vessel and the Observatory, which will perhaps be very small, but yet ought not to be overlooked in researches of such delicacy. The vessel also, after the interval of a few days, may be swung around so as to head in a different direction towards the points of the compass, and there confined, until the rate in that position has been noted; and so on, until the balance of the Chronometer shall have occupied all possible positions in respect to the magnetic meridian. In this way it may be known whether the influence upon the balance varies with the direction of the ship's head, as Capt. Scoresby thinks is the case. Let, then, the Chronometer be brought on shore and carefully rated in the usual way. It will then be seen whether the sea and shore rates are different, and by how much. If there be a difference, then let it be attempted so to place an iron plate in respect to the Chronometer on shore, as to reduce its shore to its previously ascertained sea rate. This mode of experimenting would indeed be defective in some respects. For instance, when a vessel is sailing upon the high seas, its metal would be brought under the action of a perpetually varying force of magnetism; yet, in respect to the nature and amount of influence which a given magnetic force will exert upon the balance of a Chronometer, very valuable results might be deduced.

Whatever forces may be exerted upon the arm of the balance by the metal of a ship, their resultant will probably lie in the direction of the keel, because in respect to a line running lengthwise the vessel, the metal is symmetrically placed. If the arm of the balance when at rest be placed at right angles with the keel, it is probable that much of the disturbing influence may be neutralized. Mr. Dent in his Chronometrical determination of the difference of longitude between Greenwich and New-York, before referred to, and which you will find in the reports of the "British Association for the advancement of Science," for 1839, seems to have used this precaution, and to this possibly may be attributed the small difference between the *sea* and *shore* rates of the Chronometers which he employed. Yet there was a difference very sensible, and which could not by any means have been neglected in deducing the final result. The existence

of a difference at all shows that this mode of correction, though very easy of application, is imperfect. Still it is a precaution which ought to be observed on every vessel.

After a Chronometer has been rated with reference to the influence of every cause which can affect its motion, if it be a good instrument, it will give for six or eight weeks the longitude of the ship with as much accuracy as "Lunar Distances," and with greatly diminished labor. But occasionally a Chronometer may exhibit sudden and inexplicable changes in its rate, against which it will be important to guard. This may be done by having several on board, which is invariably the practice in the British Navy, and probably in our own. On this point, however, I have no precise information. The best Chronometers may now be purchased for \$200 to \$250; so that the additional expense of furnishing each vessel with at least three, would be but small, while the advantages would be very great. Were there but two, a discrepancy between them would be evidence of an error existing in one or the other; but with three, the one in fault could be detected. Further to guard against any influence which may simultaneously affect the rates of all the Chronometers on board, it would be desirable once in two or three weeks to make a careful observation of the longitude by Lunar Distances; not that the result would be more trust-worthy than that of the Chronometers, but their near approximation would be evidence that the Chronometers had suffered no injury and were performing well.

Whenever a vessel arrives at a port whose longitude has been accurately determined by Solar eclipses, or by occultations of the fixed stars by the moon, then it may be certainly known how the Chronometers have performed; and by a careful comparison of their results with the known position of the port, the variation in their rates ascertained. It is, however, always well to make shore observations, when the vessel is sufficiently long in port, to determine the existing rates of the Chronometers. And for this purpose it is desirable that every ship should be furnished with a good portable transit instrument, which in a single night could be adjusted, so as to give results more accurate than those of the sextant and artificial horizon, and involving much less of calculation. Besides, if the longitude of the port should not be well ascertained, the transit instrument would be very useful in determining it, by observing the passages, across the meridian, of the moon's bright limb, and of stars which are near her parallel of declination. Such port would serve afterwards as a new point of departure from which to calculate the place of the ship. I must not forget to add, that in rating a Chronometer while in port, it will be best to suffer it to remain in its proper place on board, and to carry the time to and from it, by means of a good pocket Chronometer. It will thus be kept under

the influence of the ship's metal, which is always important.

In pointing out to you the important uses of the Chronometer at sea, and the delicacy and difficulty of the process of rating one with perfect precision, the necessity of a Marine Observatory will appear obvious, where this service may be performed with attention to every circumstance which is likely to ensure success.

I proceed to notice another object, which I understand was had in view, in the erection of the Observatory—namely, the construction of Charts.

It would be to little purpose to know with precision the place of a ship, unless the ports to be reached, and the impediments to navigation to be avoided are correctly laid down upon the charts employed. If a sand bar, or a coral reef, or other obstruction be incorrectly located, no method of finding the latitude and longitude of the ship, however easy and accurate, could ensure its safety. It is just as though the chart was accurate and the ship was provided with no adequate means of determining its own position. It is, therefore, very essential to the Navy, that the charts with which it is furnished should be constructed with the utmost attainable degree of accuracy. From this consideration, it would be altogether impolitic to entrust their publication to private individuals. They might not always feel a sufficient interest in their accuracy; and if they should, they would not possess the means of introducing the various corrections which from time to time are found necessary in previously existing charts. It would seem, then, altogether proper that the charts furnished the Navy should be constructed and engraved under the supervision and by the authority of persons appointed for this purpose by the government, whose duty it should be to introduce therein the results of the latest and best observations. The establishment of a Marine Observatory will greatly facilitate the accomplishment of this object. I have already indicated, in a general way, the manner in which a vessel should be furnished out, in order to determine its position with facility and accuracy. But when any particular place is approached, as a harbor, or a cape, or a sand bar, its position becomes known by means of the position of the ship, and to the same degree of accuracy. In applying, therefore, frequently and skilfully the methods by which the position of the ship is determined, the localities of a great many points become known. In this way a vessel may greatly contribute, in a single voyage, to the increase of our geographical knowledge and to the perfection of our charts. This service it will more effectually render if its Chronometers are carefully rated with reference to their performance at sea, and their going tested from time to time by a few *Lunar Distances* measured with the best instruments and with attention to every circumstance which can affect the accuracy

of the final result; and better still, if this test be more rigorously applied by the transit instrument whenever it is practicable. In addition to this, the observation of the meridian passages of the moon's bright limb and of the stars near its path ought to be made as frequently as possible while at a port, the longitude of which has never been ascertained by more correct methods. A mass of data would thus be collected for the correction of our charts, which would soon render these sufficiently accurate for the general purposes of navigation. But that the greatest advantage may be derived from this system of observation, the original observations themselves with every accompanying circumstance ought to be deposited at the Observatory, that their relative importance may be judged of, and the most valuable of them reduced and calculated. Their reduction on ship board, at the time they are made, cannot be effected with sufficient accuracy, because, in the first place, the methods used for this purpose, as they are generally developed in treatises on Navigation, are designed to give results only approximately true.

Take, for example, the very convenient method of working a "Lunar Distance" given by Dr. Bowditch in the first edition of his "Practical Navigator," and which he has farther improved by additional tables in the last edition of that extremely valuable work. The distance obtained, according to that method, is defective by reason of neglecting several small corrections due, 1st. to the variations in the refractive power of the atmosphere; 2nd, to the spheroidal figure of the earth; 3rd, to the horizontal parallax of the moon when different from 57 minutes and 30 seconds. It is not thought necessary to introduce any such refinements into nautical calculations, as the observations upon which they are founded are generally made under circumstances but little favorable to a high degree of accuracy. But when peculiarly favorable circumstances are seized upon for making them, as may be done occasionally on deck and always on shore, the results should be obtained by more accurate methods, especially when they are to serve for the correction of charts. I speak from experience when I say, that with a well-constructed Reflecting Circle, and in a favorable position of the moon in respect to a star, their apparent distance may be measured with an accuracy which will warrant the reduction of the observation by a process more perfect than those usually employed at sea. But in the second place, if the methods used at sea were not defective in the particulars above stated, yet the tabular distance of the moon from the star is regarded as perfectly accurate, while in point of fact it is inaccurate by the whole amount of error in the Lunar Tables. In like manner the calculation of the longitude of a place founded upon Lunar culminations is affected by the errors of the Lunar Tables. But when the original observations shall

be reported to the Observatory, these sources of error may be eliminated. It will be a part of the daily business at the Observatory to observe the moon's place; and when its actual place upon any day is compared with that given by the tables, the error in the latter becomes apparent, and may be applied to the results of any calculation at sea, in which the same tables were employed. It would be also the duty of the persons having charge of the Observatory to possess themselves of the results of the latest and best observations made by the vessels of other countries and by scientific travellers, and to embody in our charts such as might be deemed worthy of credit.

The survey of our own coast, which is so extensive and in some places so dangerous to approach, is certainly one of the most important works undertaken by the government. But as it has been connected with another department of the public service, it does not come properly within the scope of my present remarks; and yet the Observatory may be made to sustain a relation to that work which I will not pass by without a brief allusion.

Mr. Hassler stated to the committee, appointed by the last Congress, on the Coast Survey, as the reason why charts, of those parts of the coast which had been surveyed, had not been published, that the geographical position of no point in the United States had been sufficiently well determined to deduce therefrom the latitudes and longitudes of the several stations comprised in the primary triangulation. I was the more surprised at this because his triangulation lies in the vicinity of several cities and towns which I believe lay claim to the possession of Observatories of a grade at least sufficient to determine with a considerable degree of approximation their coördinates of position. It must be borne in mind, that after the geodetical distances between the several stations have been calculated, the latitude and longitude of at least one of the stations and the azimuth of one of the sides must be determined, in order to assign latitudes and longitudes to the other stations. But in a survey so extensive as that of the United States' coast, the latitude and longitude of but one station will not suffice. To give to the method, adopted for the survey, all of the accuracy of which it is susceptible, the figure of that portion of the earth over which the triangulation is spread, must be deduced. To do this, the triangulation must not only be conducted with all the precision of modern science and art, and be verified by the measurement of several bases, but temporary Observatories must be erected at certain stations along the series of triangles, and the geographical positions of such stations independently obtained by the best methods and with the utmost care. In the first elimination of the errors in the latitudes and longitudes of the stations as deduced by calculation, the Observatory, if it be made one of the stations

the primitive triangulation, will afford very essential service. Its instrumental resources will be such, it is to be presumed, as will admit of the last degree of accuracy in the determination of its position. And as such, it may, and doubtless will be, one of the most important fundamental points in the survey.

If this degree of precision be not given to the Coast Survey, it will lose its scientific character, and very imperfectly fulfil the end it is intended to accomplish. If its results are not founded upon the determination of the special configuration of the surface over which it extends, I would not be disposed to place as much confidence in them, as I would in latitudes independently determined by Troughton's Zenith Sector and longitudes by signals of fire.

I will dismiss this subject, unexpectedly alluded to at all, with but one other remark. That the original observations, with all the attendant circumstances, ought to be reported without an erasure, without the suppression even of those known at the time to be defective. The observer ought not himself to be at liberty to reject any instrumental result, however discordant it may seem to be with those formerly obtained. He may state his reasons why he has not confidence in any particular observation, but should not have authority to exclude it from the result. It is only in this way that a correct judgment can be formed of the probable *instrumental* and *personal* errors which are inseparable, to some extent, from observations of this sort. The observations ought to be committed to a separate commission, or bureau, by which the calculations and reductions should be made with the utmost exactness. I am aware, that from motives of economy those who make observations in the summer, calculate the results during the succeeding winter;—but it is worth while to inquire whether observations cannot be pushed forward in the South during winter, so as to expedite the progress of the work to a very considerable extent. And if it is contemplated, as I hear, to carry the primary triangulation as far into the interior as the mountains, unless the work be pushed forward more energetically, our children's children will not live to see the benefits resulting from its completion; and, in the meanwhile, the loss of life and property may greatly exceed the additional expense which its more vigorous prosecution will require.

The objects already noticed, as they bear a most obvious and immediate relation to the interests of the Navy, were probably the only ones had in contemplation in the establishment of the Observatory. But there are others no less important which may be accomplished by a very trifling addition to the appropriations which will be necessary for the former.

Our Navy has always been and is yet dependent upon the "Lords Commissioners of the Admi-

ralty" of Great Britain, or the "Bureau des Longitudes" of France, for the means of navigating the high seas with safety. And is it not discreditable to the science and enterprise of our country that it should be so? There is not an original Ephemeris published in America. Blunt's, of New-York, which is so much used by our commercial vessels, is merely a reprint of the most useful parts of the British Nautical Almanac; and this epitome, or some other, or the British Almanac itself, or the "Connaissance des Temps," will be found on board of all our vessels of war. This service to our commerce and Navy may be performed at Washington as well as at Greenwich, or Paris, and not only the interest, but the honor of the country requires that it should be done.

But furthermore, the Observatory may be organized upon such a scale as to enable it to contribute its share to the advancement of Astronomy, which is the oldest of the sciences, which, perhaps, has, more than any other, contributed to the progress of civilization and refinement throughout the world, and which must depend for its successful prosecution, so far as instrumental results are concerned, upon the countenance and munificence of governments. And it is gratifying to see to what extent this noble science has been fostered by the civil powers of Europe. There are not less than forty public Observatories, established in Europe and its colonies, of which the most celebrated and useful are those at Greenwich, Dublin, Cape of Good Hope, Paramatta, Paris, Turin, Altona, Bremen, Königsburg, Berlin, Gotha, Göttingen and Dorpat.

But while the governments of Europe have seemed to vie with each other in the number and character of their public Observatories, there is not one, so far as I know, in this country which deserves to be ranked among them. It surely must be a narrow and prejudiced mind, that would arrest the progress of a science because every step of it has not a palpable and immediate relation to the ordinary business of life. We cannot always foresee in what manner precisely our more abstract and refined speculations will bear upon the common interests of mankind; and yet assuredly, if we are in the pursuit of Truth, its attainment will prove highly useful to the improvement and happiness of our species. Our present subject furnishes an apt illustration of the propriety of this remark. Without the high speculations of Geometers upon celestial mechanics, the method of Lunar Distances, so valuable at sea for determining longitudes, could never have been realized. The possibility of applying the method depends upon the accuracy of the Lunar Tables; and these never could have attained their present degree of perfection, without the labors, purely geometrical, to which I have referred. Indeed, Astronomy is one continued illustration of the truth of the remark, that

the satisfaction of our commonest wants frequently demands scientific speculations of a character the most sublime. Whether we consider the perfection of its scientific character, the generality of its laws, or the importance of its results, Astronomy must confessedly stand the first of the natural sciences. It furnishes us with all our measures of time—with all our knowledge in respect to the figure and dimensions of the planet which we inhabit—with the means of determining positions upon its surface, and of directing our course along its pathless waters—and with our best and only invariable units of linear measure. Surely it becomes the United States, as a great commercial and navigating nation, to extend a fostering care to a department of human knowledge which is so identified with its interests and honor.

And though Astronomy has, in many points of view, attained a degree of perfection to which no other science can lay claim, yet it must not be supposed that the establishment of an Observatory of proper rank can contribute nothing to its future progress.

In respect to our solar system there are several interesting and delicate questions which are yet to be solved.

More accurate observation will show whether something is still wanting to the solar theory, as is suspected by Bessel and Airy.

The planets are yet to be more nicely weighed, and the tables of their motions more perfectly constructed.

Astronomers already feel the absolute necessity of investigating more minutely the refraction which rays of light undergo in traversing the atmosphere, and of applying with greater accuracy the corrections due to variations in temperature, density and humidity. The errors which exist in our best tables of refraction, are unfortunately involved in many of our most important and delicate researches, such as the determination of the Obliquity of the Ecliptic, the place of the equinox, the positions of the stars and many others. The constants of nutation and aberration are still in doubt to a small extent; and, in a word, there is no instrumental result employed in Astronomy, which may not undergo a modification, greater or less, when better instruments shall be constructed and improved methods of observation employed.

Cometary Astronomy is yet in its infancy. We have determined, with tolerable precision, the orbits of only three or four of the many hundreds which belong to our system. In respect to their physical constitution, we may be said to be profoundly ignorant. But though we know so little of them, yet important results have already flowed from the attention which astronomers have paid to these mysterious bodies. By means of them we have arrived at the interesting fact of the existence of a resisting medium.

In Stellar Astronomy our knowledge is still more imperfect. We do not as yet know the distances of the fixed stars from us, which is the simplest element that can enter into our researches concerning them; unless, indeed, 61st Cygni be an exception, to which Bessel thinks his observations assign an annual parallax of 0.3136 of a second. It must still, however, be admitted to be doubtful whether this, or any other star has an appreciable parallax. The accurate observation of binary stars is likely to prove the most fertile source of discovery in respect to these distant bodies. It already seems to be quite probable, that their dynamical relations to each other, may be adequately explained upon the hypothesis, that they circulate about their common centre of gravity, by virtue of a force identical in its laws with gravitation. I think farther observation necessary to warrant this extraordinary extension of gravitation, although the analogical argument in favor of it is very strong. In such delicate observations, is it yet certain whether the one star describes an elliptic orbit about the other placed at the focus or the centre, or at any intermediate point? As long as doubt exists in regard to the relative position of the latter, we should not be hasty in drawing our conclusions in respect to the law of attraction subsisting between the bodies. I regret that I have not seen the most recent papers upon this interesting subject by Sir J. F. Herschell. They are said to be replete with valuable information, and I regret yet more that I have not as yet been able to obtain his method communicated to the Astronomical Society, for the calculation and construction of the elements of the orbits of binary stars, which depends exclusively upon the observed angles of position.

From the difference of the observed times which the revolving star requires to describe the two portions of its orbit symmetrical to the Axis Major, Savary has proposed to determine its distance from the earth. The idea is ingenious, but it remains for future observations to establish its practicability.

In this hasty sketch of the objects to be accomplished by the establishment of an Observatory, I must not forget that magnetism is to receive the special attention of those who have the charge of it. And I perceive that a separate building has very properly been erected for this purpose, and that it is the intention of the government to supply it with the best instruments.

To a maritime nation the subject of Magnetism is one of much importance. All Marine Charts must show the variation of the Magnetic from the true meridian, at least approximately, in every sea and place visited by our commercial and naval vessels. The needle is essential to direct the vessel upon any designated course, and therefore the laws by which its indications are controlled should be carefully investigated. There is but little doubt

that the Magnetic forces of the earth are subjected to laws which may be discovered, and from which, if they were known, the courses and variations of the isoclinal and isodynamic lines might be deduced by calculation. We feel in this department of science as if the conception of some great and fundamental truth was just about to burst upon us, not unlike that which opened up before the vision of the philosopher of Samos when he uttered the rapturous "*εἶρηκα*." But already is theory in advance of observation, particularly observation of that continued and delicate character, which alone can conduct to definite and certain results.

Europe has recently taken up this subject with becoming interest and zeal. The methods of observation devised and practised in Germany have extended to other countries. Magnetical Observatories have been established in various quarters of the globe, as at St. Helena, the Cape of Good Hope, Van Dieman's Land, Canada, India, &c., in which observations are prosecuted, strictly in concert with the Observatories in Europe. It is therefore with pride and pleasure that I hail the establishment of such an Observatory in the City of Washington, which may be made to play an important part in that grand system of concerted observation which has been undertaken by the principal nations of the earth; and every American must desire to see it organized and conducted in a manner worthy of science and of our country. It must not be forgotten that a Magnetical Observatory is essential to give value to the individual contributions which the scientific men of our country are continually making to our stock of Magnetical information. The *differential* dip, variation and intensity are more readily and accurately found than the absolute; and therefore the Observatory at Washington will be a fundamental point of comparison for all observations made by individual enterprise.

The instruments used in Magnetic Surveys, whether on land or sea, ought to be examined at the Observatory both before and after their use, and this should be a service required of the Observatory, independently of the observations proper to itself.

And while on ship board observations cannot be made with that accuracy which will render them valuable in the discussion of theoretical views; yet they will be highly useful for the correction of the Magnetic Charts now in common use. It would therefore be desirable to furnish each vessel of the Navy with the best means of making them.

Having consumed so much of the space allotted to this letter, in treating of the objects to be accomplished by the establishment of an Observatory, I must be very brief on the subject of its organization.

It should of course be put under the direction of one having every qualification to conduct the business of it in the best manner possible. It should be furnished with Astronomical and Magnetical instruments, as powerful and as perfect as art can render them. The number of assistants should be sufficient to keep up a continued series of observations in the Magnetic Observatory, and also in the Astronomical, when the weather permits.

All of the observations with every accompanying circumstance should be published; and the same properly reduced. It is not enough that observations be skilfully made; they should be reduced in the most rigid and exact manner. It is the least part of an Astronomer's business to make an observation. The results are to be exhibited and compared with theory, and here all his talents and mental resources find the fullest scope.

Many of the observations of Bradley and Maskelyne remain to this day almost useless for the want of reduction, and England ingloriously suffered the Astronomers of the continent to profit chiefly by the instrumental results of her most accomplished observers, by neglecting this very essential part of the work of an Observatory.

As to the actual expense of establishing and conducting an Observatory on the scale contemplated in the foregoing remarks, the estimate made by Mr. Adams, in his "Report on the Smithsonian Bequest," seems to be founded on satisfactory data, and to that I beg leave to refer you.

That estimate did not include a Magnetic Observatory, which will require an additional observer, and probably two. It should be recollected that the expense for buildings and instruments has already been incurred, and that provision only has to be made for the annual operations of the establishment. The whole annual cost would not exceed \$15,000. And if the buildings and instruments are, as Lieut. Gilliss reports, of the first class, it is worthy the consideration of the Government, whether the additional expense required to organize the Observatory in a manner to fulfil all the important ends which such an establishment may subserve, would not be fully justified.

With sentiments of the highest regard,

I am your obedient servant,
LANDON C. GARLAND.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SAWYER'S LIFE OF RANDOLPH.

"The Lion was dead that received the kick."

No man ever lived whose biography was more likely to excite a general interest and to be well received by the public than Randolph of Roanoke. The profound silence of the press on that subject is a curious fact. It is understood that considerations of delicacy may have restrained his near relations pending the controversy arising out of his will. The question of his sanity is one on which it would have been wrong to preoccupy the public mind; and no biographer could, in justice to him, have been silent on that subject. His other near friends may be supposed to have been restrained by the same consideration.

But why was not his life written by others? Lord Byron was hardly dead before the Dallas's and Leigh Hunts, &c., &c., were seeking to make a profit of the little intercourse with him which he had unadvisedly permitted. Why did nothing of the sort happen in this case? The answer is to be found in the delicacy which always has distinguished Virginians. They felt that it was due to Mr. R.'s friends to decide whether the veil should be drawn aside from his private life. Of the hundreds, therefore, who might have made entertaining books of reminiscences from the conversations of a man whose words were, by turns, prophecy, poetry and epigram, not one has published a line. A Mr. Jacob Harvey, an Irishman, entertained the public with such scraps as a short acquaintance enabled him to collect. His account is probably as faithful as he knew how to make it. But Mr. H. had not the faculty to preserve the very words of Mr. R., and many of his anecdotes are, therefore, deficient in accuracy in this important point. There was a tone in his style of conversation as well known to his friends as his voice, and, missing that, they always know that the *very words* imputed to him, were never spoken by him. With this exception, and that of a small volume of his letters, nothing concerning him has ever, until now, been given to the public. In Virginia nothing at all.

It remained for a citizen of another State, a stranger and an enemy, to interrupt, with his idle gossip, this funereal silence, and to make a market of his pretended knowledge of Mr. R. by vending it at a distance from those who could have told his bookseller that he knew nothing of his subject. His means of knowledge are paraded on the title page, where he announces that he was for sixteen years the associate of Mr. R. in Congress. But he presently makes known that he was politically opposed to him; and all who know Mr. R. know that to be so, at that time, was to be cut off from all intercourse with him. Hence, Mr. S. himself tells no more of his own personal knowledge than what passed at their first meeting. Giving him credit for intending to tell the truth, this fact may be taken, as he tells it, for what it is worth; and this is precisely as much as the public can safely take on the authority of Mr. Sawyer. The rest of the work is made up of a very unskilful digest of the contents of the papers of the day, and a collection of idle tales, of which not one in ten has any foundation in truth. In many passages the work may be truly characterised in the lan-

guage of indictments as a "false, scandalous and malicious libel." Let us take a few examples.

At p. 26 Mr. R.'s change of political position is said to have grown out of a certain presidential message of January 17, 1806. Now there was neither then, nor at any time, any such message as is there spoken of.

At p. 47 there is a most indecent anecdote, in telling which Mr. S. affects accuracy, and corrects some other writer. Here he introduces a female name. It is well for him, that, as no such thing ever happened, there was no such lady as he speaks of. If there were, and she had a relation in the world with the spirit of a man, Mr. S. would be most deservedly punished.

At p. 41 Mr. R. is represented as courting popular favor after his defeat in 1813, by Mr. Eppes, and the arts used by him are detailed. Every man, woman and child in Mr. R.'s district knows that his demeanor was never so high and haughty as at that time; that there was no such partizan as is there mentioned; that his deportment toward all to whom the description could apply was absolutely repulsive; and that the disgusting hypocrisy of frequenting Baptist meeting houses to conciliate that sect, and making a display of religious zeal was never heard of there.

We instance these things as not resting on private knowledge, but on notoriety. They manifest a reckless disregard of truth, which makes it superfluous to contradict calumnies, the refutation of which must depend on testimony of a more precise and personal character.

Mr. S.'s disregard to truth is strikingly manifested in his neglect to inform himself of particulars which he might have learned from the most authentic sources. Mr. Randolph's brothers, Dr. Brockenbrough and the Messrs. Leigh are known men, and Mr. S. could have reached either by letter. Had he done this, would he have called Mr. R. the nephew of Edmund Randolph, and represented him as a member of his family, as at p. 10? Would he have represented Mr. R.'s mother, at p. 9, as removing to Williamsburg with her husband, when she was already dead? These are things of small consequence in themselves. But to speak of them without resorting to the means of knowledge at hand, shows an utter disregard to the first duty of an historian.

What we have said, founded on no particular knowledge, but on a notoriety so great, that each point we have touched on is probably known to 10,000 persons, as certainly as man can know that of which he was not an eye witness, is enough to satisfy the public that in purchasing the work in question, they may get gossip for their money, they may get calumny, but they will certainly not get an authentic biography of John Randolph.

Judge Tucker
THE ORATION OF DEMOSTHENES ON THE CROWN; with notes, by J. T. Champlin, Professor of Greek and Latin in Waterville College. Boston: James Monroe & Co. 1843.

This volume ought to have received an earlier attention from us. There is one comfort, however, in the matter. It is just as good now as it was the day it came from the press. There is nothing ephemeral about it. It is not one of that kind of works that must be praised the month, or the year in which they come out, or be praised too late. The object of its preparation is excellent, and carried out with distinguished skill. We are much mistaken, if any thing with the same design appear for a long time that can in justice supplant it.

This contribution of Prof. Champlin to the cause of classical literature has already received the unqualified commendation of the best critical authorities in this country. We have given the book something more than a glance, and beg leave to add our humble testimony to theirs. By recalling the wants we felt, when, a few years since, it was our own happiness and misery to delve in the mine of Demosthenes, we have formed some idea as to what the book must be, which shall meet the necessities of a scholar, who, at the proper stage of his progress in the Greek classics, sets himself to the mastery of this splendid, but difficult oration. The result is precisely the conception we find realized before us. Here we have, elegantly and accurately printed, the text of Bekker, as revised and corrected by Dindorf,—than which nothing can be more exact; whilst great care has evidently been bestowed upon the punctuation, and the arrangement into paragraphs. Then, the notes are just what notes should be. They are not a *posy*, but, a guide. They furnish all necessary historical and archæological information,—and much surely is needed by the young student in reading a production which deals so largely in the history, laws, and politics of all Greece; besides which, they throw not a little light on the difficulties, frequently embarrassing enough,—in the explanation of words, sentences and grammatical constructions.

But the crowning excellence of Prof. C.'s performance we regard to be the happy manner in which he has developed the course of thought pursued by the orator. "For its purpose a very full and minute analysis has been prefixed to the oration, and special pains have been taken to point out in the notes the meaning of those words and phrases which may be regarded as the *hinges* of the thought, to notice the transitions, to show the connexion of consecutive ideas, and the relevancy of what, without explanation, might appear foreign to the subject." Indeed we can hardly conceive how any editor could have more successfully accomplished the object of Prof. C.—"to aid the diligent student in obtaining a clear and vivid conception of the stirring thoughts and sentiments contained in this masterpiece of the prince of orators."

We observe that the editor in the close of his preface acknowledges obligation to Professors Elton, of Brown University, Hackett, of Newton Theological Institution, and Felton, of Harvard University, for their aid and encouragement. That these gentlemen should have interested themselves in the undertaking, argues beyond a doubt both that such a work was needed, and that the work is well done.

We are happy to learn that on a contingency, which we cannot believe involves doubt,—"the approbation of scholars" on this attempt,—Prof. C. contemplates a continuation of his labors in this important and interesting province of the republic of letters.

J. R. S.

DISTRIBUTION OF INSANITY. We omitted to state that the article on *Insanity*, in the last number of the *Messenger* by C. B. Hayden, was written before he had seen that on the same subject, previously published in the *Messenger*, or any similar one. We have read the counter-views of Doct. Jarvis, and whilst we are not sure that he has entirely overthrown the conclusions arrived at by our correspondents and other writers on the same side, we must admit that he has upset many of the statistics on the subject contained in the last census.

Notices of New Works.

Our table is so crowded with works claiming notice that we shall be compelled to dismiss them with very few words.

NOVELS.

BOY O'MORE, A NATIONAL ROMANCE, by Samuel Lover, Esq., author of "*Handy Andy*," "*Treasure Trove*," etc., etc. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1844.

We enjoyed this amusing and interesting work several years ago and would recommend it, but that the name of the author saves us the trouble. Drinker & Morris have it.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JACK OF THE MILL; commonly called *Lord Othmill*, created, for his eminent services, Baron Waldeck and Knight of Kitkottie. A *frisée* story, by WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE UNLOVED ONE. A domestic story, by Mrs. HOFFLAND, authoress of "*Catherine I, or the Czarina*," &c.

THE JEW. "Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?" &c. *Shylock*.

THE GRUMBLER. By Miss Ellen Pickering, authoress of "*The Fright*," &c., &c.

THE HERETIC. Translated from the Russian of Lajéchnikoff, by — Shaw.

All these belong to the Harpers' "Library of select novels," of which they have now issued thirty odd numbers at twelve and a half cents each. Drinker & Morris of this city have them all for sale.

The *Heretic* opens to us the school of Russian Literature, as the novels of Frederika Bremer lately opened that of Sweden. Frederika was a very great favorite at first, and still retains her hold; but the close resemblance between all her works diminishes it with every new one; and we begin to think that her charm was more in her novelty, than her originality; more in her unexpected appearance than in her power as a writer. She writes of *Home and Neighbors*, the *Strife and Peace of the Household* and the *Diary of Domestic Life*. These subjects can soon be exhausted, not of their purity and loveliness, nor of their importance; but of all originality. To produce much change in these, the lapse of centuries is necessary; and they sometimes appear to be unaffected by Time. The events of a rising nation, however, are always varying and exciting; and must ever furnish the Drama and Romance with their most abiding and novel themes. Lajéchnikoff has taken his subject from the history of his country. The events he describes occurred in the 15th century, under Ivan III, and the novelist has been almost as conscientious as the historian should be. Russia has made rapid and astonishing strides towards national greatness and political importance; and Alison but assigns her her true position, when he places her among the foremost of the European States. It is time indeed that we had begun to learn something of the Literature of so prominent a country. The *Heretic* is among its heralds and its character as a historical romance will tend to secure it a welcome and an extensive perusal. *Blackwood's Magazine* for February contains a very instructive review of the *Heretic*. The reviewer says that whilst "M. Lajéchnikoff has succeeded in faithfully illustrating the manners of the age of Ivan the Great, he has also shewn that he possesses brilliancy of fancy, fervor of thought and elevation of sentiment, as well as knowledge of the movements of the heart, revealed only to the few who have been initiated into nature's mysteries." From the different class of subjects which he has chosen, the Russian may enjoy a more lasting reputation than Miss Bremer, "unless," as Moore says, his "dissonant consonant name" should prematurely "rattle to fragments the Trump of Fame."

THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS. A tale of real life. By Miss R. McCrindell, authoress of "*the School Girl in France*." H. Hooker, Philadelphia, 1844. J. W. Randolph & Co., Richmond, Va.

This interesting work gives a picture of the state of religion in Spain; and contains many incidents, which impart a special interest, from the fact that they are occurrences of real life. It will be read with much pleasure—though the character of the heroine does not seem to us as perfect as it did to the authoress. Its style and form are chaste and convenient.

COTTERILL'S FAMILY PRAYERS. Carefully revised by Wm. W. Spear, rector of St. Luke's, Philadelphia. 1844. J. W. Randolph & Co. have this useful and important little book for sale.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR ON EPISCOPACY. New-York, D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia, Geo. S. Appleton. Richmond, Drinker & Morris. 1844, p.p. 361. 8 vo.

This is an exceedingly neat and tasteful publication. The learning and eloquence of Bishop Taylor are almost proverbial.

THE APOSTOLICAL SYSTEM OF THE CHURCH DEFENDED; in a reply to Doct. Whately, &c., By Samuel Buel, A. M. Philadelphia, H. Hooker. J. W. Randolph & Co., Richmond. 1844, p.p. 165. 8 vo.

The religious world appear to be getting ready for controversy,—marshalling their champions both old and young. The issues from the press, as well as other signs of the times, indicate the awakening of a warm polemical spirit. We will not be an indifferent spectator of the contests that seem to be approaching. But our part will be confined to announcing the preparations that are made and the advent of the champions, whom the press sends forth.

MEMOIRS OF SILVIO PELLICO; or my prisons: translated from the Italian. By M. J. Smead and H. P. Lefebvre. New York: H. G. Langley, 1844, p.p., 86. 8vo.

We return our thanks to the translators for this work and heartily welcome them to the republic of Letters. We are particularly gratified to find our own citizens engaging in such pursuits. The translators are two young and zealous teachers in the city of Richmond; and the work before us proves that they are not content only to beat the daily task into the heads of their pupils; but are incited by a laudable ambition and a zeal for self-improvement. Silvio Pellico was an Italian author of no little distinction and his "prisons" will be found highly captivating.

ELEMENTS OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY, on a new and systematic plan; from the earliest times to the treaty of Vienna. To which is added a summary of the leading events since that period. By H. White. B. A., Trinity College, Cambridge. With additions by John S. Hart, A. M., Principal of the Philadelphia high school, &c., &c. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1844, pp. 525, 8vo.

This is the age of study-saving machines, which, however, too often are knowledge-preventing ones. It might be possible to put into the space of this work a geography of the world; but it is not so easy to condense its History, when one spot of earth may be the theatre of so many events equally demanding attention. The work is systematically arranged, and doubtless contains many important facts, for which it may at times be useful. But even the more extensive work of Tytler is too meagre on many important subjects to be of much value. The publishers have well performed their part by presenting the book in a very neat and convenient form. Drinker & Morris have it for sale.

THE EVIDENCES OF THE GENUINENESS OF THE GOSPELS. By Andrews Norton. 3 vols. large 8vo. John Owen, Cambridge, 1844.

By some mistake, we have received only the 2nd and 3rd volumes of this work from the publisher, Mr. Owen. The style of the work deserves commendation. The type and paper are not inferior to those of that beautiful work, Prescott's Mexico. The subject of which it treats is vitally important and one upon which works may profitably be multiplied. Scepticism is not more dangerous to individuals than to nations. Indeed, individual interests include and constitute those of the nation. Yet there are ills and dangers emphatically national, which scepticism in religion has produced and must ever produce. Mr. Nor-

ton has provided an antidote for this poison, which we hope will be liberally taken. His work contains an account of the ancient philosophy and the mystic and somewhat poetic system of the Gnostics, of which we have read with much interest in Mosheim and other writers. These volumes contain all "the historical evidence both direct and subsidiary of the genuineness of the Gospels;" and the author proposes hereafter to present the internal evidence—to be accompanied, or followed by a translation of the New Testament.

BENTHAMIANA, OR SELECT EXTRACTS FROM THE WORKS OF JEREMY BENTHAM. Edited by John Hill Burton, Advocate. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard. 1844. Drinker and Morris. p.p. 446. 8 vo.

This work has been lying on our table some time. It groups together the works and opinions of Bentham and will be found interesting and instructive. It is well "gotten up," besides.

NARRATIVE OF THE TEXAN SANTA FE EXPEDITION, comprising a description of a tour through Texas, &c.; Capture of the Texans, and their march as prisoners to the City of Mexico. With illustrations and a map. By Geo. Wilkins Kendall. In 2 vols. New-York: Harper & Brothers, 1844. Drinker & Morris, Richmond.

If any persons took our advice to wait for this work, instead of reading or buying the pilfered accounts of Mors. Violet and Capt. Maryatt, they will be amply rewarded by its perusal for their patience. Now is emphatically a time when every one should deem it patriotic to give preference to native productions and to do all in his power to build up and foster a National Literature.

SERIALS.

Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, No. 5.

Neal's History of the Puritans, Part 3.

Kendall's Life of Jackson, No. 3.

McCulloch's Gazetteer, Part 9.

The Illuminated Bible, No. 2.

All published by the Harpers and for sale by Drinker & Morris, at 25 cents a number.

PERIODICALS.

Charleston, S. C., now sends forth three periodicals.

1. **THE ORION** with which our readers are already acquainted. The March No. is a good one. We think the work will now improve as it has got into a good literary atmosphere.
2. **THE INTERPRETER** is a semi-monthly, of 16 pages, devoted to the explanation of the French, Italian, Spanish and German languages. Edited by B. Jenkins. Terms \$3 a year in advance. The student of modern languages would derive assistance from it, as Mr. Jenkins is represented to be well fitted for the task in which he is engaged. But he does not enjoy a monopoly, for we have also received the first No. of

3. **THE POLYGLOTT**, a monthly, in quarto form of 24 pages, very handsomely printed and arranged, devoted to the same four languages, and Edited by Louis F. Klipstein, A. M., a native of Virginia. Terms \$5 a year—50 cents a single number. These periodicals contain not only the elements of these languages; but many choice productions from, or translated into each one. The study of modern languages is now becoming not only ornamental, but directly useful, since the Improvements of Science and Art are making foreign tones familiar to our ears.

We have also received the first number of the North Carolina University Magazine. It is a neat octavo of some 48 pages, published by Mr. Loring, Raleigh, at \$3 a year, and is Edited by a committee of the Senior class at Chapel Hill. The first number contains some interesting articles, among them one upon Macaulay and another on the early history of N. Carolina. We wish the enterprise complete success.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

MAY, 1844.

IPHIGENIA AT TAURIS.

A DRAMATIC POEM.

IN FIVE ACTS.

(Translated from the German of Goëthe.)

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

Thoas and Arcas.

Arcas. I am indeed perplexed, and at a loss
What to suspect. Perhaps the prisoners
Meditate flight. Perhaps the Priestess aids them.
The rumor spreads, that, hidden in some bay,
Their vessel lies. This man's insanity—
This holy rite—a pretext for delay,
Excite distrust and call for vigilance.

Thoas. Go send the Priestess hither. Search the shore,
Quickly and closely, from the promontory
Quite to the sacred grove. Respect its shades,
But lay a cautious ambushment, and then
Seize them, as usual, wheresoe'er you find them.

Thoas. [Alone.] With frightful violence my spirit rages,
First against her, whom once I deemed so holy,
And then against myself, who trained her up
To treason by my kindness and forbearance.
Man, stript of freedom, quickly learns obedience,
And wears his bonds with patience. Had she fallen
Into the hands of my rude ancestors,
What tho' their superstitious rage had spared her,
Obed to escape with life, she would have thought
Only of her own safety, and, with thanks,
Submitting to her fate, had shed strange blood
Upon the altar, giving to necessity
The name of Duty. Now my kindness raises
Bold wishes in her breast. Vainly I hoped
To make her mine. Her thoughts are now engaged
In her own schemes. With flattery at first
She won my heart. Now I oppose her will,
And straight with cunning and deceit she tries
To gain her end, as if she claimed my kindness,
So long experienced, as her property.

SCENE 2.

Thoas and Iphigenia.

Iphigenia. My presence thou commandest. What brings
thee to us?

Thoas. Say rather, what delays the sacrifice?

Iphigenia. I have to Arcas plainly told the cause.

Thoas. I wish, myself, to hear it from thy lips.

Iphigenia. The Goddess gives thee time to reconsider.

Thoas. And Time, it seems is suited to THY purpose.

Iphigenia. If, in its purposed cruelty, thy heart
Is hardened, 'twas unwise to come. A King
Finds ready tools, that, for reward or favor,
Will share the curse of guilt, and save his presence
From the pollution. Wrapt within a cloud,
He thinks of Death, and straight his messengers
Flame down destruction on the wretched head:
While he, a God, all unapproachable,
Aloft upon the tempest rides serenely.

Thoas. The holy lip utters a frantic strain.

Iphigenia. No Priestess! Only Agamemnon's daughter.
Thou didst revere my words while yet unknown.
Wilt thou command the Daughter of a King?
Even from infancy I learned obedience,
First to my parents; after to the Goddess;
And in obedience ever felt my soul
Most beautifully free: but to submit
To the rough words and harsh commands of man!
I have not learned it—either there or here.

Thoas. 'Tis long established law commands—not I.

Iphigenia. We seize with eagerness upon the law,
When we can make it passion's instrument.
Another speaks to me: an older law:
The Law that makes the stranger's person sacred
Bids me oppose thee.

Thoas. The prisoners seem
Too near thy heart. With nothing to engage
Thy interest of feelings, thou forgettest
The first command of prudence; not to dare
The frown of power.

Iphigenia. Let me speak or not,
Thou still must know the workings of my soul.
Must not remembrance of the self-same fate
Expand the heart, tho' locked in selfishness?
How much then mine! In them I see myself.
Before the altar I myself have trembled,
Solemnly bowed, in awe of present death.

The lifted knife I saw already aimed
To pierce my bosom warm with life. My soul
Quailed at the sight, whirling in dizzy trance,
When my eyes opened, and I found myself
In safety. Should we not to others grant,
In their calamity, the same relief
The Gods to us have graciously afforded?
Thou knowest both this and me. And wilt thou force me?

Thoas. Perform thy function: not a master's will.

Iphigenia. Forbear; and seek no more to veil the power
That wantons with the weakness of a woman.
Freeborn am I as Man. But if the Son
Of Agamemnon stood before thee here
Resisting criminal commands, his sword
And arm might well defend his bosom's rights.
Words are my only weapon. But the word
Of woman every noble mind respects.

Thoas. I do respect it—more than a brother's sword.

Iphigenia. The fate of arms is various. Prudent bold-
ness

Despises not the foe: and e'en the weak
Against the fiercer and arrogant is not
Wholly defenceless. Nature teaches him
To practice art and cunning, to elude,
To circumvent and baffle; and these arts
Against the strong may rightfully be used.

Thoas. Prudence suggests, that they who war with craft
Should practice caution.

Iphigenia. But the pure of heart
Can never need such refuge.

Thoas. O beware!

Lest thine own sentence rashly thou pronounce.

Iphigenia. Oh! could'st thou see the struggle of my soul,
Fighting against the fate that threatens it!
Unarmed I stand before thee; suppliant prayer,—
The beauteous bough of peace,—in woman's hand
More powerful than sword or spear thou scornest.
What means are left me now to guard my heart?
Must I upon the Goddess call for aid
Miraculous? Is there, within the depths
Of my own soul, no power?

Thoas. The Strangers' fate
Appears to make thee anxious beyond measure.
Who are these Men—speak plainly—that so strongly
Thy spirit thus erects itself for them?

Iphigenia. They are—they seem—I take them to be
Greeks.

Thoas. Thy Countrymen! And so they have revived
The brilliant fancy of return to Greece.

Iphigenia. [After being silent.] Is it for Man alone, nobly
to dare

Unheard of deeds? Is he alone to clasp
The impossible to his heroic breast?
What call we great? What makes the eager soul
Hang trembling on the lips of the narrator?
What is it but the daring that defies
Improbability? Is he alone
Worthy of praise, who steals upon the host
Of enemies, and, like a sudden bursting flame,
Sweeps over all who sleep, and when awake
They peep around him, on a hostile steed
Retreats, with booty laden? He alone,
Who, scorning the safe path, roams boldly on,
Through woods and mountains, to expel a band
Of Robbers? Is there nothing left to us?
Must tender Woman then renounce her nature;
Be savage against savages, and wrest,
Amazon like, the empire of the sword
From Man, oppression bloodily avenging.
My heaving bosom rises to attempt
A daring deed: but bitter the reproach—

Bitter the fate that waits me if I fail.
I lay it on your knees; and if you be
All you are praised for being, show it now:
Lend me your aid, and honor truth through me.
Then learn, O King! A secret plot is laid;
The Captives thou demand'st in vain, for they
Are gone to seek their friends, who, with the ship,
Wait on the shore. The oldest who with frenzy
Was here attacked, tho' now at last relieved—
It is Orestes. It is my own brother:
The other Pyllades, his early friend
And confidant. Apollo sends them hither
From Delphi, to secure Diana's statue
And bear his Sister to him: and, to him,
Chased by the Furies, stained with a Mother's blood,
He promises deliverance. To thy hands
I thus commit the fate of both. We are
The relics of the house of Tantalus.
Destroy us, if thou darest.

Thoas. Dost thou imagine
That the rude Scythian—the Barbarian,
The dictate of humanity and truth,
Which the Greek Atreus heeded not, will hear.

Iphigenia. All hear it, all! under whatever sky
They have their birth, all through whose breast unclogged
Life's fountain pours its pure and ruddy stream.
Oh! King; in thy soul's depths what dost thou purpose?
Is it destruction? Then destroy me first.

For now I feel, since no escape is left us,
The dreadful danger into which I've plunged,
Precipitately, but intentionally,
My best beloved. How can I bear to look
My last on him I murder? Nevermore
Am I to gaze upon his much loved eyes!

Thoas. These artful traitors cunningly have cast
A web of fiction o'er thee, long pent up
And to their purpose easily deceived.

Iphigenia. No King! O no! Though I might be deceived,
They are sincere and true. If they prove false
Then banish me, my folly will deserve it,
To the sad rock-bound shore of some lone isle.
But if this be my loved, my long wished brother,
Then let us go, and to the brother be
The friend, the sister to this day has found thee.
By his wife's treachery my father fell;
She by her son; and now on him alone
The last hope of the house of Atreus rests.

O! let me go, and with pure heart and hand
Purge off, by sacrifice, our house's guilt.
Thou wilt not break thy word, and thou hast sworn
To let me go should an occasion offer
To bear me to my friends—and lo! 'tis here.
A King yields not assent, but to put off,
Like other men, the suppliant for the moment:
Nor does he promise what he cannot hope for—
Never so conscious of the pride of greatness,
As when he grants the expected happiness.

Thoas. As fire against water fiercely hissing
In the vain struggle to destroy its foe,
So in my bosom still my anger fights
Against thy words.

Iphigenia. Oh! like the holy light
Of the still flame upon the sacrifice,
So let thy grace light on me, wreathed with hymns
Of praise and thanks and joy.

Thoas. How oft this voice
Has softened me!

Iphigenia. O! as a pledge of peace
Give me your hand.

Thoas. Thou askest too much
To grant thus suddenly.

Iphigenia. No time for thought
Is wanted to do good.

Thoas. Yes : very much.
For good is often but the source of evil.

Iphigenia. Doubt turns it into evil. Do not pause
But grant, at once, all that your feelings prompt.

[*Orestes enters and speaks, with his back to the scene.*]

Orestes. Double your strength. Hold them in check one
moment.

Yield not to numbers, but secure the path,
For me and for my Sister, to the ship.

[*He sees Iphigenia without seeing the King.*]

Quick! Quick! we are betrayed. But little space
Remains for flight. Make haste. [*He sees the King.*]

Thoas. [*Laying his hand on his sword.*] None in my
presence

Bears with impunity a naked sword.

Iphigenia. Forbear with rage and murder to profane
The dwelling of the Goddess : but command
Truce to your people. Listen to the Priestess :
To the sister listen.

Orestes. [*To Iphigenia.*] Who is this man
That threatens me?

Iphigenia. In him revere the King ;
Him who has been to me a second father.
Forgive me, brother ; but my child-like heart
Has to his hands our destiny committed.
I have revealed our plan, and saved my soul
From Treason.

Orestes. Will he then in peace dismiss us?

Thoas. Thy naked blade forbids me to reply.

Orestes. [*Sheathing his sword.*] Now speak. Thou seest
that I obey thy words.

[*Pylades enters followed by Arcas, both with drawn swords.*]

Pylades. Dispatch. Our people gather their last strength,
And, slowly yielding, fall back to the sea.
What conference of Princes find I here?

Thoas. The King's honored head?

Arcas. [*To Thoas.*] Composedly
As it becomes thee, King, thou dost confront
These strangers. Their audacity is punished,
Their retinue retreat and fall. Their ship
Is ours. One word from thee, it stands in flames.

Thoas. Go to my people and command a truce.
Let none, while we confer, assail the foe. [*Exit Arcas.*]

Orestes. I take your offer. Go true friend. Collect
Our people, and with patience wait the event
The Gods to our enterprise appoint. [*Exit Pylades.*]

Iphigenia. Before you speak, relieve my heart from care.
I dread the bitter strife that must ensue,
If to the voice of Justice thou art deaf.

My Brother! Thou wilt not restrain thy rashness!

Thoas. As it becomes my age, I check my anger.
Now speak, and show me how thou provest thyself
The Son of Agamemnon, and her Brother.

Orestes. This is his sword : The same beneath whose edge
The chiefs of Troy have fallen. This I took
From his assassin, and implored the Gods
To grant to me the courage arms and fortune
Of the great King, with a more noble death.
Choose from the proudest chieftains of thy host
The best among them, and let him confront me.
Where'er the earth breeds Heroes, such request
Is not denied to strangers.

Thoas. Our old customs
Allow to strangers no such privilege.

Orestes. Then between us let a new custom now
First take its rise ; for nations always sanction

Their Ruler's bright example as a Law.

Not for our freedom only let me strive ;
But let the stranger for all strangers fight ;
And if I fall, then let my doom be theirs.
But if propitious fortune gives me victory,
Then never let a stranger tread this shore
Who shall not find at once the ready smile
Of helpful-love, and comforted depart.

Thoas. Young man ; thy bearing well becomes the race
On which thou prides thyself. Noble and brave
Are many here around me. I myself,
Tho' old, still face the foe, and I am ready
The chance of arms to hazard against thee.

Iphigenia. Not so! Oh! King, of no such bloody proof
Can there be need. Withdraw your hands, I pray you,
Both from your swords. Of me and of my fate
Think for a moment. The rash fight may make
The Hero's name immortal ; tho' he fall

It lives in song ; but of the endless tears
Of the poor widowed wife, posterity
Takes no account, nor does the Poet tell
Of all the thousand weeping days and nights,
In which the uncomplaining soul must waste
And wear itself away, in the vain wish
To call the dear departed back to life.

Trust me, that I at first was apprehensive
Lest a marauder's falsehood might decoy
From this secure asylum, and betray me
To servitude. I carefully have questioned
These men, inquiring every circumstance,
Demanding signs—and now my heart is sure.
See here—on this right hand—three stars, a mark
Born with him, construed by the Priestess
To tell of heavy deeds to be performed
By this same hand. Then on his brow this scar
Doubly assures me. See! It splits his eye-brow.
While yet a child, Electra, rash and careless,
As was her wont, upon a tripod dropt him
Out of her arms. 'Tis he. It is himself.
Shall I allege the likeness to his Father?
Shall I allege the inmost jubilation
Of my fond heart, in witness of the truth?

Thoas. If thy assurance should remove all doubt,
And should I tame the anger of my breast,
The sword must still be arbiter between us,
Peace is impracticable. They are come
(Thou hast thyself confessed it) to purloin
The holy Image of the Guardian Goddess.
Dost thou suppose that I will suffer this?
The Grecian often turns his greedy eye
Upon the distant treasures of Barbarians,
On golden fleece, on steeds, on beauteous maids ;
Altho' his force and cunning sometimes fail
To bear him, with his spoils, in safety home.

Orestes. Oh King! The Image shall no more divide us.
We now perceive the error which the God
Cast, like a mystic veil, around our heads,
When he commanded us to journey hither.
I prayed to him for counsel and deliverance
From the fierce band of Furies. Thus he spake.
"When thou to Greece the SISTER, who in Tauris
Dwells in the sanctuary against her will
Shalt bring, the curse will solve itself." By this
We understood the Sister of Apollo ;
But 'twas of thee he spoke. The spell is broken ;
Thou to thy friends restored ; and, at thy touch,
The evil for the last time seized upon me,
With all its claws, shaking my very marrow ;
Then, like a snake that to its cavern skulls
It fled forever. Now anew, through thee,
Again I revel in the day's broad light,

While, beautiful and lordly, to my eye
The purpose of the Goddess stands revealed.
Thee, like a holy image with the fate
Of some proud city bound indissolubly,
By a mysterious oracle, she bore
Away to be the saviour of our house;
Preserving thee in holy secrecy,
A blessing to thy brother and thy race.
When, on the wide earth, every hope of safety
Seemed lost, we find it here restored by thee.

Now let thy soul incline to peace O, King!
Permit her to perform the holy rite
That shall remove the curse from our house,
And place upon my head our ancient crown.
Requite, by hospitality to me,
The blessings she has brought thee. Force and craft,
On which men pride themselves, are put to shame
By the ingenuous truth of this high soul;
And pure and childlike confidence rewards
Thy noble nature.

Iphigenia. Think upon thy promise,
And let thyself be influenced by these words
From lips sincere and true. Thou hast not often
An opportunity to do a deed
So noble. Thou canst not refuse us. Grant it.

Thoas. Then go.

Iphigenia. Not thus, my King. Without thy blessing,—
In anger—never will I part from thee.
Banish us not. Let hospitable laws
Prevail between us, that we may not be
Forever separated. Dear and worthy,
As was my Father, so art thou to me.
This sentiment is rooted in my soul,
And should the meanest of thy people bring,
At any time, those accents to my ear,
To which I am accustomed from thy lips;
Let me but see your costume on the humblest,
And I will straight receive him as a God.
His couch I will myself prepare. My hands
Shall place for him a seat beside the hearth,
And I will fondly ask of thee and thine.
O! May the Gods the well-deserved reward
Of all thy deeds, and this, thy kindness, give.
Farewell! O! turn thyself, and give me back
One tender word at parting. Then more blandly
The wind will swell our sails, and the sad tear
Of separation soothes the eye it dims.
Farewell, and, as a pledge of our old friendship,
Give me thy hand.

Thoas.

Farewell!

PREFATORY REMARKS.

The following article was not written for publication, having been prepared only for a few friends who compose a Literary Club in Charleston, and the author has been prevented from even revising it for the press. It will be seen that his views do not go so far as those of many other able writers in the South; but regarding slavery as an existing institution, inwoven with the frame work of our social and political systems, the Messenger wishes to present the subject in every aspect. A few years since, as the author remarks, philanthropists in the South were busy with schemes for the amelioration of the condition of the slave. The late movements in the North, and elsewhere, have greatly checked these humane efforts. But this should not be so; for such evidences would strip our opponents of half their arguments. Though we can not concur with the writer in

all his views, we heartily join with him in the liberal and enlightened sentiments which he expresses. Whilst we insist that the non-slaveholder has no right, politically or religiously, to interfere with the Institution of slavery among us, we do recognize our bounden duty to afford our dependents every means of moral and religious improvement. The author of the following review contends that our slaves should be taught to read and write. This is at present prohibited by law and we are not prepared to say that the policy of the Law should be changed; but a vast improvement may be effected by oral instruction, and we rejoice to know that this is extended to them, in an increasing degree, in many of the slave-holding States. In the town of Augusta, Georgia, a short time since, we saw persons zealously engaged in a sabbath school for slaves.

Were not our revilers and assailants culpably ignorant of the easy and comfortable lot of our slaves, of the humane feelings and sentiments of their masters towards them, and the efforts in progress for their improvement, which these, their pretended and misguided friends, do all in their power to repress and have greatly checked, they would be more just to us and more truly friendly to the negro. The following instance will illustrate their ignorance. We happened to be in M^t Vernon, Ohio, during the session of an Abolition Convention, and entered into conversation with a man who seemed to be a sort of leader in the assemblage. Amongst other strange things, he asserted that the people of the slave states felt so insecure, that they slept with loaded arms under their heads and by their beds. We avowed that we lived in a slave State, denied the truth of the assertion and maintained, that if any feeling of fear did exist, it had been recently produced by the interference of abolition and fanaticism. We had for years slept securely without any defensive precaution; had then travelled several thousand miles in Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, without any kind of weapon, and scarcely thought of arms until we got into the guard-mounted mail coaches of Ohio.

Seeing the importance attached to the question of slavery in the Union, we shall use the influence of the Messenger to bring about a better understanding of the subject, hoping that more light will produce greater moderation and a more friendly spirit.—[*Ed. Mess.*]

SLAVERY IN THE FRENCH COLONIES.

Being a Review of a Report made to the Minister, Secretary of State, of the Marine and the Colonies, by a Commission instituted for the examination of the questions relating to Slavery and the Political Constitution of the Colonies. With two plans of emancipation, by the Duc de Broglie and M. De Tocqueville.

By SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON, M. D.

"Slavery," says Judge Carleton of Louisiana, "is a national evil which the Americans deeply deplore. It is against the spirit of their institutions and must have an end."

Mr. Black of Georgia, in his place in Congress, denies that slavery is, in any sense, an evil—and so I understand Mr. McDuffie and several others of the champions of the South.

Somewhere between these extremes of opinion lies the truth.

I hold with Judge Carleton, that slavery is an evil—but not in the ordinary or common-place view of the matter.

Poverty is an evil; slavery, as it exists among

us, is a permanent and hopeless state of poverty. Dependence is an evil; slavery is a condition of necessary dependence. Enforced labor is an evil; slavery implies a continued series of enforced labor.

But the Judge is entirely in the wrong when he affirms slavery to be inconsistent with the "spirit of our institutions."

If the slave were, in any sense, on a level with his master, or capable of attaining such equality, there would be some ground for his assertion; but he knows that this doctrine—though incorporated in the Declaration of Independence—is untrue, and is steadily and indignantly denounced.

The minor is denied all political and many civil rights; because he is thought to be unfit to enjoy or exercise them. It is, perhaps, for the same reason that they are withheld from women. I hold, that they can never be accorded to the negro, precisely on that ground; that he is *not* and never can become adequate to their exercise, or fit for their enjoyment. Politically, then, he can never cease to be a slave, and his inferiority being stamped upon him by the hand of God himself, is a truth which cannot be inconsistent with any other truths. He is, politically, in no worse condition than a woman, or a child; and this is not dreamed to be inconsistent with our institutions, except by a few ranters, such as Fanny Wright and Owen—unworthy of notice or of reply.

The social evils, acknowledged above to be a part of the description of slavery, deserve our fullest and conscientious attention. Do they belong necessarily to its essence—can it exist without them,—it being put an end to, will they cease? Will Freedom remedy them? To all these questions I answer, unhesitatingly, in the negative.

Labor—notwithstanding all the pretty sentimentality with which it is spoken of in prose and poetry by the Childs, the Longfellows and the Everett,—Labor is a curse, and is every where felt to be so. But freemen work, at least white freemen, much harder than slaves. It is the price to be paid for improvement, for civilization. The savage works as little as possible—and to as little purpose as possible. The labor of the free man is ennobled by its object—its motive;—that of the slave can never be elevated by its purpose or its results. This constitutes the only difference between them;—and to this view, the whole history of the negro everywhere shows him to be totally insensible. To him, therefore, there will be nothing gained by a freedom which condemns him to longer and more difficult taskwork.

Dependence is an evil surely—both in itself and in its results; but it is only felt to be an evil among equals. Conscious inferiority seeks refuge in dependence, and the negro is everywhere and has at all times exhibited a profound consciousness of inferiority to the white man. The woman and the child are most happy in dependence.

Poverty is an evil. But if an agrarian division of comforts could take place all over the world, the Southern slave would be above the average point. He would not be so poor—so destitute of the means of living as the Red Indian, the dark Polynesian, Australian and Fuegian, or his free black brother of Dahomy or Ashantee.

Let us examine the condition of the free masses in merry England, as represented by Judge Carleton in the very paper from which I extracted the sentence placed at the beginning of this rude sketch. As to dependence, the arable acres of that beautiful and happy land, on touching whose shores the shackles of the slave fall from his limbs, are owned by 33,000 persons:—25,970,000 being tenants of the fraction. As to poverty, the average wages of those who can get work are 8s. 6d. per week—their food, potatoes and salt—wretchedness, rags and destitution the lot of about 20,000,000, who suffer daily the pangs of unsatisfied hunger.

As to labor, the free Englishman often "begs in vain for leave to toil"—and there never was known to any tribe of slaves, ancient or modern, labor so demoralizing,* so degrading,† so destructive to life or health,‡ so ill paid, so ill requited, as that which constitutes the every-day business of thousands in the workshops and collieries of this seat and centre of civilization. Fatal, then, would be the boon of freedom to the slave, if it reduced him to the level of the hand-loom weaver—the dry-grinder, or the collier. But can nothing be done to ameliorate his condition? Much may be done; but I confess that I do not see the least reason for the anticipation of a period when slavery shall cease to exist among us. Its abolition, if desirable, which I have already presented some reasons for doubting, and shall show more as we proceed, is obviously impossible—and, as Judge C. has said of its existence, "inconsistent with our institutions." Republicanism scarcely admits of the arrangement of distinction of castes otherwise than in the present form of master and slave. Equality—what is it? Nothing, unless it implies universal suffrage. It is uncertain how long it will allow of any distinctions at all—how long before democracy§ will run into radicalism; radicalism into political socialism and agrarianism.

Lord Morpeth might safely sit at Exeter next on the platform to a black L.L. D., applaud his eloquence and shake hands with him as a brother. The English Constitution secures him from the intrusion, political or social, of such kinsmen. But in South Carolina, when the black voters outnumber, as by a law of nature they soon would do, their pale opponents, we should have a black governor—not to speak of other equally awful incidents. Imagine the question brought before the

* Woman's Work in the Collieries. † Minute division of labor. ‡ Dry grinding—28 years the maximum.

§ Not used in the party sense.

English nobility and gentry in the shape which it presented to their colonists—an alternative of life and, (far worse than death,) enforced and intimate admixture with an inferior and degraded race;—imagine the possibility of a *Hottentot Victoria*—a mulatto Peel and a mustee Wellington! Human nature revolts at the thought; yet I have seen in a West India paper, edited by a fanatical white man,—a repentant sinner now I doubt not,—a paragraph exulting in the formation of a “tri-colored jury.” With St. Domingo and the English West Indies before their eyes—and aware, as they frankly assert, of the evil results of the movement in both these cases, the French Government, urged by the madness of the times, is about to make a third experiment of the same nature.

A friend has loaned me a copy of “a Report, (printed March, 1843,) made to the Minister Secretary of State, of the Marine and the Colonies; by a Commission instituted for the examination of the questions relative to Slavery and the Political Constitution of the Colonies.”

The Committee, consisting of 15 members, have reported decidedly in favor of the abolition of slavery and have presented two plans for the consideration of the government. The one, whose author is understood to be the Duc de Broglie, contemplates the “simultaneous and general” emancipation of the slaves held in bondage in the French colonies, after an interval of 10 years, the epoch being fixed in 1853. The second, from the pen of De Tocqueville, recommends an “emancipation partial and progressive,” to commence with the slave children born in 1838, and to include, gradually, various classes of the slave population until 20 years have elapsed, when slavery shall be absolutely abolished. The 10 years interval of the first, and the 20 years progress of the latter project, are to be devoted to a preparation of the slave for his approaching elevation and a gradual adaptation of the colonies to the great social and political change thus destined to be made in their condition.

The Report is an able paper—deserving of a more minute analysis and review than I have had time to give it. I have read it with much attention and interest and more astonishment at the singularly inconsistent admissions with which it abounds. It is full of important details; the subject is considered in all its relations. They seem fully aware of its difficulties, discuss them with much sagacity and ingenuity, and have reasoned as impartially upon it as was perhaps possible to Europeans in 1842.

The great error which runs through all their speculations is the assumption, that the negro, as a slave, is a fallen creature, degraded from some high estate by the contingency of slavery. But what is the condition of the African negro in his native home? He is there a savage; and like all savages,—J. J. Rousseau to the contrary notwith-

standing,—in evil plight and full of misery. He is, then, and ever has been, by turn, a slave and a master. As a master, he is a ferocious tyrant;—as a slave, trodden to the dust. The horrors of the middle passage past, what does he lose by the change of residence which gives him a white despot in place of a black one. Or, suppose him as free as any other savage of Dahomy and Osphantee and suddenly transported into a slave hut in Martinique, or a negro house on the banks of the Santee or the Savannah! I will not doubt that much misery is inflicted here, but it is not to be measured by the Anglo-Saxon or European standard. Our imaginations dwell upon the lot of the impressed British sailor in that floating hell, a receiving ship, or during his long captivity at sea and his frequent transfers from one man-of-war to another, until he sinks under the sickness of heart which arises from hope deferred;—or a Dartmoor—an Olmutz—or perhaps a Siberia forces itself into our thoughts. We will pity the unhappy negro:—

“Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold;
Nor friends, nor sacred home!”

His home!—what is home to the Foulah, or the Mandingo? It is an Englishman’s castle,—the heaven of many of the Caucasian race,—it must be much to the Hottentot. The hare returns to die in her form,—the foxes have holes and the birds of the air inhabit, with fond tenacity, the nest they have built. But his home in Africa was as insecure as the den of the wild beast he hunted;—there was no protection from the tyranny of the headman of his village, nor from the incursions of the neighboring tribe always at war with him. His wife and children! What is the woman of the savage any where but a domestic drudge? Mungo Park, in that pathetic story of his sufferings, and the relief afforded by two kind negroesses who took that pity on him which the gentler sex always delight to offer to the wretched, gives us the burden of the song which they sung, extempore, on the occasion, and which an English lady of high rank turned into pretty vernacular. I do not love her, or admire her verses the less, that she evidently misunderstood the meaning of the refrain which ran thus—

“Let us pity the white man—
“He has no mother to bring him milk,
“No wife to grind his corn.”

The redman of the American wilds would have comprehended the privation better than the Duchess of Devonshire. Having killed his game, he sends his wife to bring it home,—the corn with which it is eaten being planted, hoed, gathered and ground without his aid by her fair hands.

God hears even the young ravens when they cry; and man should turn a deaf ear to no moan or plaint which rises into the atmosphere. Wrong has been done to the negro by his enslavement—

let the white man wash his hands from the bloody guilt. Violence, injury and torture attend his transfer as a slave from one hemisphere to the other. Let all nations unite to put an end to the fiend-like cruelties of the traffic. But I repeat, I know not what the negro,—speaking of the mass, and of the present race emphatically,—has lost by the change: and it is this fundamental error of the Committee which requires special remark. The black savage, as the slave of the white man, has undergone a process of civilization,—imperfect it is true,—but obviously and inevitably an improvement in condition,—physically, intellectually, morally. He is taught something: be it more or less, it is clear gain,—he is fed, clothed and provided for. “Creature comforts,” as the Puritans called them, all unknown and unthought of by his dark ancestry, are his. He is no longer liable to be starved into cannibalism. He is, to-be-sure, forced to labor; but so he was in Africa, and so he will be, as we shall see, when he becomes what the Committee call (not ironically,) a “free man.” He enjoys a double protection,—that of law—unheard of by his progenitors and unintelligible to himself, and that of his master’s interest in him; not to mention that of a public opinion everywhere and daily becoming, in regard to this topic, more humane and enlightened.

As the Committee have taken for granted that the negro, enslaved, has become a degraded creature under the pressure of slavery, so they consistently enough assume that this pressure being once removed he will rise promptly, or in due time, to the level of his former condition, or to an equality with the white race. They have not ventured to be precise on this point. They do not discuss the question of the degree of his improbability.* To get rid of present evil they dare the dangers of the untried future. They testify to the lapse of the Haytian, more and more notorious and shocking. They pronounce the English experiment a failure, and yet do not appear to have dreamed of the possibility of a similar result to their own contemplated projects. † That the negro, when emanci-

pated, will retrograde, whether in a French or English Colony, is nevertheless certain. The black race is not civilizable *per se*, nor unless per force, sustained and controlled by their Caucasian superiors. On this theme let the abolitionists ponder. They assert that the negro is capable of educating himself, or, at least, will get along with such aid from us as a free man will and ought to receive. They must support the burden of proof: let us examine the testimony adduced. Hayti has emancipated herself, and England emancipated her colonies. The contingencies were favorable in these cases, especially the last; let us gather the history of the events in both from the Committee.

In St. Domingo, the negroes,—caring as little for the distant future as the Committee, or J. Q. Adams, or Garrison, or Dr. Channing,—having made themselves free, of course took holiday, and it was found necessary to force them to work. The first regulations for this purpose were mild and failed. The negroes did not understand or regard them, and said, “Commissaire Polverel (the author) li bête trop! li pas connai yen!”* Toussaint Louverture—the Hero of Miss Martineau’s “Hour and the Man,” Vainqueur des Anglais, as the Committee call him, Vainqueur des Mulâtres, as he is styled by one of his black panegyrists, “governed the colony very wisely, which, under him,” says Malenfant, “was flourishing. The whites were “happy and tranquil on their estates and the negroes worked.” And well might they work! “His code,” say the Committee, “was infinitely more rigorous than that of Polverel;” King Stork for King Log. But even this code, rigorous as it was, soon became a disregarded and forgotten form. “Toussaint simply instructed his inspectors, and they acted accordingly,” (en consequence.)† These inspectors were his own nephew Moses—and Dessalines “afterwards Emperor.” “These officers exercised over their subordinates an unlimited power—and all the declarations concerning in representing the system established as the “most arbitrary and despotic possible. The whip “was abolished; but they used without scruple the “cudgel and the roots of those plants which they “call in Hayti *lianes* (supple-jacks?). The sabre “and the musket were frequently employed,—nay, “they went so far as to bury men alive!”

They give a story of a pregnant woman beaten so severely by order of Dessalines that “abortion took place on the spot.” The most inflexible “rigor was employed against laziness, (*paresse*.)” From General Pamphile LaCroix, they quote as follows: “His two favorites,” Toussaint’s, Miss Martineau’s Man! “were Moses and Dessalines.

of the characteristics of the inferior races—and hence so large a proportion of the miseries which, according to travellers—Catlin, Murray, Park, Lander, Olin—they are destined to endure and sink under.

* p. 192.

† p. 194.

* They dwell, p. 309, upon the capricious dispositions of the negro—his unwillingness to labor as an agriculturalist whenever he has an alternative—his fondness for luxury and for gaming; yet they ascribe to him “providence and a promptness in learning to save money!”

+ “In no country of the world,” say the Committee, p. 319, “does man work more than is required to satisfy his necessities, (*besoins*.) his tastes, (*gouts*.) his desires.” This may be true, for the desires of the civilized and educated man are illimitable—and of the poor man crushed by the weight of circumstances these few needs—though

“He wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long”—

are not to be supplied by the most unremitting labor of which his frame is capable. But what savage does as much work as is required to satisfy his necessities? Not the negro, nor the Indian, nor the Arab. Improvidence is one

"These two chiefs, naturally impetuous, were ill-humored and of difficult access. General D., above all, conversed with a savage and repulsive air. It was rare that he did not distribute blows of the cudgel to the chiefs of gangs when he inspected the works of a plantation. If any of them threw the blame of defective culture upon the laziness of the hands generally, he had one of them selected by lot to be hung. But if they indicated one (un cultivateur) by name, as a disputer, or sluggard—pour raisonneur, ou pour faineant,—this cruel man in his rage, (ses emportements,) made them bury him alive and forced the whole gang to witness the agonies of his victim. One may conceive, that with such barbarous means *ten new citizens*, pretendus libres, should do as much work as *thirty slaves formerly*."*

The Committee speak favorably of Boyce's "Rural code for the republic of Hayti" in comparison with "ces codes informes, et sanguinaires, promulgués by Toussaint and by Christophe, and executed by Dessalines.† It was elaborated at leisure by a deliberative assembly composed exclusively of blacks and men of color. It makes two distinct classes,—la classe industrielle et la classe agricole. It forbids the latter to establish themselves in the towns or villages without express permission from the authorities; to bring up their children there without similar permission; to found new towns, villages, or 'bourgades,' by building their habitations in close proximity; to exercise any other profession than the culture of land, prohibiting especially boating and fishing; to open shops either wholesale or retail. Every laborer must be bound to some planter or proprietor: the engagement not to be for less than two years, nor to extend beyond nine. He must not quit his work unless by permission from his employer and the permit must not exceed eight days. Failing to bind himself as above, he is arrested, taken before a justice of peace, sent to a maison d'arret, and then to the public works." This is the *freedom* they have gained and preserve! Nothing is said of any advances in education or morals,—or any progress in the useful or refined arts.

As to British emancipation it is, not, perhaps, to be wondered at, that a French Committee should pronounce it a complete failure; "ce plan a complètement échoué."‡ The total absorption of all the resources of the colonist proprietor in capital and interest,—in the payment of the freed black, favored as he was by the Governor§,—in the great contest going on then, as everywhere else, between labor and capital, will, it is predicted,—and the documents bear out the prophecy,—produce, probably at no distant period, the absolute abandonment of the islands to the negroes "who, possessing neither capital, nor credit, nor industry, will end by

* Note 1. p. 191. † p. 327. ‡ p. 141. § p. 292 and 293.

"relapsing into barbarism." It is well known, that Antigua and Barbadoes are exceptions to the seeming correctness of this dark picture. Antigua rejected the preliminary apprenticeship of the slaves and emancipated them at once; and loud have been the praises of the sagacity and humanity of her people. Great stress is laid, too, upon her continued tranquillity and prosperity, and the orderly and industrious conduct of her free blacks. But the Committee insinuate that the condition of things is not what it appears to be, and then go on to offer an explanation of the apparent exception presented here. "The Island of Antigua is very small; all the arable land is under cultivation, and the blacks could not find low-priced lots to purchase."* The density of population is comparatively prodigious, being 339 to a square mile, while that of Jamaica is only 76.† The whole number of blacks is stated at 30,000, (p. 156.) "Being forced to live then on the plantations, they were obliged to work for the planters and thus a reasonable scale of wages was arranged. Every where else, (except at Barbadoes where the circumstances were similar,) the negroes, much fewer in number, in proportion to the surface of land, left the plantations, scattering themselves about, and especially fixing themselves for dissipation sake in the neighborhood of towns and villages. Hence wages became high and the amount of labor uncertain, and the plantations failed to pay their expenses. At Barbadoes and Antigua, the Committee say emphatically, the labor of the *free man*, under the weight of a *moral necessity*, is more productive than that of the slave under restraint."‡ This is a strange use of the word *moral*; for by their own showing, the necessity is *physical* in the most absolute sense. The negro has no alternative,—he must work or starve promptly: Nay, they establish his unwillingness by proof positive. "The documents of the time," they say, and give references to these documents, "inform us that the first movement,—*there as elsewhere*,—was to abandon work in the fields,—to precipitate themselves into the towns,—to encounter all the mechanical trades; they lounged (rodaient) about the fishing places and gathered crabs or other eatables, rather than procure their bread by honest industry. It was only after some time, and under the pressure of circumstances above stated, that they decided on returning to the plantations."§ Moral, quotha! From one of the documents referred to, they give in a note,¶ the following extract. "Under slavery, doubtless, the manners were far from being regular; but the disgusting spectacle of vice never showed itself as now." The slaves were not under restraint. "No where in the colonies had I seen the streets covered with girls, or, to speak more correctly, with children speculating upon

* p. 319. † p. 157. ‡ p. 319. § p. 153. ¶ p. 159. Report de Capt. Layrle.

"the physical advantages which nature has given them. I saw this for the first time at Antigua, "and I must avow that I saw it upon a great scale." This is the chosen spot where "the number of "ministers, of congregations of missionaries: the "number of churches, of chapels, of schools was "very considerable. Religious instruction and "education, properly so called, had received very "great developments; and, besides, the slave class "had enjoyed, by the liberality of their masters, "many of the privileges inherent in the condition "of freemen. Consulted by the Governor, the "principal congregations declared loudly that, to "their knowledge, the blacks were altogether in a "condition to use well the advantages of liberty."*

I must not be understood to say that the Committee are altogether blind to the dangers of immediate disorder upon the removal of the restraints of slavery. Against many of these they have provided sagaciously—against others they have made no efficient provision. Although they remark that "the nature of men is not to be changed by the stroke of a wand," yet they calculate, with unreasoning confidence, on the tendency of things to improve when they have removed the condition in which they imagine themselves to have detected the source of all the evils before their eyes. Freedom they hope will cure the vices of the slave. The negro they assume to be, in his native State, virtue itself. Yet, with some inconsistency, they tell us that they anticipate some difficulty from the deficiency of religious cultivation of the slaves in the French West Indies. They tell us that religion is exceedingly neglected among the negroes. They give the proportion of 2,500 souls, or near it, to every Priest,—and these, they affirm, are not only less numerous than they should be, but have been by no means well selected or well fitted for the posts they occupy. They comment with some force upon the peculiar and valuable aid which the British Governor derived from the clergy and from their influence over the negroes.

In both the projets de loi presented, it will be seen that the negro,—during his preparation for what the Committee, not ironically, call freedom, and after his emancipation,—is to be subjected to numerous and somewhat close restrictions; the wisdom of which I neither deny nor doubt. He is constrained to labor. The means of constraint are not detailed. The whip will of course be abolished as in Hayti,—it is too horrible to think of. Will they, too, substitute the milder means of the roots, supple-jacks, clubs, sabres, muskets—burial alive?

Care is to be taken that the price of vacant lands shall be made too high to admit of the negro becoming a purchaser. He must engage himself with some planter, or proprietor, in order that his labor may be made continuously productive of the great West

Indian staples—sugar and coffee. He must remain in the island where he is made free. The price of his labor—his wages—must be arranged for him. The manner of payment, in money or produce, will be dictated to him. His hours of labor are fixed by law. He must go to school and to church, according to law.

Projet de Loi of the Majority of the Committee.

EMANCIPATION GENERAL AND SIMULTANEOUS.

Titre I. A. 1. On the 1st January, 1853, slavery shall cease to exist in the French Colonies;

A. 2. In the meantime, the slaves remaining in their actual condition as now—1843—except the modification hereinafter laid down.

A. 5. Slaves shall be capable of owning personal property, (*des biens meubles*.)

A. 6. which they may transmit by will, or otherwise dispose of.

A. 7. They cannot enter a suit at law but by a Curator ad hoc, (special trustee,) to be named for them by the Procureur du Roi.

A. 4. Laws shall be made regarding the marriages of slaves—of whom

8. the husband shall control the property of the wife, (unless otherwise arranged in the marriage contract,) and that of their minor children.

A. 12. They cannot possess as property, 1. ships, or boats of any kind. 2. Gunpowder. 3. Fire arms.

Titre II. A. 16. Every freedman (*affranchi*) shall enjoy civil rights. His children born free shall enjoy civil and political rights—conformably to Law.

A. 17. Every freedman shall bind himself during five years—for one or more years at a time, in the service of one or more planters in the colony.

A. 19. His wages shall be regulated each year in maximum and minimum by order of the Governor in council.

A. 20. Every freedman who cannot prove that he has diligently endeavored to engage himself as above, shall be arrested and conducted to a "disciplinary workshop, or gang, (*atelier de discipline*), where he shall work gratuitously, and if need be, be forced to work. If he justifies himself, not finding an engagement, he shall be employed dans l'atelier du domaine.

* p. 156.

(It is not stated *how* he shall be contrainst au travail.)

- A. 25. Freed-children under fourteen shall be included in the engagements of their mothers. Orphans under fourteen shall be received into a public establishment.

Titre III. Provides for the indemnity to the colonists—150 millions of francs

- A. 27. being set apart to be divided among the colonies and the owners of slaves therein according to certain "bases of distribution."

Projet de Loi of the Minority of the Committee.

EMANCIPATION—PARTIAL AND PROGRESSIVE.

Titre 1. A. 1. From this date shall be freed and declared free; 1. Children born in the French Colonies of slave parents since January 1st, 1838, inclusive; 2. Children to be born henceforth in the said colonies.

- A. 2. They shall remain until their 16th year—full—attached to their mothers. In case of transfer or sale of their mothers, the new owner shall incur, in regard to them, all the duties of the former. In case of the enfranchisement of their mothers, the last owner shall still lie under the same obligations in regard to them.

- A. 3. After their 16th year the children shall be raised at the expense of the State.

- A. 4. Colonists dispossessed by the present law are allowed an indemnity of 500 francs for every child arriving at the age of 7 years—to be paid in three months from the day on which it reaches 7 years.

- A. 5. From 7 to 21 years, every young freedman shall be engaged, (or hired,) by its mother's owner, if she be a slave—if free, by her last owner.

- A. 6. The conditions of this engagement hold good under reservation of the right of the government. 1. To see that the affranchi receives a religious and moral education; 2. To take him away at will to some public establishment.

- A. 7. The young engaged continues attached to his mother.

- A. 8. Freedmen, until 21, remain, as to their civil interests, under the supervision of the public minister,

or a trustee, appointed by him. When 21 they shall exercise all rights assured to Frenchmen by the Civil Code. Their children, born free, shall enjoy civil and political rights according to law.

- A. 9. As each freed child successively by virtue of the present law attains its majority, its mother, if living, and the father, if it is born in lawful wedlock, shall be freed by the State—paying the indemnity which shall be arranged by agreement, "de gré à gré."

11. The parents thus freed shall enjoy civil rights.

Titre II. A. 22. To each slave contracting marriage with a slave shall be allowed 100 francs, to be placed in a "savings' bank," (à la caisse d'épargne,) when it shall bear interest to their joint account. They cannot draw it without authority from the public minister.

- A. 23. Every slave shall be allowed to purchase his freedom; if the price be disputed, it shall be referred to the judge royal, who shall appoint arbitrators—des experts.

- A. 25. The Colonial Governors shall fix annually the price of such ransom in maximum and minimum.

Titre III. A. 26. Every slave whose age or infirmities render him incapable of labor shall be freed, and shall enjoy

- A. 27. civil rights. His late owner shall continue to afford him lodging, food, clothing and medical attendance when required—drawing a pension from the State which shall be arranged by agreement, (de gré à gré.)

29. The mode of ascertaining incapacity for labor and of carrying into effect A. 27 shall be ordained by law.

Farther details are very much the same as in the plan of the majority.

I have taken occasion to declare my belief, that the abolition of slavery,—the emancipation of slaves,—is, in our own country, neither *possible*, nor desirable. I have also said that I do not doubt that much may be done to ameliorate their condition: the time has come, I am persuaded, when it is both our interest and duty to make every effort for the purpose. The wheels of civilization cannot stand still, and the slave forms so large a portion of our community, that, unless we provide for his participation in its advances, our share in the benefits

it is capable of bringing with it must be small indeed. Twenty years ago, the attention of Southern philanthropists was strongly drawn to this matter; but they were driven back, alarmed, silenced, stunned by the ignorant and reckless interference of the noisy throng of fanatical abolitionists. The iron fetters which had not long fallen from the arms of the white European, had begun to hang loosely on the limbs of the American negro; the thick clouds of ignorance which had not yet ceased to bedim the most enlightened portions of the free globe were beginning to break away above the slave masses and let in some shining gleams of knowledge, of religion, of morality. Their fetters were rivetted once more, and the deep darkness from which they were about to emerge, rendered doubly profound for a time, by the wicked intermeddling of those who, like Lord Sydenham of recent but hateful memory, exulted in the prospect of a bloody insurrection and a hopeless and purposeless servile war.

But it is neither rational nor manly to allow ourselves to be influenced unduly by the fears thus excited. We cannot be deaf to the loud voice of public opinion resounding from every quarter of the world. We must listen to it, and reply—and act as justice and prudence shall dictate. Even China has been bombarded out of her vis inertie in commercial affairs; but it is to be hoped that the Southern slave-holder will need no other inducement than his own sense of right and natural humanity to urge him forward in the great purpose of promoting the greatest happiness of the greatest number of the human beings under his care and control. Let us first remove all the impediments which are placed by law in the way of the instruction of the slave. I do not know how far his education may be carried consistently with the proper performance of the duties of the station which Providence has assigned him in the social scale; but I trust that in another generation a much larger proportion of the negro slaves of South Carolina may be found able to read their Bibles,* than now of the free whites of Mississippi. This is set down at one-fifteenth,—I know not how correctly,—in the late message of the Ex-Governor of that State.

Humanity next demands from us some restriction upon the traffic in slaves among ourselves. The wanton or capricious, resentful or penal sale of the negro,—the disruption of all ties of affection or consanguinity at the will of the thoughtless, unfeeling, or angry owner, should be put an end

to. This might be well done, it seems to me, by the appointment in every district of respectable commissioners, themselves slave-holders, who should have jurisdiction over this matter and who, in the performance of their duties, could readily give a powerful sanction to the invaluable beneficent—nay, sacred institution of marriage.

There are few points on which Spain or Spaniards may be referred to as presenting any examples worthy of modern imitation. The Committee give a pleasant picture of slavery in the Spanish colonies,—not exactly corresponding with Abbott's it is true, but on the whole, it is probable, not very far from a correct one. "The Spanish slave," they tell us,* "may become a proprietor; he may purchase his freedom—at a regulated rate and by little and little;—he may force his master, if malcontent, to sell him, if he can find a purchaser, at a fair price, fixed by authority;—he may work when and where he pleases, provided he pays a definite amount of wages punctually." We are not surprised to learn,† "that during all the civil troubles, these slaves remained faithful to their owners and quiet. In South America, though the revolutionary party offered them their freedom, they followed the fortunes of their masters on the field of battle and in emigration. In St. Domingo, they remained perfectly peaceable until conquered by the republic of Hayti in 1820, (from 1794, a period of 26 years)."

§ I would accord the slave the privilege of owning certain kinds of property and of purchasing his freedom under definite regulations. There is no danger in the removal of the present restraints as to this mode of individual emancipation. We shall always have a sufficient number of slaves here. The negro is proverbially fertile and he will always be so in a favorable climate and in the state of bondage. He is thus kept at that point,—above destitution and below luxury, or full living,—which, by a law of nature, is found best adapted for the propagation of the species and its rapid increase and multiplication.

I am not so clear as to his enjoyment of another privilege above mentioned—that of paying a certain rate of wages when discontented with personal servitude, or with the mode of occupation allotted him by his master. It is obvious that this would be inconsistent with the due management of a plantation, yet it might be introduced into the cities and answer a good purpose among town laborers, house servants and mechanics.

* p. 153.

† pp. 169, 171.

* Increasing attention is now given to the moral and religious improvement of slaves in the South. Though not taught to read their Bibles, much instruction is imparted to them, and the efforts of the various sects are directed more immediately towards them. Bishop Gadsden reported to the last convention of S. Carolina that he had, during the past year, confirmed 313 persons, of whom 151 were colored, nearly one half. Other denominations annually receive probably a much larger number.—[Ed. Mess.

§ Doctor Cartwright of Natchez, in an able article in the Southern Quarterly Review, "Canaan identified with Ethiopia," adduces some remarkable examples of the fidelity of our slaves during the Revolution. Such as were seduced found their British allies more cruel than their masters could possibly have been. The Doctor argues very strongly to show that the enlightened—Sydenhamian schemes of exciting our slaves to rebellion, in case of war, is impracticable.—[Ed. Mess.

THE COTTAGE.

I.

The day din was past, night had hushed up the breeze,
 Afar o'er the hills the church bells were chiming,
 I found a lone cottage, 'twas hid in the trees,
 And the wild-rose and vine o'er its lattice were climbing.
 Methought, as I gazed on the flowers so fair,
 If earth has a spot that is lovely, 'tis *there!*

II.

I paused at the threshold—I heard a soft lyre,
 Indeed it seemed "touched by a Fairy's light finger,"
 A voice like an Angel's completed the choir
 Whose tones on my memory forever shall linger.
 Methought, as the harmony swelled on the air,
 If the music of Heaven finds earth, it is *there!*

III.

Time's wing flew so softly I knew not it stirred,
 But the moon was on high and the dew drop did glisten,
 Though Time, too, had tarried, I am sure, had he heard,
 For the stars of the azure seemed pausing to listen.
 Methought, for this cot was no home for old care,
 If there's love on this earth, it surely is *there!*
Logan, Indiana.

THE BETRAYED.

The chamois slumbered, for the chase was done.
Mrs. Hemans.

I.

Alas! thy only hope of peaceful rest
 From man's relentless, eager, hot pursuit,
 The only moment when thy heaving breast
 Can calmly breathe, or when the murderous bruit
 No more assails thee of the huntsman's quest;
 When thou canst seek the scanty herb or fruit,
 Or lave thee in the streamlet gliding by,
 Is when the stars are lit up in the sky.

II.

Soon as Aurora opens the gates of morn
 And Sol's bright chariot flashes in the East,
 The huntsman wakes thee with his direful horn
 Rousing new terrors in thy trembling breast.
 Soft Pity's tear is dashed away with scorn,
 Thy timid flight but gives the greater zest
 To the fierce chase: the welkin rings afar
 With the loud shouts of the unequal war.

III.

Then haste thee, chamois, to the craggy steep,
 Plant thy firm footsteps on the slippery rock,
 Nerve thy young sinews for the dreadful leap,
 Bound, bound away! thou art singled from the flock,
 Thy comrades all have lightly cleared the deep
 And threatening chasm: dost thou stand to mock
 Thy fell pursuers? haste thee to the glen;
 Knowest thou thy foes? They are ruthless—they are men!

IV.

When was man ever known to hold his hand,
 Though innocence itself a prayer preferred?
 Alas! his "justice" is the flaming brand;
 His tender mercy, the death-doing sword,
 Or desolation stalking through the land!
 His love—nay name it not, 'tis but a word!
 A word, which those who trust it, find, too late,
 Might be another term for deadly hate.

V.

'Tis thus with thee, thou lone and drooping one,
 From whose pale cheek the rose of health has fled,
 From whose dark eye the light of hope is gone,
 Whose heart with secret anguish long has bled,
 Whose form, which once with youth and beauty shone,
 Now lingers on the confines of the dead!
 And marvel we how any thing so fair
 Should be so wretched?—Man's *love* has been *there!*

VI.

He sought her in her own sweet, quiet home,
 Ere yet her guileless heart had dreamt of ill,
 When innocent and fearless she could roam
 Through the cool woods, or by the mossy rill
 Thrown by a pebble into mimic foam,
 Or gliding smoothly onward, calm and still,
 Or murmuring its soft music to her ear:
 And she rejoiced the gurgling sounds to hear.

VII.

He wooed her, and she listened to his voice,
 Nor thought kind words were formed but to betray.
 Oh! how his accents made her heart rejoice,
 How swift, with him, the bright days passed away!
 When he was absent how each trifling noise
 Would startle her, while wondering at his stay
 And looking anxiously for that sweet hour
 When he would meet her 'neath the rosy bower.

VIII.

And she was lovely then as summer eve,
 Or a young rose-bud bursting into bloom.
 'Tis faded now! her heart hath learnt to grieve,
 And love's bright day is overcast with gloom.
 Could she believe young love was born to leave
 In desolation, like the dread Simoom,
 Whate'er it touched? or that *his* joyous kiss
 Could e'er be fraught with misery, such as *this!*

IX.

She was deceived. Alas! I know not how
 Her gentle spirit brooked the dreadful change!
 It killed her not—but on her marble brow
 The trace is left of conflict deep and strange.
 And in her bosom, gentle then and now,
 Scarcely can she her troubled thoughts arrange:
 She curses not the author of her fate:
 'Tis man's, not woman's love that turns to hate!

X.

The chamois slumbers when the chase is done,
 And hunters' horns are heard no more around.
 Thou, too, may'st slumber when thy day is gone
 And thou art laid beneath the grassy mound;
 But not till then will peace to thee be known;
 The treasure thou hast lost can ne'er be found
 On earth: then hasten with thy tears to Heaven,
 For there thy guiltless fault is all forgiven!

South Carolina.

H.

THE PRIZE TALE.

Mrs. J. B. Minor.

STEPHANO COLONNA, OR LOVE AND LORE.

A TALE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

"Yet what so gay as Venice? Every gale
Breathed heavenly music! and who flocked not thither
To celebrate her nuptials with the sea?"

A day of brilliant sunshine had dawned on the wave-washed palaces of beautiful Venice. Though it was but the early morning hour, the activity of movement and busy preparation which precede great events, were every where discernible.

The gondoliers were unfolding and festooning the gorgeous curtains and draperies of their graceful barges, removing with careful hand every speck of lint or dust which marred their rich coloring, or clung to their costly folds. The fisherman had cleansed his rader boat and spread his white sail; but why sat he idly in his holiday suit at her prow? Any other day would have found him far out on the blue sea,—but to-day the finny tribe cut the bright waves in safety; the treacherous net hung dry on the walls of the spoiler's hut.

Near four centuries before, when the proud and tyrannical Frederick Barbarossa threatened to plant his eagles before the portals of St. Mark, unless his enemy, Pope Alexander III., was given up to his power, the generous Venetians, who had espoused the cause of their spiritual father, sallied forth to meet the invader, conquered his fleet, and made Otho, his son, prisoner. The grateful Alexander went to greet the victors, and, as soon as the Doge Sebastiano Ziani landed, presented him with a golden ring saying:

"Take this ring, and with it take, on my authority, the sea as your subject. Every year on the return of this happy day, you and your successors shall make known to all posterity that the right of conquest has subjugated the Adriatic to Venice, as a spouse to her husband." This singular marriage was annually celebrated on the feast of Ascension for centuries afterwards.

To-day was the anniversary of this event; as the hour of noon advanced, the hush of anxious expectation pervaded the busy groups crowded on the bridges and steps of the palaces. The golden Bucentaur glittering with gems beneath a cloudless heaven, with its gorgeous drapery and cushions of purple, crimson and cloth of gold, lay gently rocking at the foot of the marble stairs of the magnificent Gothic palace of the Doge.

The clock of St. Mark's Church struck the hour of twelve; a shout rent the air, the heavy doors of the Ducal palace opened, and the Doge, in regal robes, with his train, stood at the head of the stairs.

At the shout other palace doors unclosed and poured forth their crowds of rank, youth and beauty. Augustino Barbarigo descended the steps and entered the galley, the gondoliers bent to their oars, and the beautiful barge shot down the canal amidst joyous shouts and inspiring music.

Other gondolas and boats hastened to follow according to their owners' rank, Venetians and strangers, from those whose names were enrolled in the golden volume, to the third order of nobility. Thus they proceeded to the ancient church of San Nicolo.

Amongst the magnificent gondolas displayed on this occasion, was one scarcely less rich in its decorations than that of State. Its gilded prow glittered in the sunbeams, the heavy curtains of violet velvet and golden tissue were gracefully folded and festooned to the slender gilded pillars which supported a canopy of the same rich material, wrought with golden stars. In the centre of each star blazed a costly gem.

The skill and power of the gondolier attracted as much attention as the richness of the gondola. The slender oars bent beneath his hands as the boat dashed through the water, sending it curling and foaming around the prow. It seemed to be with difficulty that he was kept in his place and prevented from preceding even the Bucentaur.

It was the gondola of Prince Azzo D'Este of Ferrara. Reclining on the soft cushions within, by his side, his beautiful daughter, the youthful princess Leonore, watched with an animated countenance the new and brilliant scene.

Close by the side of this boat was another which seemed to hover about its companion with intense life-like interest. It belonged to Stephano Colonna, a young nobleman of Rome. It was not so gorgeous as that of Ferrara, but strikingly beautiful. It was larger far than the other, yet seemed to float over the bright waters without an effort of its muscular propeller, so uniform and steady were his motions. Its azure curtains of softest silk fluttered out on the breeze, showing, now and then, the pure alabaster columns which supported the canopy. The young nobleman was the sole representative of his illustrious house, present on this occasion, and sat alone in the gondola.

The Bucentaur reached the church, and the Doge with his council and the premier nobles entered; they were followed by the illustrious among the strangers, whilst the crowd waited without. Having heard mass, they reentered the galley and gondolas, and swept out to the Adriatic, leaving the city and verdure-dotted lagune still and quiet behind them. On they floated, whilst music and cheering filled the free balmy air, for one breath of which so many pined, locked in the loathsome dungeons of that beauteous and proud city. But who remembered that Venice had prisons and bleeding hearts in this hour! All such were forgotten, even though

the fearful "*Ten*" were in their midst on the gilded decks of the Bucentaur.

They were in the open sea, all was still, the gondolas and boats formed a line around, a short distance from the state galley. The rich Ducal bonnet was laid aside, and Augustino stood uncovered. The archbishop blessed the ring, and presenting it to him, bade him "remember a ship was his best palace, and charge Venice to respect it, and preserve her title of Queen of the sea!" The princely bridegroom received the ring, and gracefully leaning over the side of the vessel, dropped it into the sea, saying:

"We wed thee with this ring in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty."

As the glittering bauble sunk into the blue and dancing waters, a triumphant shout broke the silence. The hitherto immoveable line of boats wavered, and separating darted hither and thither in anxious preparation for the coming sports. There, two gondolas shot off in a race, and others followed in their wake; the quays, too, became scenes of uproarious mirth, whilst the Bucentaur and gondolas of the nobility swept slowly back to the city. On their return, the gondola of Colonna still rode next that of Ferrara. The place was first assigned him according to his rank, but he now preserved it through preference. Nor was its gondolier's power and skill untaxed to keep this position. Many young cavaliers looked with worshipping eyes on the youthful Princess Leonore, the praises of whose beauty filled every court in Italy, and were struggling to gain the side of her gondola that they might enjoy the sight of her beauty. Colonna had heard full many a time of the loveliness of this daughter of D'Este, the enemy of his house, and listened to her praises with that bitterness of soul which hereditary feuds always engender. He saw her to-day for the first time, and with every glimpse of that radiant and innocent face and every glance of those bright speaking eyes, some evil feeling, some harsh thought fled, till not one remained to guard him from the fatal power of her charms, and he felt his proud heart yielding to passionate love for one he had been taught to hate.

They were still in the sea, and the superiority of Colonna's boat and gondolier enabled him to keep precedence of the others. Before they could reach the city, there was a narrow channel between two islands of the lagune, which could be entered but by two gondolas at a time, and the contest was now which should enter with Prince Azzo's. Colonna's was still some feet ahead of the others. Looking back he saw a dark gondola, whose prow almost touched the stern of his own.

"Slacken not thy speed, Baptista, or that swarthy boatman behind us will pass."

A disdainful glance at the boat pointed out was the gondolier's only notice of this caution, as he

bent lower over his oars. The boat following so rapidly and eagerly was black, the usual color of the gondolas of the city, but longer and narrower and smooth and polished as the finest ebony. The hangings and cushions were velvet of the deepest crimson. Within the pavilion sat a cavalier whose features were strikingly handsome, but of dark complexion and sinister countenance. His hair and eyes were very black, and the latter fierce in expression; his finely chiselled lips were now firmly compressed and his high brow contracted. A deep flush burned on his cheek, as he said:

"Wilt thou not pass, Franco? By St. Mark, I'll hurl thee into the sea and take the oars myself, if yon gondolier reaches the pass before you."

The boatman answered not, but his brow grew darker than his master's at this threat, and he strained to his oars, till every muscle in his brawny arm stood out. But a few rods lay between the foremost boats and the channel, and Eccelino starting up, seemed about to put his threat into execution, when one of Baptista's oars snapped in twain. The gondola quivered and slackened speed on the instant, and with a triumphant cry Franco shot forward, whilst a curse burst from Baptista's lips. A shade of chagrin passed over Stephano's face at Eccelino's smile of triumph as the gondola flew by. But before Franco reached the channel where Prince Azzo's boat had already entered, Baptista recovered from the shock, and seizing another oar darted by, jostling Eccelino's gondola and almost throwing Franco into the foaming waters he left in his wake. Franco threw down his oars with a cry of despair. "Wilt thou let the others pass, miscreant? bend to thy oars!" and with an angry countenance Eccelino sank back on the cushions.

Leonore and the prince had been no inattentive spectators of this scene, and whilst it gratified the pride of both, a different feeling was mingled with it in the breast of each. The calm dignity which blended with the noble and manly beauty of Stephano's face, and the passionate glances he cast on her stirred gentler emotions in the maiden's heart. But though Prince Azzo exulted in this tribute to the charms of his only and idolized child, he seemed angry at the proximity, which to him bore the appearance of presumption, of one he so much hated, for he had recognized the armoial bearings of the house of Colonna, embroidered on the curtains of the pavilion in which Stephano sat. With the Count Eccelino neither sympathized. His atrocious character made him an object of dislike which his being a Ghibeline did not tend to lessen. In this order the gondolas reached the city, for 'twas vain for the others to attempt to pass Stephano's; they were slowly sailing through the channel whilst Azzo's and Colonna's boats rapidly entered the Rio Palazzo on which were the palaces where they dwelt whilst in Venice. D'Este was a guest

of the Doge, and Colonna of the illustrious and ancient house of Contarini.

CHAPTER II.

The family of D'Este was one of the noblest in all Italy; the head of the Guelf or church party for centuries, and the protectors, and patrons of literature and science from their earliest rise. It was also the founder of a regal race. The heiress of the last of the Dukes of Bavaria married a younger son of the house of D'Este. The family name of these dukes was Guelf, and their descendants were the founders of the second line of Guelfs, the ancestors of the house of Brunswick, the sovereigns of England.

Colonna was also of an illustrious house, and though Guelfs, there was not that intimacy between these two great families, which might be supposed to exist; for Italy was at that time torn by a myriad of petty feuds, intrigues and jealousies; and the names Guelf and Ghibeline were applied indiscriminately to the opposing factions of every contest, though these seldom related to the struggle of the church or papal party and the German Emperor for sovereignty in the States. These names were once the distinction of these two parties, so long and violently opposed to each other; but, at length, they became arbitrary and Guelfs were Ghibelines, and Ghibelines' Guelfs, as inclination or policy dictated.

The D'Estes were of the rural nobility of the Lombard, and were one of the few houses that never submitted to any of the numerous cities which held control over the Italian nobility during the 12th, 13th and 14th centuries. But during the latter part of the 15th century, the time of this story, Venice had obtained jurisdiction over their possessions, though they were still rich and powerful, masters of large estates on the south of the Po and lords of the cities of Padua and Ferrara, and honored by that city which made all her slaves.

The Colonnas were of the nobility of the Imperial City, and a petty jealousy had arisen between them and the house of D'Este, which time had served to strengthen.

Several of the Colonna family had been Cardinals, and one Pope, under the name of Martin V., a bold and wicked man.

The house of D'Este had ever befriended and assisted the Popes in many difficulties, but being farther from the seat of power than the Colonnas, emoluments did not reward them so frequently as they thought merited, and it was galling to see their enemies so often preferred. The policy of the Roman Bishops was often much perplexed to reconcile its preferences between these families. They could not pass over the Colonnas at their very door, and it was easier to pacify and lull to sleep the suspicions of the D'Estes, who were

more distant. For their bickerings they cared not, so their own ends of aggrandizement and avarice were served.

In these days, literature, the arts and sciences were awaking from their long slumber during the darkness of the middle ages, and this their dawn was like that of Italia's morning, beautiful and glorious with renovated life.

In Florence, the Medici had nourished the revival and awakening of those beautiful dreams of the soul, Sculpture, Painting and Poetry. Ferrara had Ariosto and many gifted ones among the stars of her court, and throughout Italy men of Letters and Artists were patronised by the nobles.

In Rome, they were not so often found, as the church was ever jealous of their influence in the enlightening of men's minds, till Pope Leo X. made it a part of his policy to collect the wisdom and genius of the age at his court, and thus render them subservient to the power of the church.

On account of this peculiar state of things, the Roman nobles were less the patrons of learning than those of any other city. The D'Estes, having always been the patrons of such, looked with contempt on these nobles, which they took greater pleasure in evincing, as their rivals, the Colonnas, were among them. But the young Stephano had long been the friend and seeker of learning, and through his influence his father's palace was the resort of all the men of science who visited Rome, and they were many; for the associations which hallowed her crumbling walls were powerful in their attraction to those who communed with the spirits of departed greatness, and many were the high dreams and aspirations that were afterwards triumphantly realized, which the contemplation and recollections of Rome's monuments of the past, and of her master spirits, called forth.

Stephano had come with other nobles from all parts of Italy to partake of the festivities and rejoicings of the Venetians on this anniversary of their proudest day. A week passed, and many had gone, but Stephano still lingered: the festivities continued, and Leonore D'Este was still within Venice. This young princess inherited the love of her house for literature, and had devoted her short life to the pursuit of knowledge. Nor was she content with things revealed. All the wild dreams and magic powers to which so many in that age gave credence were invested with something of interest to her. She was but on the verge of womanhood—that sweet time when the golden visions of youth still remain in the heart, fresh and beautiful, but deepened in their vivid colorings by their blending with the stronger tints, which, in after years, envelope the first in shadow. Her exceeding loveliness was heightened by the thoughtfulness which her communings with higher natures had imparted to the freshness of her youthful and radiant face: her large bright eyes seemed to be

gazing with earnest scrutiny into the unknown realms of thought and fancy; and her musings were of a nobler and purer life. Her heart trembled with all generous and deep emotions, and the beautiful language of kindness dwelt ever on her tongue. The beautiful in nature and art thrilled her spirit with ecstasy. Stephano saw his own heart mirrored on her lovely countenance, whilst she looked into his ardent eyes and met the reflection of her soul. "What recked *their* souls of strife between their fathers?"

Night had spread her mantle over Venice, but she reigned here a goddess, and with her robe glittering with stars, looked down from her high throne on the sons and daughters of pleasure, that made her solemn hours but chroniclers of revelry and crime.

Why beamed the silver crescent on her brow brightest hers, where grief and guilt were deepest, darkest!—To lure by the glory that encompassed her some spirit not yet dead to holier influences from its path of vice; to cheer some child of sorrow with the brightness that a cruel world denied; to wake a thrilling dream, which should find voice in magic words, within the passionate heart of some child of song; to send her starry beams of light as messengers of mercy within the prisons' iron bars, where darkness had her home, and bid the life-weary one look up to heaven.

All these breathed beneath her, but few, few, heeded her silent warnings and appeals. St. Mark's place echoed with the tread of thousands: here, the juggler played his tricks—there, the wily Jew was busy over some cunning trade; masquers glided by, and men of every nation here met face to face. But see yon gorgeous crowd,—they throng up the "*giant stairs*" which lead into the Ducal palace; it blazes with light, and music breathes around. Enter:—within those ancient halls the wealth, rank, beauty and talent of Italy are congregated. Pause within this hall, where portraits of this proud city's doges line the walls. Many of these have passed with aching hearts beneath this tattered ceiling rich with gold. See here *Foscari*; ah! his is a tale to curdle the warm blood; and there *Dandolo*; and this vacant frame,—where hangs the sable veil with the short but fearful sentence! * Pass on—to scenes of life and mirth. Here in this princely hall, take thy stand. Here are *Ariosto*, *Dante*, *Lorenzo Di Medici* and *Fabricio*, not less famed for his magic and the influence he exerted by its means, than were the others for genius and learning. Here also are the rich and powerful stained with the deepest dyes of vice. Chief

* This was the place which should have been occupied by the portrait of *Marino Furiere*, who was beheaded for engaging in a conspiracy against the state. On a black veil, in the frame, was inscribed the sentence,

"Hic est locus *Marini Feletro* decapitati pro criminibus."

among these is *Eccelino Di Romagno*, Lord of Verona and many cities north of Venice. We have seen him before, on the bridal day, contending with *Stephano* for the station by *Prince Azzo's* gondola.

But it is with *Eccelino* and *Fabricio* we have now to deal. They stood together at the end of the hall by a door which lead to a balcony beyond.

A youth and maiden, separating from the crowd, passed them and entered the balcony.

"It is she again!" said *Eccelino*. "Ha! dost thou know her, *Fabricio*? she smiled on you with an air of recognition as they passed."

"It is *Leonore D'Este*, the daughter of *Prince Azzo of Ferrara*."

"Yes, yes; though I knew not, till within this week, that the cursed *Guelf* had so rare a jewel in his casket,—but where and how didst thou know her, *Fabricio*!"

"I have seen her at many courts, Count, which ring with her praise."

"Aye, well they may; such a gem would be brighter far with the setting *Eccelino Di Romagno* could bestow than hiding in the gloomy palace of the old Prince; thinkest thou not so, *Fabricio*!"

"There is nought of gloom in *Prince Azzo's* palace, and the Princess would make darkness light."

"True, most true; therefore, would I have her in my own home, for gloomy enough am I there at times, and then to win her from *Prince Azzo*,—she is an only daughter I think!"

"Yes, an only child."

"And the cavalier with her?"

"*Stephano Colonna of Rome*."

"Ah! a *Guelf*; but, if I mistake not, an enemy of the Prince!"

"Yes, the families have been enemies for ages."

"Tell me, *Fabricio*, more of this maid."

"Well, she is most beautiful"—

"That I can see."

"And proud"—

"That also."

"By *St. Mark*, my information is needless."

"Nay, what's her disposition, what her weakness, the point, good *Fabricio*, by which she is most assailable?"

"Ah! softly, my good Count, thou art for intrigue; how knowest thou I will tell thee all thou wishest?"

"This bag may contain a golden key wherewith to open thy mouth, do what I wish and it shall weigh more."

"Tis well,—she is a dreamer, a believer in *arts*,—a worshipper of magic, alchemy and *astrology*."

"Ah!—then, *Fabricio*, I shall have more need of thee; she must be mine."

"The council of Ten would speak with the Count *Eccelino*," said a low deep-toned voice at his el-

bow. Eccelino started, but quickly recovering himself followed his summoner. The council sat on an elevated seat prepared for them around the Doge:—occasionally, one by one, they mingled with the crowd. Those men of iron hearts and dark deeds, reposing on cushions of velvet amidst light and mirth and music, presented a curious spectacle. Their keen eyes singling out future victims for death, or to satisfy their avarice, they seemed like a crowd of harpies on the top of a sun-lighted mountain, glaring down on the unsuspecting flocks beneath them. Eccelino stood before them.

"The State has need of your assistance, most noble Count Eccelino," said Count Gian, the chief of the Ten.

"I shall be most happy to render it, most worthy Count Gian; how may it be done?"

"The State would borrow from thy overflowing coffers, generous Eccelino, the means to assist in paying her annual tribute of ten thousand ducats to the Turks."

"My coffers are at the service of the State, and I render them the more willingly, as I now stand in need of her aid. I lend my gold for her influence in my favor," was the courteous and wily reply.

The council of Ten glanced hastily with looks of surprise at each other,—after a moment Gian said:

"We would know how the State can assist the most noble Count Eccelino, in return for his generosity."

"The Prince Azzo D' Este has a daughter, I would make her my wife," was the bold answer.

"And why seeks not Count Eccelino the maiden's hand of her father?"

"Count Gian forgets that a Ghibeline may not sue for favors from a Guelph."

"True, most true, thou hast spoken well; but how shall the State serve thee in this, Eccelino. We have no right to bestow the hand of the Princess in marriage."

"I can place facts in your hands that will give the Princess up to your power."

"Do this, and the maid is thine; but remember, D' Este is powerful and in high favor with our Doge."

"Who is himself subject to the council of Ten," said the Count with a smile. "The Doge is a friend to Prince Azzo—if I make it his interest to assist me, can he not exert his influence over the Prince?"

The council assented and renewed their promise, and Eccelino bowed and left them, whilst a sardonic smile curled his lip as he rejoined Fabricio, who had kept his station by the door with folded arms and in silence. An evil light burned in the Count's eye; he was at his fitting work, intrigue and vice.

"Have Colonna and the Princess returned?"

"No, they stand alone on the balcony!"

Yes, they stood alone on the balcony, happy in innocence and the consciousness of being loved. The hall and balcony were in the second story of the palace, and thence could be seen the blue lagoon dotted with white sails, or dark gondolas flitting like swift arrows across the flood of light the full moon cast on the waters, and then suddenly lost to view behind some island, or by darting into one of the thousand canals of Venice. A few bright stars held their course through the heavens, scorning to veil their radiance even beside Italia's queen of the night.

"I would we were in Rome to night, sweet Leonore, that I might guide thy steps 'mid the ruins of our coliseum, or the silent aisles of our time-hallowed temples. What spirits of the past would rise up before us in that still and lonely amphitheatre, once echoing with the cry of despair and the shout of victory! what fervent prayers fill our hearts before those altars where thousands have worshipped! I have seen yon moon look down from the "ruins of her palace in the clouds" on those of earth with something like sorrow in her subdued light. Oh! that we were there, free to commune with such influences and our own hearts!"

"Nay, Stephano, I should love thee less. Knowest thou not that the mighty spells of the past, and the high dreams a night and heaven like this awaken woo and win me from earth? I would give even thy love to comprehend and commune with all for which my spirit yearns, and which is partially revealed to me, but alas! just enough to fill the heart with restless longings. There are spirit voices which whisper often to me of a higher destiny. Oh! to know and feel all of which I have but vague dreams, I would bind myself to dwell ever alone, and leave love to those who cannot partake of a more exalted happiness."

"Leonore—Leonore."

"Nay, Stephano, reproach me not; I can never find that for which I seek; your spirit is nearest mine own, and I yield my heart to thee, to love thee utterly, fervently, with all the worship I have bestowed on my dreams,—but you, Stephano, you have felt these yearnings, and know how hard they are to repress."

"Yes, Leonore, and we may one day find what we seek, but now let us love, this is our happiness, and is it not full and complete as aught of which you have dreamed, mine own?"

"Too much there is of happiness in it, Stephano, for long continuance,—you forget the old and settled hostility of our fathers."

A dark shade passed over Stephano's brow, but after a few moments he said—"At least, we will hope; your father is just and generous"—

"But implacable to foes; beside, could I go an unwelcome bride to a Colonna's home?"

"My father will not thwart my wishes, my own love; and when all means have been tried and fail with the Prince, then, Leonore, I can but trust to the strength of your love, and may I not safely?"

"Forever.—I am thine ever and only, Stephano."

As the youth pressed her to his breast, a voice deep, but full of low-toned music, said:

"Fate rules the hearts of mortals, how dare you thus mock its power!" They started and gazed earnestly around, but no one was near. The voice seemed to come from the clouds.

"Oh! Stephano," said the trembling maiden, "said I not we were too happy. You hear a voice threatens and warns, and see that cloud flying across my star in the heavens." As she spoke a light cloud threw its shadow on the marble floor. "What do these mean, Stephano! I fear," and she drew more closely to his side.

"Be obedient to thy fate. Soon the choice of thy destiny will be proffered thee, yield to the boon asked, and all will be well. Remember to be obedient!" was again heard in solemn tones that seemed afar off.

Leonore could scarce suppress a shriek, but though Stephano's cheek paled a moment, he looked sternly and fiercely around and laid his hand on his sword.

"Wouldst thou smite the invisible who ruleth thy destiny? Thou wilt need thy sword for revealed foes ere long," was whispered in a low mocking tone in his ear. He turned, but naught was there. The balcony lay in a flood of moonlight and offered no hiding place, being open on all sides but that next the hall which blazed with light. After narrowly scanning this side, Stephano turned away perplexed. His scrutinizing eye had failed to detect the narrow niche high over the entrance to the hall.

"Let us go in," faltered Leonore, whose cheek was white with terror.

"One moment more, Leonore; to-morrow you leave Venice; I dare not present myself openly at your father's palace, but in a short time I will follow you to Ferrara; will you meet me in some secret place?—think, my Leonore, how many hours of agony must pass ere I again see you, and do not refuse my prayer!"

"I will meet you, Stephano,—there is a——" and she looked eagerly around and then leaning towards him whispered in his ear, as though she feared a listener.

"Thanks, Leonore," said her lover, and they entered the hall.

BURIAL AT SEA.

BY DR. JNO. C. McCABE.

A sound is on the billow—a sad, low, thrilling wail,
And wheels the sea-bird slowly o'er yon trembling, drooping
sail;

There are many tears in sorrow, as bursts the pent up
prayer:
A comrade's shrouded form lies cold, which moved so lately
there!

The sweet cool winds are playing round his marble-pallid
brow,
And see, they lift his long bright locks, then drop them sadly
now;
They kiss his cold and rigid lips—winds from the gentle
south,
But wake no song of gladness from his sternly death-closed
mouth.

The ritual now is over, low falls the sad "amen!"
And many cheeks are wet with tears—tears eloquent seem
then!

And through the slowly parting wave the body now hath sped,
To sleep, till ocean hears the call, to render up its dead.

Now the blue halcyon dips her wing down in that sunny
wave,
'Neath which hath gone that gallant one—the noble and the
brave;
Comrades, be silent now! Let each his own heart's record
scan,
For God hath smitten him, who was—aye, "every inch," a
man!

The "ocean-buried" calmly sleeps down in some con-
grove,
And sea-nymphs hymn, perchance, around, their sweet
young notes of love;
The stern old ocean lifts its voice in one eternal chant.
As down upon his heaving breast the golden sunbeams slant.

Fling out your canvass to the gale! Catch the sweet southern
breeze;
A few more days, and ye shall see your land's green forest
trees;
And ye shall greet your frolic babes; shall meet your wives
again,
But—*one* shall ask ye for *her* mate, and ask, oh God! in vain!

Long hath she watched the evening star from out her sum-
mer bower,
And fancied he was gazing too; long hath she nursed the
flower
He used to love; and when sweet sleep hath o'er her vigil
stole,
Has dreamed he stood beside her there—the Idol of *her*
soul!

A stricken bird! her melody rings out no more to cheer!
Her mate hath gone, why should she fold her wing in sor-
row here?

Swan-like and beautiful, thank God, her last sweet song
given,
And now—it swells the choral strain that thrills the arch of
heaven!

Norfolk, Virginia, Feb., 1844.

[To be continued.]

NOTES ON OUR ARMY.

No. IV.

"An Army is a collection of armed men, obliged to obey one man."—*Locke*.

TO THE HON. THOMAS H. BENTON.

Having been so fortunate as to secure a copy of the "Army Register" for 1844, I shall be enabled in my future calculations and estimates to use figures from official sources, which will be more accurate in details than I could otherwise make them. It is impossible for one who has no access to official records, to calculate, with accuracy, the pay and allowances of officers of our Army, particularly in the *Staff*, unless he be skilled in the science of abstruse mathematics, and the *moral* binding force of certificates of honor, which accounting officers have decided to be *matters of form*. I mean to implicate no one by this remark, nor would I accuse any one of *criminal* deception; but I have so frequently heard it remarked by those who are the recipients of these almost incomprehensible and inexplicable allowances, that "it would never do for the Army to be paid in round sums, or by salaries, as we now receive the greater part of our pay in lieu of allowances which Congress cannot understand, and a reduction would certainly follow if the gross amount were presented to view," that I am almost convinced they feel ashamed of the truth, and this conviction is strengthened by the knowledge that I should be, if placed under similar circumstances. The remark applies, undoubtedly, with much force to a large number of the officers of our Army, or, rather, those who have the titles of officers, but who have no more connection with the Army in a military point of view, and no more feeling in common with it, than have the clerks in the different executive departments of the government. But when we come to apply it to the *military* branch of the service, a difference in feeling and principle will be found. I am convinced a large majority of the officers of that branch of the service would express very different views if called on, and I must confess I should feel mortified to hear of one who would prefer the present mode of pay for the sole reason that he was now deceiving Congress, and if the fact were known, his allowances would be reduced. Yet I have never heard any other reason advanced in favor of the present absurd and inconvenient method of paying the officers of our Army for their services. No other servants or agents of the government are paid in the same way,—the plan having been long since abolished in the Navy; and I know of no reason why it should not be in the Army.

Another document, containing the estimates for our service for the year commencing the 1st of July, 1844, has fallen into my hands, and I must

call your attention to a few facts I shall draw from these sources, as well as to the contrasts I wish to present between them and the similar estimates for the British service, for 1843.

The gross estimate to pay, clothe and subsist our whole Army, including officers, with 7,870 rank and file, for the year commencing the 1st July, 1844, is* \$2,641,761.80
 Cost per Soldier in our service, 1 year, 335.67
 Cost of our *Staff* for the same year, 520,249.00
 Or a little under *one-fifth* of the whole cost of the Army.

Cost per soldier in our service, 1 year, deducting the *Staff*, \$269.44

Estimates for the British service for the year commencing 1st April, 1843, for the same purposes, with a force of 88,660 rank and file,† \$23,862,995.00
 Cost per soldier in the British service 269.15
 Cost of *Staff*, British service, same year, 854,455.00
 Or about *one twenty-eighth* of the whole cost of the Army!

Cost per soldier, 1 year, in the British service, deducting the *Staff*, 259.50

From these estimates and results no one can resist the conclusion, that our *Staff* is enormously large and expensive, compared with the *line* of our Army. Including all the branches of our service, it appears that we pay, per soldier, \$335.67 a year. Deducting the cost of our *Staff*, it is reduced to \$269.44,—showing that an increase of \$66.23, per soldier, per annum, or a little under *twenty-five* per cent is added to the cost of our soldier for the support of a *Staff*. In the British service, we find the cost of the soldier is \$269.15. Deducting the *Staff*, it is reduced to \$259.50. Showing an increase of only \$9.65, or less than *four* per cent on the cost of the soldier to support their *Staff*.

It will be difficult, I conceive, to find any good reason to show the necessity of maintaining a *Staff* in our service at a cost of *one-fifth* of the whole expense of the Army, when in the British service it only costs *one twenty-eighth*.

These results show one of two things, either that our *Staff* is unnecessarily large and expensive, or that it requires *six times* the expense to get the same *Staff* duties performed in our service that it does in the British. In either case it is time that a corrective was applied, and if the whole number of our *Staff* officers are required to do the same duties *one-sixth* of them would do in the British service, the government cannot too soon supply their places by those who would be more willing and more competent to discharge those duties and at a much less expense to the country.

We now have a greater number of officers in our *Staff*, with an Army of a little over *seven thousand*, than we had when our Army exceeded *twelve thousand*—from 1838 to 1842.

* 28th Congress, 1st Session, House Doc.—No. 6.

† United Service Journal for March, 1843.

This increase has been made by the appointment of *Brevet Second Lieutenants* to most of these Staff corps, in open violation of law, and without the slightest necessity for their services, when they really might have been advantageously disposed of in supplying the places of some of the numerous officers *legally detached* on Staff duties. An act of Congress of the 29th of April, 1812, allowed the appointment of *Brevet Second Lieutenants* from the graduates of the Military Academy, when there were no vacancies in the Army, and provided for their promotion when vacancies occurred; but it also "provided, that there shall not be more than one supernumerary officer to any one company at the same time." Yet, year after year, we see an open violation of this proviso, which has never been repealed, by the appointment of supernumerary *Brevets* to these different Staff corps of the Army, which are already overstocked with officers, and which have no *companies* to which such officers can be attached as the law requires.

I must again pay my respects to the Quartermaster's department of our Army, which I hope will not consider itself as slighted in being so long overlooked, after the assiduous attention which was paid it in my last. In 1814, when we had an Army of 60,000 rank and file, and a large portion of them in the field, our organization allowed *fifty* officers in the Quartermaster's department. In 1844, when our Army is scarcely to exceed 7,000 rank and file, we have an organized Quartermaster's department, with *thirty-seven* officers; that is, with *one-ninth* of the force, we have *three-fourths* of the Staff. According to this ratio, if our whole Army is disbanded, it will appear that at least *thirty officers* will be necessary in the Quartermaster's department. Then, what a fine time they would have; all would do what two-thirds now do—nothing,—or at least so near nothing, that their occupation at public business is scarcely sufficient to prevent *ennui*, and their only trouble is to find ways and means for spending their pay. Again, in 1815, when our Army was reduced to a force of fourteen regiments, or equal to that, we were allowed *eight officers* in the Quartermaster's department. Now, with the same number of regiments, we have *thirty-seven*.

If more be necessary to the position which I have assumed, the unnecessary size and expense of this department, it can be readily found by reference to the positions and duties of those holding appointments in it.

First, we have the chief of the bureau, a Brigadier General, who distinguished himself in the field before assuming the arduous and responsible duties which he has long continued to perform with so much ability, and for which his devotion to business so peculiarly fit him. All acknowledge the importance of his office and the success which attends his administration of it. We next have *two*

Colonels; one of them is stationed in Philadelphia as chief of the clothing branch of the Quartermaster's department, a sort of Tailor General to the Army. He supervises the purchase and issue of all articles of clothing and camp and garrison equipage, but it must not be inferred that he dirties his hands by *receiving* and *issuing* these articles himself; that would be beneath a *Colonel* in the Army. He is a link in the chain by which it is effected; but all small matters are either left undone by him, or done by another; he even declines condescending so far as to sign an invoice of property forwarded, and contents himself with the reflection that a letter accompanying it, from so great a man, is all sufficient. The Quartermaster General approves requisitions for supplies, forwards them to this supervisor, or Tailor General, and he orders a Military Storekeeper to comply with them. This storekeeper prepares the supplies, makes invoices, and turns them over to a third person, a Captain and assistant Quartermaster, who forwards them to their destination. This is all a very perfect arrangement, and the results prove it; for our supplies, notwithstanding all this circumlocution, are generally very good and punctually furnished; but it may puzzle some to account for the necessity of this long method of doing a short thing. This having one officer to inspect, one to procure and issue, and another to transport, when one of them could do it all as well. Several good reasons may be given, and I will venture two or three: I cannot flatter myself they are correct, for I confess my ignorance of the reasons which operate in favor of performing the duties of this "scientific corps" in the peculiar way in which they are done, but I have the charity to suppose there are reasons, and I only hope I have discovered the true ones.

The Secretary of War, previous to the present incumbent, has told us the Staff must be in proportion to the extent of country over which the Army is spread, "and, reasoning from analogy, which, however, does not always lead to certainty," I infer, that supplies to be sent thousands of miles, require more officers and more rank to secure their safety than those which are sent hundreds, and in the direct ratio of the distance. This appears to me a natural inference, but for fear it may not be correct and may not apply to all cases, I will offer another which has been suggested to me. In viewing many of the beautiful and admirable experiments in electricity, a mere utilitarian would be led at once to inquire the use of a long and circuitous conductor by which an observer, near the machine, receives the same shock he would by touching the discharger with his hand. This, however, would not show him one of the most singular and remarkable properties of the fluid, its instantaneous passage, through space, by the intervention of a conductor. And thus it is with this department. We are struck with the beautiful arrangement by

which duties can be *divided* and *subdivided* without loss and with little delay. It is true, we might remove nine-tenths of its officers and secure the same efficiency and, possibly, a slight saving of time in the execution of their duties; but then we should destroy all the beauties of the system; there would be nothing to admire and wonder at,—nothing to create astonishment in the minds of unsophisticated beholders. If we destroy any one of these links in the chain, it becomes necessary to unite the two nearest each other, or the current is destroyed, but when the union is perfected, we perceive no difference in the result; and so would it be with the Quartermaster's department: strike out any link, particularly one of those which has become oxidized from long rest, unite the two next and a connection will be formed as perfect as the first.

I will suggest but one more reason, although several additional ones might be given equally as strong as the foregoing. A large number of the officers of this department are men of families and extensive connections in our eastern cities, and it would be uncomfortable for them to join their companies and do duty at military posts remote from society, and if required to go there to reside, they would have to live in a style far beneath what they are accustomed to, besides losing about *twenty-five* per cent on their pay which they now receive under the head of "*commutation*." Omitting the tailoring department in the city of Philadelphia, which employs one Colonel, one Captain, and one Military Storekeeper, we find one Colonel in New-York, *nominally*; he owns a fine farm on Long Island, or thereabouts, and has a clerk to do his duties. For several months past he has attended Congress to legislate for the country and himself. One Lieutenant Colonel and one Captain enjoy themselves in the city of Detroit, for what purpose I have been unable to ascertain. A Lieutenant Colonel and Captain again in St. Augustine where there are neither purchases nor issues to make. One Major in St. Louis, and a Captain at Jefferson Barracks, within an hour's ride. One Major and one Captain are "settling accounts at the Treasury." One Major in New Orleans. One Captain commands his company at Plattsburg, N. Y., and receives \$34 per month for doing duties which Lieutenants do at many posts for nothing; this is paying rather high for the honor the government derives from being served by such dignitaries. Another Captain is to be found in the city of Boston, and the nearest troops to him are at Portsmouth, N. H., where a Lieutenant does the duty of Quartermaster without compensation. Many subalterns would be happy to secure the position of this Boston Captain at one third the compensation which he receives. I would not even decline such a position myself, as I am confident thirty minutes a day would suffice for all

official business, and so much spare time in that enterprising land might be so disposed of as to secure a subaltern's independence and possibly his happiness, both of which are out of his reach so long as an aspiration for military renown confines him to his profession. A Captain in Baltimore is similarly situated, except that he is nominally the Quartermaster at Fort McHenry, three miles off. Another Captain is reported at Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., when it is known he is in Brownville, N. Y., at his private residence, and visits the post occasionally, much to the annoyance of the commanding officers. One again is at Baton Rouge, La., where there are duties which probably occupy him half an hour a day. Another at Buffalo, N. Y., under similar circumstances. One more at Fort Monroe, where all his duties would be willingly performed by a subaltern for *one-tenth* the compensation. In Savannah, Geo., there is a Captain without any earthly necessity for his presence, or occupation for his time. And so I might go through the whole list of these Captains, by name, without finding any absolute necessity for more than three or four at farthest out of the *twenty-eight* in the department. The worst feature of the whole business is the fact that twenty of these gentlemen have their *names* at the heads of companies, supplying a place which ought to be filled by some efficient and useful man. One of them is kept in Washington City as a clerk in the bureau, where the law establishes the number allowed and contemplated no such evasion as this,—an evasion it must be regarded. A second is temporarily reported on the same duty. Of the whole thirty-eight officers in the department, including two storekeepers, not more than six are necessary for the economical and efficient discharge of the duties pertaining to it, and they would not require, and should not receive such pay and emoluments as are now allowed to the *eight field officers*, whose positions are perfect sinecures, and are so considered in the Army.

And what is the consequence of clothing these officers with high military rank, when they are considered in foreign services below the lowest grade of commissioned officers of the *line*? A continual wrangle about rank and command. Put an army in the field with one of these colonels of teamsters, wagons, carts and mules, and just so soon as the officers senior to him in the line are out of the way, he is for assuming the military command, although he is ignorant of the first principles of the recruits' drill. These, and many other absurdities, which have crept into our military legislation, would, in case of active service in the field, paralyze the efforts of any General in the world, and destroy the *esprit du corps and discipline* of the best troops ever known.

I must apologize for being compelled to leave this "*most essential part of the Army proper*," as

it was styled, *ironically*, of course, by our late Secretary, but I hope, as my acquaintance has been an intimate and very agreeable one, I may be able at some future day to renew it under more favorable auspices.

With due modesty and consideration, and with a full knowledge of my presumption, in approaching so princely an establishment, I must beg leave to introduce myself to the "Ordnance Department," and—"hope I don't intrude." It has managed by some efficient means to give itself an existence and a gradual increase up to its present size, *thirty-five* officers, since our peace organization in 1821, when an Ordnance department was not thought necessary. Our law-givers then ignorantly supposed that Ordnance duties could in ours, as in foreign services, be performed by the artillery; but that idea is now exploded, and in this country it is discovered that scientific (!) men are necessary to perform the mechanical duties of constructing and preparing ordnance and ordnance stores, and that any *ignoramus* may use them. Next we shall hear of the *scientific* mechanic who makes astronomical instruments with which the ignorant philosopher takes his observations.

I will delay entering upon the details of the abuses and unnecessary expenses of this department, and its growing arrogance and unimportance until a future letter. I must beg leave, however, to quote here, as a sort of preface, a few remarks by an officer of great intelligence and long service. Some of his happiest hours have been passed at their delightful arsenals, and in the performance of their very light and agreeable duties at a time when officers of the line occasionally shared the loaves and fishes, after years of hard service at remote and cheerless military garrisons. Such temporary relief is now unknown to us, all such details having been converted into permanent appointments for the favored few. He has taken but a slight glance at ordnance life, but I hope to present it in such lights as to render it entirely unnecessary for any one to "visit an arsenal" to convince him of the abuses which cry loud for correction, and which are saddled upon the shoulders of the poor unoffending Army. It has no sooner finished a contest of seven years, without a parallel in history for its privations and hardships, and in which these silk-stocking and boudoir gentlemen took no part, at least after entering the Ordnance department, than it is held up to the execration of the country by these very men, who lived in their carpeted parlors within princely government edifices, whilst their neglected and abused comrades were wading in the swamps and morasses, and parching with the fevers of a tropical clime.

My worthy friend and valued correspondent says: "It is not with an invidious feeling, nor even in a spirit of idle querulousness, that the Line of the Army are prompted to step forth in opposition to

the encroachments of the Staff. They are not unmindful of the ancient proverb of 'the bad bird,' and have felt how inexpedient and perhaps suicidal it may be for one portion of our small military establishment, to set itself in array against the faults of another and expose its imperfections to the public eye. Ordinary evils could be patiently borne;—a moderate degree of inequality might be overlooked;—a temporary neglect could be endured in silence; but, when these evils become accumulative, engendering others until their 'name is legion,' forbearance ceases to be a virtue and whatever may be the consequences, an effort at self-vindication seems to be called for, and the truth must be told.

"We have seen that by the arrangement now existing in our military establishment, each administrative department is governed by its head situated in an office called a Bureau, at Washington, in convenient proximity to the war office, and enjoying all reasonable facilities for a free intercourse with the Secretary of the War Department. This functionary, frequently changed and therefore uninformed and inexperienced in the details and requirements of the service, must necessarily call for his information upon the chiefs of the Bureaux; and there being no one to question or gainsay them, it is not surprising that the statements of the said chiefs are received as conclusive facts, undenied and undeniable. Orders are issued accordingly, and thus is the Army governed. It requires but a modicum of diplomatic tact, a small share of that soft unction which is so plentifully distilled at court, for these Bureau chiefs to acquit themselves successfully on such an arena before the unfledged potentate of the war office, and when a measure is to be carried, that Bureau chief must be a sorry apprentice in the courtier's art who could not, with all these means and appliances to boot, color his case as he chose and carry his point. In such a contest, it is easy to see that 'Oily Gammon' will always be an overmatch for the modest 'Mowbray.' And so it has been for years with the Army departments at Washington.

"As an illustration of these truths let us look at the Ordnance Department. Here is a corps of officers, set apart and invested with rank and emoluments, perquisites and privileges,—claiming military command when prerogative tempts them, but disdaining military privations and avoiding martial hardships when war is the word. Such a corps is now paid and fed and pampered, for what great purpose think you? To take care of the arms boxed up and stored away in the arsenals, and, peradventure, to overlook the artisans who may be employed to repair them. The duties now performed by this corps of officials, aggrandized by Army rank and endowed with the highest of Army emoluments, can all be as well performed by officers of the artillery, and by so much might the

treasury be lightened of its load. The Ordnance! A corps, formerly supposed to consist only of the maimed and the decrepit,—the places in which were rarely sought by men conscious of full powers,—now basking in the sunshine of court favor—dandled in the lap of luxury,—has become the envy of the hardiest, and its happy votaries, fancying themselves the primary branch of the system, and claiming for their corps the appellation of '*scientific*'!—are ready to kick away the ladder by which they rose, and set up for themselves an exclusive caste. Such consequences are natural enough, and officers are scarcely to be blamed for seeking places in a corps favored by indulgences, enjoying sumptuous quarters, performing light and easy duties, and suffering no hardships. If any one suspect this account to be too highly colored, let him once visit an arsenal;—let him there contrast the ample accommodations and expensive finish of all their quarters with the stinted apartments allotted to the Line of the Army. Let him compare the ease and opulence of ordnance life with the constraint, the privation, the remote and cheerless stations to which the infantry and artillery are doomed,—and he will no longer wonder that men, even of high and chivalric spirit, should yield their martial hardihood to the blandishments of luxury, and, satisfied with the tinsel show of military rank, prefer the parlor to the field. But these seductive influences lead to a train of evils which the Conscript Fathers of our Republic are called upon to correct. The remedy must be applied by the power which is paramount to the Executive Departments of the Government. The official functionaries of those Departments are indeed placed as guardians and censors of the agents under their charge, but '*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes*' There is no recourse but to the Representatives of the people. Let the pure and searching eye of simple honesty come to the scrutiny, and there will be some hope that partiality, favoritism and extravagance will at length be made to yield to the spirit of economy and justice." *Nous Verrons.*

A SUBALTERN.

THE LEGEND OF THE SHEPHERD'S CLOCK.*

*In the southern cross-aisle of the church, near the chapel of the crucifix, may be seen a clock which is the admiration of the curious."—[*Le Glay, Recherches sur l'église métropolitaine de Cambrai*, Ch. vii.]

I remember, that in my childhood, my nurse was a young Fleming, named Trea, a joyous girl with large blue eyes, white teeth and fresh and rosy cheeks. When Trea was decked out in her "Sunday's best," it was a real pleasure to see her, so

*Translated for the S. L. Messenger from "Chroniques et Traditions Surnaturelles de la Flandre—par Mr. S. Henry Bernhoed."

comely and neat, with large drops in her ears, her arms bare, according to the custom of Flanders, and her waist a little too *embonpoint*, diminished by a very tight corset whose bright red glared upon a woollen petticoat of blue, striped with white. On such days, she indulged in the coquetry of wearing a shoe on a foot, which wanted neither diminutiveness nor beauty. So every one who passed her asked, "who is that pretty creature with the little child by her side?"

And I, with the vanity of a boy of six years, was delighted and proud of the flattering attention bestowed on my conductress; yes, the days on which we walked out together were to me real festivals, anticipated and longed for with the greatest impatience.

It must be confessed however, that to the attraction which the gratification of a childish vanity afforded, was added a second not less lively. Every Sunday, the termination of our walk was the smoky chamber of a blind old dame, the mother of a comely lad whose modest deportment greatly became him.

As soon as we arrived, there were two kisses for Trea, and some little dainty for me. Methinks I still see the two lovers retreating into the embrasure of a window lighted with small green panes of glass, and drawing their straw chairs as near to each other as possible. They chatted together long in a low tone, forming plans without end—plans radiant with joy, such as we dream of when we are young—and which a happy carelessness, a sweet confidence in the future, present to the fancy, embellished with pure and delightful images.

In the mean time the good old dame would relate to me some story. I must live to be very old, before I can forget her, with her grey locks, confined by her white cap, her eyes dim and immovable, her looks full of kindness, and her arms thin and sunburnt emerging from beneath a large red kerchief. She told of wonderful apparitions, of fantastic legends, of diabolical adventures and touching traditions; when she approached the catastrophe, she would straighten her bended form, her voice would assume a firmer tone, and her long hands, upraised in the air, would fall again on her knees.

Seated before her on a little stool, I would listen motionless, with fixed eyes and flushed cheeks, scarcely daring to draw my breath. When she ceased, my sorrow was inexpressible, and I would have given the world to hear her continue.

Among other curious legends, that of "*the shepherd's clock*" produced upon me a powerful impression.

"My child," said the good woman, "there was once at Cambray a beautiful church, such a one as you do not look upon now-a-days. Nothing handsomer was ever seen; one might have passed a whole year, yes a whole year in examining all the wonderful things that were there. But the most precious of all, (it is only a voice down stairs that you hear my child,) was the clock. The clock that I have often spent whole hours in admiring when I was no larger than you, and was going to school with my little basket on my arm and had, alas! two good eyes.

That beautiful clock was higher, oh! a great deal higher than this room. It was made like a little

church with its deep portal and its pointed steeple. At the end of it there was an angel who, when the hour struck, lifted a trumpet to his mouth and played a flourish. Then the angel, Gabriel, standing on the left hand of the clock, waved a lily branch, as if he were saying an *ave* to the holy virgin who was placed on the right, and who, kneeling before her crucifix, joined her hands and bowed her head as if she replied, "the will of God be done."

Then the doors of two niches would fly open and there you saw some death's heads, and then a book whose leaves turned over of their own accord, so that you might read the pious thoughts inscribed upon them. After this a wonderfully sweet and plaintive chime was heard, and you saw passing before you, on a sort of little gallery, all the passion of our Lord, from the moment he was betrayed so wickedly by Judas, to that in which Jesus bowed his head and rendered his soul to God the father.

The angel again sounded his trumpet, when all disappeared; all was shut up and every thing became immovable and silent.

Now was not that a sight worthy of admiration, and would you not have been delighted to behold it?

Well, I will tell you how it happened that the church of Notre-Dame of Cambray, was endowed with so rich a present.

A great many years ago there was a Prince who laid siege to Cambray; but in spite of all his forces, in spite of the great towers of wood from which they cast enormous stones, and arrows, and burning torches, he could do nothing against the city. A miraculous cloud spread itself around the walls like a second rampart, and our lady and the angels appeared in the midst of the cloud and hurled back the stones, and the arrows, and the flaming torches among the besiegers, to whom they did great mischief. The hostile Prince, enraged by this miraculous protection, blasphemed dreadfully against the patron saint of Cambray. He was punished in a terrible manner. He lost his sight. Then he humbled himself before the hand which had smitten him, raised the siege, and vowed if he could recover his vision, that he would give to the church of our lady of mercy a crown of gold, in which his horse could without difficulty turn himself about.

His repentance found favor with the mother of our Saviour, his eyes were re-opened, and to atone for his sin, he appeared before the church with a taper of yellow wax in his hand. You can imagine his joy, my child! Would you not be too sorry if your eyes, like mine, could behold nothing but sad obscurity. No more beautiful blue skies, nor clouds which fly like birds, nor green trees, nor flowers of a thousand hues! not to venture a single step without being afraid of hurting yourself,—to remain sitting sorrowfully all day long—and then never more to see one's children! night! night! forever night! Oh! my little master, depend on it one who is blind has much to mourn.

The Prince of whom I speak, in his transport of joy, declared aloud that he wished to make the church a second present, as rare as the first was rich. At these words, there stepped out of the crowd a young shepherd of Rome who boldly said, "I will fashion it. Give me a thousand crowns of gold, allow me fourteen years and I will make a clock, that shall be as much talked of as the seven wonders of the world. Yes—by the safety of my soul, I swear it shall be called the wonder of Cambray."

Well, they paid him a thousand pieces of gold; he worked day and night for fourteen years, and completed the beautiful clock I have told you about. Having done so, he sought the Bishop and said, "I will now return to my own country and rejoin my poor mother whom I have not embraced for fourteen years. I have concealed in this staff the thousand pieces of gold which I received for my work,—God and the holy virgin be praised! If my guardian angel protect me on my journey, I will carry to the excellent woman, that which will secure her against the fear of want!"

Now the Bishop in those days was not a man who feared God. So he said to himself, this shepherd is going to another country,—he will there perhaps make a second clock more wonderful than this,—ours will lose its renown, without reckoning that pilgrims will then no longer piously resort to a town where they can gaze with admiration on so unique a miracle of art. He therefore tried to retain the shepherd at Cambray—but to every promise, however seducing, the young man answered, "I prefer my old mother to all that you can give me."

"We will send for her," said the Bishop.

"Oh no," replied the shepherd; "she would die under your cold and cloudy sky. My mother inhabits the beautiful city of Rome, and even if she could bear the fatigue of such a journey, she would not quit the city of the Pope, to look on whom once a day is worth an indulgence to her."

The Bishop then wished to procure the shepherd to be arrested as a sorcerer and heretic, but he feared a revolt of the people if he practised such an indignity.

So he contented himself by setting some bad men, devoid of truth and law, to waylay the shepherd as he left the city. He defended himself bravely, and they succeeded in nothing but depriving him of his staff, in which the thousand pieces of gold were concealed. "I have returned poor," cried he after escaping from the hands of his fierce assailants, "but my eyes and my fingers are left me and I know how to gain as much more gold."

The wicked Bishop, to whom this was reported, then took a resolution which must have been inspired by Satan himself. He caused the shepherd to be deprived of his eyes and the fingers of both hands to be cut off.

The poor young man died many years afterwards a wanderer in the streets of Cambray, where he begged his bread from door to door, but he never again saw the city of the Pope or his old mother.

At this moment a slight noise startled me—it was the kiss of adieu which Treva gave her lover. The young girl rose, took me by the hand and we returned home. But all that night I heard in my dreams the voice of the blind shepherd, who, weeping, called upon his mother, and on my awakening in the morning, I thought I saw a pale and mutilated phantom gliding away from the foot of my little bed.

The clock which forms the subject of this legend was begun in 1338, under the episcopacy of Guy de Collemède; it was finished in 1397.—Pierre D' Ailly caused it to be still further perfected in 1400, and it was again repaired in 1549 and 1602. Finally, in 1765, the clock was almost entirely renewed. The dial indicates the days of the week—the succession of the months—the signs of the Zodiac and the various aspects of the sun.

REPLY TO E. D. AND MR. SIMMS.

(Concluded.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SOU. LIT. MESSENGER.

Sir:—The system of Copyright, as it is now understood, has prevailed in no age or country except among the nations of Modern Europe and their colonies. If it be asked why these enlightened nations have thought proper to fetter the circulation of knowledge with the restraints of a monopoly, their only justification can be found in the principles of public policy, in the supposed tendency of such a measure to foster the growth of science and literature. Copyright is, in truth, the mere creature of legislation, produced and fashioned exclusively with a view to the interests of the community where it is established, and which should endure no longer than is consistent with those interests. It is a device to stimulate intellectual labor by the prospect of gain, and thus encourage the advancement of knowledge and development of genius. It is a gratuity, a bounty similar in principle and operation to the patent rights secured to the authors of mechanical inventions, to the various expedients resorted to by governments for the promotion of domestic industry. Such privileges, dictated by policy, have been uniformly restrained by the same policy to some definite period, a limitation imposed on no other species of property.

If, in the institution of municipal Copyright for the encouragement of native genius, the interests of society are alone consulted, the question is whether foreign literature possesses any stronger claims on our liberality, or justice. Will it be alleged, that, while this boon is bestowed on our own countrymen as a gratuitous concession, the citizens of other States may demand it as a right? The maxim, that "charity begins at home," applies emphatically to governments, and surely none will be hardy enough to maintain that the interests of foreigners should supersede the performance of this fundamental duty. I hold, then, that we are under no moral obligation to engraft upon our system the scheme of International Copyright, and that, whatever irrelevant topics may have been dragged into the discussion, the whole question, so far as foreigners are concerned, resolves itself into an appeal to our generosity, or our interests. What claim, then, have the authors of foreign countries upon our munificence? Let it be borne in mind, that they enjoy the profits of a monopoly under the sanction of their own governments, and now invoke our liberality, not to relieve the pressure of actual want, but to replenish coffers already overflowing. These sturdy beggars disdain to implore our charity on the plea of penury, the hackneyed pretext of the mendicant; they demand it as a right, and insult us with the bitterest reproaches because we

have not yielded implicitly to their extravagant petitions. We are, therefore, not bound to aid them on the score of benevolence, and their pretended claim of right has been shown, I trust, to be equally untenable. The simple question then is, whether any reason in point of policy can be suggested, why we should permit these importunate supplicants to share the advantages of our law of Copyright.

When so much ingenuity and invective has been employed in defence of International Copyright, it is somewhat remarkable, that nothing has been urged to recommend the propriety of an International patent-right for the benefit of mechanical invention. These franchises rest on precisely the same principles, and, if utility alone is considered, the services, which they are designed to recompense, are at least equally meritorious; nor can I conceive of any process of reasoning that would not apply with equal cogency to the justice and policy of either measure. And yet I am not aware that the most sturdy innovator has yet proposed to include mechanical inventors within the scope of his projected reforms. The pretensions of Fulton, of Arkwright, of Bolton and Watt, men whose brilliant inventions have given such a marvellous impulse during the last seventy years to wealth, enterprise and civilization, are, I suppose, of trivial consequence compared to the claims of those illustrious benefactors of mankind, Dickens, Carlyle and Ainsworth.

Let no man suppose, that, because I make expediency the sole basis of Copyright, I am hostile to that system, or that I would be disposed in any wise to narrow or abolish a franchise so beneficial to the community. On the contrary, I deem it one of the noblest and most salutary contrivances of human policy, and were I persuaded that the tendencies of International Copyright would be equally propitious to the true interests of this country, that institution would at once command my ardent and unhesitating support. The most impartial examination of the subject has, I own, failed to satisfy me, that such a scheme would be beneficial to ourselves; in my view the only proper subject of inquiry, or that whatever casual advantages it might produce would not be counterbalanced by the sacrifice of corresponding benefits far more than equivalent. I shall nevertheless admit, that if not clearly forbidden by some preponderating motive, not positively opposed to the diffusion of knowledge and prejudicial to the cause of education, the sense of gratitude should incline us, in adjusting the balance of advantages, to lean towards the claims of those distinguished foreigners, whose literary efforts have ministered so greatly to our pleasure and improvement.

The argument principally relied on by the American partizans of International Copyright as evidence of its expediency, proceeds on the assumption

that it will accelerate the growth of our own literature by ensuring to native authors a more certain and adequate reward for their labors. This proposition is distinctly avowed by your correspondent E. D., and if I mistake not the drift of Mr. Simms' reasoning, he has adopted the same idea. The policy of an expedient calculated to encourage the efforts of American genius is universally conceded, and were it evident that such would be the inevitable consequence of International Copyright, the decision of this vexed question might be no longer dubious. But even on that supposition it behooves us to ascertain before venturing on this novel experiment in legislation, that the benefits to native literature resulting from its adoption are indisputable, and of such magnitude as to countervail the grievous operation of a monopoly on the great body of the people. To purchase a trivial advantage for some privileged class at the expense of sacrificing the interests of the mass would be, not simply a dereliction, but a palpable and criminal breach of public duty. That no human institution is productive of unmixed good, or evil is a truism verified by the most superficial observation. The office of enlightened legislation, therefore, consists mainly in a wise choice of inconveniences, in a prudent estimate of incompatible advantages. In adjusting the complex machine of civil society, it is the common fault of innovation to pursue with blind enthusiasm some phantom of ideal good, unmindful, or ignorant of the subtle mischief which so often lurks beneath the surface of the most plausible and alluring schemes of improvement. Let us beware of such a fatal error in the settlement of this important controversy. Let no illusive prospects of advantage tempt us to depart, with injudicious haste, from the line of safe precedent. Let us be convinced, before we embrace the policy of International Copyright, that it is essential to the prosperity of our domestic literature—that its benefits will be certain, solid and permanent—and that whatever transient check it may give to the diffusion of knowledge among our people will be amply compensated by its invigorating influences on American genius.

After much reflection, I can conceive of but two modes in which International Copyright could possibly increase the profits of American writers, namely, by extending their present monopoly to foreign countries, or by enhancing the general price of books among us as a marketable commodity. The prevailing system in the republication of foreign works is supposed by some to impair the value of native Copyrights by bringing those cheap books into competition with American publications, and thus reducing the wages of literary labor to so low a rate that the hapless author must either commit his lucubrations to the press, at his own risk, with almost the certain prospect of eventual loss, or be content with a

paltry remuneration from the publisher, who, in such a state of things, will be unable to offer him a liberal recompense. Now, to admit foreign writers to the privileges of our law of Copyright can only augment the prices of contemporary books in our market, and would, therefore, furnish a very partial corrective of the alleged mischief. It would still leave an immense mass of literature untouched, and liable to be moulded by our enterprising bibliopolists into forms adapted to the frugal habits of our people. The process of depreciating the general value of books would still continue, nor would there be any remedy for this imaginary evil but by subjecting all foreign works, whether ancient or modern, to the operation of a retrospective Copyright, or fixing their value by an arbitrary act of legislation; schemes too revolting to common sense to be proposed even by the most sanguine projector.

But let us inquire whether the practice of cheap publication really diminishes the price of Copyrights in the market. No printer can venture to publish a book without a reasonable profit on his labor and capital. The excess of money derived from the sale of a book over the expenses necessarily incurred in its manufacture, and circulation, constitutes the neat gain of a publisher, which varies, of course, as that excess swells or diminishes. If there be no excess, the undertaking will be, if not absolutely ruinous, at best a waste of time and labor, and must, therefore, be abandoned. If the excess be not equal to the usual rate of profit in other pursuits, the publisher will be driven by the inflexible laws of trade to seek some more lucrative occupation. When a book is costly, the number of purchasers will of necessity be abridged in an inverse ratio to its price, and to ensure a profit to the publisher, that price must be so regulated as to compensate for the reduced demand. By parity of reasoning it may be assumed, that when a book is cheap, it will have a wider circulation, and that the low price will be counterbalanced by the multitude of buyers. In both cases, the aggregate of sales ought to produce the same amount of total gain, supposing the labor and capital employed to be equal, and in all cases the produce should be sufficient to defray expenses and pay the ordinary rate of profit in the market, or the business must be discontinued. If these principles be true, and to my mind they seem incontrovertible, it follows as a necessary deduction, that the publication of cheap books in this country must be a gainful trade, and that the emoluments realized in it would warrant as large an expenditure in the purchase of Copyrights as could be afforded, supposing the cost of books to be increased in any reasonable proportion; for that expenditure, it is evident, must always be proportioned to the magnitude of the publisher's profits. It cannot affect the force of this reasoning, that the price of Copyright

is, in all cases, an additional charge on the gains of the publisher which, by the activity of competition in all the departments of trade, must inevitably be reduced to the lowest point compatible with the prosperity of his business—for whether books be cheap or dear, the application of that principle will be equally manifest. Profits must be proportioned to the outlay of capital, and as that outlay is swelled by the purchase of Copyright, there must of necessity be a correspondent increase in the amount of profits, or the business of publication will sink under the weight of this additional burthen. The capital of the publisher need not be as great, certainly not greater when books are cheap, than when books are dear, and assuming that he accumulates in proportion to his stock, his ability to reward the labors of an author will be equal in both conditions of the market.

If the editors of those cheap foreign books, which E. D. deems so pestilential, were required to pay a premium to the authors for the privilege of publication, I doubt not that they could readily sustain the imposition, nor would such a tax necessarily encroach upon their profits; for by adding a mere pittance to their present prices they could afford to bestow a generous compensation on literary labor. I see no reason why a popular American work, published on the same plan, might not, by its extensive circulation, reimburse the expenses and profits of the publisher, and still leave a handsome dividend to satisfy the claims of the writer. No artificial contrivance, no legislative protection can sustain a work not popular, or make its publication lucrative so long as sales are voluntary and not compulsive. It may be said, that foreign books are purchased with more avidity than those of indigenous production, and that this unreasonable partiality must necessarily occasion an unfair discrimination in adjusting the relative value of native and foreign Copyrights. But would an advance in the general price of books correct this caprice of public taste? Would not the same preference be exhibited in every fluctuation of the literary market? But if it be no caprice, if indeed it be a natural and justifiable leaning to the claims of superior merit, then the competition between native and foreign writers can never be reduced to an equality, until their works are distinguished by equal eloquence, invention, learning and ability.

Theory seems, then, to warrant the conclusion, that the process of cheapening literature by introducing new modes of publication, does not seriously affect the value of literary property so far as the interests of authors are involved: let us now inquire whether this opinion is not corroborated by the testimony of experience. Ever since the invention of printing, there has been a constant and uniform decline in the price of books, and yet the literature of every country in Christendom has thriven and flourished. The profits of the literary adven-

turer have been steadily advancing during the same period, and, indeed, have augmented nearly in an inverse proportion to the cheapness of their works, until, in this enlightened era, penury has ceased to be the reproach of the *genus irritabile*, and the prosperous author, transplanted from his wretched attic to comfortable lodgings, no longer skulks in corners to elude the vigilance of the bailiff, or dives in cellars to snatch a meagre and cheerless repast. In the golden age of costly folios, when to amass a library was the exclusive privilege of exorbitant wealth, Dryden, and Otway, and Steele, and Savage, with a countless throng of men of genius, lived in poverty, and died (some of them at least) the victims of squalid destitution: in this iron age of cheap duodecimos, James, and Marryat, Dickens, and Ainsworth, the mere butterflies of literature, are gathering treasures, at which Oliver Goldsmith would have stood aghast, and which Samuel Johnson would have described in his magniloquent style as "the potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice." The solution of this enigma is apparent to the slightest reflection. It is that readers have multiplied much faster than books have depreciated; that the demand for literary labor has expanded with such inconceivable rapidity as to overbalance beyond all proportion the reduced price of its productions. If, then, the lessons of history are to be heeded, the cheapness of books in any country, so far from indicating the decay of literature, is the first step of its successful progress, the sure forerunner of its palmiest state of prosperity. The paradox is easily explained. It propagates a taste for reading in that numerous class who are precluded by the scantiness of their means from indulging in the luxury of costly volumes, and thus widens, by a sure and natural process, the circle of literary consumption. A great revolution has taken place in the condition of men of letters, since they were compelled by sharp necessity to haunt the antechambers of wealth and power as needy and suppliant dependents, since the days when Spencer described in such touching and beautiful strains, evidently suggested by his personal experience, the sickening miseries of solicitation. They are now no longer constrained,

To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

A man of genius is not now degraded by accepting a paltry and precarious subsistence, wrung by truckling importunity from pampered wealth and proud nobility. He has found a patron far less exacting, and more munificent in the obscure and unrespected multitude, and, sustained by the conscious sense of independence, he can now vindicate without fear the innate dignity of his character. Let us not then be frightened into indiscreet legislation by this bugbear of cheap literature. The evils of such a state of things are transient, and

carry with them their own corrective. If, indeed, our literature languishes, its maladies must be traced to other causes, and its revival will be wrought, not by the vaunted specific of International Copyright, but by the *vis medicatrix nature*, its own internal and recuperative energies.

But, perhaps, our literary men, seduced by the prospect of monopolizing the immense markets of the old world, flatter themselves with the idea of extravagant gains from the establishment of International Copyright. Without dwelling on the want of reciprocity in such an arrangement between nations having an established literature, sustained by a well-trained body of learned men, and practised writers, and a country whose literature is yet in its infancy, and whose men of talents are, for the most part, engrossed with the active business of life, I will venture to predict, that our hopes of fame and emolument from this quarter will be, in a great degree, abortive; that we shall be forestalled in every department of literary effort by veteran and more popular opponents. Can it be presumed that our productions will meet with much success on the continent of Europe, among people differing from us in language, in their standard of taste, in their models of composition; or that, even in Britain, they could encounter the competition of her own favorite authors, backed, as they would be, by the whole force of national prejudice? But admitting that all these difficulties are overcome, that our adversaries should grant us a fair field, equal weapons, and impartial judges, should we chance to win the battle, may we not still be defrauded of the meed of victory? What guerdon for our toils will remain but barren honor, now so lightly esteemed, when some literary pirate has clutched the pecuniary reward? And how is such a consummation to be avoided? What prospect has an American author of maintaining his rights in distant countries, and before unfriendly judges, when even at home, under his own eye, and aided by the whole power of his own government, he can with difficulty repel the encroachments of the trespasser? It would be impracticable to defend a position, vulnerable at so many points, against such numerous assailants; or, to make his foreign monopoly available, he must wield the wealth of Rothschild, and possess the vigilance of Fouché. His life would be a state of perpetual warfare, of endless litigation; and few would consent to purchase a boon, so equivocal, at the expense of such continued vexation and disquietude.

These arguments, if I am not deceived, demonstrate the fallacy of the supposition, that our native literature will derive any effectual support from an International Copyright. But does it need such extrinsic aid? The brief sketch of its origin and progress during the last thirty years, so eloquently drawn by Mr. Simms, sufficiently evinces the vigor of its constitution, and must satisfy the most sceptical

of its capacity to sustain itself, unassisted, but by the fostering protection of our own government. Under the discouragement of foreign competition, of a constant reduction in the price of books, it has taken root and flourished. It has borne fruit, whose flavor has satisfied even the fastidious palate of European criticism. Its productions in history, in poetry, in romance, in science, bear witness that it is planted in a fertile soil, and under a genial atmosphere. What though an untimely frost has blighted its blossom and doomed it to temporary barrenness! Shall we therefore despair of its future growth? Its trunk is still vigorous, its vitality unimpaired; and when 'its buds unfold under more benignant seasons, it will shoot up with renovated luxuriance, and, like the Indian banyan, strike its clustering branches into every corner of our land.

Assuming, then, that the artificial stimulus of International Copyright is not required by the interests of native literature, that its benefits to the American author are, at most, trivial and insignificant, let us inquire whether it be proper, or expedient to extend to foreigners the protection of a system, unsanctioned by precedent, and called for by no municipal considerations. It has already been shown, that the proposed innovation receives no countenance from the principles of abstract right, and that the propriety of its adoption can only be vindicated upon views of policy, or convenience. I have already conceded, that if no difficulties of a political complexion intervene, if there be nothing in the peculiar character of our institutions or condition of our people to forbid it, a sense of gratitude should incline us to favor the pretensions of men, to whose labors we are indebted for so much innocent enjoyment and valuable information. It is the appropriate sphere of an American statesman to guard and to patronize domestic interests, and when he is invited to embrace any new scheme, he must first determine the preliminary question, how far it interferes with these primary objects of his care, and superintendence, before he can yield without censure to the impulses of gratitude and generosity. What then will be the operation of International Copyright upon ourselves? Its immediate result will be to enhance the price of modern books, and thus to seal up to that extent the fountains of knowledge, to a large portion of our reading public in the middling and lower classes of society; to close with the barrier of a monopoly the access of that important branch of our population to the great receptacle of modern discovery; to exclude them from the softening influences of that refinement, which, at this day, has purged elegant letters from the taint of ancient grossness; to check their growing taste for intellectual pleasures by withholding its natural aliment; and to consign them to the debasing bondage of ignorance and prejudice. A thirst for knowledge, a relish for

polite letters, in other times and countries, dwelt only in high places; in courts, and castles, and colleges. In this enlightened age, and in this favored land, they have descended from those lofty habitations. They visit the lowly cottage. They cheer the humble fireside. They enliven the solitude of the wilderness. They sweeten the toils of the workshop. They move on the great deep of the popular mind and stir up its slumbering waters from their inmost recesses. This surprising change has not been wrought exclusively by popular institutions and public establishments for education. Other agencies have cooperated. Our schools have laid the foundation, but cheap literature has supplied materials to complete the edifice. The facility of procuring books has implanted a taste for reading, inspired a desire of improvement in a class of men, to whom in the last age the beauties of style, the pleasures of imagination were but foolishness, and science a senseless and mysterious jargon. This spirit is spreading. A liberal curiosity now pervades and animates the bulk of our citizens, and announces the dawn of a new era in the destinies of our race. The schoolmaster is indeed abroad, not armed with the birch and the ferule, but scattering from the stores of an enterprising press the blessings of a cheap literature.

The advantage of reducing the cost of the vehicles of knowledge, for the purposes of popular education, has been observed and appreciated in other countries. In England, the association of gentlemen for the diffusion of useful and entertaining knowledge, set on foot by Lord Brougham, was founded on this very principle. Its leading design was to present, in a condensed and cheap form, a great mass of valuable and amusing matter, and thus to facilitate the spread of information among the unlettered and humbler classes of society, whose poverty debarred them from other sources of mental improvement. What Lord Brougham and his associates deemed of such vital consequence, to the diffusion of knowledge among the people under the monarchy of Britain, as to demand the charitable intervention of so brilliant a confederacy of wealth, rank and talent, has been accomplished in this country by the spontaneous action of the press. Our cheap literature furnishes a constant supply of volumes as little costly, and many of them as instructive, as the library of useful and entertaining knowledge, or the Penny Magazine. It is now in the power of almost any individual, anxious to learn, to provide himself with the best books on a variety of important subjects at an insignificant expense. The effect of such a state of things in stimulating the popular faculties is incalculable. What we are taught at schools constitutes but a small part of our education. Men must, in great measure, be their own instructors, and, such as their natural proclivity to knowledge, that, if you place it within their reach, their own inclinations

will prompt them to its pursuit without the application of any extraneous impulse. Vast numbers in this country have already, I doubt not, been awakened by the operation of this cause from mental torpor, and redeemed from the darkness of ignorance. What future triumphs it is destined to achieve, no human sagacity can foresee, or estimate. A large proportion of our reading men are in slender, though independent circumstances, and it is only by the strictest economy, that they can reserve out of their narrow income a small pittance for the purchase of books. The probable, nay, almost certain consequence of a material increase in the cost of literature, will be to banish these humble disciples of learning from the field of improvement, to damp the growing love of knowledge, and to blast the prospects of popular education.

When such are the inevitable effects resulting from the abolition of cheap literature, the question is, whether it comports with the duty of any government, much less of ours, to assail, either by direct, or indirect legislation, a system so beneficial to the great body of the people. All ultimate power under our institutions resides in the mass. They hold the sovereignty, the authority to create, or destroy, to alter, or abolish, every thing in the frame of our society. They elect all public officers, either mediately, or immediately, and, by force of the responsibility thus produced, control the whole practical administration of the government. It is, therefore, of indispensable importance to ensure prudent and just legislation, as well as a wise management of affairs, that public opinion should be sound, and the popular mind enlightened. To verify the maxim of our politicians, that the people are capable of self-government, it is necessary to infuse enlightened views into the multitude, to teach the mass to think and reason, and to supply them with materials for the exercise of the understanding. Until this is done, the proposition is ridiculous, I had almost said, mischievous. It would be to place those that can see under the guidance of the blind, to exalt ignorance and prejudice to the chair of wisdom, to entrust the direction of the most delicate and complex machine to persons unskilled in the first principles of its construction. The most prominent duty of an American statesman, therefore, is to use every means to enlighten the people, to employ every engine calculated to promote the general circulation of knowledge. Cheap literature is a powerful engine for that purpose, and so far from counteracting its operation, or weakening its force by the agency of International Copyright, he would violate the most sacred obligations, did he not remove every obstruction, and give full scope to its beneficent influences: nor could he be justified in an opposite course, even by the design of securing to our own writers the chance of dubious, or at most

trivial advantages, much less of promoting the interest of foreign authors, already enjoying a rich reward from the patronage of their own governments.

There is another inconvenience which, I am persuaded, we shall experience from the introduction of International Copyright, and which, though of subordinate consequence, should not be overlooked. When that system is adopted, our literary connexion with Britain must necessarily become more intimate than it has ever been since our political separation from that country. In that state of things, I fear that our publishers must sink beneath the competition of superior skill and capital: that the whole business of publication will be transferred by a process not easily evaded, or countervailed, to trans-Atlantic labor and enterprise. Large capitals, it is evident, require a smaller percentage of profit, and this advantage England possesses beyond any country in the world. In addition to this, her capitalists can always command the services of artisans of consummate skill and at the lowest wages. Having the ascendancy over us in these important particulars, her publishers can appropriate out of the proceeds of any work, a more liberal allowance for the labor of an author, and still leave a residuum sufficient to defray the usual profits of their business. Moreover, when authors have the privilege of Copyright in both countries, they will be sure to publish in that where they will incur the smallest pecuniary risk, and where literary property can be most readily disposed of for adequate prices. In all these aspects Britain has the preëminence over the United States, and must, in the absence of any restriction, absorb the literary traffic of both countries. Our legislature will, I doubt not, endeavor to counteract this natural and inevitable course of things by the imposition of heavy discriminating duties on books of British manufacture; but the trans-Atlantic publisher may easily elude such regulations, however cautiously contrived, by transporting a portion of his capital and business to the United States. With a foot thus planted, as it were, on each side of the ocean, he may defy legislative restraint, and drive with impunity all American competitors from the market. Without meaning to question the motives, or the intelligence of those who differ with me on this subject, it seems to me, I confess, a strange hallucination, that American citizens should, zealously, and I doubt not honestly, recommend a policy to the approval of their own government, which, without any equivalent of honor, or profit to themselves, sacrifices the interest of a numerous body of their countrymen to the promotion of foreign literature and enterprise.

The tendency of International Copyright to augment the price of books and diminish their circulation furnishes, in the opinion of your correspondent, E. D., no argument against the adoption of

that measure, because cheap literature is, in his estimation, an evil to be eschewed, and whatever is calculated to suppress it, is a blessing to be desired. But why is it an evil? Because, says E. D., it disseminates dissolute books among the people, and thereby corrupts the public morals. In his view it is an engine impotent for good, but infinitely fertile in mischief. Why are vicious works printed and circulated? Simply because there is a demand for them. But there is an infinitely greater demand for good and useful works, and, as profit is the moving principle of the cheap press, the presumption is, (unless we embrace the improbable belief that men will do mischief, not merely gratuitous, but against their own interest,) that a much larger number of the latter kind will be printed and circulated. And if the annals of cheap literature be consulted, do we not find the fact to correspond with this conclusion? When printing was substituted for the slow process of manual transcription, and books were multiplied with an increased celerity, and diminished cost before that time unprecedented, a reduction of prices, much greater and more sudden, took place in the literary market than has occurred at any subsequent period; but was that reduction succeeded by a deluge of impure works, and the consequent debasement of moral sentiment? On the contrary, has not the mental illumination, produced by that great event, wrought a gradual and constant amelioration of manners and morals in every successive generation to the present age? And yet, I doubt not, the enemies of change at that time, always prone to gloomy forebodings, augured, from the discovery of printing, similar, perhaps more disastrous, consequences than are ascribed by E. D. to our cheap system of publication, and with just the same degree of plausibility. In whatever mode books are communicated to the world, whether by manuscript or the press, loose productions will be written and circulated, so long as wicked men are found who delight in such disgusting compositions. If the press panders to such a depraved appetite, it ministers, on the other hand, to the noblest faculties and propensities of our nature. If it presents the base, it also furnishes the antidote.

Because a few vulgar, or immoral works have been issued by the manufacturers of cheap books, E. D. attributes such an occurrence to the inherent vices of the system, and is filled with alarm, lest this prolific monster should overrun society with the same filthy brood. As well might it be affirmed, that the dearth of books in the reign of Charles the second was the cause of the licentious writings of that period. The juxtaposition of two successive events by no means justifies the inference, that the one was the effect of the other, else there would be no absurdity in the logic of the Englishman, who maintained that Tenterden's step was the cause of Goodwin sands. The truth

in, as I have already remarked, a vicious age will always beget immoral writings, because those who write and publish for profit, will inevitably cater to the prevailing taste. Such works will never disappear from the literary market, until there is a thorough and total reformation of manners.

If there be any strength in his objections to cheap literature, does not E. D. perceive that International Copyright, which he proposes as a remedy, is wholly incommensurate to the virulence of the disease? While he would shield contemporary books from this abomination, he leaves the whole field of literature, from the revival of letters to the beginning of the eighteenth century, open to the invader. What obstacle does International Copyright interpose to the publication of the works of Rousseau, Smollett, Fielding, Farquhar, Congreve, Wycherly, and a host of others in the cheapest form imaginable? And will he say, that modern depravity has produced any thing comparable to these in obscenity, in abandoned licentiousness, in audacious contempt for all the decencies of life? There is nothing in the whole range of modern literature parallel to these foul performances in grossness of language, in shameless profligacy; and yet, notwithstanding their disgusting ribaldry and open derision of the most sacred obligations, the brilliancy of wit and the magic of eloquence have combined to shed a fascination, a splendor around them, which have almost extinguished our innate abhorrence of their pestilential and demoralizing principles. Such a perversion of genius would never have occurred in a sound state of public opinion, and is much more the effect than the cause of moral contamination. Though the literature of the present age is not free from this reproach, and never will be until vicious passions are eradicated from the human heart, yet the licentious writer is constrained by the refinement of modern taste to render an involuntary homage to virtue by disguising his impurities, and clothing his insidious lessons in a garb less offensive. The famous remark of Burke, that "vice loses all its evil by losing half its grossness," though liable to the charge of rhetorical exaggeration, is not wholly destitute of truth. The change I have adverted to in the character of modern books, is to be attributed to a more healthy state of moral sentiment; and this salutary revolution has been wrought, notwithstanding the constant circulation of profligate writings, composed by men of the first order of talent, and notwithstanding the rapid decline in the cost of literature produced by new mechanical inventions, the cheapness of labor, and the accumulation of capital. When, therefore, E. D. stigmatizes our cheap literature as the vehicle of immorality, and indulges in such gloomy vaticinations as to its pernicious tendencies, I must be allowed, with all due respect, to express my incredulity.

I do not participate, I confess, in the apprehensions of those worthy people, who are filled with consternation at the sight of licentious books; who shrink from them as from the touch of a poisonous reptile; who believe that the whole mass of society will be polluted by their perusal; and who, therefore, declaim with such vehemence against their propagation. That they are productive of some evil I will not deny; but, while I would willingly remove this reproach from literature, I cannot concur in ascribing to it such a baneful and predominating influence on the characters of men. If such an incurable taint is imparted to the mind by immodest images and expressions, by an acquaintance with the language and principles of vice, our condition would be wretched indeed; for the best of us have seen and heard enough of such things to corrupt a saint, and our only resource would be to renounce all intercourse with the world as the sole chance of escaping contamination. To expect that in the crowded theatre of human affairs, in the active bustle of life where we must be jostled by men of every shade and variety of character, all improper ideas and objects can be banished from our observation, is altogether utopian and visionary. Experience should teach us to dismiss these imaginary fears, which would drive men from the path of social duty and immure them in the cell of the anchorite. The most blameless men and women in the circle of my acquaintance have occasionally read works of this description, nor has this casual indiscretion left upon their minds the slightest visible trace of corruption. Apart from the superhuman influences of religion, there is in virtuous natures a principle of vitality which works itself clear of these impurities, and repels the adhesion of all that is foul or loathsome.

Evil into the mind of God or man
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
No spot or blame behind.

The danger from such things consists, not so much in a momentary acquaintance with them, as in familiarizing to the mind by frequent repetition, the vulgar language and seductive images which serve as the conduits of their subtle poison. A disposition to do this, indicates a nature already depraved. Far from handling these disgusting implements of vice, a man of unsophisticated feelings would recoil from them with fear and detestation. Upon the whole, if the prodigious influence on human character, imputed to these foul excretions of the press had a real existence, instead of the improvement which has actually taken place, there would, evidently, have been a constant deterioration of public morals in all the nations of Christendom.

In controverting some of the opinions advanced by your correspondents, I have not been wanting, I trust, in the courtesy due to gentlemen and scholars. As compositions, the essays of E. D. and Mr. Simms are worthy of all commendation, and

many of their sentiments meet with my hearty concurrence. I regret, however, to observe, that Mr. Simms has fallen into the illiberal practise of vilifying England, of holding her up as "our hereditary enemy," of representing her whole intercourse with us as a tissue of mean jealousy and insidious hostility. It has become a fashion of late years, I know, in this country to heap every abusive epithet on the English nation and government, to discover in their most indifferent actions the traces of some deep and dangerous design against our interests; and public opinion is rapidly approaching that point, when an American, who refuses to join in such indiscriminate invective, will only incur odium, and expose his patriotism to suspicion. These ebullitions of distrust and resentment can serve no purpose but to embitter the feelings and indanger the peaceful relations of two countries bound together by the strongest ties, and, considering our commercial rivalry, will be attributed by many to the malignant impulses of spite and envy. Let the unthinking mob on both sides the Atlantic, inflamed by the tirades of hireling scribblers and designing politicians, exhaust the vocabulary of Billingsgate in mutual recrimination; but let not the men of sense and education in either country lend their aid to swell the savage outcry, or forget the reciprocal obligations of candor and justice. A generous mind frankly applauds even the virtues of an enemy, and disdains to wreak an ignoble revenge by disparaging his reputation. But is England, as Mr. Simms asserts, our hereditary enemy? True, we have waged two wars with that country; but we are now at peace, and a "brave man should forget in peace the injuries of war." By blood and by inheritance she is not our foe, but linked to us by the ties of kindred, of a common language, a common ancestry, and these ties are strengthened and cemented by the still firmer ligaments of mutual interest. Let us, then, speak of her without rancour, and in a spirit of fair, of even liberal appreciation. When she insults, or injures us, let us demand reparation in bold and manly language; let us be prepared to encounter the last extremity, rather than submit to an infringement of our rights; but let us scorn to engage in a war of words, to bandy vile epithets, to retort the scurrility of her venal presses with congenial ribaldry. True dignity, we should remember, is equally remote from truckling servility and gasconading defiance.

England has great faults and great virtues; but she has transmitted to her offspring in this country whatever of good, or evil distinguishes her national character. She has impressed on us the indelible marks of her maternity; and when she sneers at our deformities, she derides the faithful reflection of her own image. We should pardon her overbearing pride, her all-grasping cupidity, since the rudiments of the same vices are to be found in our own bosoms; but we may justly exult in the inheri-

tance of her dauntless enterprize, her ardent love of freedom, her indomitable spirit of independence. We should remember, that when other countries bent the knee to despotism, England remained erect and fearless; that when political darkness brooded over Europe, liberty found her last resting-place in that fast-anchored isle. The spark of freedom, nursed by our forefathers in the toils and dangers of the wilderness, and transmitted to us by those hardy adventurers, was kindled at her altars. The representative system, the *habeas corpus*, the liberty of the press, institutions which lie at the foundation of all free government, are part of that splendid inheritance bequeathed us by our British ancestors. Contrast our character and situation with that of the colonies planted by other European States, and we shall at once perceive the value of our descent. England may be fierce in anger and unrelenting in hate; she may have been guilty of lawless violence and injustice, but nothing base, or insidious belongs to her character. It is a soil where treachery cannot take root. No country can produce a more illustrious throng of pious, enlightened, brave and generous men; such a galaxy of genius in science and letters. Such a nation is not to be despised; and, despite the railings of prejudice and passion, it must always be our greatest boast, that we share her blood, and are not unworthy of our lineage.

John Blair Dalbey. J. B. D.
Campbell Co., Va., March 14th, 1844.

THE DEAD MAN'S RACE.*

BY W. GARDNER BLACKWOOD.

A moral this my tale combines,
A truth from bad example taen;
Which, to youth told at evening time,
For like pursuits the eager wish
May antedote, and serve to wain.

The Pilgrim: A Tale.

Over a wild and trackless moor,
Homeward-bound, an honest boor
Urged on his jaded steed;
The sun was sinking down to rest
On th' bosom of the blushing west,
And o'er the earth, dark shadows prest
Along with quick'ning speed.

The bat went flapping round and round,
Dense gnat-clouds, with a murmurous sound,
Waved in the fetid air;
And in some stunted pine-tree hid,
Shrill cried the gauze-wing'd Katy-did,
To answering cricket's chirp, that chid
The silence broken there.

*The subject of this poem was a short anecdote read by the author in some now forgotten journal a few years past.

And whip-poor-will, with plaint of wo,
 Heng o'er the marsh, whose sedge below
 Frogs creak'd in sullen mood ;
 Whilst might be seen oft, here and there,
 Some lonesome bird, that scanty fare
 Found in the wither'd fern and bare
 Soil of the solitude.

Apace, blind night, abroad the sky,
 Veil'd e'en these objects from the eye
 In pall that mock'd the sight ;
 The stars, that but a moment shone,
 From out the firmament were gone,
 And the Queen-Moon shed from her throne
 A wan and ghastly light.

The night was chill ; scarce through the dark,
 Shimmer'd the fire fly's fitful spark
 Above the grassless plain ;
 Anon, big drops of rain fell fast ;
 White vapors rose like genii vast,
 And th' fingers of th' winnowing blast
 Play'd with the steed's loose mane.

On went the farmer, his mind fraught
 With visions wild, by fancy wrought,
 Of fiend and spectre grim ;
 The goblin tales of boyish years,
 By Memory whisper'd to his ears,
 Roused in his heart its midnight fears
 Of a dark fate for him.

He saw, cast wide in fitful change,
 The mandrake's charnel fires strange ;
 Jack with the lantern shone.
 High on a crazy gibbet, hung
 In heavy chains, that clanking rung,
 To and fro a skeleton swung
 With dull and mournful tone.

His fever'd brain delirious grew ;
 Red sparks, with many a gairish hue,
 In circles round him spread ;
 And shapes, to his distemper'd eye,
 From realm of dream came wandering by,
 In garbs that rustled horribly,
 Like crisp leaves o'er the dead.

Some old tune whistled, loud he sung ;
 His voice in clamorous echoes rung,
 It startled him the more ;
 He bent him to the howling blast,
 That told of tempest gathering fast,
 And press'd the steed, whose rein he clasp'd,
 E'en swifter than before.

From cloud-sheath black the Storm-God drew
 His lightning blade ; that flaming, threw
 Around a ruddy glare ;
 Asudden, saw the boor, at hand,
 With joy, a sheltering cottage stand,
 And were dispell'd the spirit-band
 With inward mutter'd prayer.

From the wet saddle to the ground
 He straightway leap'd with nervous bound,
 And smote the half closed door ;
 No voice return'd ; he push'd it back ;
 Revolv'd the hinge with jarring crack,
 And a faint starbeam found a track
 Across the gloom-spread floor.

He entered there ; an owl scared out
 The crumbling wall, flapp'd round-about,
 With shrill *Tu-whit Tu-whoo* ;
 A snake wound up the tottering roof,
 A spider left its swinging woof,
 And a foul toad, from these aloof,
 Close in a corner drew.

He groped about ; just then, her light
 The Queen-Moon shed forth, clear and bright,
 Through mist-caul parted wide ;
 A straggling ray, like spirit tall,
 Glided along the cottage wall,
 And swept its sombre hanging pall
 With white-robed arms aside.

Cold shrunk th' roots of his bristling hair,
 Blanch'd his numb cheek, grew fix'd his stare,
 Ceased his heart-pulse to beat :
 With sweaty brow and curdled blood,
 In formless horror wrapp'd, he stood,
 As coffin'd, shrouded white, was view'd
 A stark corpse at his feet.

Again the dreary heath he scours ;
 But now, 'neath mantle murk, air-powers
 About him seem'd to fly ;
 With eyeless skulls, before, behind,
 Shapes strove his rushing limbs to bind
 In fetters forged from the weird wind,
 That menacing went by.

The tempest, from the lowering cloud
 That wrapp'd its slumber-like death-shroud,
 Has woke to raging strife ;
 Broad sheets of lurid flame flashed light
 Through marble halls of black-browed night,
 And deep-voiced thunders, in dread might,
 Leap with electric life.

A rainy deluge showers fast,
 Until the waste, like-ocean vast,
 Gleams with phosphoric glare ;
 Each dark-cloak'd tree bends low its head
 Beneath the storm-god's angry tread,
 And leaves and crackling branches dead
 Whirl through the fear-struck air.

With arms about his steed's neck flung,
 Closer and closer th' farmer clung,
 As broke the thunder-peals ;
 Suddenly, smote his ears a sound
 Like his called name, he look'd around,
 And lo ! came rumbling o'er the ground
 A coffin set on wheels.

Upon the lid a demon lies,
 With forky tongue and lidless eyes,
 And tail in arrowy pride ;
 Blue lambent fires blaze on its brow,
 Around it spreads a sulphurous glow,
 And it nods like horse-plume, to and fro,
 Some unseen power to guide.

Right onward press'd the steed's wild race ;
 Right onward held the spectral chase,
 Over the gleaming waste ;
 Through red-seeth'd pools, with flashing sound,
 The snorting courser's wing'd hoofs bound,
 And they clatter o'er the turfy ground
 In hot and breathless haste.

Fled heaven above, fled earth below,
Flash'd the white foam as on they go
With whizzing sounds and din;
Like ghosts, unhallowed, from the tomb,
Frore mists glide rustling through the gloom,
Chill winding-sheets for those whose doom
Not earthly goal must win.

The farmer wax'd still deadlier pale;
The laboring courser's strength gan fail,
The death-fiend neared his side;
It twitch'd his loosely flying rein,
Clutch'd at his steed's erected mane,
And struggled fiercely, nor in vain,
To stay the ghastly ride.

A loud shriek from his pent up breast
Frighted the night-bird to her nest.
He fell upon the ground;
On the cold sod he senseless lay
Through that dread night; the coming day,
His helpless form was borne away,
By friendly rustics found.

A burning fever on his brain,
His reason's voice forever seal'd—
In lucid intervals of pain,
The farmer this strange tale reveal'd.
Some said he at a neighboring fair
The eve of that dire night was seen;
That pledging gay companions there
In madding bowls, he late had been;
And that the *spirit* fiend had wrought
The scenes with which his mind was fraught.
But even supposing that such was the case,
There were many believed in THE DEAD MAN'S RACE.
Charleston, S. C.

PRETENSION.

By the Authoress of "The Vow," "Lona D'Alvarez," &c

CHAPTER IV.

"The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue; the only lasting treasure truth."

[Cowper.

— "Above all, to thine own *self* be true—
Thou canst not *then* be false to any one."—Shakespeare.

Almeria arose the next morning after the party in unwonted good humor with herself and the whole world. Her dreams had been the brightest, for they were of love and Sinclair. Ministering spirits of good hovered around her—'tis true, in those visions she saw that dark and turbid stream flowing between youth and old maidenhood, but which she could *then* view with *self-satisfied* composure, no longer harassed by the awful fear of plunging into its chilling deadly waters. Her fairy feet had just touched lightly on its barren and dreary banks, when lo! Cupid gently placed her on his wing: the next scene was, she stood beside Hymen's altar, whereon the little urchin was busily lighting a torch. It blazed high—she grasped the hand of

a noble being beside her, the light revealed the speaking face of Sinclair, and again she grasped his hand, when lo! the bright scene faded away—she awoke, and found it was the *bed-post*. But then fond memory came to her aid—she whispered 'twas not *all* a dream, for Sinclair had indeed proposed, and on that very morning she was to consult *ma chère mère*. It was not at all surprising that an earlier hour than usual found her in the breakfast room. As she was giving an animated description to her mother of the Brownalows' attempt and of its perfect failure a note was handed Mrs. Clifton, which she opened and read.

"Mr. Edward Lorimer's respects to Mrs. Clifton and begs permission to wait upon her this morning, when he solicits a few moments of private conversation upon a subject of the utmost importance to him."

"What can it be about," exclaimed Mrs. C., bending a scrutinizing glance upon the pale and agitated Almeria, whose heart, although so ice-bound by selfishness and dissimulation, now throbbed with emotions of the most intense interest.

"I hope, Almeria," continued she, (her suspicions confirmed by her daughter's evident and unusual agitation,) "you have not been guilty of a thoughtlessness so absurd as encouraging the addresses of such a *parvenue* as Edward Lorimer! I presume some *ecclaireissement* took place last night, and you referred him to me. I have recently admonished and warned you of my situation, and I now repeat my unanswerable objection to your wedding a poor man. This I shall certainly apprise him of and, if possible, remedy any difficulty, however far you may have gone."

Mrs. C. immediately despatched an answer of acquiescence to Mr. Lorimer, and awaited his appearance with unusual vexation and disquiet.

Almeria did not choose to undeceive her mother as to their supposed *ecclaireissement*, or to inform her of his conduct towards her at the party, which might instantly have changed the current of her suspicions—for her vanity, which passion, "like Aaron's serpent, swallowed every other" within her bosom, immediately suggested the dear delightful thought, that it was materially connected with herself Mr. L. had sought the interview. She remembered how very punctilious his notions were, for he had arrived at that cold and formal age when men are always so in affairs *de coeur*. Doubtless he had suppressed his feelings, when he seemed so indifferent to her, and had withheld the dear confession of his love, only to secure the approbation of her mother.

What a tide of thick and coming fancies rushed o'er her mind when alone in her chamber where she had retired to array herself in the most bewitching morning costume, intending to accidentally appear before Edward had left. "Yes," she illoquized she, "he fears to leap the precipice. Co-

all obstacles are removed—he thinks I am so obedient, and he cannot be insensible to mamma's coolness of manner whenever she has surprised us in a *tête-à-tête*. But what am I to do with Sinclair? He is richer, younger, and apparently of higher birth and ton than Edward—he certainly would be a more eligible match—still, how can the heart of woman be swayed by *interest* when she *loves*, for it is in vain to strive against the truth, that I do love Lorimor—yes, love him with a fervor almost incompatible with my nature. It is *strangely disinterested*, and if I do not marry him, ambition and pride will find me a blighted victim at their shrine. Would that I had made one effort to pacify mamma's aroused ire—but I was in such a flutter of unaccountable anxiety, I could not for my life have ventured a dissenting word; however, Edward's heart is made of such stern constancy, he will not be daunted by maternal opposition, the flame will only burn the brighter from attempts to extinguish it. Well, I must bide the result."

Edward Lorimor was not tardy in availing himself of the privilege Mrs. Clifton's answer granted, and scarce had her messenger returned, when he entered the parlor where that lady sat, more erect with dignity and self-possession than a band of inexorable judges. His manner betrayed much embarrassment, but he soon regained his usual calm demeanor on perceiving the stateliness of hers. His salutation was received with all due politeness and graceful ease.

"You are probably not aware, madam," commenced he, after mustering his courage to enter upon a matter so agitating, "that I have sought this interview to secure your approving consent to my engagement and union with —."

"I would willingly have spared you the pain and mortification of a refusal on my part, and although I regret my candor compels me to allege an objection, still I must be excused if I acknowledge an insuperable one to any engagement subsisting for the present."

"You will please name it," returned Edward with calm hauteur,—"perhaps I may remove it—*for* having been accepted, and feeling confident I am *loved*, I cannot resign my claims merely from some nameless objection."

"If *she* has been so thoughtless as to thus bind herself to one without apprizing *me* of so doing, I feel it incumbent upon me to disannul any engagement when I cannot sanction it. You must regard it as a hasty step attributable to youth and inexperience."

"She is certainly very young, and totally inexperienced in the tutored ways of the world. Ere I dared to breathe my love to her I examined well my own heart and considered those obstacles which I feared a disparity of our ages would probably give rise to—but they are removed in the assurance of her entire confidence and love. You

will not be surprised, when I again repeat my resolution not to resign my claims—while I assure you, my happiness would be increased by your approval of our union."

Mrs. Clifton drew up herself in her most imposing manner, as she replied—"I have ever been accustomed to entire and implicit obedience from those over whom I feel it my duty to exercise a proper authority, and in a matter so important as the present one, I do not anticipate any disregard of my advice—I must, then, positively, and for the last time, decline any such proposal from you for my daughter."

At first, Edward Lorimor's face expressed the utmost chagrin and indignation, but as the concluding words, "my daughter," fell on his attentive ear, it was almost impossible to *bite* away the smile that involuntarily hung upon his lip when thus made aware of the awkward predicament arising from his not having been sufficiently explicit in the outset. It was with considerable relief that he immediately and respectfully replied—

"It appears that we have mistaken each other, owing to my awkward embarrassment. It is to your *protégée*, Miss Beaufort, that I desire your consent to my union."

It now became Mrs. Clifton's turn to look astonished. She actually started from her seat with consternation, while she shrieked—

"Evora Beaufort!—what a prodigious *contretemps*. I am, nevertheless, still inclined to regard you with *dubity*—for surely you are jesting when you say you have wooed and won her love under my very eye without consulting me—a mere child too! Impossible sir!"

"I hardly can think you have so unjust an opinion of my character, Mrs. Clifton, as to suppose I would be guilty of jesting upon a subject so important to me, and concerning the happiness of a being so pure-minded and dependent upon my *respectful* protection as Evora Beaufort is. I have long loved her, and although a mere child when her estimable aunt died—yet, even then, I felt she had entwined herself around my affections with a power and sympathy different from any I had ever felt for any living being. I only feared the disparity of our ages would forbid a full return of my idolatrous love—but I am blessed with her whole confidence, and an assurance of her first and warmest affection. I am, therefore, resolved to marry her, and any further attempt on your part to oppose our union I shall deem unjust and ungenerous—for *your* authority or responsibility I regard not superior to my own. Courtesy alone induced me to request your approbation, but it now prevents any longer continuance of our interview—I bid you good morning."

Edward Lorimor had hardly shut the hall door, when Mrs. Clifton hurriedly entered the adjoining room, where she saw Almeria pale with anger and

mortification standing near the door ajar—having heard every word that had passed.

"Did you ever hear of such impertinence as Edward Lorimor has dared to offer me—to defy my authority. What absurd vanity in supposing one so old as he could be sincerely loved by that child. I've no doubt it was all arranged by her ambitious aunt before she died—and she, so young, to practise such consummate art." Mrs. Clifton rung the bell furiously. "Send Evora Beaufort to me instantly," was her order to the servant.

Trembling with fear and timidity, Evora entered—alternately pale and crimson was her innocent face as she stood before the stern and enraged looking Mrs. Clifton.

"Your very confusion is proof of your guilt, Miss," said she vehemently—"to be so artful and designing towards one to whom you are even indebted for a charitable protection. Encouraging your venerable and loving suitor without having paid me the common respect of consulting my advice and approbation. I suppose you thought I would rejoice in your very good luck, you ungrateful, intriguing girl; a pretty return truly for my three years' charity and patience towards one so heedless and troublesome." Mrs. C. was compelled to pause in her tirade for the want of breath.

"No wonder my pelerine was not finished last night, when she was so agreeably monopolized by love, and returning vows of unchangeable affection," scornfully remarked Almeria, with a look of the deepest vengeance. "I never heard of so much 'soft deceit' in one so young—you actually deserve a diploma in the school of dissimulation. Pray may I inquire how long the interesting and mighty plot has been working, provided you could frame a truthful answer."

But Almeria's question could not have been addressed to one more immovably silent. Not a word escaped the terrified, dumb-struck girl, who looked as if an opening of the floor beneath her feet, would have been a blissful relief from the torrent of angry passions showered upon her innocent head. Whether her silence arose from alarm or indignation—so it was, Mrs. Clifton did not deign to wait for her to recover herself.

"Oh! I presume all those delightful morning rambles may now be well accounted for. It was infinite happiness to roam o'er hill and vale with one so congenial—and even while I was worshipping my Creator in his holy sanctuary,—little dreaming of the wily serpent I was then cherishing—you were at home, in my own house, planning all your guilty intrigues, with the juvenile Mr. Lorimor to assist you. But mark this truth—deceit and falsehood never yet brought happiness to those who sought it 'neath such a hideous visor. My confidence in you is entirely gone, and nothing now would be too incredible for me to believe you guilty of"—

"Do, mamma, let the artful creature look out for another home—your charity has already suffered too long, and for the sake of your daughter you ought to discard one of such dangerous character. I tremble to be exposed any longer to such contaminating influences."

Almeria's last remark seemed to move Evora more than all their ventings of rage and injustice.

"Indeed, madam," replied she proudly—but with dignity—"I wonder that in such an atmosphere of dissimulation and heartlessness I have preserved my own heart from its blighting and unhallowed taint. I owe you the semblance of protection, but nothing to real kindness or friendship—and I now boldly, but justly, throw back upon you and your daughter, the truth of every unfeeling charge you have dared to insultingly offer me. 'With your own hearts confer' and see whether I now speak the truth. I would deem myself utterly unworthy of my own self-approbation, as also of the estimable instruction of my lamented aunt, were I to remain any longer a dependent, as you say, upon a charity, so false and hollow-hearted."

Evora had turned to leave the room, while her companions looked petrified at so unexpected a display of independent firmness in one, who had never before dared to demean herself, other than in the most meek and submissive manner. A proud and towering form emerged from the door, that had remained ajar, aghast and more trembling than the innocent Evora—their glance rested upon Edward Lorimor. Giving them both a quiet but withering look, he approached the equally astonished Evora, and taking her hand said, in a clear, manly voice—"You have indeed, dear, admirable girl, proved yourself worthy of your name, and of that valuable tuition so happily bestowed upon your earlier years. Fear not, 'malice ever drinks half its poison,' and you," added he, turning to Mrs. Clifton and Almeria, "may well now look the character you have so glowingly and truly ascribed to 'Heaven's own prototype of perfect womanhood.' I pity your present shame and deeply dyed guilt, while I despise your deceitful and ignoble pretensions. I was an unwilling listener to all you have so wantonly and cruelly showered upon this innocent and pure-hearted girl, having returned, fearing I had rather hastily and carelessly left,—the servant informed me I would find you here, but your unfeminine passion and malicious injustice rendered you insensible to every thing, save their guilty indulgence."

Mrs. Clifton and her daughter in vain essayed a contemptuous retort, but it was beyond their lips' utterance—a few moments found them alone with their humiliation, and withering 'neath the scorpion lash of conscience.

"Well," cried Almeria, "what's done can't be undone. I hope, dear mamma, the next proposal made for your consent will not be subjected to a

denouement so disastrous and unexpected." She then apprized Mrs. C. of Sinclair's offer, which tended greatly to smooth the deeply indented furrows on the brow of the disappointed, worldly-minded mother, and contributed to disperse the pangs of her remorse and self reproof. No one to have seen her gentle mein and amiable countenance a few hours afterwards, when listening to Mr. Sinclair's "honor of an alliance with her charming and deeply adored daughter" would have thought her "coined face" the same that had flashed such dire looks of scorn upon the orphan and her noble lover.

All due explanations and arrangements were made on the part of the wealthy and dashing Sinclair—while the fondly assenting mamma begged he would tenderly cherish her only child, whose youth and inexperience would probably give him some anxious care. She had ever been an *exotic* of the most doating attention and protection—however, I feel confident, concluded she, "that I commit her to one who can support her in her accustomed ease, and cherish her with the same fostering tenderness."

"The charming Almeria was not more willing to accept me than *ma chère mère*," said Sinclair when he left Mrs. C.—"but 'tis strange, every thing, and all subjects were discussed but the marriage portion—those expectations of the *sole heiress*! I hope the biter won't get bit—surely there can't be any *pretension* about their wealth and style of living. Aristocracy and fashion wont *shoe the feet*, or make the pot boil, as an homely adage says—but I dare say, with the fair and accomplished Almeria I shall receive a comfortable marriage *douaire*. The deuce knows it wont come before it is wanting—so hie thee on, ye little god!—be ever so speedy in thy arrangements for the very necessary *noce*."

It was not long afterwards a handsome carriage stood before the door of Mrs. Clifton's elegant mansion, into which Edward Lorimor handed the blushing Evora,—another drew up, more splendid, and mounted with livried attendants, in which the stately Mrs. C. was gracefully assisted by Mr. Sinclair—both drove off and again halted before St. Paul's church. A few persons were assembled around the altar, and soon the pastor, in his flowing robes, came forth to meet the advancing couple. Edward Lorimor never looked younger, handsomer, or happier, and if the reader could only have impertinently peered 'neath that jealous veil of the trembling Evora, he would have seen a face equally as happy, but whose loveliness was beyond expression's power to paint, so eloquent was it with delicate emotions. After the ceremony was over, all hearts offered their warmest congratulations, but the pressure of Mrs. Clifton's hand was coldly slight, and her eye glanced frowningly upon the young bride when she uttered her parting friendly

wishes. Notwithstanding her chilling looks, Edward and Evora *would* look and feel happy—and without the least emotion, even of revengeful indifference, towards the charitable Cliftons, they left for a distant city, which was to be their future home. Happiness attend you, and may you ever continue to preserve in your hearts, untarnished, that brightest of jewels, truth—for "out of the heart proceed the issues of life."

Come, reader, if you are not already wearied, we will bid you attend another interesting ceremony, which, perhaps, may gratify your taste for the splendid and *a la mode* more than the plain and unpretending nuptials of Edward and Evora Lorimor. It is the wedding *déjeuné* of Almeria Clifton and the elegant Sinclair that we will now look in upon with our usual familiarity. Never was a bride more magnificently arrayed in embroidered muslin and mechin lace, and exquisite was every arrangement of her graceful person. Sinclair had not been remiss in the slightest act of devotion. A richly wrought casket had that morning been laid on her bridal toilet (it contained a splendid set of pearls,) as also a beautiful *corbeille*, from which she drew a veil of surpassing elegance—they were from her generous *fiancé*. With a look of exultation and gratified pride, Almeria's fair hand soon arranged both with her rich dark hair, and after the toilet's all-engrossing duties were over, she breathlessly awaited the coming of her noble, refined Sinclair. Nor was he slow to appear, looking in truth the "glass of fashion and the mould of form." All the taste of the most fashionable tailor and *perruquier* in the city had been called into requisition, and well did his appearance justify their highest touch. Fashion never decked or smiled more graciously upon a more elegant looking couple. All of beauty, wit and ton were gathered to witness the much talked of nuptials. Not an accident or annoyance ruffled the pride and dignified equanimity of the fond mother, or the *amour propre* of the graceful bride, and after a tide of good wishes and a scene of affectionate outpourings from *ma chère mère*, all astonished, every one saw the happy couple start off to spend their honey moon in travelling. Alas! Sinclair, your *expecting* hand received no comfortable *douaire*—nay, not even a *word*, or *note*, of promise. "Never mind," thought he, "when we return it will be all in *due* form settled, which assuredly must be in a short time, for my *borrowed* funds *can't* last long."

"Well, well, people now-a-days have turned the world upside down, and wrong side out," said Mr. Brownslow, throwing down his morning's paper. "Here, wife, read about this 'marriage in high life.' I suppose when our gals get married you will be fool enough to do like old Mrs. Clifton, and give a *dayshuna* wedding, instead of a good old-fashioned one at night. If you are guilty of such ridiculous folly, may all the French *sworay* be a mere nothing

in mortifying you. But I hope better things, seeing you and the girls had enough then of your *pretensions* and efforts to climb the mighty hill of fashion and getting into the *first circles*."

"I am truly rejoiced it is all over," echoed Mrs. Clifton, as she sat alone in her handsome parlor, after laying down the paper announcing the splendid wedding *déjeuné* of Miss Clifton and Mr. Sinclair. "It cost enough, Heaven knows! but he must help me to pay for it—which, doubtless, he can easily do—so great appears his wealth. I will break up now and make, I hope, a *final* move. I mean to spend the balance of my days with Almeria, for she has hardly left me *half* of the principal of my stock. Well, it was properly expended, all to secure *her* an eligible match, and as I have so well supported my *pretensions*, *she* must finish the picture. How the world has been deceived!"

The reader has only to read two letters, to see whether in Almeria's bright future was completed the picture to the entire satisfaction of her ambitious mother, and of her own high hopes.

FROM ALMERIA TO HER MOTHER.

"Sympathize with me, *ma chère mère*, for never was a poor creature so cruelly duped—nay, so utterly ruined in her every hope or prospect of happiness. Oh, what a fall from my once bright elevation—what an *awful* pause in my worldly career, to end the whole eventful scene in being the wife of a low-born *parvenu* shoe-maker's son, who has even had the audacity to tell me I must now go to binding shoes, instead of practising my music, or embroidering my useful ottomans. Yes, Mamma, you can now only *boast* of being the mother-in-law of a most shameful impostor. Not even the aristocratic name of Sinclair is left me; in its place stares on his coarse sign *Joseph Sniggery*. He has confessed the whole of his nefarious plot to me, that he married me for my *money* and *ton*, and after mutual recriminations of having been grossly deceived, he added that his art had not only supported high birth, talents and wealth, but of youth also, whereupon he doffed his Hyperion curls! Oh, horrors! I saw a *wig* lie at my feet, and falling along those matchless whiskers, while his hand extended towards my terrified vision, a fine set of teeth, those exquisite rows of ivory, and with the other he maliciously wiped from his face its spurious covering of paint, revealing a *jaune* sunken cheek and cadaverous complexion instead of the fresh and manly beauty of my once god-like *mari*. Besides all this inhuman deception, his family is so low and coarsely plebeian, the Brownslows would appear the personification of refinement by contrast—all his knowledge of French and foreign countries was gained when secretly following a gentleman of high standing to Paris as a *pauvre humble serving compagnon de voyage*. But this is not all—imagine my mortification and deep humiliation when I

see from the close, pent up room of an upper story, Evora Lorimor daily whirl past me in a splendid equipage, looking the picture of happiness, as her eye rests upon her handsome husband at her side, who, to my infinite surprise, is one of the wealthiest and most influential *lawyers* in the city. 'Farewell, a long farewell to all *my* greatness.' May I not come to you, *ma chère mère*, to relieve my heart of its heavy weight of accumulated disappointments, and to escape from the noxious odor of *leather*, *varnish*, and the contamination of *coarse* vulgarity? Your own Almeria S—.

Never, no never can I write that horrid name in place of Sinclair or Clifton."

FROM EDWARD LORIMOR TO HIS FRIEND LOUIS MONTAGNE.

"I hasten to answer your eager and many questions respecting my romantic marriage to the portionless *protégée* of Mrs. Clifton. The want of wealth was her only deficiency—the purest blood flows in her veins—the best of mental and *moral* instruction was bestowed upon her by her sainted aunt, and her beauty,—*you* know it is heavenly—besides all this I occupied the interesting position of guardian, mentor and friend at the solicitation of Miss Catharine Beaufort, who was my lamented mother's intimate friend, as also her parents, who died when Evora was a mere infant. Could I do otherwise than love her, and if I did, has it ever been my practice to weigh happiness in the opposite scale with mercenary interest? Never—and all that's bright in life now shines upon my pathway—I find her all that I wish, without a shade of false *pretension*, and free from the base alloy of worldly deceit. I would not woo her as the rich Edward Lorimor, on whom a few fleeting smiles of fickle fame had been bestowed, but I chose to seek and win her love for myself alone, and such I now warmly possess. I have emerged from my *pretended* obscurity as a poor lawyer—but the splendors surrounding my young wife never seem to throw in the shade the merits of her sedate, and, as she often says, "*venerable mari*." A truce to egotistical confessions. I'm sorry to hear of the downfall of the aristocratic Cliftons, but 'pride is the best looking glass for pride'—and such does, 'indeed, go before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.' It gives me pain, and often casts a shadow o'er the fair brow of Evora, when we hear such sad accounts of the disappointed Almeria, whose husband has consented to Mrs. Clifton's living with him, provided she bears a portion of the domestic expenses. But enough of them—it may be a lesson for them to look *more* to the cultivation of the *heart*, which alone contains *those* powers, capable of ensuring our happiness—while malice or deceit never yet has retained an invulnerable mask. I am glad to hear a better result attended the *stumble*—

of the Brownslows—or, as the good old man says, that their 'eyes are properly opened,' for really they were not wanting in *good* feelings,—and but for *pretension*, the girls would have reflected credit on themselves and honor on their parents. You say that *Mons. Pierre* has completely retired from fashionable *société*, and is now in the full enjoyment of literary celibacy? For the sake of the *fair*, I hope, unless he becomes *reasonable*, that he will continue *alone* in his intellectual seclusion. I wish all possible happiness to the languishing *Emilie*, as the wife of a plain coach-maker, and *Josee*, affectionate *Josee*, I have no doubt will make a good *femme* to the candid, *unpretending* Timothy Dobbins.

'O world, thy slippery turns.'

Adieu, your happy friend,
EDWARD LORIMOR.

And now farewell patient reader may you never become an actor in the *little* drama of pretension, or be more annoyed by its 'authority and show of truth' than when *wading* through our tedious, but I hope *bearable*, tale of 'Pretension'." *Edgar Allan Poe*
Fredericksburg, Jan. 1st, 1844.

THE POET'S MISSION.

The smile is fading from thy lip,
A grief is in thine eyes,
And poet! on that polished brow
Too deep a paleness lies.

Thou pinest for that perfect peace
No mortal lot may gain,
Thy searching is for sympathy,
The wild, and sad, and vain.

Thy voice, though very soft and kind
Hath sorrow in it still;
Too well I read, no earthly ties
Thy spirit's depth can fill!

The poet's solitary pilgrimage in far lands was past, and two or three months had elapsed since his long anticipated and fervently hoped-for return to his home. It has been well said that the truly happy are those who have never heard nor spoken "farewell;" and many bright days of life would Arthur have gladly sacrificed to have blotted out from his memory the sad occurrences which had come for him since that grief-speaking word had been uttered. He had entered on one of the eras which sooner or later dawn on us all—eras whose impressions mark and divide existence, concentrating into moments the moral influences of years, and writing on the brow and the heart a life-long and irrevocable history. There are blest ones for whom such epochs rise radiantly, and on whose memories the characters thus enscribed are the rainbow recordings of happiness; but alas! there

are others, for whom, from the first, trials are familiar things, whose spirits, like Arthur's, have been darkened and sorrowful even from their youth, and who have early learned the sorrow which is knowledge. And now the dimness was heavy and palpable around him, and he was saddened by a grief whose consolations are not of the earth. Hope had spread her wings and flown afar, and his soul was dark and drooping beneath the mysterious shadows of death. He had returned refreshed and tranquilized from scenes that had changed and brightened the usual current of his thoughts, after years of that dreamy and memory-tinted absence which makes affection grow truer and fonder. He had come with sweetest visions, shining full upon him, to find his fairest expectations crushed; and the pure young love so unutterably precious with all its maidenly timidity had passed forever from his pathway. Theresa was dead.

To dispositions, constitutionally poetical and reflective, there is no restoration of their usual happiness after the loss of one beloved. Against other sufferings they bear up proudly and resistfully; the more practical troubles of the world, the departure of riches, or the innumerable and nameless disappointments of ambition leave comparatively slight traces on minds whose greatest and noblest wealth lies within themselves, and whose confidence ever rebels and soars loftier after temporary depression. The favored dweller in the dream-land finds beautiful comfort in his visions: his mental being is twofold, and the cares whose footprints sully the purity of his outer life, never profane the starry temple of the poet's ideal. But when it is to this inner sanctuary the sorrow comes, when all of thought and feeling, of remembrance and anticipation combine to render affliction deeper—then has the dreamer no mortal consolations, for the sunshine of his lovelier world is irreparably clouded, and the starlight of his most rapturous delusions fades away from his heart with the closing of the eyes that made its radiance. He turns despondingly from a past that grieves him, to a future that proffers no human comfort, and his mind, once so illumined with enchanting conceptions, shrinks dejected from a world that had dealt with it too hardly, and too distinctly realizes that the woes of existence are its only enduring truths.

It is a sad, but prevailing feature in humanity, that it seldom seeks the better and higher blessings of our nature, until it has completely tested inferior sources of happiness and found them vanity; that it refuses to acknowledge, save from mournful, and sometimes lengthened experience, that our common enjoyments are but vexation of spirit. But grief stands beside us like a solemn robed priest, and the sacred places of the heart are unveiled. Like the darkness preceding the dawning of day is the trial which summons the abiding sunshine to the soul, and such was the hallowing ordeal now existing

for Arthur. He was in all respects visionary and enthusiastic; his emotions wild and impulsive, knew no medium, and his affliction was overwhelming and uncontrollable. With irrepressible and painful vividness came back recollections of the lost, and the sweetest words he had ever heard were silent in their tenderness now.

Death! death! what a fearful awakener of remembrance art thou; how the soul shrinks startled and affrighted from thy terrible spell, as the spectres of old times and broken ties glide darkly, mysteriously before us! They gaze upon us, their looks seem reproachful, and we turn appalled and self-convicting from the reproving of those still spirit-glances. They summon to our recollection words, perhaps, thoughtlessly spoken; we would sacrifice years to recall words that grieved the heart that loved us, words that haunt us in our troubled sleep. We stand beside the grave as penitents beside an altar, and have nothing to lay there but the valueless offering of sorrowful regrets and the knowledge of responsibilities learned too late. O! thou, who readeest this page and lovest, who art yet ignorant of the terrible agony of bereavement, thou, for whom the dear one liveth yet, and on whose blest pilgrimage still shineth the beautiful lustre of an answering love—oh! be thou thankful that thou may'st yet gather and hoard up treasures for memory; that the brief time for kind deeds and tender tones hath not passed away for thee!

A change, the best and happiest one he had ever known, now dawned upon Arthur's character, and the nature formerly so impetuous and restless in its upward yearnings, its vague and deluding expectations, laid aside its wild unquietness, and became placid and peaceful as a sleeping child. His studies and occupations, always intellectual, assumed a higher and graver aspect, and the volumes of poetry were no longer his only companions. He had found in the pages of holier inspiration a loftier poetry than merely human genius has ever portrayed, a concentration of all the loveliness and promise his purest and brightest fancyings had ever framed. The earnest language of prophecy stirred his inmost thoughts, unfolding a world he had hitherto but dimly beheld, and revealing a voice speaking from the far past, to paint the truths of the farthest future. The touching assurances of solace and recompense refreshed his mind as the cool dew comforts and revives the drooping flower. The bewildering excitement, the vain aspiration, faded from his awakened spirit, as the dim shadows of twilight depart before the brightening stars, and he withdrew sadly, but not in bitterness, from a world that had misled and chastened him, to seek, with all a poet's reverential fervor, the promises that fail not, and the peace ever gained by the lowly and pure in heart.

With gentle and affectionate sympathy, Edith fostered and encouraged the tranquility whose hal-

lowing influence was now silently blessing the poet, for well had she known and tested that other hopes have no reward for the soul's voiceless troubles and no realization for the enthusiast's loveliest dreamings. Arthur's career from the first, had been a lonely and depressing one. He had lost in early infancy the only affection that never varies, that has no taint of selfishness or deception, and the fresh years, whose impressions are indelible, had elapsed without the cheering and sanctifying guardianship of a mother's love. He had never experienced the buoyancy of disposition, the elasticity of feeling which are the beautiful and appointed portion of childhood. Sickness had been around him like a dark cloud, dimming his thoughts and rendering them prematurely melancholy, and then the painfully humiliating circumstances which had made his home worse than desolate, had too soon taught him to reflect, to conceal and to doubt. Afterwards, when the self-elevating pride of intellect, the involuntary conviction of power and genius brought him pleasure, and when, later still, with all the impulsiveness of a nature whose warmest emotions had hitherto slumbered in unconsciousness, he loved, there was constantly, even then, at life's most enchanting era, a lingering of the influences which had sullied his childhood. He had striven in vain to rely undoubtingly on Theresa's tenderness; there was always about him a visionary yearning for more than his experience had realized, an overweening and unceasing desire for an affection as engrossing, as all-absorbing as his own. This wish, he felt had been unfulfilled, though now that tenderness with all its placidity and restraint seemed more precious than any thing which remained for him in life.

It was nearly midnight, and Arthur was still seated beside the table, at which he had been busily writing for several hours. A pile of folded letters lay near him, which he was now occupied in sealing. Edith was seated there also, with a book open before her, but her sad eyes fixed tearfully on her companion's face. Well she knew, that those features she had loved for years to look on, might never meet her longing gaze again, for once more, and for an indefinite period, Arthur was on the eve of departure from his native land. The flushing light of youth, the purple light that gives to the hereafter its own glowing hue had passed from Edith's path, and maturer age is rarely full of hope. Her life had been a calm and useful one, and her early disappointments, whatever they might have been, had imprinted no visible trace; but the heaviness of some old grief lay darkly on her heart, and she had not attained, without prayerful sorrow, that freedom from selfishness, which is the holiest attribute of meek and enduring womanhood. Her affection for Arthur, with its peculiar blending of guardianship and sisterly sympathy, had long been her only source of happiness in this world, and we

may not blame her, if her heart, too sorely tried, now turned repiningly from its dim and lonely future. She realized again, what sooner, or later, woman ever learns, that she never can be loved as she loves; wise are they who lay that mournful lesson early to their yearning bosoms, and trustfully believe that the hope for perfect sympathy which proved so vain on earth, will be one of the bright fulfillments of the holier life to come.

Arthur was gentle, attentive and grateful, and regarded her as his truest and most constant friend, but their aims, their destinies, were different. He was a man, affection was not his world, and he had loved another better. He had manhood's numberless resources too, its self-reliance and confidence, and he possessed also its courage to brave trial and encounter privation, while lacking the enduring fortitude which can suffer in silence, and, clasping the cross, be strong. His countenance now was pale and thoughtless, but not one lingering of its early, fitful clouds was on the tranquil forehead, enshrouded with its rich drapery of waving hair. The reflection of a mind at peace with all things shone on features that bore no sign of fretfulness or repining.

"I am glad you have completed your task," said his companion at last, "for it is late, and you require rest before encountering the fatigues awaiting you."

"Rest! dear Edith!" he replied with a smile, "occupation like this is not wearying, and you do not imagine how happy and tranquil I feel. How often, in my future wanderings, shall I remember your ever kind and tender watchfulness, whose solace was with me to the last."

"Then, Arthur, why will you relinquish it? why leave one who loves you so sincerely?"

"Because here I am surrounded by associations too sorrowful and humiliating to be laid aside, or forgotten; I do not feel contented and I would willingly taste the calm, self-approving enjoyment of those who forsake all things they hold dearest to go about to do good."

"But why deny me the same happiness, why refuse me the consolation of being your companion amid the perils and privations you are about to dare? O! I would so gladly go with you to share your efforts, and to soothe your despondings."

"Dearest, it cannot be. My life has nothing now to lose; for it has long ago parted with its youthful brightness; for me, the past is dim with many shadows, which the hereafter has no light to dissipate. My education and mode of life have wholly unfitted me for repose; I must be active to be useful, and I wish to obtain, by my own exertions, the comforting consciousness of having bestowed on others some glimmering of life's holier aims, and of feeling, for my own consolation, that I have not lived and suffered utterly in vain." He paused as if expecting a reply, but Edith's tears

fell too fast for utterance, and as though dreading a silence, he continued: "The voyage I shall take will probably renovate my health, and the strong desire of conferring benefit will cheer me onward when my soul is sad, and my way seems solitary. Here I am wretched, and in quitting my native land, I shall leave nothing to regret but you. Do not urge me to commence my better course by an act of selfishness, for such it would be to allow you to sacrifice your present comforts, to separate you from a sphere of happiness and usefulness, and from many who love you. I must have my will in this, dear Edith; let us look forward to our meeting, and strive to forget the pain of our farewell!"

Ah! these were easy words to say, and the voice that said them was clear and youthful, but they were listened to with many tears, and a heart that had lost its trustfulness. Arthur spoke kindly, but with manhood's self-engrossed philosophy. He could not comprehend that he was sacrificing to his vague and visionary schemes of good, the feelings of one who had followed and cared for him with almost a mother's love. He told of a pleasant hereafter, while bidding her farewell for years, and he hoped and believed she would be happy, though he was leaving her to lengthened mental solitude. O! it is well for man's human happiness, that he looks into the spirit's depths so lightly, and better still for woman's peace in the time to come, that she has so often wept in disappointment and turned from her loneliness to heaven.

Arthur's intention was to go abroad, to traverse various lands lying in spiritual darkness, to seek out and relieve the poor, and to teach the ignorant he might meet in his wanderings. His wealth gave him advantages and facilities, and there was a tinge of romance around the scheme which not unusually blends with the missionary's visions. He proposed spending several years in these efforts for others' good, and trusted finally to return with a more resigned and contented disposition. It was the plan of an enthusiast, but its object was pure, and it was with a sentiment of honest pride in his self-control, that the poet laid aside his personal ambition and that strong desire for literary fame which had grown with his youth, and with the pilgrim spirit of endurance in his heart, went forth to battle with care and privation and disappointment.

Slowly passed the gloomy period of the visionary's exile; how slowly, they only can tell who, like Edith, have lived on with but one dream, one hope in life; and after long continued warring with constitutional feebleness, and a thousand ills and perplexities, Arthur had written to announce his promised return. The gloss had disappeared from his wandering existence alone among strangers, and his heart, though still high and brave, was sadder than he liked to believe. He began to realize that the spirit of benevolence which had carried

him so far, might have been as usefully, and far more happily, exercised around his own home. In this conviction, while still untiring in his earnest desire to benefit, the pilgrim had determined to relinquish a crusade whose success was so unsatisfying, and whose cross pressed too heavily, and anxiously did Edith count the long interval that must yet drag on before their meeting. Ah! how many were the loving thoughts and prayers, that angel-like went forth across the wild sea to the poet's lonely dwelling!

The appointed time of restoration arrived, but Arthur returned not, and in his stead came a letter filled with a stranger's kind words of sympathy and condolence.

The Exile saw his home no more, and a solitary grave, in a far off and sunny land, told where the weary had found rest.—Poor Edith!

JANE TAYLOR WORTHINGTON.

Chillicothe, Ohio.

MR. MESSENGER:

A friend of mine, who has much of the vivid fancy and delicate sentiment of true poesy, has handed me the following response to the little song, "Not 'Again," in your January issue. The playful idealism of these lines will commend them to your pages.

M.

ONCE AGAIN.

Once again, once again
All my former hope returns;
Love within my bosom burns;
Brighter dreams, than e'er before
Swept my slumbering senses o'er,
Pass along, and, as I sleep,
Angels through the curtains peep,
Whispering, as they shake their wings,
Very many pleasant things,
Once again!

Once again, once again
Take I to my tingling lip,
Cups from which I used to sip;
How the purple bubbles shine!—
Air-ships on a sea of wine!
Wine and music! Ah! my lute,
Long forgotten, why so mute?
If I touch thy silent string,
Wilt thou for thy master sing
Once again?

Once again, once again!
Now my fingers, drunk with glee,
Sweep thy chords of melody.
Softly let thy numbers roll
O'er my disenchanted soul;
Drive the shadow from the glass;
Let my youth before me pass;
Teach my pulses how to swell,
And the same old love-tales tell
Once again!

Once again, once again!
Jane and Mary, Ann and Sue,
Carry with her eyes so blue!
Betty with her locks of jet—
Eyes a little darker yet!
Rosa, Mag, and Eva sweet,
Clustering in my vision meet,
With forty-seven other flames!
Shall I name their very names
Once again?

Once again, once again
Break my heart and see how soon,—
In the passing of a moon,—
It is whole, and beating free
Under woman's witchery!
Should ambition leap too high,—
Fame avert her Eagle eye,—
And the world grow cold the while,—
Go thou back to woman's smile
Once again!

S.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

BY GEORGE WATTERSTON.

Landscape Gardening is a modern art. Previous to the last century, it may be said scarcely to have existed. The brilliant imaginations and inventive genius of the ancient poets had not bodied forth a creation which could be compared to the productions of an art now so justly admired, and which has been aptly denominated the "art of creating landscape." Until the age of Homer, the great father of Epic poetry, no higher notion of a garden was entertained than that of an enclosure of a few acres of ground, comprehending orchard, vineyard and kitchen garden, and even this meagre poetic conception the Greeks did not subsequently improve. That illustrious poet thus describes the garden of Alcinous, which, poor as it is, was the nearest approach which his creative mind could make to what the cultivators of the art have termed a landscape garden.

"Four acres was the allotted space of ground
Fenced with a green enclosure all around.
Tall thriving trees confessed the fruitful mould,
The red'ning apple ripens into gold.
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows;
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows;
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
The verdant olives flourish round the year,
Beds of all various kinds, forever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene."

The Greeks seem to have had, at no period, any idea of Landscape Gardening, and the Romans had not made much farther advances in the art. The only gardens they cultivated were those devoted to the production of esculent and culinary vegetables. As objects of pleasure and beauty, they are not mentioned by Cato, Varro, Columella or Palladius.

The Tusculan villa of Cicero has not been described by him, but it was far from being laid out and ornamented in the manner which the beautiful art of which we are speaking, would have suggested. "The Romans preferred," says Walpole, "grottoes, caves and hollows of mountains, or porticos; walks of plain trees, canals, baths and breezes from the sea," and in their gardens they seem to have been particularly partial to pine trees, and flowers, especially roses.

Fraxinus in sylvis pulcherrima, pinus in hortis.

The villas of the elegant Pliny were artificial and formal, ornamented with box, cut into the shapes of monsters, animals, letters and the names of the owner and artificer, and possessing neither rural nor natural beauty. The style was such as prevailed in France and England about two centuries ago. It may seem extraordinary, but it is nevertheless true, that neither the Greeks nor Romans had much taste for the beauties of nature, if we may judge from the works they have left us, especially for landscape composition. No where do we find any graphic descriptions of natural scenery, such as are frequently met with in the works of Sir Walter Scott, Cooper, Mrs. Radcliff, Thompson and other modern writers—and this is the more remarkable, when we consider the rich and splendid natural scenery of Greece and Italy. "Even the languages of Greece and Rome," says a writer on this subject, "appear to have been almost deficient in all those terms which are required for depicting inanimate nature, and many of which we moderns have borrowed from the painter's vocabulary. They have few that indicate form and outline with tolerable precision, still fewer that supply all the variety of coloring which landscape description has occasion for. While they set events and human actions and passions before us, in all their interest and energy, they disregarded, whether through inability to paint it or not, what relates to the local sense or background, be it landscape or architecture, and in this they may be said to have adhered to the system of their dramatic representations which, according to our modern notions, must have been nearly altogether destitute of the illusion produced by scenery."* Their genius was more influenced by forms than natural scenery, more *sculpturesque* than *picturesque*. Though gifted with the most acute perception of what was beautiful and graceful in the animal structure, they had but little apparent sensibility for the varied beauties of inanimate nature. "Neither Theocritus nor Virgil can be considered as a master in the art of depicting rural scenery; with them it consists only of bald, vague generalities, which do not allow us to distinguish any individual features, much less are any of the features themselves ex-

pressed with such truth of coloring as to be embodied forth to the imagination."*

Almost all the fine arts, too, except Landscape Gardening, were cultivated and perfected, and "in an age," says Walpole, "when architecture displayed all its grandeur, purity and taste; when there arose Vespasian's amphitheatre, the temple of Peace, Trajan's forum, Domitian's baths, and Adrian's villa, the ruins and vestiges of which still excite our astonishment and curiosity; a Roman Consul, a polished Emperor's friend and a man of elegant literature and taste, delighted in what the mob now scarcely admire in a college garden."†

Among the Jews, with a fine climate and surrounded by beautiful natural scenery, the art of Landscape Gardening was as little known as among the Greeks and Romans. Solomon mentions that he made "gardens and orchards, and planted trees in them of all kind of fruits;" and fountains and streams formed a part of their composition. But these were not the gardens which modern art has produced. Among the Persians we hear of the hanging gardens of Babylon, which are said to owe their origin to the Queen of Nebuchadnezzar, who, to pacify the regrets she experienced at leaving the country of her birth, which appeared so beautiful by contrast, erected the famous terraces, planted with trees and supporting rural seats and banquetting halls, and ornamented and refreshed with fountains, which became one of the wonders of the world. These, however, were limited in extent, and distinguished merely for their luxury and expense. In "other words," says Walpole, "they were what sumptuous gardens have been in all ages till the present, unnatural, enriched by art, possibly with fountains, statues, ballustrades and summer houses, and were any thing but verdant and rural.

The modern Italians, unlike their predecessors, began to develop a taste for gardening as an art, but it was too formal or geometric to be *gardenesque* and natural. The Italian and French style of gardens was artificial, but magnificent, and consisted of terraces ornamented with ballustrades, magnificent flights of steps, arcades and grottoes; clipped hedges of great elevation, with niches and recesses for statues, vases and other ornaments of sculpture. The Dutch style, introduced by William III., and which prevailed in England for about fifty years was not much better, and was distinguished for sloped terraces formed of grass, land and water made into regular shapes by art, and adorned with trees in pots, or "planted alternately and clipped to preserve the most perfect regularity of shape"—and leisure, "in trim gardens, took his pleasure." "The compass and the square," says Walpole, "were of more use than the nurseryman. The measured walk, the quincunx and the étoile

* Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. 16.

† Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. 16.

† Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, vol. 4.

imposed their unsatisfying sameness on every royal and noble garden. Trees were headed and their sides pared away; many French groves seem green chests set upon poles. Seats of marble, arbors and summer houses terminated every vista; and symmetry, even when the space was too large to permit its being remarked at one view, was so essential, that, as Pope observed,

"Grove nods to grove, each alley has a brother
And half the platform just reflects the other."

This formal, or geometric style was all the rage at the commencement of the 17th century in those parts of Europe where ornamental gardening prevailed, and the most distinguished artist of that age, if artist he could be called, was *Le Notre*, who acquired great reputation as a designer, and became so prominent a favorite of Louis XIV. as to receive from him several honorary marks of his bounty and regard. *Le Notre* designed and laid out the famous gardens of Versailles, and introduced his geometric style into England where it continued till Kent, and afterwards Brown appeared, who invented what has been called the modern style of gardening, and to whom and their successor, Repton, England is mainly indebted for the high perfection to which the art has attained in that country within the last century. Nature, under the direction of *Le Notre*, had been banished, or concealed by art. He seemed to have forgotten the maxim, *ars est celare artem*, and his great aim was to display the triumph of art over nature till it became so obvious and so uniform that it lost its novelty and ceased to please. Nature was the model of Brown, and Brown the model of his followers, who copied him without his genius or taste, till the fashion he had introduced was in danger of becoming more tiresome, insipid and unnatural than the worst style of Italian or Dutch examples.* What Walpole says of Kent, may with equal truth be said of Brown and Repton, his successors in this noble art. "He leaped the fence and saw that all nature was a garden. He felt the delicious contrast of hill and valley changing imperceptibly into each other; tasted the beauty of the gentle swell, or concave scoop, and remarked how loose groves crowned an easy eminence with happy ornament, and while they called in the distant view between their graceful stems, removed and extended the prospect by delusive perspective. The great principles on which he worked were perspective and light and shade. Groups of trees broke too uniform or too extensive a lawn; evergreens and woods were opposed to the glare of the champaign, and where the view was less fortunate, or so much exposed as to be beheld at once, he blotted out some parts by thick shades to divide it into variety, or to make the richest scene more enchanting by reserving it to a further advance of the spectator's

* Repton on Landscape Gardening.

step. Thus selecting favorite objects and veiling deformities by screens of a plantation; sometimes allowing the rudest waste to add its foil to the richest theatre, he realized the compositions of the greatest masters in painting. Where objects were wanting to animate his horizon, his taste as an architect could bestow immediate termination. His buildings, his seats, his temples, were more the works of his pencil than his compasses. We owe the restoration of Greece and the diffusion of architecture to his skill in landscape. But of all the beauties he added to the face of the country, none surpassed his management of water. Adieu to canals, circular basins, and cascades tumbling down marble steps, that last absurd magnificence of Italian and French villas. The forced elevation of cataracts was no more. The gentle stream was taught to serpentine seemingly at its pleasure, and where discontinued by different levels, its course appeared to be concealed by thickets properly interspersed, and glittering again at a distance where it might be supposed naturally to arise. Its borders were smoothed, but preserved their waving irregularity. A few trees scattered here and there on its edges sprinkled the tame bank that accompanied its meanders; and when it disappeared among the hills, shades descending from the heights leaned towards its progress, and framed the distant point of light under which it was lost, as it turned aside to either hand of the blue horizon.

"Thus dealing in none but the colors of nature, and catching its most favorable features, men saw a new creation opening before their eyes. The living landscape was chastened, or polished, not transformed. Freedom was given to the forms of trees; they extended their branches unrestricted, and where any eminent oak or master beech had escaped maiming and survived the forest, bush and bramble were removed, and all its honors were restored to distinguish and shade the plain. Where the united plumage of an ancient wood extended wide its undulating canopy and stood venerable in its darkness, Kent thinned the foremost ranks, and left so many detached and scattered trees as softened the approach of gloom and blended a chequered light with the thus lengthened shadows of the remaining columns." This very just praise was merited by the father of Landscape Gardening in England; but his successor, Brown, and after him, Repton, added greatly to the improvements which Kent had introduced; and making nature their model and guided by a finer taste, brought this beautiful art to the high state of perfection which it has now reached in England. Brown was self-taught and had originally been a kitchen gardener. His great excellence consisted in that rare faculty of *prejudging*, or *foreseeing effects*, which enabled him to know beforehand what would be the effect of any improvement he designed to make. His style of Landscape Gardening was

admired and approved by all who saw and could feel its beauties. It was, however, rendered still more perfect by his successor Repton. Mr. Repton was born in the year 1752 of respectable parents, and educated with considerable care. He early indicated a fondness for gardening, was a great admirer of nature, whose beauties he studied with a painter's feelings and regarded with a painter's eyes. After trying various occupations for a livelihood, without success, "the possibility," says his biographer, "of turning to advantage that natural taste for improving the beauties of scenery, which had formed one of the dearest pleasures of his rural life, suggested itself to his mind," and bending his whole attention to the acquisition of the technical knowledge necessary for the practical purposes of his profession he became a "Landscape Gardener,"—a designation which he was the first to assume. To this profession he devoted himself with the most signal success and to the great improvement of many of the villas and seats of gentlemen in England, till his death in 1818, and to the very last his love of the beauties of nature was manifested in the wish he expressed, that he might be buried in "a garden of roses." His wish was gratified, and his body was interred in the graveyard of the picturesque church of Aylsham in Norfolk, and on a simple Gothic monument, erected to his memory, was inscribed the following beautiful epitaph written by himself:

"Not like the Egyptian tyrants—consecrate,
Unmixed with others, shall my dust remain;
But mouldering, blended, melting into earth,
Mine shall give form and color to the rose;
And while its vivid blossoms cheer mankind,
Its perfume'd odor shall ascend to heaven."

To the poets some have ascribed, if not the origin, at least many of the finest ideas on Landscape Gardening. Milton, long before the unnatural and geometric style had been exploded, conceived, with the prophetic eye of taste, the beauties which should enter into the composition of a garden. The following description was written fifty years before the introduction of the modern style of gardening.

—"Through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Pass'd, underneath engulfed, for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden mound, high raised
Upon the rapid current, which thro' veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Watered the garden—

—from that sapphire fount, the crisped brooks
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error, under pendant shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Poured forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade

Imbrown'd the noontide bowers. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view."

Dr. Warton supposes, and no doubt justly, that the poet Thompson, by his *Seasons*, contributed to influence and direct the taste in this art. "The peculiar merit of the work itself," says Alison,* "the singular felicity of its descriptions and, above all, the fine enthusiasm which it displays and which it is so fitted to excite, with regard to the works of nature, were most singularly adapted to promote the growth of an infant art, which had for its object the production of natural beauty; and by diffusing every where both the admiration of nature and the knowledge of its expression, prepared, in a peculiar degree, the minds of men in general, both to feel the effects and to judge of the fidelity of those scenes in which it was imitated. By these means, and by the singular genius of some late masters, the art of gardening has gradually ascended from the pursuit of particular to the pursuit of general beauty; to realize whatever the fancy of the painter has imagined and to create a scenery more pure, more harmonious and more expressive than any that is to be found in nature itself."

It has been thought, too, that the study of prints and of the exquisite productions of the landscape painters has added much to the improvement of Landscape Gardening. Uvedale Price, in his *Essays on the Picturesque*, contends that the study of the works of eminent painters and a knowledge of the principles of their art are essential to the perfection of ornamental gardening, and these, he thinks, have been neglected, or were not possessed by Kent, Brown and other improvers. Painters see effects in nature which men in general do not see. *Quam multa vident pictores*, says Cicero, *quæ nos non videmus!* "The only models of composition," he observes, "that approach to perfection, the only fixed and unchanging selections from the works of nature united with those of art, are in the pictures and designs of the most eminent masters," and, he continues, "whatever minute and partial objections may be made to the study of pictures for the purpose of improvement, yet certainly the great leading principles of the one art, as general composition, harmony of tints, unity of character, and even breadth and effect of light and shade, are equally applicable to the other." Repton, however, will not exactly coincide in opinion with Price, and I think with some justice. There is undoubtedly a considerable difference between landscape painting and Landscape Gardening, though it is highly important that the professor of the latter should possess a knowledge of the former. Mr. Alison has drawn a correct line of distinction between these arts. "In the art of gardening," he observes, "the great materials of the scene are provided by

* Alison's *Essays on Taste*.

Nature herself, and the artist must satisfy himself with that degree of expression which she has bestowed. In a landscape, on the contrary, the painter has the choice of the circumstances he is to represent, and can give whatever form or extent he pleases to the expression he wishes to convey. In gardening, the materials of the scene are few, and these few unwieldy, and the artist must often content himself with the reflection that he has given the best disposition in his power to the scanty and intractable materials of nature. In a landscape, on the contrary, the whole range of scenery is before the eye of the painter."

Landscape Gardening is not an imitative or imaginative art. It is not a copy of nature, but nature itself. All the materials are prepared and even shaped by her, and the arrangement and disposition of them in such a manner as to render them beautiful and picturesque depend upon the skill and taste of the improver. He executes, with the materials with which nature furnishes him, the landscape he has previously formed in his mind and which he must adapt to the peculiar locality of the grounds he may be called upon to improve. It has been even doubted whether this is an art. "In our opinion," says a writer in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, "it is rather selection and combining taste and good feeling that are employed in thus seconding nature, than that creative power which constitutes the artist and which enables him to draw entirely from the stores of his own fancy and embody at once his ideas." But I cannot conceive that the power of what Walpole happily terms the art of "creating landscape," is less an art than that of painting one, though the materials are different. The Landscape Gardener forms in his own mind what, when executed, becomes a beautiful landscape, and, though he employs ground, water, trees and buildings to fill up the outline of what his genius, skill and taste have created, it is not less artistical than if he employed all the necessary colors to embody his conception on canvass. It is true, that Landscape Gardening is freed from one essential portion of art and which is its principal charm in painting. We mean execution, which in gardening is left to nature. But this does not lessen the skill and talent requisite for such a purpose, "since," says the writer above quoted, "besides the painter's eye and sensibility, a master in Landscape Gardening must also possess a high degree of prescient vision, so as to be able to foresee results that will not develop and manifest themselves till long afterwards. The landscape painter can try an effect, and if dissatisfied with it, efface it and proceed afresh. Not so the Landscape Gardener, his process is far more slow and uncertain, nor can he alter at pleasure, unless in parts of mere detail."

Repton conceives that the difference between

painting and gardening consists in the following particulars.

First. "The spot from whence the view is taken is in a fixed state to the painter; but the gardener surveys his scenery while in motion, and from different windows in the same front he sees objects in different situations."

Secondly. "The quantity of view, or *field of vision* in nature is much greater than any picture will admit."

Thirdly. "The view from an eminence down a steep hill is not to be represented in painting, although it is often one of the most pleasing circumstances of natural landscape."

Fourthly. "The light which the painter may bring from any point of the compass, must, in real scenery, depend on the time of the day. It must also be remembered, that the light of a picture can only be made strong by contrast of shade, while in nature every object may be strongly illumined without destroying the composition, or disturbing the keeping. And

Lastly. "The foreground, which, by framing the view, is absolutely necessary to the picture, is often totally deficient, or seldom such as a painter chooses to represent."*

In a painting, the eye is confined to a single point of view—but in Landscape Gardening, which is a copy of natural scenery, the foreground is constantly changing and becomes middle ground or distance as the spectator advances. In coloring too, they may differ, for the coloring which a painter would employ to give truth to a view in America, would not be such as would be proper to paint one in Italy, or France, where the masters in landscape have studied. But "it is not," says Repton, "from the coloring only, but the general composition of landscapes that the painter and Landscape Gardener will feel the difference in their respective arts; and although each may occasionally assist the other, yet I should no more advise the latter in laying out the scenery of a place to copy the confined field of vision, or affect the careless graces of Claude or Poussin, than I should recommend, as a subject proper for a landscape painter, the formal rows or quincunx position of trees in geometric gardening." But whatever may be the difference which exists between these two arts, Landscape Gardening may be considered as claiming the superiority both in beauty and utility, and is, in the language of a French author, "*à la poesie et à la peinture ce que réalité est à la description et l'original à la copie.*"

In passing from the ancient, or geometric style, to the modern, or natural, the first improvers fell, perhaps, into an opposite extreme. This is the danger in all sudden transitions. They seemed to conceive that crooked lines, serpentine windings and carelessness were true objects of beauty, and

* Inquiry into the changes of Taste, &c.

declared that nature *abhorred a straight line*; and thus fatigued the eye by incessant curves. They did not seem to be aware, that in her sublimest works nature prefers the straight line, as is shown in the apparent horizon of the ocean and the rays of the sun. "This meandering and serpentine line," says Repton, "soon prevailed in every thing, whether it was a line of a road, a walk, a canal, or the surface of the ground, or even the fence of a plantation, till at length it became as monotonous as the straight line." Mr. Knight, in his poem entitled the *Landscape*, has thus happily ridiculed this extravagant propensity for curved lines:

"Plain gravel walks, thro' which we winding go
In endless serpentines that nothing show,
Till tir'd, I ask, 'why this eternal round?'
And the pert gard'ner says, 'tis pleasure ground.'"

The Landscape Gardener who possesses taste, will of course avoid both extremes and follow nature in her simplicity, symmetry, variety and beauty. He will avoid; on the one hand, the absurdity of clipping trees into formal figures, and cutting hedges so as to resemble walls, and disposing gardens in the shape of the human body, as has been done; and, on the other, the equally censurable extreme of giving every thing the form of a curve, which, though the imaginary line of beauty, becomes tame and monotonous when carried to an extreme. By the improver of taste, a union of the old and modern style may be made to produce a harmonious and happy effect. A high degree of artificial beauty may be tolerated, if it does not become too obvious, and degenerate into the unnatural. The very idea of a garden, it has been said, is that of a carefully cultivated spot; consequently, the artificial character may be permitted to manifest itself decidedly in the ornamental species, if no violence be done to nature itself. In this species of gardening, the professedly ornamental and "which admits of the highest degree of *recherché* embellishments, care should be taken not to lose sight of artistical effect and sentiment, and as the style depends more upon details and the finish of minutiae than that of landscape does, it is better adapted for a small than a large scale, and for the immediate environs of a residence."* But the Landscape Gardener endeavors in his imitations, or rather his direction of nature, to reject every thing which has the appearance of being artificial. His must be, in the language of Tasso,

"L'arte che tutto fa nulla se scopre,"

and therefore it requires the nicest and most delicate judgment and feeling to conceal those contrivances which convert that which originally had no charms into a scene of striking beauty. "It is not," says the writer already quoted, "the factitious bloom upon the cheek of a beautiful woman

so much as the unskilfulness with which it is laid on, that offends the eye; the offence consists in the imposition being detected. The Landscape Gardener should bear this in mind; he must beware of painting too thick,—of overdoing embellishment till he pushes beauty to the very verge of absurdity. Either he must make no attempt at concealing his machinery, or hide it most effectually, unless he is content to pass for a bungler."

Although the artist of genius will always endeavor to conceal his art, it is important that deceptions should be practised, as they always will be, in the highest works of art. The Landscape Gardener is always the most successful when he makes his work appear to be the exclusive work of nature. It is that which constitutes his excellence and the beauty of his work. Burke has asserted with truth, "that a true artist should put a generous deceit on the spectators and effect the noblest designs by easy methods. No work of art can be great but as it deceives, to be otherwise is the prerogative of nature only."* In laying out ground, these deceptions must be resorted to; the hill is formed to give it, in appearance, greater elevation; a stream is enlarged to make it resemble a river, or embanked to produce the appearance of a lake; and all these must seem to be natural, or they will cease to afford pleasure to the mind. These deceptions are nothing more than the result of

"The art clandestine and conceal'd design."

It is its excellence to display all the natural beauties and conceal the natural defects of the situation which is to be improved,—to give the appearance of extent and freedom by carefully concealing the boundaries,—to make the whole appear the work of nature and not of art and to remove or conceal all objects of mere convenience and comforts, if they cannot be made ornamental and to blend harmoniously with the landscape. It is in these great requisites that modern gardening differs from the ancient. But in carrying out these principles, nature must be followed and not forced. The golden rule of the improver's practice must be

"To consult the genius of the place in all!"

"Avant tout connoissez votre site; et du lieu
Adorez le génie, et consultez le dieu."—*Delille*.

Every situation will not admit of being formed into landscape; but still the art of the improver can make it more beautiful than it was, and his labor should be to dispose every thing with a view to effect. The principal aim of the Landscape Gardener is to create the picturesque and beautiful and but rarely the sublime—unless the *genius loci* will admit of it. But the wild and romantic are seldom within the range of human habitations. "Nature," says Rousseau, "flies from

* Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. 16.

* Essay on the sublime, &c.

frequented places; it is on the summit of mountains, in the depths of forests and in desert islands that she displays her most touching charms: those who love her and cannot go so far to seek her are reduced to the necessity of forcing her to take up her habitation among them; but this cannot be done without a certain degree of illusion." It may, perhaps, be questioned whether this art can succeed in producing any thing higher than picturesque beauty, or a harmonious mixture of forms, colors, lights and shades; but it is calculated, in the language of Alison, to "realize whatever the fancy of the painter has imagined and to create a scenery more pure, more harmonious and more expressive than any that is to be found in Nature herself." Shenstone is of opinion that it pleases the imagination by "scenes of grandeur, beauty and variety;" and Wheatley, who has written a very excellent work on the subject, declares that the business of the Landscape Gardener "is to select and apply whatever is great, elegant, or characteristic in the scenery of nature, or in art,—to discover and show all the advantages of the place upon which he is employed,—to supply its defects,—to correct its faults, and to improve its beauties." This is a just designation of the business of a Landscape Gardener, whose aim, moreover, should be the attainment of the highest degree of beauty which his own imagination can suggest, or the genius of the place and the circumstances of the proprietor will admit of. This is a noble and beautiful art, but it is one

Which teaches wealth and pride
How to obtain their wish—the world's applause."
Mason.

Nor is this done at great expense.

"Ce noble emploi demande un artiste qui penses,
Prodigue de génie, mais non pas de dépense."
Delille.

Which has been thus paraphrased—

"Insult not nature with absurd expense,
Nor spoil her simple charms by vain pretence;
Weigh well the subject, be with caution bold,
Profuse of genius, not profuse of gold."
The Gardens.

The elements which enter into the composition of this art and which constitute its sources of pleasure, are, according to Repton, the following:

1st. *Congruity*, or a proper adaptation of the several parts to the whole.

2nd. *Utility*—which includes convenience, comfort, neatness and every thing that conduces to the purposes of habitation.

3rd. *Order*. Including correctness and finishing.

4th. *Symmetry*. Both this and the preceding are natural to the human mind. It loves those beautiful proportions and that regularity which constitute symmetry. "Things," says Montesquieu, "that we see in succession ought to have variety,

those, on the contrary, that we see at one glance, ought to have symmetry; thus, at one glance, we see the front of a building, a *parterre*, a temple; in such things there is always a symmetry which pleases the mind by the facility it gives it of taking in the whole object at once."

The preceding four heads are not favorable to picturesque beauty; but belong more particularly to the ancient style of gardening which I have previously recommended to be blended with the modern, where the buildings, limited extent of ground and other circumstances require its retention.

5th. *Picturesque Effect*. This furnishes the improver with breadth of light and shade; forms of groups, outlines, coloring, balance of composition and occasional advantage from roughness and decay, the effect of time and age. Price considers this head at great length and thinks that Kent and Brown and their followers have neglected it entirely.

6th. *Intricacy*. This, though distinct from variety, is so blended with it, that one can scarcely exist without the other. It is defined by Price to be "that disposition of objects which, by a partial and uncertain concealment, excites and nourishes curiosity."

7th. *Simplicity*; or that disposition of objects which, without exposing all of them equally to view at once, may lead the eye to each by an easy gradation, without confusion or perplexity.

8th. *Variety*. 9th. *Novelty*. 10th. *Contrast*, which supplies the place of novelty by a sudden and unexpected change of scenery, provided the transitions be neither too frequent, nor too violent.

11th. *Continuity*. 12th. *Association*. This, Mr. Repton thinks is one of the most impressive sources of delight; more particularly from that personal attachment to long known objects, perhaps indifferent in themselves, as the favorite seat, the tree, the walk or the spot endeared by the remembrance of past events. Objects of this sort are often preferred to the most beautiful scenes that painting can represent, or gardening create.

13th. *Grandeur*. This is a source of pleasure mixed with the sublime. It is, however, but rarely picturesque.

14th. *Appropriation*. A term employed by Repton to describe extent of property, the appearance and display of which are a source of pleasure not to be disregarded.

15th. *Animation*; or that pleasure experienced from seeing life and motion; whether the gliding or dashing of water, the sportive play of animals, or the wavy motion of trees.

16th. And lastly, the *seasons* and times of the day, which are very different to the gardener and the painter.

These are the principles on which Landscape Gardening has been founded, and the great sources of the pleasure which it is calculated to produce.

Whether it be a fine art or not is a matter of very little importance. It is one which is worthy of pursuit as a source of the purest and most delightful recreation, and suited to benefit the mind and body. "The enjoyment which it affords is at once sensual and intellectual, and if less stimulating than many other sensual gratifications, it has the superiority over them, that it is the least palling of any, or rather one that is incapable of satiating. There is, moreover, this great advantage attending the pursuit, that it is one in which decided failure is almost utterly impossible; for although the most may not be made of a situation, or the combinations produced become trivial and poor; there will still be the ineffable charm of the materials themselves, of verdure and vegetation in various hues and shapes; for even the smallest shrubbery which offers nothing answering the idea of landscape, delights the eye by nature's detail."*

Having shown what constitutes the sources of pleasure in Landscape Gardening, it may be necessary to mention briefly the knowledge and talents which the landscape gardener should possess to attain perfection in his beautiful art. He must not only be able to design an improvement but have the practical skill to execute it. The beautiful landscape which he may paint on canvass cannot be realized without a practical knowledge of planting, grading and removing earth. To his knowledge of drawing and painting must be added that of surveying, mechanics, hydraulics, agriculture, botany and the principles of architecture. But the most essential qualification he can possess is that of foreseeing effects, or that faculty which will enable him to judge of the effect of a design before it is carried into execution, and thus save himself the trouble and his employer the expense of remodelling his original design, and also the loss of time which it will require to judge of the result. Above all, however, it is important to study nature in her various phases of beauty, grandeur and picturesqueness. To the gardener, as well as the poet and the painter, nature, la belle nature, must be the model. In short,

"To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
In all, let nature never be forgot."

Of the elements necessary to constitute a Landscape Garden, namely, grounds, woods, water and buildings, we have not time to speak at large, nor is it, perhaps, desirable. It is by the judicious formation, arrangement and disposition of these, according to the best principles of taste, that beauty is displayed and the skill of the improver exercised. The objects in all operations upon ground are beauty of art or design and improvement of natural scenery. In both the ancient and modern style of gardening, the grand effect is produced by woods,

"which, whether in scattered forests, thickets, or groups, or in compact geometric squares, avenues, or rows, constitute the greatest charm of every country." A tree is always a noble and beautiful object. "It combines every species of beauty from its sublime effect as a whole, to the most minute and refined expression of mind, in the individual beauty of its leaves, and exhibits that majestic uniformity and infinite variety which constitute the essence of relative beauty." When the ground possesses no striking features of beauty, or grandeur, it may still be greatly improved by planting, which will thus impart to the scene variety of verdure, and the richness of woodland beauty. "From the tangled thicket to the light open grove, between the interstices of whose foliage the sunbeams dart and flicker upon the grassy sward,—from the plant and shrub to the majestically spreading tree—all these may be formed. Independently of their nobleness as objects of sight, the aspect of venerable trees and woods exerts a powerful influence over the mind; there is a charm even in the very monotony of a dense and uninterrupted screen of wood, and, when viewed from an eminence, such an expanse of foliage and verdure partakes, like the ocean, of the sublime."*

The parts which form a wood and constitute its varied and intricate boundary, are thickets, or clumps, groups, or single plants of either tree or shrub. We cannot dwell on the manner in which these are to be arranged. The effect of the whole must be kept constantly in view. In planting, we are told, uniformity, variety and intricacy as a whole and use as well as beauty in the parts, must never be neglected, nor forgotten. The natural surface will influence, in no small degree, both the groups and masses. The beauty of all verdant scenery depends more than on any other circumstance, on the inequalities of the ground. A few trees on the summit of a knoll will give it the appearance of a hill. A connected train of groups, placed along the back of a ridge, produces at once a bolder and more varied outline. "In recommending that hills should be planted," says Repton, "I do not mean that the summits should be covered by a patch, or clump; the woods of the valleys should, on the contrary, seem to climb the hills by such connecting lines as may neither appear meagre nor artificial, but following the natural shapes of the ground, produce an apparent continuity of wood falling down the hills in various directions." In extending this practice to mountain scenery the powerful effect of wood may be nobly displayed by the hand of the artist.

— "Rich the robe,
And ample let it flow, that Nature wears
On her thron'd eminence! where'er she takes
Her horizontal march, pursue her step
With sweeping train of forest; hill to hill
Unite, with prodigality of shade."—*Mason*.

* Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. 16.

* Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. 16.

"The outline of a wood," says Wheatley, "may sometimes be great and always beautiful; the first requisite is irregularity. The true beauty of an outline consists more in breaks than in sweeps, rather in angles than rounds, in variety, not in succession." Great art and skill are required in removing trees and thinning woods, for in this the Landscape Gardener is enabled to show "his knowledge of pleasing combinations, his genius for painting and his acute perception of the principles of an art which transfers the imitative, though permanent beauties of a picture to the purposes of elegant and comfortable habitation, the ever-varying effects of light and shade, and the inimitable circumstances of a natural landscape."

Next to woods the most important and interesting feature in natural, as well as artificial landscape, is *water*. Nothing so much heightens its beauties. Its silvery brilliancy, rapid flow, or quiet repose, reflecting the varied images on its banks, must always render it, in its various combinations, an object of pleasure to the eye. "If there be less of sparkle and animation there is certainly not less of picturesque and poetic charm in a scene where a stream or lake is embosomed among overhanging banks and shaggy trees that cast, if not absolutely a gloom, a dense mass of shadow over its surface." Gilpin, in speaking of water, says that its decoration depends upon the description of scenery around it. If it be wild, the accompaniments of the river, or lake should partake of that character. Broken banks and roots of trees, hared by the action of the water, with their stems occasionally slanting athwart a stream, will unite the river with corresponding boldness to the scenery around. But if the water reposes in the smoother lap of nature, its decorations should be adapted to the tranquillity of the scene. The smooth grassy bank sliding almost imperceptibly into the water, will be relieved by a jutting point, fringed with varieties of water plants, enriched with fragments of stone of different size and color, groups of alder, or willow will occasionally break the margin, or the pendant and massive foliage of the wych elm will throw its broad shadow across the retiring reach.*

The fourth and last requisite in Landscape Gardening is the buildings. These should be so constructed as to be both attractive and useful objects. Shenstone remarks that "to him a landscape is never complete without a building; considered merely in the light of a picturesque view, a building, in addition to merely verdant scenery, forms a better picture by giving a desirable feature, or resting place for the eye." The improvements of the ground should correspond with the building, or the building be made to harmonize with the grounds, and be, moreover, of decided merit as a piece of architecture. On this account it is necessary that

* Gilpin on Landscape Gardening.

the Landscape Gardener should possess such a knowledge of architecture as will enable him to construct a building in accordance with the scene he is about to create. Buildings should be made for use more than for mere ornament and every thing trivial and toyish should be studiously avoided. "Should a structure," says the writer, we have previously referred to, "be introduced as a distant object to mark an eminence, or to break the line of the horizon and so placed that a near access to it cannot be obtained, then, indeed, positive architectural beauty, beyond that of pleasing outline and proportion may be dispensed with, but in every other case it becomes essential. Nothing can be more ridiculously offensive than diminutive, toyish imitations of castles and abbeys; neither are sham ruins particularly to be recommended, though not always objectionable. A Gothic porch converted into a garden seat, or a window of rich workmanship, partly mantled over with ivy, might possess the merit of being a tasteful as well as a picturesque object. The site of a building ought also to be so selected as to set it off to the best advantage, so as to render it not only a useful accessory in the general prospect, but an effective and satisfactory feature, when it necessarily becomes the principal one in the scene."* If the style of architecture be Grecian, trees of a pointed, or conic shape will have a beautiful effect, by contrast—mixed with Gothic buildings they are apt to displease, "since the play of light and shadow in Gothic structures must proceed from those bold projections, either of towers, or buttresses which cause strong shadows in a perpendicular direction."† The lines of Gothic buildings, therefore, are better contrasted with round headed trees, as Milton seemed to think in the following lines—

"Towers and battlements he sees
Embosom'd high 'mid tufted trees."

Such are the elements and requisites necessary to form a Landscape Garden, given as briefly as the nature of the subject would admit. We should be pleased to see greater attention paid to this delightful art in this country than has yet been manifested, and more expense, care and taste displayed by the owners of grounds in laying out and ornamenting them according to the principles of taste and art we have attempted to explain. We will now conclude with some just remarks of Mr. Repton. "In *Sculpture* we ought to admire the graces of a Venus de Medici as well as the majestic Apollo, the brawny Hercules, or the agonizing Laocoon. In *Architecture* there is not less beauty in the Grecian columns than in the Gothic spires, pinnacles and turrets. In like manner, *gardens* must include the two opposite characters of *nature* wildness and artificial comfort, each adapted to the

* Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. 16.

† Repton's Sketches and Hints.

genius and character of the place, yet ever mindful that near the residence of man, convenience and not picturesque effect must have the preference wherever they are placed in competition with each other."

SONNET.

BY D. H. ROBINSON.

No sleep for me to-night! A thousand things,
Whose hideous congregation serves to fright
The sweet restorer from my lids, this night
Come thronging here, with glaring eyes, and wings
Whose hue, on night, a deeper blackness flings!
Thoughts,—which are fiends,—with a most wild
delight,
Crowd round my heart as if the vulture might
Of their foul talons now would rend the strings
Of that frail instrument! Yet shall the sound
That it gives forth,—the last that it may pour—
Spread sweeter music on the air around
Than it hath given in the days before!
And at my Lady's altar shall be found
One wreath of song—one vocal tribute more!
Jackson, Mississippi.

MAID OF ROANOKE.

1.

Hearken, maid of Roanoke;
If I now depart,
Word of passion yet unspoke,
'Tis not that thou hast not woken
Passion in this heart.

2.

By the little islet shore,
Where at first we met,
I have murmur'd fondly o'er
Vows of worship, that no more
Shall my heart forget.

3.

Thou wilt fill the glittering ring,
Motion, lip and eye,
Breathing all the life of spring,
Bud and blossom, beam and wing,
That deserve the sky.

4.

Thou wilt little think, the while,
That by Ashley's stream,
There is one that cannot smile,
Though thy beauties still beguile,
And thou fill'st his dream.

Eros.

THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. *Letter of the Hon. R. J. Walker, U. S. Senator from Mississippi, in reply to the call of the people of Carroll County, Kentucky, to communicate his views on that subject.*
2. *Correspondence of a large number of Citizens from various states with Mr. Walker, upon the subject of his letter.*
3. *Letter of General Jackson to the Hon. A. V. Brown of the House of Representatives.*
4. *Letter of the late Hon. Thomas W. Gilmer, in January, 1843.*
5. *Reply to Gov. Gilmer's letter by the Hon. J. Q. Adams, and several other Northern members of Congress; and Gov. Gilmer's rejoinder to the same.*
6. *Letter of the Hon. Daniel Webster to a committee of Worcester, Massachusetts.*
7. *Letter of the Hon. Wm. Wilkins, Secretary of War, to the people of the 21st Congressional district of Pennsylvania.*
8. *The views of the Press.*

The Annexation of the republic of Texas to our Union is one of those important questions of general, national concern from which we do not deem that our position, or the character of our Journal requires us to keep aloof. As yet no political party has appropriated it, and it presents itself to the whole country.

Though some notes betokening discord between the North and South have reached our ears, yet they produced no alarm, and died away on the gale that bore them to us. Some who are not wont to cry "wolf" unnecessarily, may, for the want of better arguments against it, have predicted Disunion as the fruit of Annexation: others, who desire disunion, or at least care very little about the preservation of the Union, threaten only what they do not deprecate: others again, without duly considering the subject and viewing only one of its features, may seriously anticipate so awful a consequence.

The cry of Disunion can never have any music to our ears, but it should not be used to repress the discussion of great National questions. If there be now in this Confederacy any principles in operation, which will sever this beautiful Union, because of the admission of Texas to its benefits, will the exclusion of Texas arrest their progress! Will not such a tribute to their influence rather encourage and promote their extension, and pro-

duce a spirit of intolerance, which ere long may proscribe every measure that, apparently or remotely, conflicts with them? This Union was the product of brotherly love, of patriotic efforts, of mutual interests and concessions, of expanded philanthropy, and exalted wisdom. A Union thus formed and which has thus far so blessed us should not be, can not be recklessly severed. The nearer prospect of its dissolution would appal and drive back even those who now seem lightly to esteem its inestimable blessings, and whose course is even tending towards its destruction. Already have some, whose number and authority we will by no means exaggerate, begun to assail the spirit of Compromise on which our Constitution is based. Whilst these indications should not be magnified in importance, they may naturally lead even the patriotic mind to contemplate the possibility of dissolving the Union. It is a fact not to be disguised that the Union may be severed. But this fatal event ought not to be and can not be contemplated but with horror and dread;—only as a man revolves the possibility of taking human life in just self-defence.

These introductory remarks have been suggested by the course which some of the leading presses of the country, an ex-Senator and an ex-President of the U. S., with several of his associates in Congress, have taken upon this subject. But they need not be extended further at this time, since the Annexation of Texas is not a matter between North and South; but between our government and right and propriety,—between the United States and the world. It is to be viewed, then, as a great NATIONAL question, one of the most important that has ever arisen in our history; and as such we shall humbly endeavor to discuss it.

There are some preliminary matters to which it may be proper first to devote a little attention.

Though this is a measure preëminently demanding the most enlarged consideration, there are some influences that are likely to interfere with an impartial investigation of it. Already has it been charged that Speculators are at the bottom of the Annexation measure. No doubt, the interest of a large number impels them to be its noisy and zealous supporters. The activity of a small number, so deeply interested, can produce a considerable excitement, that may be confounded with an indication of the popular will.

But, then, is no attention to be paid to the sharp-sightedness of Speculators? Why did they stake so much upon Texas? Was it not from a knowledge of her fertility, her vast resources, her relative position to the United States, pointing her out as an adopted daughter, and the certainty of her becoming an independent and populous country? The very deep stake which the intelligent and far-sighted enterprise of our citizens has taken in that country may thus be made an indication of its va-

lue and importance to us. But the ablest advocates of Annexation have no direct interest in the subject. General Jackson has none; Senator Walker has none. Governor Gilmer was interested, but he visited the country, viewed it, obtained information respecting its prospects and resources, and upon this careful investigation made his investment. Is not this a stronger evidence of his convictions in favor of Texas, than it is of his judgment being subsequently influenced by his interest? Mr. Adams looks at only one thing, and would not have the most fertile fields if hoed by a slave. And is he not interested to keep out of the Union territory which, it is said, he once gave away, *without a sous in return*? The developments upon this subject are truly astounding. Accustomed to look upon Mr. Adams as venerable for his eminence and learning, notwithstanding his pernicious and obstinate course upon slavery, deeply would we regret to see him stripped of his integrity in his old age, and branded with the public scorn.

But it is illiberal to seek to invalidate one's arguments by the convenient mode of charging him with interested motives. No matter what impels a man, the true issue is has he seen the truth and does he properly vindicate it.

The other circumstances calculated to prevent an impartial investigation of the subject are of a political character. Though the Annexation of Texas has not yet been espoused by either party, yet there are strong indications of a tendency towards it. This is sincerely to be regretted and deprecated in reference to a subject so purely national. The moment party spirit becomes infused into the measure, men's minds will be blinded and the question, shall "Texas be admitted," will become synonymous with "who shall be President." Shame upon a narrow party-spirit, on either side, that would mar and distort so beautiful a scheme in its inception!

Again, it may be a sufficient reason for some to denounce the Annexation of Texas that it was projected and is now urged by Mr. Tyler. Mr. Tyler has been charged with making humiliating advances to the government of Texas; with folly and madness in hastily and recklessly pressing a treaty for Annexation, without consulting the Senate, and first ascertaining the will of the people; and the example of the peerless Washington has been arrayed against him. These objections and denunciations involve some important constitutional questions, and will, therefore, be briefly considered.

Had Mr. Tyler first consulted the Senate, as did the matchless Washington on several occasions, he certainly could not be censured for it. But he need not be condemned for not doing it. Various matters may transpire pending a negotiation of such importance as to operate upon the decisions of Senators, and until negotiations have proceeded nearly to a close, there is hardly any thing definite

enough to propound to the Senate. In each case General Washington made to the Senate a definite proposition, the result of diplomatic deliberation.

The Constitution gives power to the President "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur." The Senate must consent to the treaties made by the President, who may seek their advice in the formation of those contemplated by him. But does the Constitution imply that he shall always consult the Senate, and that in advance? He may see no difficulty worthy of such umpires, and should not be required to make the obstacles and objections that others profess to see the ground of his action. Much discretion is given to the President in the formation of treaties. He may even contract them when the Senate are not in session; and when he could not ask their advice, without calling them together. This he may do, but need not. Mr. Jay has well said,

"As in the field, so in the Cabinet, there are moments to be seized as they pass, and they who preside in either should be left in capacity to improve them." * * * "The Convention have done well, therefore, in so disposing of the power of making treaties, that although the President must, in forming them, act by the advice and consent of the Senate, yet he will be able to manage the business of intelligence in such a manner as prudence may suggest."*

The President may, "with the advice and consent of the Senate, appoint foreign ministers, judges, &c.," but he never asks them whom they will accept. In their approval or rejection of his nominations their advice is given. A treaty proposed for ratification is but the *nominee*, as it were, of the President.

But the will of the people should be ascertained, fairly and fully! And strange to say some who are clamorous for the "will of the people" oppose even a discussion and agitation of the question, "*at this time*." By their own showing, the President is urging a treaty and the question will soon be presented: light, then, should be instantly spread before the people. But away with the introduction of such levelling, radical doctrines into the exalted Senate of the United States! Long before any such circumstance arose, before any such appeals were made, or any such ultra notions entertained, the people have deliberately and wisely expressed their abiding will, in reference to all matters involved in Treaties, by committing the whole subject to the President and Senate. For their wisdom, their patriotism and the confidence shown to be reposed in them by elevating them to such eminent positions in the Government, it is the deliberate, predetermined will of the people, that all matters relating to Treaties should be intrusted to them. This is an expression of the people's will as to this whole class of subjects, and

they are to be considered as radicals and undoers, who would now bring in a resolution, agitation, public meeting, newspaper expression of the popular will, in the place of that heretofore constitutionally declared. Let all such ponder the almost prophetic words of Mr. Jay.

"However useful," says he, "jealousy may be in republics, yet when, like bile in the natural, it abounds too much in the body politic, the eyes of both become very liable to be deceived, by the delusive appearances which that malady casts on surrounding objects. From this cause, probably proceed the fears and apprehensions of some, that the President and Senate may make treaties without an equal eye to the interests of all the States."*

With the political capital, which it is alleged Mr. Tyler expects to make out of Texas, we have nothing to do. But it is obvious that this will be one of the greatest perturbing influences.

As to the charge of haste and secrecy.—It is well known that secrecy and despatch are the great requisites in international negotiations. The extent to which these may properly be carried must be determined by the facts and circumstances of the case; which necessarily are often, nay generally, known only to the contracting *employés*. What, if matters of delicacy towards Mexico, in order to satisfy the scruples of those who would deprive Texas of the substance of an Independence, which has been formally recognised, are under discussion? What, if the various rumors of the efforts and intentions of England be for the most part true? What if preliminaries of delicacy and difficulty are to be settled? Are these things all to be laid bare prematurely to satisfy the curiosity of the impertinent, or to silence the charges of the captious? By the adoption of the treaty making provision of the Constitution, *the people* have long since declared, "we will patiently wait for these developments. We have entrusted the entire business to those, whom we have selected. We have done this in advance, when our judgment was carefully formed and deliberately expressed."

"The matters," says Mr. Jay, "which in negotiations usually require the most secrecy, and the most despatch, are those preparatory and auxiliary measures, &c." * * * "Thus we see that the constitution provides that our negotiations for treaties shall have every advantage, which can be derived from talents, information, integrity, and deliberate investigation, on the one hand; and from secrecy and despatch on the other."†

As these objections have been urged by some of no inconsiderable influence and authority, and seemed to contain some important errors, we have deemed it proper thus to notice them. Having now cleared away these preliminary matters, and declaring that we have no manner of personal interest in the matter, we will proceed to the more direct examination of the subject.

The opponents of the Annexation of Texas for-

* The Federalist. No. LXIV. pp. 303 and 304.

* Federalist, No. LXIV. p. 305.

† Ibid, p. 304.

tify themselves behind the Constitution, under no less a champion than Mr. Webster. What a position for *him* to occupy! Its obvious inconsistency must destroy his authority; and it will offily be admitted that the great intellect of Mr. Webster can find arguments against his own principles. Even if the purchase and admission of Florida and Louisiana do not settle the Constitutional question, under the treaty-making power, Texas may still be admitted constitutionally in other ways. The author of *strict construction* presided over the admission of one of those territories; and all deemed that the importance of their acquisition justified the measure. Hence it might only be inquired whether Texas could be brought into the same category of importance for her to be admitted. Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison manifested their sense of its importance, when they refused to give up any part of it even to secure Florida. But, as stated, there are other and lawful modes of adopting her.

The Constitution (Art. IV., § 3,) says;

"New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union; but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State; nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States, or parts of States, without the consent of the Legislatures of the States concerned, as well as of the Congress."

It is obvious that the first clause is the only one that has the least reference to the question before us. Does the power of Congress to admit new States apply solely to territory belonging to us, at the time the Constitution was adopted? The section quoted does not say so; and a reference to the proceedings of the Convention of 1787 will show that such a restriction was proposed, but rejected and the present *general* provision inserted.* The situation of our country, too, at that time, its incomplete boundaries and the important positions on our borders then in the possession of foreign powers render such a restriction highly injurious and improbable.

But it may be said that the above power is confined to the Admission of New States only; and under it Texas must be admitted as one or more States, at once; whilst many of the friends of Annexation wish Texas to be for some time, at least, only a Territory. Under this grant of power, then, one or more States must be immediately erected upon the introduction of Texas. We see no great objection to this; and there is no imperative reason for retaining a Territory in probation. But if the right of Congress to admit new States into this Union be not confined to the Territory within our limits, does not the Constitution necessarily imply the power to take all the steps preparatory towards the admission of new States out of Territory recently acquired? If so, and the ground is certainly a very plausible one, then Congress may admit Territory with the certain view

of forming it into new States, as soon as it can properly be done.

Another mode of receiving Texas into the Union is also pointed out by the Hon. Senator Walker. The Constitution (Art. I., Sec. 10,) says,

"No State shall, without the consent of Congress, enter into any agreement or compact with any other State, or with a foreign power."

Hence, he argues, that with the consent of Congress, Louisiana, or Arkansas might enter into a compact or agreement, by which Texas would become a part of one of those States. But the mode in which Texas is to be dealt with after this is not pointed out. It would probably be ceded to the General Government, as was done by Maryland and Virginia; and then admitted as new States into the Union.

Did the honorable Senator advert to another clause of the same section—"No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation;" without any reference to the consent of Congress. This clause is different from and yet must be reconcilable with the one quoted above. If the former would seem to sanction the supposed "compact or agreement," does not the latter utterly prohibit it? The two are to be reconciled by a nice and accurate definition of the terms "compact" and "agreement" as contrasted with "treaty," "alliance" and "confederation." We will not undertake this task; but would not the supposed junction with Louisiana, or Arkansas be as well embraced by the term "treaty" or "confederation," which is prohibited, as by the term "compact," or "agreement," which is permitted, with the consent of Congress?

Under the views, thus feebly presented, of the various modes of annexation proposed, we feel best contented and most certain in relying upon the precedents of Florida and Louisiana, believing it to be idle to urge any other consideration to a mind not satisfied with them;—uniting as they do in their favor the opinions and acts of the Congress, Presidents, Secretaries, Ministers and people, and these, too, antipodes in their views of the powers granted by the Constitution.

A large South Western Territory, of which Texas was a part, was acquired by the U. S., along with Louisiana, from France, by treaty, under Mr. Jefferson's administration, in 1803. By the right of discovery, Spain held the Floridas and Mexico. France held possession on the Mississippi. Along the Gulf towards Mexico, there still extended a large unknown territory, which was settled by La Salle, in 1685, under a commission from Louis the XIV. of France, by planting a Colony at the Bay of St. Bernard, (Espirito Santo,) on the Western Bank of the Colorado of Texas. The possession thus taken, in connexion with that on the Mississippi, gave France an acknowledged right in the Country as far as the Rio Bravo. It is said, that

* Madison papers, p. 734, 794, 1210.

by actual treaty, in 1760, the Western boundary of Louisiana was fixed at the Rio Bravo, or Grande. Owing to some secret articles which the treaty contained and the unimportance of the boundaries agreed on to any but France and Spain, the treaty was never made public.*

In 1763, France ceded her possessions to Spain, who now held the whole of the Southern part of North America. In 1800, Spain retroceded Louisiana to France, with the same extent that it had when France possessed it; and we obtained it in the year 1803, from France, with the same metes and bounds. But in our treaty with Spain in 1819, conducted by President Monroe and Mr. Adams, Secretary of State, the Western boundary of the United States was fixed at the Sabine river, far to the East of the Rio Grande. At that time it was insisted that our territory extended much farther West; and the treaty was violently opposed by many for yielding it up. Mr. Clay contended that the Union had no right to cede away territory, and that the treaty was null and void. Mr. Adams is now charged with having culpably relinquished our claim, when he was persuaded of its justice and had been informed by our Minister at Madrid that Spain would even form a treaty acknowledging the Colorado as the Western limit of the United States. General Jackson afterwards wished to extend our Western border beyond California to the Pacific, and this will yet have to be done to complete our boundaries.

The charges made against Mr. Adams are very serious, but are repelled, and we will not now indulge in any farther consideration of them. Whether he did as Secretary of State designedly abandon our Western possessions to Spain, or not, it is certain that when he was President, in 1825, and 1827, he was convinced of the importance of regaining them, and made overtures for that purpose to Mexico; before, too, her Independence was recognized by Spain. Why does he oppose it now?

President Jackson and his successive Secretaries of State made repeated proffers to Mexico concerning the Annexation of Texas. If it was not humiliating in these Presidents to solicit negotiations with Mexico, why should it be so for another to make offers to Independent Texas, who had, too, long since made them to us? Thus, we have eminent politicians, no less antipodal than Mr. Adams and General Jackson, Mr. Clay and Mr. Van Buren, all in favor of the acquisition of Texas and having no doubt as to the Constitutionality of the measure. This, too, was years ago; and what was prophecy then is fulfilment now; what then was hope is realization now; what was conjecture and inference then as to her resources and relations

to foreign powers have now become historical and statistical facts. Two hundred thousand inhabitants are developing her immense wealth; millions of annual production of the most varied articles of commerce,—useful, as cotton and sugar, precious, as gold and silver, and beautiful and luscious as a fertile soil and genial clime can make them,—attest their industry, at a time, too, when only the left hand guides the plough; for the right must hold the sword. When peace, which Annexation to the United States will secure her, shall have spread her wings over this bounteous land; when her pure sky unobscured by the dark clouds of war shall again smile upon her fertile fields, cultivated with swords converted into plough-shares, and with a vigor and industry nerved by the hardships, the privations and the indebtedness of a protracted war, who can estimate the stores which she will produce and her rapid progress towards a great and populous nation? A bold current of energy and enterprise, the most valuable capital, would immediately set towards her, and the products of her rich soil and genial clime would be almost miraculous! Her position, her wants, her dangers, the necessities of which nature in her compensations has deprived her, the spirit of the age and of true policy forbid that she should remain alone. Who shall have her, but the United States? Who wants her more? Into whose lap is she so willing to pour her boundless treasures? Her united people have asked for Annexation to us. We alone of all the world should have her, except her own brave people, who have rescued her from the grasp of Tyranny; and they desire her to be adopted into our happy family of lovely sisters.

Texas having been once a part of the U. States, much stress has been laid upon it; and that fact is supposed to have some influence both upon the constitutionality and expediency of receiving her again;—since it will be only a *re*-admission of what was once our own, but was culpably surrendered. Thus the Hon. Senator Walker, throughout his very able and eloquent letter, speaks only of *re*-annexation. On page 8, he says.

"This is no question of the purchase of new territory, but of the *re*-annexation of that which once was all our own. It is not a question of the extension of our limits, but of the restoration of former boundaries."

It is true, he also says, p. 6.

"Here, then, are many grave questions of constitutional power. Could the solemn guaranty to France, and to the people of Texas, (the guaranty in the treaty of 1803,—not to surrender the territory, to incorporate it into the Union and to secure to the people of Texas the enjoyment of Liberty, &c.,) be rescinded by a treaty with Spain? Can this government, by its own mere power, surrender any portion of its territory? Can it cut off a territory without the consent of its people, and surrender them and the territory to a foreign power? Can it expatriate and expel from the Union its own citizens, who occupy that territory, and change an American citizen into a citizen of Spain or Mexico? These are momentous questions, which it is not

* This is stated by a writer in the Richmond Enquirer of April 2, 1844. A copy of the boundary article, duly authenticated, of the said Treaty of 1760 was obtained from the Department of Foreign Affairs in France, by a Mr. Jos. M. Adams.

necessary now to determine, and in regard to which I advance at this time no opinion."

Yet by the stress laid upon *re-annexation* and the drift of parts of the argument, a solution of some of them is strongly implied.

With due deference, we present the following views. Such questions as those propounded by the Hon. Senator are properly raised when the *ratification* of a treaty is proposed. Most of those stated by him arose and were discussed, in the ratification of the treaty of 1819. We have remedies against the formation of improper treaties; but they are preventive rather than restorative, which according to a popular adage, we know are far better. The President and his Cabinet gravely discuss these important measures, and they ought to be no bad expounders of the Constitution. This at least is the theory of our Government. They must then pass through the trying ordeal of our enlightened Senate and receive the seal of Constitutionality and expediency from two thirds of that august body. We will not disparage the station and preëminence of these high dignitaries, by deeming this an ordinary or insufficient test.

But a Law may pass both houses of Congress, and the Senate by a majority of two thirds, yet be unconstitutional, and so the Supreme Court shall decide. This is remotely possible. As a practical question, however, the deliberate judgment of two thirds of the Senate is as likely to be right as the decision of a majority of seven Judges. The House of Lords in England is the highest appellate court; and in some of our States, as in New-York, a part of the Senate sit with the Judges in the Court of Errors. May not the Constitution, then, have confided the *final* determination of Treaties to the Senate? Foreign Countries are not likely and can not be expected to know much of our peculiar system; and they must have some security, some final ratifier of their compacts with us. National faith requires that great sanctity should be attached to Treaties; and none held this in higher regard than the framers of our Constitution, which declares that all treaties "shall be the Supreme Law of the Land." This paramount authority of treaties was subjected to many assaults; but there it stands, a guaranty to the nations and a fixed law to us. Though, according to the theory of some very able doctors of the Constitution, the Federal Government is not Sovereign; yet in reference to this subject it must "exercise the powers and functions of Sovereignty." New negotiations may be opened for relief from oppressive treaties; and if the circumstances justify the risk of opprobrium and an avenging war, a Sovereign nation might repudiate the treaty and defy her adversary. This would require an almost unprecedented case of fraud, or other malpractice, of which each nation must be her own judge, with a due respect for the opinions of enlightened Christendom.

Admitting then that Texas was ours; that Spain cheated us out of it, even with the connivance of Mr. Adams; and that it was all decidedly wrong, nay unconstitutional, if this can be, we are now estopped from going behind subsequent transactions, in order to assert our claim. What and against whom would be our remedy? How and where could we plead the unconstitutionality of a treaty formed, ratified and involved in important subsequent events?—events no less than revolution and acknowledged Independence. If Spain defrauded us, in what Court of Chancery can you plead her fraud? Such a one as it was proposed to put Bounaparte in! War against Spain is our only remedy, for she can not possibly restore us to our former position. But we hope and believe that this is not hinted at by any. Mexico threw off the yoke of Spain and we have acknowledged her Independence. Texas was then a known and avowed part of the Republic of Mexico. Now, Texas has thrown off the yoke of Mexico, and we have acknowledged her Independence. What, then, can the fact that we once possessed Texas be to us, at this time, but a matter of mere history and perhaps some sort of *pursuasive* inducement to receive her into this Union? If the Cession of Texas to Spain in 1819 was voidable in *foro gratum*, for the alleged fraud of Spain; or, if possible, void *ab initio*, on account of its unconstitutionality, we must also set aside two recognitions of her Independence, upon us as well as others, and then we have a right to pursue and take her in whose hands she may be. Hence, too, we ought to have fought for her in her war with Mexico, as a part of our territory, according to our guaranty to France in 1803, and have a right to take her now, without even her own consent. These seem to us to be necessary deductions from the doctrines of *re-annexation*; as having any difference from a substantive, independent, stipulated annexation of the acknowledged Republic of Texas to this Union.

Our government has always insisted upon enforcing neutrality in the war between Mexico and Texas. Though General Jackson was so anxiously in favor of acquiring Texas, and his sympathies with a struggling people—sympathies which form so marked a feature of his character and which even led him to favor the disorganisers of Rhode Island,—so strongly moved him, never for a moment thought of treating Texas as our own and rendering her any assistance. She is now "free and independent as she of right ought to be,"—severed from us and the rest of the world and that acquiesced in. If we get her again it must be by treaty with her, as with Spain and France in the case of Louisiana and Florida. If annexation *per se* is not expedient, right and Constitutional, the *præter Re* with all the facts it involves can not alter in either of these respects. But if a tract of country situated as Texas is, should be elevated above the water by an earthquake, it would be expedient

and constitutional for the U. States to take possession of it, if without inhabitants, or to purchase it, should it be claimed by any animals "half horses and half alligators with a touch of the earthquake," which we understand to be the nature of some of the South-Western people. It may have been inexpedient to resign territory and still inexpedient to regain it. The proposition to regain a lost possession must be justified by its own intrinsic merits.

But these facts will furnish arguments to silence the objections, or at least destroy the authority of some of the prominent opponents of Annexation.

But some who take, as we think, a just view of re-annexation, as contradistinguished from Annexation, run into an opposite error of denying the Independence of Texas, at least so far as to authorise us to treat for her Annexation, with due respect for our stipulations with Mexico. The high authority of Mr. McDuffie, when Governor of South Carolina, is relied upon to show that we can not treat with Texas until Mexico pleases to acknowledge her Independence. Beautiful subserviency of a sovereign power! Most liberal tribute to the rights of Sovereignty!—of Mexico, certainly; but what becomes of those of Texas and the United States! Sacrificed to cowardly fear!—or, at least, false notions of national comity.

We doubt if Mr. McDuffie holds any such doctrine. In his Executive Message he was enforcing the duty of neutrality towards Mexico. It was in the first years of her war with Texas. In his earnestness he goes quite far, and does seem to countenance the doctrine above stated. But this is by no means conclusive that now, when we have waited seven or eight years since his message, when Texas is still Independent, though battling for her Freedom, Mr. McDuffie would contend that we should wait until Mexico acknowledged her Independence.

According to such a doctrine, the actual Independence of a country would not depend upon her ability to maintain it; nor upon the recognition of Sovereign States; but upon the pride and caprice of the mother country; and would be delayed in proportion to her obstinacy, tyrannical disposition, means of annoyance and the inequality of the contest. Thus a premium would be placed upon delay, jealousy, hate, obstinacy and injustice; and the most noble and gallant nation might be longest kept from being treated as Independent, because she happened to have asserted her freedom against the meanest and most tyrannical of mistresses. Many a man has been badly whipped, whose pride still kept him from hollowing "nough." If a disappointed and defeated State is thus to be rewarded for her injustice and can thus keep the nations of the earth at a distance from her former provinces, whom they acknowledge to be Independent, she may keep up a show of re-conquest, threaten much

and loud, and thus be a standing scarecrow for all Christendom.

If Texas be Independent, she ought in all respects to be treated by us as such. How can it be ascertained? She says *she is* and *will be* and has established an Independent Government. The U. S. says *she is*. But she, they say, must not judge. Well, England, France, Holland, Belgium say *she is*. Shall their judgments be relied upon? The recognition of a new State in the family of Nations is not a matter of course and granted capriciously. Evidence of Texas' Independence and title to be Free was presented to each of them and they were satisfied. Certainly those who say we should wait for disappointed, defeated Mexico, have very little idea of National dignity and Sovereignty. Already have we paid the greatest deference to the rights of Mexico. We gave her a fair field, and shewed Texas no favor. When Texas proposed it, and her whole people with the exception of ninety-three voted for Annexation to us, we held her off in respect to Mexico. Six or seven years have elapsed; Texas is free; Mexico has been forced to agree to an armistice, which has been duly executed; her prisons have been emptied of the Texan prisoners; and an Independent organization is still in operation under the influence of the "Lone Star." Still we must wait for Mexico to liberate Texas! The Sovereignty of the United States prostrate before the footstool of Mexico! Yet a few years ago, we offered to buy this same country from her whose nod we now await, when she was contending against her Spanish Mother.

We did not hastily or unadvisedly acknowledge the Independence of Texas. From the Journal of the Senate, the following facts will appear.*

June 18, 1836, p. 448.

"Mr. Clay, from the committee on Foreign Relations, to whom were referred the several memorials praying the recognition of the Independence of Texas, made a report, accompanied by the following resolution—

"Resolved, That the independence of Texas ought to be acknowledged by the United States, whenever satisfactory information shall be received that it has in successful operation a civil Government capable of performing the duties and fulfilling the obligations of an independent Power."

With his usual promptness, President Jackson inquired into the condition of Texas through official agents.

On the 1st July, 1836, (Journal, p. 516) Mr. PRESTON submitted the following resolution as an amendment to that reported by Mr. Clay:

"Resolved, That the Senate has seen with satisfaction, that the President has adopted measures to ascertain the political, military and civil condition of Texas."

The vote was taken on both resolutions together, and they were unanimously adopted.

On the 22nd of December, 1836, Gen. Jackson communicated to Congress the substance of the

* We quote this Synopsis from "The Monitor," Tuscaloosa, Alabama (Whig.)

information he had obtained in relation to the Government of Texas, which was of the most favorable character.

On the 12th of January, 1837, (Senate Journal, p. 110) Mr. WALKER submitted the following resolution :

"Resolved, That the State of Texas having established and maintained an independent Government, capable of performing those duties, foreign and domestic, which appertain to independent Governments; and it appearing there is no longer any reasonable prospect of the successful prosecution of the war of Mexico against said State, it is expedient and proper, and in conformity with the laws of nations, and the practice of this Government in like cases, that the independent political existence of said State be acknowledged by the Government of the United States."

No vote was taken on its adoption until 1st March (Journal, 311,) when 23 Senators voted in the affirmative and 19 in the negative. The next day Mr. Ruggles moved to re-consider the vote, which motion was lost by a tie—24 to 24.

We have not traced the action of the House of Representatives on Mr. Walker's resolution. It is sufficient to say that it was adopted, and became binding on the Government. The Independence of Texas, as a nation, was fully acknowledged.

Shall we, then, deny the fruits and incidents of an Independence thus carefully recognized? Shades of Grotius, Puffendorf and Bynkershoek forbid it!

But, it is replied, the armistice you spoke of was with the *Department* of Texas and so expressly stated. The title which Texas chose to adopt can not affect or invalidate well established facts and institutions. The shadow can not destroy the substance. There is still an independent organization in Texas and will be, during and after the armistice. Such magnifiers of shadows would make good "homeopathic soup"—casting the shade of Mexico's displeasure not only over the whole of Texas and the Gulf of Mexico; but over this Union also.*

But when all these objections have been swept away, another meets us. We have enough, perhaps too much, territory already; our system will be too unwieldy; we shall crumble to pieces by our own weight; new interests will be introduced to disturb our harmony and endanger our peace.

This objection was urged against both Florida and Louisiana. Farther than this, it was urged against the union of the blessed "old Thirteen." The pen of Madison silenced it then and shall do so now.

* *Homeopathic Soup.* Some doctor who did not believe very firmly in the infinitely small doses and subdivisions of Homeopathy burlesqued them by the following receipt. Take two starved chickens, and hang them in the kitchen door, where a ray of the sun comes in, so that their shadow will fall on a pot on the fire, containing ten gallons of water. Boil the shadow for an hour; then take one drop of the soup, put it into a wine glass of water and give the patient one drop every ten days.

The beauty and completeness of our Representative system removes this objection entirely. Hence Mr. Madison says :*

"In a democracy, the people meet and exercise the government in person: in a republic, they assemble and administer it by their representatives and agents. A democracy, consequently, must be confined to a small spot. A republic may be extended over a large region." * * *

"The natural limit of a republic, is that distance from the centre, which will barely allow the representatives of the people to meet as often as may be necessary for the administration of public affairs. Can it be said, that the limits of the United States exceed this distance?"

"On a comparison of this extent, with that of several countries in Europe, the practicability of rendering our system commensurate to it, appears to be demonstrable."

But the comparison then instituted by Mr. Madison may be better substituted by that of Mr. Walker.†

"British empire—area, 8,100,000 square miles; population, 200,000,000.

Russian empire—area, 7,500,000 square miles; population, 75,000,000.

Chinese empire—area, 5,500,000 square miles; population, 250,000,000.

Brazil—area, 3,000,000 square miles; population 6,000,000.

United States (including Texas)—area, 2,318,000 square miles; population, 19,000,000.

Here is one monarchy, (the British empire,) nearly four times as large as the United States, including Texas; and one monarchy and three despotisms combined, largely more than ten times our area, also including Texas; and to assert, under these circumstances, that our government is to be overthrown or endangered by an addition of one-seventh to its area, is to adopt the exploded argument of kings and despots against our system of confederated States."

Favorable as is the representative system to a large territory, our peculiar confederated system is probably more so. The local interests, which would jar if brought under the control of the Union, are settled peaceably and quietly at home. Thus every day, are the State Governments readily adjusting matters, perhaps unknown beyond their borders, which, if brought under the cognizance of the General Government, would shake the Union to its centre.

It may be said, that Mr. Madison intended his reasoning to apply only to the present state and immediate prospects of the country at the time he wrote, (1788,) and never to the almost indefinite expansion which we seem to advocate. Mr. Madison himself approved of every extension of our area thus far, and also of the annexation of Texas. Certain it is, we have not yet attained the limit which he laid down even in 1788; and he anticipated an extension of it by new improvements. His patriotic visions could then reach no farther than the shortening and mending of roads and the construction of canals!! What limits would he assign to modern improvements! With Atlantic and Pacific steamers, from various ports on the East and from Columbia River and California in the West, almost

* Federalist, No. XIV, p. 62, 63.

† Letter of Mr. Walker, p. 10.

pheric, or even common rail ways and magnetic telegraphs, the earth itself would scarcely be too large for the domain of a Confederate Government, like our own. What, if these United States should yet be the Liberal mistress of the world! The harmony and peace of the Union have been rather promoted by the enlarging of our borders. Disaffection has never raised its gorgon front in any of the new States. Hand in hand, in Peace and in War, have they moved on with the old and with each other, beautifully, bravely and triumphantly.

Still a cry as of some one in great perplexity assails us, asking "will you overwhelm the country with the immense, unknown debt of Texas, with her domain all covered by patents and alienated by grants?" If the debt of Texas be so unknown and unascertainable as some assert, wherefore is it so immense! It need not necessarily be like Walter Scott "the great unknown." It is only a small insect that has got into the telescopes of political philosophers and seems to be a huge monster in the "Lone Star," at which they are gazing.

The reader will perhaps be as much astonished, as we were, to learn the amount of this enormous debt, which it is said, and correctly, the United States will have to assume. We are informed by high authority, that the debts of Texas were estimated by a Committee of her Congress, in 1841, at \$7,400,000; and that this is about the amount now due. With interest, it may amount to \$8,000,000. But let us double this, nay quadruple it; and will a debt of \$32,000,000 overwhelm this union? A few years ago, a surplus of \$30,000,000 so encumbered our treasury, that it was virtually distributed among the States; and subsequently a sum more than sufficient to pay the whole debt of Texas has actually been distributed among such States as would receive it. Texas could be paid for and the burden not felt; and we would receive incalculably more than we would have to pay, even at *thirty two millions*. It is impossible to calculate the immense value of Texas as a Commercial position, during a continued Peace, and her importance would only be enhanced by a War. But besides all this, she has an area of 318,000 square miles; equal to about 203,000,000 of acres,—of which 136,000,000 of acres are reported by her land office to be public lands. Surely *one hundred and thirty-six millions of acres of Texas lands will discharge a debt of thirty or forty millions of dollars*. But ten millions would be a most liberal estimate of her existing public debt. When a man buys a house, or a farm, he has to pay something for the beauty and eligibility of its situation. The position of Texas in relation to our teeming Western Valley, with her desirable harbors, is worth more than all her debt, in Peace or War; and as each year will increase her productions and those of all that fruitful region, her value will augment continually.

We desired to give more attention at this time to the objection based upon Slavery and the Dissolution of the Union; but must confine ourselves to a few words.

Is this question of slavery likely ever to dissolve the Union? If so, is it the duty of the South alone to bear and forbear? Are we to be told continually by many "hush! hush! give up! give up! You'll dissolve the Union!" and then by others to be threatened that the Union shall be dissolved, if we do not in every measure, however remotely connected with slavery, yield to their direction? Where shall we stop? The admission of slave states is not the only form in which this question is to meet, or has met us.

Abolition, or to use a milder and we hope a truer term, emancipation in the North is but a feeling, a movement of philanthropy, often mistaken, and with many, Oh! how misguided! Ignorance and prejudice, too, mingle with and often incite it. Slavery in the South is an Institution, vesting rights and conferring property,—recognized and guarantied by the Constitution. Shall the latter,—substantial, existing and Constitutional, be made to yield to the former,—shadowy, visionary, interfering, fanatical and unlawful! The South dearly loves the Union and will not break it. She wishes that it may not be broken. But having rights, which she knows and must (even for safety) maintain, she may not always yield to those whom she thinks can be and ought to be brought to moderation and right. Unless the sentiments and policy of Mr. Adams and Mr. Webster and their followers are changed, a worse question than Annexation may force our decision. Viewing the progress of anti-slavery sentiment from the time when Wilberforce and Clarkson labored for years to obtain, from the parliament of a land, the touch of whose soil, it is boasted, unshackles every slave, even the abolition of the nefarious slave-trade, down to the present time, when an English minister has openly declared to the Chargé d'affaires of this same Texas,* that her majesty can not tolerate the existence of Slavery any where, we must be convinced that it is not likely to recede. We then behold it crossing the Atlantic and steering North, lest it should be deterred by the groans and horrors of emancipated Domingo, taking root and flourishing here in this Union. Its strength and dispositions ought to be tested; and we firmly believe that the result will be greater harmony and a closer union. Instead, then, of Annexation dissolving the Union, it will confirm it and test and expose the strength of abolition.

These suggestions do not proceed from any excited feeling towards the North. We have none;—*quite the reverse*. But the question of slavery has nothing to do with the Annexation of Texas; and

* See letter of the Earl of Aberdeen to the Hon. Ashbel Smith. National Intelligencer of the 10th April, 1844.

if it be lugged in, they who do it must bear the blame and the consequences. Not intimidated by threats, not influenced by fear, even of Disunion, which she sincerely deprecates and does nothing to promote, the South will adhere to her own rights and to the true interests of the whole country.

We have thus considered very hastily, as we were compelled to do, most, if not all, the objections to the Annexation of Texas. It was deemed proper to endeavor to remove these, before entering upon the direct arguments in its favor. But in answering them, many of the advantages of Annexation have been necessarily adverted to and partially enforced. Every important measure must have some strong considerations in its favor; and surely if the objections to it can be effectually combated, this of itself is enough to justify it. In the case before us, not only do the objections appear to be susceptible of refutation; but allowing them the full force which their supporters claim for them, the arguments on the other side *greatly* preponderate. The consideration of these, however, must be reserved for another occasion; and, unless rendered entirely useless by some unforeseen occurrence, will be entered into more at large, in our June number.

Our beautiful and blessed Union being preserved, the good of the North is the good of the South; and the reverse. The Annexation of Texas, then, would extend the South Western boundary of the United States, according to the dictates of interest and the arrangement of nature; leaving it hereafter to be completed by the acquisition of California and the interjacent country. Then, with a Naval Depot and National Armory on the Mississippi, and Key West and the Tortugas well fortified, as suggested by our very gifted and estimable friend, Lieut. M. F. Maury,* this Union would be more in the position that a great, Independent nation should occupy. These should be, whether Texas joins us or not.

Texas would afford a large additional market for the manufactures of the North. She has already opened wide her marts for their reception; and before she was thrown upon foreigners and strangers, consumed in one year (1840) *over one million and two hundred thousand dollars' worth of our products,—nearly the whole from the North.* Though this has been reduced more than one million of dollars, by her intercourse with other countries, it would all be restored and largely increased in an accelerated ratio, if she were adopted by us.

A market would also be opened for slaves; and abhorrent as this may be to some pseudo-philanthropists, it will effectually promote their final emancipation. Already has slavery gradually receded towards the South. Every census has exhibited a great decrease in every old slave State.

* "Maritime Interests of the South and West." Southern Quarterly Review, October, 1843.

This gradual disappearance of slavery is the only possible way of getting rid of it. It will not plunge itself into the Gulf of Mexico; it can not jump across. It will *slide* on towards Texas;—thence into Mexico, to be amalgamated there, if any where, with its *free* inhabitants. This, a sensible quaker merchant of New York plainly perceives and enforces in a letter to the Hon. R. I. Walker.* As the best and only means of gradually getting rid of slavery, Annexation commends itself to those who desire its abolition.

To the South, the Annexation of Texas would bring no benefits peculiar to it, farther than the increased protection of its frontier from the ravages of war. In another war, the South would probably be the greatest sufferer,—and would have to bear the brunt. But the North also, as a part of the Union, needs the same protection.

On the contrary, it is plain that Texas, being necessarily an agricultural country, would compete with the Southern States. They will have, indeed, to encounter this competition in any event. But Annexation will quicken it and bring it to bear sooner and more directly. Emigration, even from the fertile and sunny South, will flow into Texas, and Southern lands will inevitably fall. Slaves will rise, which may partly compensate for the fall of lands, but not altogether; and then they will take their way to the better market of Texas, as we have before intimated. Still the Southern States will go on filling up, the places of the slaves sold or removed must be supplied from the more Northern Slave States, and thus the decrease already so considerable will be accelerated. But the products and settlement of Texas can in no wise affect the Northern States disadvantageously. The more she produces, the greater her means of buying from the North; the sooner she is filled with an industrious population, the more consumers of Northern manufactures. But the South should, for the prospective advantage to herself and the Union, be willing to submit to the temporary depreciation of her lands and abstraction of her citizens. She has ever been self sacrificing for the general welfare.

This is the *national* view which we love to take of this important and engaging subject. But if any will have us *disunited*, let us, *for their benefit only*, take a *one sided* glance.

The dark and gloomy hour has arrived! The Constitution is annulled! Its fathers' hopes, intentions, counsels, prayers and pledges are all blighted, disregarded and broken! Two branches of the same family once united and happy, their fate ruled by the same stars, worshipping the same God, under the same vine and fig tree, can not any longer live peaceably together! They have burst

* See letter of Aaron Leggett. Richmond Enquirer, March 22nd, 1844.

the bonds of kindred and of union and become as strangers in the land of their fathers !

We will not here attempt to draw any pictures of the scenes to be anticipated from the dire disruption. Let us, in charity and fond hope, suppose peace at least to prevail between them.

The North has the Old World and will soon have a good portion of the Southern States to compete with her manufactures. Her own territory will hardly, if it all, supply her necessities. She will be excluded from our markets ; and from the affections of our people. If she should propose a treaty with us ; the first requisite would be, " you must let alone slaves and slavery among us, and surrender every offender against those laws which we have made respecting it." Without this, she could have no communion with us. Then why not do these under the Union and the Constitution ? There are very few, scarcely any foreign countries with which she could make advantageous commercial treaties. Old countries are not agricultural, but manufacturing and they would be the rivals and not the allies of the North. Thus secluded, the ingenuity of her people might get them along, but their situation could not be envied.

Her profitable carrying trade would be destroyed. Having so few markets, not already overstocked with their own manufactures, she would soon have but little to carry : of course, we would exclude her, and her crowded marine would be thrown without employment upon her hands. The Barques of the East would no longer plough the waters of the South. But the iron of Virginia and Tennessee, the hemp of Kentucky and the pine of the old North State, with the exhaustless live-oak of Texas, wrought into stately ships by Southern skill and enterprise, would spread our abundant exports over the world, bringing us in return the riches and the products of every clime. Prosperous commerce would be carried on along our whole Atlantic coast and our Western Mediterranean would present a more thriving scene than was ever witnessed by Venice, throned on her hundred isles, in her proudest day.

In all this, too, England would be glad to unite with us, in order to give occupation to a part of her immense marine.

The South, moreover, on account of her agricultural products, could form commercial treaties with England, France and every country that has more mouths than food to fill them, and more manufactures than she can consume at home. Should they exclude us, as they certainly would not do, Virginia, whose facilities are as great as any in the world, could soon produce manufactures enough for the whole South ; and with, or without foreign alliances, she would become a large manufacturing State, and Richmond surpass Lowell itself. Norfolk, Richmond, Charleston and Savannah would receive the commercial wealth that now fills the

coffers of Boston and New York. Even glorious old Yorktown would be revived ; and disunion thus give life to the spot that witnessed the consummation of our Independence. The stream of wealth, too, that now flows from New York down the Great Mississippi valley, would then seek the Ohio through the James River and Kanawha canal which would be completed in " the twinkling of an eye," for its reception. The great South Western trade, that will be so greatly promoted by the Annexation of Texas, will under the Union advance the completion of this stupendous undertaking. New Orleans is, in any event, destined to be one of the greatest emporiums of the world. The Mississippi may be confined within its banks ; but a flood of wealth will ere long pour in upon her, that will overflow her levées, inundate her wharves, fill her storehouses, though constructed on a scale of unrivalled grandeur, to the highest apartments, and overspread the whole Gulf of Mexico. New Orleans with all her treasures will be a Southern City, supplying us and the world with the abundance of her stores. If Texas can then be had by us, we will have her ; and will open, if possible, a way to the equally bounteous California, when the East, with her luxuries and her demands for many of our staples, will be brought almost into our laps. The South would then have her depots and arsenals on the Mississippi, and Key West and the Tortugas would be strongly fortified. War would affect her relations and interests as it does those of all nations. Slavery has never yet sapped the valor of a people, and the weakness of the South on account of its existence might be found not so great as has been imagined. More negroes would be found fighting by their masters' sides, or enduring merciless stripes rather than betray them, than would be arrayed on the side of their enemies. This has been and will be again, if another occasion should offer, which Heaven avert !

But we trust that the South will forever be a part of the Union and that Texas will be admitted to it, for the good of the whole. As the Honorable Senator Walker observes, Texas is but a part of the Mississippi valley, of which New York may be considered the head. The United States should possess the whole of this teeming region. Texas is quite essential for the protection and full enjoyment of that which we now possess.

This immense and fertile valley is destined to be the *spinal marrow* of our confederacy and seems to be a perpetual bond of union between the slave and non-slave States. We have sometimes been quite wrapt in visions, when contemplating its future prospects and productiveness. The inland sea, which geologists tell us once swept over its bosom, seems but a type of the flood of wealth which it is destined to send forth to the South West. No limits can be set to the almost creative energies of its rich loam ; and nature seems to

have given its great rivers their unceasing onward flow to bear more swiftly its teeming products to those waiting to receive them. Shall not Texas as a branch of this fruitful valley be allowed to enjoy and contribute to swell its streams of wealth? For natural advantages she can compare favorably with almost any country;—in the variety and luxuriance of her products vieing with the *tierra templada* of Mexico, whose soil and climate rendered her almost a paradise three centuries ago; the descriptions of whose beauty and magnificence so graphically drawn by Prescott warm the imaginations of the least enthusiastic. Gold and silver, sugar and cotton, fruits and flowers, the vigor of the mountains, the luxuriance of the tropics, beauty and grandeur, all are hers. Her rivers, forests and plains are filled with their respective tenants, her fields return multifold into the bosom of the husbandman, and in many parts the air is so pure that it taints not the fresh spoil of the hunter.

All these are tendered to us and the offer has been in part accepted. A treaty now awaits only the confirmation of the Senate. As its provisions have not transpired, we will not indulge in rumor. If we do not receive Texas, her "lone star" will be dimmed or extinguished by dependence on an overshadowing power. Like the star of old in the West it goes before our "wise men" to show them where the young Republic is. If we are true to ourselves, it will be taken to our firmament and emblazoned on our flag, under whose protection and increased splendor our ships will bear our products and hers over every sea.

April, 1844.

POESY.

The bright green Earth in beauteous guise,
Beautiful still, as in days of old;
How she wooeth the soul with her witching eyes,
And her robe of gems and gold!
That radiant robe, where the silver sheen,
Of the drops of dew, and the lake serene,
In glory vie, with the emerald green
Of the clustering vines,
Where the ivy twines,
And the insect skippeth in dulcet play,
And the wild bird trills its caroling lay.
O Earth! thou art the Poet's theme;
The brightness of the Beautiful!
More gorgeous than his pictur'd dream,
Of fairy-fancy full.
The sea—the sky—the bright array—
The radiant sun that sheds for aye
The splendor of his glorious ray;
The thousand things,
On happy wings,
The dying all—the breathing whole—
O twine they not the Poet's soul?
The purling play of murmuring streams—
The flowery mead—the winding dell—
The Beautiful! O there the dreams
Of Poets ever dwell!

Nor dreams alone: before that shrine,
Where God has set his signet-sign,
—The impress of a hand divine—
O there his soul,
Doth seek its goal,
Striving for aye that goal to win,
And drink its inspiration in.
And thus, and thus, the Poet sings;
Wedded unto his holy art;
And thus for aye he fondly clings,
With love's unfaltering heart!
Sorrow may try the gifted sore;
Neglect may pierce his bosom's core;
Chill Penury, with open door
And horrid grin,
May bid him in,
And scorn and malice blast at will,—
The Poet is a Poet still.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

IPHIGENIA AT TAURIS.

We finish this month the translation of this beautiful production; one most worthy of the original; and take great pleasure in accrediting it to Judge Beverley Tucker, Professor of Law in William and Mary College, and our honored preceptor. Taste he has long possessed,—genius always; but he has only recently devoted his attention, at the intervals of very arduous duties, to the acquisition of the German. His example and success may well be a lesson and an encouragement to others. We particularly commend the whole of *Iphigenia* to our readers. Go back and read it, if any have omitted it, and dwell upon the matchless manner in which *Iphigenia* subdues the anger, and aways the purposes of the King. Disclosing all, she trusts to the power of virtuous innocence and earnest eloquence and is victorious.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

We wished to give this month some account of the proceedings of this patriotic association, at its first general meeting in April last. Its noble aims demand the highest praise; its national character and prospective, nay immediate, benefits entitle it to the fostering care of Government, and to the zealous coöperation of every one who can appreciate the relation of Literature and Science to the honor and prosperity of the Country. Their last, first meeting was something more than a commencement.—It was a decided achievement. More men of letters were there; more was done and said, and better, than might have been expected. Present enjoyment was found, when it had been mere anticipation; and though Hope is still the proper feeling, it is stronger and blended well with exultation.

We shall publish next month an article intended to be read before this "Institute," on the relation between the Caucasian master and the African slave, dedicated to the Hon. C. J. Ingersoll.

THE HOME LIBRARY—POETICAL SERIES

The Whitefooted Deer and other Poems; by Wm. Cullen Bryant. New York. J. S. Platt, 1844.

The Home Library is a new enterprise in which authors are somewhat interested. It is intended that they shall proportionately partake in the per-

niary profits accruing from their productions. The first number of the new series begins with a small collection of poems from the pen of the ablest of the American poets. The peculiarities and characteristics of Mr. Bryant's verse need not be insisted on, at this late day, in referring to a new volume of his verses. His manner, modes of thinking and expression, the charm of his description, the delicacy of his fancy, the purity of his taste, are all familiar to the very humblest of those, in America, who read. This little volume, while it is undistinguished by any of those remarkable poems, such as "Thanatopsis," "The Prairies," &c., which have placed our author among the first of contemplative poets, is yet full of proofs of the presence of the same thoughtful mind, and observing eye. Gentle, placid and clear, the stream of Bryant's song runs along through woods and meadows, as charmingly and winningly, as the fair brooks, on whose banks he so much loves to wander and to meditate. We fancy, if there be any change in his song, it is in an increasing thoughtfulness—a deeper shadow gathers in his musings, and the tone, while it is equally solemn as before, is more subdued. Mr. Bryant does not often yield his muse to passing occasions. When he does so, he is singularly successful. Take for example the following lines which were chaunted at the funeral service of the late Dr. Channing. Occasional verses are well calculated to try the powers, and they commonly baffle the efforts, of the poet. Few succeed in them. These seem to us to be very happy. They are equally true to the characteristics of the author, and appropriate to the occasion.

THE DEATH OF CHANNING.

While yet the harvest fields are white,
And few the toiling reapers stand,
Called from his task before the night
We miss the mightiest of the band.

Oh, thou of strong, yet gentle mind!
Thy thrilling voice shall plead no more
For truth, for freedom and mankind;
The lesson of thy life is o'er.

But thou, in brightness far above
The fairest dream of human thought,
Before the seat of power and love,
Art with the truth that thou hast sought.

The Poem on Washington, is also an occasional performance, sung, we believe, at some popular celebration. It seems to us a very sweet classical hymn, not unworthy of the subject. We give it to the reader, but beg to be understood as presenting these poems, not because they are superior, or even equal, to the rest of the collection, but simply because they show us the Muse of Mr. Bryant in fields in which she has not much been accustomed to stray.

WASHINGTON.

Great were the hearts, and strong the minds,
Of those who framed, in high debate,
The immortal league of love that binds
Our fair, broad empire, State with State.

And deep the gladness of the hour,
When, as the auspicious task was done,
In solemn trust, the sword of power,
Was given to glory's unspoiled son.

That noble race is gone; the suns
Of fifty years have risen and set;
But the bright links those chosen ones
So strongly forged, are brighter yet.

Wide—as our own free race increase—
Wide shall extend the elastic chain,
And bind, in everlasting peace,
State after State, a mighty train.

We commend the Home Library, thus happily begun, to our reading and literary public. It is a series at once small in price and tasteful in execution. It deserves the patronage of all who would encourage the author, in some degree, with the printer.

Notices of New Works.

CAREY AND HART: Philadelphia, 1844.

THE ROSE MANUAL; containing accurate descriptions of all the finest varieties of Roses, properly classed, with directions for their culture and propagation and the destruction of insects. By Robert Buist, nurseryman and florist. pp. 176, 8vo.

This tasteful and acceptable present from Mr. Buist arrived just in time to rescue from the bugs a few favorites, now languishing under their attacks and our ignorance of rose culture. The work is beautifully printed and bound and we commend it to the lovers of fragrance and beauty.

A NEW AND COMPLETE FRENCH AND ENGLISH, AND ENGLISH AND FRENCH DICTIONARY. Compiled and prepared by J. Dobson, Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c., &c. pp. 1376, large 8vo.

This is also a very opportune arrival, for which we thank the publishers. A very neat pocket edition of Tibbins, a sort of companion for several years, has suffered much damage from the thumbings of a little friend; and lo! its place is supplied by the extensive work before us, based upon the new royal Dictionary of Professors Fleming and Tibbins. We have often found words in Tibbins not contained in other Lexicons, and doubt not that this work, so greatly enlarged and improved, will be to the changing and increasing language of the French, what Webster's is to the English. We unite with the N. American Review in highly commending it. The size of the type is very favorable to the eyes of the Student. Drinker & Morris have it.

HARPER AND BROTHERS: New York, 1844.

RELIGION IN AMERICA; or an account of the rise, progress, relation to the State, and present condition of the Evangelical Churches in the United States. By Robert Baird, author of "L'union de l'église avec l'état dans nouvelle Angleterre." In two parts. pp. 343, 8vo.

No doubt many like ourselves have wished for some general work of this kind. Partial histories of some church, able and engaging, have frequently been written; but there still seemed a demand for one like the present. Mr. Baird prepared it more particularly for Europeans, from whom the first edition met a very favorable reception. It is now to be translated into several of the languages on the Continent of Europe.

Milman's Gibbon. Nos. 6 and 7.

Neal's History of the Puritans. No. 4.

M'Culloch's Universal Gazetteer. No. 10.

Martin Chuzzlewit. Part 5.

Kendall's Life of Jackson. Part 4.

Drinker & Morris have all these at 25 cents a number.

D. APPLETON AND Co: New York, 1844.
GEO. S. APPLETON: Philadelphia.

APPLIED CHEMISTRY; in Manufactures, Arts and Domestic Economy. Edited by Edward Andrew Farnell, author of "Elements of Chemical Analysis," &c. pp. 175, 8vo.

The applications of Chemistry to the useful arts are exceedingly beautiful and instructive; and are matters with which nearly every one has something to do. Thus they teach the utility, beauty and simplicity of what is too easy to disparage by calling it scientific. All nature is a laboratory and all are more or less chemists, for all to some extent observe her operations. The work before us contains the processes of dyeing and calico printing, illumination by gas, and preservation of wood. It is cheap and should be extensively read.

The Chemist is not content with watching these operations of nature, as they take place before him; but he dives into their causes and ascertains their laws. It is thus that he learns to reproduce effects which delight or benefit; and to imitate at will some of her sublimest workings. When she has produced, he must undo, to discover her mysteries and the elements she uses. These he sifts to see if he has them in their simplest forms. For this he employs different modes from those used in the applications of principles. These modes philosophy has greatly simplified and systematised, as will be found in the following treatise.

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION IN CHEMICAL ANALYSIS. By Dr. C. Remigius Fresenius, Chemical Assistant in the University of Giessen. Edited by J. Lloyd Bullock, late of the Giessen and Paris laboratories. pp. 284, 8vo.

WOMAN'S WORTH; or hints to raise the female character. With a recommendatory notice by Emily Marshall. pp. 180, 12mo.

This is woman's era and we have her in all shapes from the press, from infancy to motherhood. One of her sex says she is an enigma; and we would sooner undertake to puzzle the Sphinx than to calculate "Woman's Worth." Some are worth the world and some are just what they tell their poor lovers—not worth having. The little book is like a woman who gives a party—inviting; read it and profit by its hints.

THE ADVENTURES OF DANIEL BOONE, the rifleman of Kentucky.

One of "uncle Philip's" books for boys. Daniel Boone built the State of Kentucky in the back woods for his own private use. But finding that new comers intruded upon him, he soon became like the old woman in the Goose Melodies—"all he wanted was elbow-room." He shouldered his rifle and marched off to Missouri.

Drinker & Morris have all these works.

LEA AND BLANCHARD: Philadelphia.

WHIMS AND ODDITIES, in prose and verse, by Thomas Hood, Esq., author of the "Comic Annual," "Tynney Hall," &c. A new illustrated edition, complete.

An amusing and laughter loving book. One might have as great a propensity for punning as he who is mentioned in the memoirs of the renowned Scriblerus, over which we have roared not a little; and yet forbear in the present company.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCES. April, 1844. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. \$5 a year.

The present number contains a large mass of valuable Medical information. We are pleased to see so many of the contributors from our own section. Five of the twelve memoirs and cases are by Southern physicians.

MEMOIRS OF THE LOVES OF THE POETS. Biographical sketches of women celebrated in ancient and modern Poetry. By Mrs. Jamieson. Authoress of the "Diary of an Ennuyée."

This is a very interesting quasi-gossiping account of the "affaires du coeur" of the poets, and abounds with anecdotes widely gathered, and many gems of that poetry which lovely women inspired. The authoress disclaims all pretension in the work; and it should not be regarded as an attempt on her part to criticise or compare, but merely to collate and detail. Yet her own observations, often pertinent and instructive, well connect and illustrate the numerous branches of her fascinating subject. We leave it now with reluctance, promising to resume it.

Messrs. LITTLE AND BROWN, Boston, have sent us the last volume of the Library of American Biography. Conducted by Jared Sparks. Second series. pp. 398, 8vo.

This volume is in the best style of Boston publication, whose excellence is almost unrivalled, and contains memoirs of two very conspicuous men. The Life of La Salle, the settler of Louisiana, is from the pen of Mr. Sparks, to which the admirers of Washington, Franklin and other American worthies are so greatly indebted; and that of Patrick Henry, our own forest-born Demosthenes, from the pen of Alex. H. Everett, LL. D. The fame of Patrick Henry's eloquence must always rest with tradition, like that of Bolingbroke. Several persons of note were expressing a wish for the intellectual relic which they most desired to see, and one said he had rather have one of the lost books of Livy; Lord Chatham said he had rather have a speech of Bolingbroke. The eloquence of the noble Lord may have been more polished, and more fascinating, but it was hardly as effective and inspiring. The Biography by Mr. Wirt, with all its faults, is exceedingly interesting, and has doubtless been much used by Mr. Everett. The complete series will make a handsome collection and should be in the libraries of all who can afford it.

REVIEWS.

THE NORTH AMERICAN, for April, contains several important and interesting articles. Mr. James is handled somewhat after our taste, and the injustice, ignorance and impertinence of Mrs. Mary Howitt are exposed as they should be. Chapter and verse are fully given. The Messenger gave her a well merited rap and the N. American has truly followed it up. J. W. Randolph & Co. agents.

SILLIMAN'S JOURNAL, for April, is also before us, well stored as usual; but we can not dwell upon its contents farther than to mention the Tithonometer of Prof. Draper, and the Ice-mountain in Wallingford, Vt., similar to the one in Virginia. The writer adopts the solution of Mr. Hayden.

CAMPBELL'S SEMI-MONTHLY. Whilst Littell and Arnew are squabbling, this beautiful and excellent Magazine is bearing off the palm.

BLACKWOOD, FOR MARCH, is a good number, containing amongst other things, Ethiopia, the Pirates of Senegal, part 1. Marston, Goëthé, and more of Free-trade and Protection.

THE WESTMINSTER, for March. The leading article on Shakspeare is enough to make the number, though it contains other excellent articles.

These are Leonard Scott & Co's. Reprints. J. Gil's the Richmond agent.

PAMPHLETS.

We are indebted to various friends and *inconnus*, for addresses, poems, reports, lectures, &c., for all of which we make our acknowledgments. The author of "Poems to Man;" and the author of "Shelley and other poems" also please accept our thanks.

JOHN S. TAYLOR & Co: New-York, 1844.

THEOPNEUSTY, or the Plenary Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. By S. R. L. Gaussen, professor of Theology in Geneva, Switzerland. Translated by Edward Norris Kirk. pp. 410, 8vo.

This work is in the usually neat style of the publisher, and has gone through several editions in French and in English. The subject is important and interesting. The author insists upon the full Inspiration, as opposed to the partial Inspiration of the Scriptures, contended for by many theologians.

THE WRONGS OF WOMAN. By Charlotte Elizabeth. pp. 303, 8vo.

Woman's woes by woman wept over, but by man to be redressed. May reparation be speedy and complete.

These handsome volumes have been sent us by Messrs Perkins, Harvey and Ball of Shockoe Hill; who have many others to go along with them.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

JUNE, 1844.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE S. L. MESSENGER.

The following Essay was prepared to be read before the National Institute, at their meeting of April 1st, 1844. The writer, having been invited to deliver an address, or to read a paper before that assembly, accepted the invitation, and announced that his subject would be "the Moral and Political Influence of the Relation between the Caucasian Master and the African Slave." He was aware that apprehensions might be entertained, that, in the angry and excited state of public feeling, this subject might be brought forward by a Citizen of the injured and insulted South, with some purpose of recrimination. Hence he took the precaution to assure the Secretary of the Institute, that he intended nothing of the sort, and that the views he proposed to present could not, by possibility, give offence to the most sensitive. Still he was not surprised at receiving in reply a letter advising him to forbear the subject. He had learned indeed that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," but he knew, too, that there are circumstances under which every attempt to soothe does but exasperate. There are some substances which, in combustion, decompose and convert into explosive gas the water that is used to quench them, and *Philanthropy*, it seems, is supposed to possess an analogous property. He therefore readily accepted the advice so kindly given, and forebore to press the claim of the South to plead at the bar of public opinion against the charges on which she had been condemned unheard. *Rhadamanthus castigat, auditque. He punishes first, but, if the victim has any thing to say, he will then hear him.* The methods of philanthropy are yet more stern. *She* will not hear even then.

The writer on his part, delighted at an opportunity to plead the cause of Humanity at the bar of Philosophy, and before a Jury *de medietate*, had immediately addressed himself to his task, and before the receipt of this discouraging letter, had written more than half the following Essay. Having begun, he determined to go on with it, and, in handing it to the Messenger, sees no need to throw it into a different form.

It will be seen that he has treated only the *moral* part of the subject. He soon found that he could not do justice to the whole in a single essay of appropriate length, either for a public audience, or the pages of a periodical. At another time he may ask you to give place to his thoughts on the *political* effect of domestic slavery.

TO THE HON. CHARLES J. INGERSOLL.

Sir: I am happy in an opportunity to dedicate the following Essay to one who has shown a wish to know the truth, and to judge with candor and justice on the subject

of which it treats. It is so convenient to let prejudice supply the place of information; so easy to censure what we do not understand; so pleasant to magnify faults which we have no temptation to commit; and so consolatory to repent of the sins of other men, that he who magnanimously denies himself these cheap enjoyments, well deserves to receive some equivalent therefor. I have nothing better to offer than my poor acknowledgments. I beg you to accept them, and with them the assurance that the people of the South are not insensible to the candor, justice and humanity which characterize your conduct in regard to an interest which lies not nearer to their purses than to their hearts.

With assurances of the highest respect,
I beg leave to subscribe myself
Your obedient servant.

AN ESSAY

On the Moral and Political Effect of the Relation between

THE CAUCASIAN MASTER AND THE AFRICAN SLAVE.

Intended to have been read before the National Institute at their meeting in April, 1844.

Gentlemen: I am not sure but that some may think that I owe an apology for introducing the subject to which I invite your attention. Did I propose to treat it in the angry and contentious spirit it so often excites, no apology ought to be received. I beg leave to assure you, in advance, that I have no such purpose. The subject is one intimately connected with the happiness and the duties of a large portion of the inhabitants of the United States. It is at least important that *they* should understand it rightly. These, on their part, have reason to wish, that they whom it does not so immediately concern, and who judge of it at a distance, should see it in its true light. The love of reputation is natural to man, and it is not easy for any one to sit down under the reproach of the world, entirely satisfied with the judgment of his own conscience. This indeed is indispensable, but this is not all.

In this assembly, devoted to the cause of science,

the discussion of a subject connected with the two important sciences of Government and Morality can not be out of place. In a catholic association intended to harmonize the feelings and judgments of those who have so much in common, it is desirable that every thing possible should be done to convince all of the wisdom and justice of opinions and conduct which, though confined to a part, that part can not be expected to change. In an association intended to collect, as in a focus, the light emanating from every part of this extensive Union, it would seem the duty of each to bring forward his ideas on subjects which he most particularly understands, and these are the very subjects to which others, possessing less means of knowledge may be expected to give the most willing attention.

In an assembly, so enlightened as this, I should not presume to open my lips on a subject of general science. To attempt it, would be but to give back to the sun a dim reflection of his own light. And this society itself—what is it, but a member of that great society of scientific men throughout Christendom, which is in perpetual session for the discovery of truth, and for so disseminating it, as to make the knowledge of each the knowledge of all? It is true that the sun of science has but lately risen on this Western world; and it is not to be expected that much will be discovered here in departments which the learned of Europe have been long exploring, with all the advantages that we possess. Although something of this sort has occasionally been accomplished, yet Europe may be expected to look coldly and discouragingly on such researches. The praise due for discoveries and improvements actually made has been grudgingly awarded. But let us speak of what is peculiar to our own country and straightway the jealousy of our European masters in art and science is appeased, and the most learned are the most ready to become our pupils, and to increase their ample stores of knowledge from our authentic materials. Cuvier himself would take instruction from the illiterate miner, and draw from his facts conclusions to elucidate the great marvel of CREATION.

To the great marts of science, where its votaries congregate for the exchange of knowledge for knowledge and thought for thought, each man should come freighted with that which his own country yields, and especially that which can not be found elsewhere. Should there appear among us an inhabitant of the interesting but unknown country of Oregon, professing to tell us of its soil and climate, its streams, mountains and minerals, we should listen with patient interest to all he might say concerning these, though, on any other subject, his best thoughts might be unworthy of notice. In like manner, gentlemen, I, who, on any other topic but that I have selected, should sit in the place of a learner, venture respectfully to claim the atten-

tion of this enlightened assembly to what I shall offer, concerning the great moral and political phenomenon which forms the striking and peculiar feature in the character and history of some of the States of this Union.

I am aware I may be met with the sound legal maxim, "*Nemo in propria causa Judex.*" But my business is to reason and to testify—not to decide. Reason stands for itself resting on its own strength; and in an assembly like this we owe it to each other to receive testimony as true, and even judgment as candid. Why should it be otherwise? No claim of right, no interest is involved in any discussion here. Elsewhere, unfortunately, this is not the case. In the only other place where this topic can be discussed between those among whom the institution of domestic slavery exists, and those who are strangers to it, it is so blended with questions of political power and individual interest, that it is always a subject of altercation, and not discussion. Do not the very bitterness it excites, the angry crimination, the fierce recrimination it provokes, demand a calm and candid investigation of its real merits? Shall I not stand excused for offering the results of a life's experience and reflection on a subject so differently understood by those who, it is to be wished, may be brought to see it in the same light? Shall I be blamed for offering to pour oil upon the wave which is beating against the foundations of the Union, and threatens to wash it from its base? The empire of opinion has its tribunals before which all are liable to be arraigned, and none should deny their jurisdiction, who do not desire to see that mild and ameliorating authority exchanged for the restored empire of the sword. The spirit of our institutions and the spirit of the age alike demand an account of every thing which seems like a disturbance of the natural equality or an invasion of the natural rights of man. Our large experience of the blessing of personal and civil liberty awakens in every benevolent mind a desire to see that blessing extended to every individual of the human race. But what is liberty, and how far it may be enjoyed by all, are questions of acknowledged difficulty. While we believe it to be the will of God that the life he has given should be a life of happiness to all, and that the sources of happiness distributed throughout the earth should be enjoyed by all, we can not shut our eyes to the fact that he himself has thrown obstacles in the way of that equality of enjoyment which we have assumed to be his general purpose. He has made the sources of enjoyment more accessible to some than to others, and He has endowed different individuals with capacities for enjoyment yet more various than the faculties and opportunities by which its means are to be procured. These two points of diversity in the human race have led some to charge their Maker with partiality: while others, well pleased to observe

that whatever advantage is allotted to some over the rest, is in their favor, are quite ready to acquiesce in the justice of the arrangement.

Both are in error, and the error in both is proved by the false corollaries they themselves deduce from their reasoning. In the first it leads to envy, hatred and malice, and to all those crimes which it is the office of Government to restrain and of law to punish. In the last it stifles sympathy; it nourishes false pride; it engenders false appetites and stimulates to indulgence and excess, by which the moral and intellectual man is transformed from the image of his God to that of a beast. These indeed are not denounced by law as crimes, for no law can reach them. But they are not the less evil because incorrigible.

But how shall we vindicate the justice of the Creator, unless we find some principle of compensation for these glaring inequalities? And where shall we find one, unless indeed one of these inequalities affords a compensation for the other? Let us see how this may be.

Money is the common measure of values, and wealth supplies the fund with which most enjoyments may be purchased. There are few sources of happiness to be explored and appropriated, to which wealth will not procure access, while it furnishes the price we must pay for them. The faculties which are most rare and most valuable to others, afford the possessor the surest means of acquiring wealth. Foremost among these, because rarest and most precious, are the powers of the mind, knowledge, genius, readiness of comprehension, originality of thought, soundness and sobriety of judgment, and all that marvellous combination which chiefly distinguishes man from his fellows, and to which collectively we give the name of talent. These have but to name their price, and it is readily, cheerfully, thankfully paid.

In this assembly I see myself surrounded by those whose presence here is a proof of high excellence in these endowments. But are these the wealthy of the land? By no means. And why not? There is not one present whose consciousness will not testify to the truth of the answer I am about to give.

It is because the gift of intellectual superiority is, by the wise dispensation of the Creator, associated with peculiar tastes and desires. The gifted son of genius does not so much as stretch forth his hand to take the wealth that courts his acceptance, because his thoughts are fixed on some of the few sources of enjoyment that wealth can not purchase. The delight of revelling amid the creations of fancy, the hardy joy of tasks of thought, the love of knowledge, for its own sake, the desire to diffuse the light of truth, and to advance the empire of mind, the desire to promote the welfare of our country and the happiness of the human race; above all, the love of honest fame, the just reward of intellectual excellence and moral worth,

and active service in the cause of humanity—these are the instincts of greatness. Turning from the low pursuit of wealth, it is with these that minds of a high order satisfy their natural cravings. Disdaining to scramble for the draff and husks that fill the common trough, they take nothing from the fund that supplies the enjoyments of others. On the contrary, the fruit of their labors is to replenish that fund. The rich man is made richer, and the comforts of the poor are increased by their discoveries in art and science, and the happiness of all is secured by their wisdom and justice. Is it the worse, or the better, for those who court wealth; for those who delight to revel in the pleasures of sense; for those who wisely limit their desires to moderate competency; or for those who find their happiness in the bland sweets of domestic life, that God has been pleased to endow each man here present with faculties of a higher order than theirs, and to implant in each bosom a source of enjoyment which would be ill exchanged for the mines of Golconda?

I am persuaded, Gentlemen, that there is not one member of this assembly, who does not bear within his own breast a witness to the truth of what I have just said. It would be superfluous to add examples to illustrate the means devised by the Creator for equalizing the opportunities of happiness among his creatures, and multiplying the sources of enjoyment in proportion to the number who partake of it. But other instances abound in which the very antagonism of tastes, capacities and powers is made reciprocally a source of happiness to all concerned. I beg you to observe the multiplied diversities between the male and female character, contrived with a view to the happiness and to the moral and intellectual excellence of both. Is it by chance, or by any necessary consequence of his sex, that *man* is bold, hardy, enterprising, contentious, delighting to struggle with difficulty, delighting in contests with his fellows, and eager to bear away the prize of every strife? Woman, on the contrary, timid, feeble, helpless, shrinks within the domestic sanctuary, and feels that the great want of her nature is security for herself and her offspring. This she owes to the exercise and indulgence of the distinctive powers and passions of him to whom she looks for protection, while he, in her trusting helplessness and grateful love, finds the reward of his toils, the crown of his triumphs and the consummation of his felicity.

So far, without any stretch of presumption, we may venture to believe that we understand the design of the Creator. But the world is full of phenomena, physical and moral which admonish us that many of his ways are "past finding out." We every where see a sort of affinity of opposition, a sympathy of antagonism, a combination of incompatibilities, while one strange wild strain of harmo-

nious discord rises from the whole. In all things we find a sort of polarity, which suggests the idea of absolute incongruity between things to all appearance irreconcilably hostile to each other, when presently we see them drawn together by the power of an irresistible and exclusive attraction. On this strange law depends the whole theory of chemical affinities. Substances similar, or not much unlike, may mix and blend, but each retains its own properties. Contrast and opposition are necessary to that intimate combination which produces a new substance. In this, all the sharpness and asperities of the constituent parts are lost forever, and things which before seemed eager to contend with each other to make the life of man their prey, unite to form a healing drug that restores him to health and vigor.

In the moral world we see much analogous to this. It is surely not by chance, that the human race, sprung from one common parent, has undergone the various modifications that make the difference between the intellectual Caucasian, the fierce Malay, the soft Hindoo, the rude but docile Negro, and the brutish and intractable New Hollander. If we inquire after the *modus operandi* by which these changes were wrought, the naturalist may tell us of the influence of climate. But who made climates to differ, and who shall limit the power of the Most High to counteract their influence were such his will? It was clearly his design that these diversities should exist. Shall we deny ourselves liberty to investigate his purpose in this? Let me not be told that it is presumptuous to scan his purposes. To question their wisdom and justice is indeed presumptuous. But the instinct of religion in the heart of man has taught him, in all ages, to inquire his Maker's will, that he might live in conformity to it. Hence the universal craving after revelation. Hence the readiness with which every thing professing to be revelation has ever been received. Man has felt it to be his duty to know the character and purposes of his Creator. He has felt that the Creator must desire to reveal himself and his will to his creature. The research which was piety in Socrates, Plato and Tully—can it be impious now?

But God has himself revealed his great purpose in the creation of the human race. It is the eternal happiness of all, through faith in the Redeemer of the world. It is his declared will that all shall come to the knowledge of that truth on which eternal life depends. Can we believe in any purpose inconsistent with this? In contemplating the divine tactic according to which the whole human race is marshalled, are we not bound to seek some way of reconciling the details to this great end? Are we not authorized to believe that, in some way incomprehensible to us, these and all things else are *subservient* to it? We see the various products of the earth so widely scattered over its surface, as to invite to

a universal exchange of commodities. In the universal intercourse of man with man to which this leads, we find the motive to this distribution. It diffuses knowledge over every part of the globe, and makes the seed of Shem and Canaan partakers of the great truth committed to the restless and enterprising race of Japhet. The diversities in the human species may be intended to conduce to the same great purpose. They suggest the idea that each race may be useful to the other, and may lead to combinations by which the condition of all may be improved, and the light of truth diffused among all. We plainly see how the other races may derive advantage from their intercourse with the Caucasian. It is not as yet so plain what benefit we may receive in return from the Malay or the Hottentot. Time may show. But in the case of the negro the discovery has been made. It was seen that his labor might be appropriated and turned to profit, and this led the white man to seek to open intercourse and form a connexion with him. The motive was indeed unworthy and sordid, but the result has been the physical, intellectual and moral improvement of the inferior race, and, in some respects, of both.

I proceed to show this; for I freely admit that, if the connexion between the Caucasian and African races has not been attended with moral good, every apology that can be offered for it must be rejected.

On the other hand, it may be fairly contended, that, if the temporal results are good, and promise well for the future welfare of both parties, then, though such results may not justify the means used to establish the connexion, yet the connexion itself is good and ought not rashly to be sundered. The actual working of the great machinery contrived by the All-Wise Creator can not be far from right, when it tends to the great declared purpose of the creation,—the temporal and eternal happiness of his creatures.

It is a striking fact, that, of all the sons of Adam, that particular family to which God chose first to commit his oracles, have always proved themselves, God being himself the witness, the most stiff-necked, rebellious, intractable and unteachable. It is in perfect harmony with this, that the European nations, to which the Gospel of Love, and Peace and Humility, was first communicated have been distinguished in all ages by systematic, far-seeing, concentrated *Selfishness*, by a *Taste for War*, by restless *Ambition* and indomitable *Pride*. Is there no reason for this: would the Jews, who hardly believed when God spoke to them in thunder from Sinai, have received the testimony of man? And is not their stubborn incredulity, at this day, the strongest human evidence of the truth of the Old Testament, which *even they believe*? Were all Jews, would all believe in Jehovah, unless every mountain were a Horeb—every stream a Jordan witnesses of his miracles? And the Anglo-Saxon

race, the great herald of moral and political truth—were they to whom they carry their tidings and their lessons such as themselves, would they submit to be taught, unless their teachers could sustain their testimony by miracles such as authenticated that of the Apostles? The stream which is to water the land and replenish the ocean must flow from the mountains, and the vapors that feed them must be raised from the earth by a power which is not of the earth, that they may be collected and precipitated on eminences which must otherwise be doomed to eternal drought. To turn back the course of the rivers to the mountains would be hardly more preposterous than to attempt to diffuse truth by sending it from the credulous to the sceptical, from the humble to the proud, from the timid to the bold, from the stupid to the intellectual. Hard as it was to make believers of Jews and Christians of Europeans, it was with them that the task of enlightening and evangelizing the world had to commence.

When I thus show, that the precious truths of the Gospel have been first imparted to us for the benefit of others, to the end that, having freely received, we should freely give, it will be seen that I have at least entitled myself to the praise of candor. I have made a case of solemn and important duty imposed by the blessings we enjoy, and prescribed as the very condition of their enjoyment. How we have performed this duty is a question we are bound to answer, and in doing this we must not palter with our Maker, or shrink from the strict account that the giver of all good demands.

It would be worse than disingenuous, it would be false to pretend that the first intercourse between the sons of Japhet and Canaan took its rise from these considerations. The attempt to trace their connexion to such a cause would be absurd and impudent. It originated in cupidity; it was effected by violence and outrage; and characterized by the most barbarous cruelty. These things I do not propose to palliate. I have no wish, and I can have no motive to do so. It is a matter that touches us not. The sin is not ours nor that of our fathers. But whoever were the perpetrators, candor suggests a sort of apology, not only for their first fault, but for their more recent zeal to redress the supposed wrong of their victims. We have but to think of the African as he appeared at first to the European, hardly bearing the lineaments of humanity, in intellect scarcely superior to the brutes, and mainly distinguishable from them by the greater variety of his evil propensities, and by a something answering the purposes of speech better—though not much better—than the chattering of monkeys. Use has made us familiar with the color of the negro, and experience has made us acquainted with his heart and mind. Having learned to love him, let us not marvel to find a sympathy

for his supposed wrongs in the breasts of those who once may have doubted whether he had a soul to be saved, or how his Maker could hold him responsible for the faults of a nature at once his crime and his punishment.

But it is not to censure, to palliate, or to justify that I advert to this. I speak of it only as a fact; as the starting point from whence we are to trace the moral influence of the actually subsisting relation between the two races.

That, since that relation was first established, there is a great moral improvement in both will not be denied. The remarkable fact is that this is greatest in those particulars which most influence, and are most influenced by that relation. So far as hatred has given place to love, dishonesty to fidelity, licentiousness to modesty, so far the change must meet the approbation of him, who, regarding the heart as the seat of crime, condemns every one who, even in thought, commits murder, adultery, or theft. I am well aware that this change is, in part, attributed, by those who view it from a distance, to a sort of moral coercion exerted by public opinion in this enlightened and moral age. It were well if this were so. The same opinion might also exert its influence in favor of the peasantry of the old continent and the laboring class in Great Britain. But, strangely enough, it has happened that while the white man was learning to appreciate the good qualities peculiar to the negro, and while the slave was learning to love his master, a change of precisely opposite character was going on in Europe. That change has deluged her realms with blood and still threatens to overthrow all her institutions, political, social and moral. One who will acquaint himself with the passionate loyalty, on the one hand, and the mild paternal authority on the other, of the Irish peasant and his landlord a century ago, will find something not widely different from the mutual sentiments of the master and slave at this day. What may be seen in Ireland now is surely not much better than the slavery of the African ever was in its worst form. The bond of sympathy that once connected the landed proprietor with all who lived upon his land is severed, while a like sympathy has been engendered between the white man and his negro slave.

If it be true that "Love is the fulfilling of the whole Law," then, in a moral and religious point of view, the growth of this sentiment between two races before divided by the strongest antipathies, is an approach toward that blessed condition when all the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, and all hearts shall be knit together in love for the sake of Him who loves them all. In that day, we are told "that the lion shall eat straw like the ox, and the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand in the

cockatrice's den." How is this to be understood? Literally—of the beasts of the fen and forest? By no means. The lion must cease to be a lion in his *physical* nature before he can cease to live on flesh. May we not rather understand it of the lordly white lion of Caucasus, of the patient negro ox, of the fierce red wolf of our Western wilds, of the meek Hindoo lamb; of the serpent-like Malay, with his envenomed creeper, and the foul Hottentot hyena gorging on garbage? All these are to be brought to harmonize and live in peace and love. The first step has been taken. The amicable union of two of these races has been brought about, though by means at first promising no such result. If these means were to be now used, the end might not justify them. It is not for us to do evil that good may come, for it may never come, or it might be divinely accomplished at no expense of evil. But when it is accomplished, shall we reject it? When the price has been paid and cannot be recalled; when God has been pleased to overrule the evil to his own good purposes, shall we cast away the benefit? Above all, shall we make it a brand of discord between brethren of the same race, to consume, like withes of straw, the ties of a common origin, religion and language? I beseech you, Gentlemen, let not this be so; and I pray you to hear me candidly, while I endeavor to show that the amelioration of the condition and character of the African slave in the United States, and the mild virtues which have taken place of savage cruelty in the breast of his master, are not the result of extrinsic causes, but the proper and natural fruit of their mutual relation; acting on the radical diversities between the Caucasian and the African races.

The only sound morality is the morality of the Gospel. Its sanction is faith—faith by which the heart is made better;—by which the will and affections are subdued to spontaneous obedience, through love to the author and founder of that faith. Its corner-stone is humility—its essential characteristic is subordination of the heart. Whatever habituates the mind of man to this, prepares him to receive God's truth in the love of it.

Such, I maintain, is the natural and proper effect of slavery on an inferior race placed in direct subjection and immediate communication with a master race of unquestionable superiority,—a superiority clearly admitted and manifested in all the affairs of life. So circumstanced, the love of the slave for his master is developed by a sort of *vis midi catrix Natura*. They who vindicate slavery as a prolonged war, offer but a lame defence; for war itself—what is it but violence and wrong? And what must be the condition of both parties living together in a state of rankling hostility? Must not both be eager to escape from a condition so wretched by cultivating in both a more kindly sentiment? The slave particularly, who sees no escape from

his thralldom, and whose master is ever present to him in person, or by a power which is felt continually, feels the necessity of engendering in his own breast a sentiment, by virtue of which his fate, otherwise intolerable, may be made happy. He must learn to love his master or be miserable. On the least encouragement his affections gush forth like a healing balsam issuing from the wound itself. This upward tendency of the slave's affection for his master points directly to the throne of God. Let it be extended in the same course, and it terminates there. It prepares the mind for a faith congenial to its temper, and never thrown off. It is steadfast and endures to the end. It may not always thoroughly sanctify. It may sometimes be so mixed with error as to fail to reform him; but it is never renounced. The spirit that chafes and frets at control, and would not have had God to rule over it has been already subdued to the authority of a human and harder task-master, and the slave finds a sense of enlargement, not restraint, in bowing to the will of Him who is Lord of all.

Many persons believe, (and the thought is so beautiful it well deserves to be true,) that the distinctive characteristics of some inferior animals were given for the edification of man. Qualities which make some pernicious to the human race become associated in our minds with abhorrence, loathing or disgust. Others seem set before us as lures to virtue for which we cherish them, which we learn to love in them, and to cultivate in ourselves. The child is easily turned away from vices habitually stigmatized with epithets coined from the most hateful names in his nursery states. A whole volume of reproof is conveyed to the infant mind, when he hears of wolfish rapacity, serpent guile or tiger-like ferocity. But apply to him the endearing epithets of lamb or dove, and his bright smile and laughing eye tell how sensibly he feels the approbation and love implied in such expressions. The moralist has availed himself of this, and the heart and mind receive few lessons more touching or more profound than are learned from the fables of Æsop and Gay. The latter avows that his apologies are written with this view. Every man who will analyse his own mind must be sensible how much he has learned from them, and no father would willingly dispense with such efficient helps in the great task of education.

Of all the creatures by whose mute teachings and exhortations the mind is enlightened and the heart made better, there is none that inculcates a lesson so salutary as that of the humble, faithful, affectionate and cheerful African slave to his proud, self-seeking, restless, discontented and unthankful master. Does he ask, as he sometimes does, why he should love God, who requires of him that he should eat his bread in the sweat of his face; why

punishes all his misdeeds and short-comings; who sometimes afflicts him when conscious of no fault; and whose eternal wrath is denounced against hardened impenitence? How must he stand rebuked, if he lifts his eye to mark the look of affectionate solicitude, which, at the moment, is scanning his troubled and moody countenance; when he hears the kind tone that asks to know his wishes; when he sees the ready smile that accompanies the prompt obedience; and then reflects that these things come from one not his creature; whose powers and faculties are not of his gift; but of whom he requires all that God demands of him, and on whom he has sometimes inflicted severities he knows to have been unjust?

I beseech you, Gentlemen, reject not this idea because it may seem new and strange. It is not new. It is not strange. It is *God's* truth which he has often spoken to the heart of each one of you who is a father. The application alone is new. How often, when your heart has relented over the meek and affectionate repentance of an offending child, have you heard those gracious words; "Like as a father pitieth his children!" And what does he demand in return? That you should love him as a child! Aye; and more than that. That you should love him as a slave loves his master, if he be only not harsh, oppressive and cruel. The love of the child may be warmer and fonder: but it is not so meek; not so trusting; not so patient; not so enduring, not so *Christian*. The child buries the father, and divides the inheritance, and makes him a family of his own. The love of the slave cherishes his master's memory, when all besides have forgotten him, and watches over his grave like the meek and loving boy by his Redeemer's cross, when all besides had forsaken him and fled. The last tear that flows to the memory of a kind patriarchal master, trickles down the cheek of a slave.

Do you demand the *rationale* of this? Do you insist that I shall show how it can be so? Will you continue to believe that I labor under some strong delusion, (my sincerity you can not doubt;—I know it—I feel it) until I have proved by argument *a priori*, that such should be, and must be the natural and necessary result of his condition? I am ready to do so, for I derive the answer from the same divine example, which can not mislead.

God demands our hearts. He loves us as a father, and seeks our love in return. But does he seek it by the same means we use toward our children? His love is the same, but his discipline is far wiser. He does not expect love as the return for unpurchased benefits. All our comforts are the purchase of toil and care. He does not woo it by fond indulgence. "Jeshurun waxes fat, and kicks." He does not soothe by weak mistaken clemency. "He scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." He does not seek to make a tempo-

rary relation, a relation soon to terminate in complete independence, the basis of an enduring empire over our hearts. He has bought us with a price. We are his, body and soul—for time and for eternity—now and forever. He gives us food and raiment and bids us be therewith content; and he cheers our progress along the path of life by that gradual melioration of condition, which rarely fails to attend on honest industry, and which our own experience tells us is best for happiness. *The unfortunate fortunate* few, who, without merit and without exertion, are suddenly advanced to situations and circumstances for which they are not prepared, who, envied at first, are found in the end to be objects of commiseration, seem set for examples from which the multitude may learn patience and contentment. Such are his methods with us, and precisely these he commends to the master in his treatment of the slave, by making such treatment conducive to his own comfort and prosperity.

It is no part of my plan to speak of the physical condition of the slave. But I am constrained to advert to it here, so far as to show the justness of the analogy I have pointed out. Without descending to details I will go so far as to say, that his condition is one of steadily progressive improvement, in physical comforts and enjoyments. I will instance only one proof of this general proposition, which rests not on the testimony of individuals, but will be verified by all persons whose memories go back as much as half a century. It is the gradual increase of the *stature* of the slave and his gradual improvement in personal appearance and personal habits during that time. In this assembly it would be superfluous to argue from these facts, that there must have been, during that time, a corresponding improvement in all the elements of comfort and enjoyment. The most unpracticed eye will be, at once, struck with the difference, in these particulars, between those who have been for many generations among us, and those whose ancestors have been more recently introduced. If this advancement were more rapid, it might presently come to a stand, like the precious prosperity of nations that get rich too fast. What follows is a form of wretchedness from which there is no escape—the wretchedness of those who continually and hopelessly cry, "who will show us any good?" I rejoice to think that many generations may yet pass away before the African slave or his master will reach the pinnacle of splendid misery. In the mean time it may be hoped that both will continue happy in that condition most favorable to virtuous contentment, a state of steadily progressive advancement in the comforts of civilization, and in the moral and intellectual improvement that civilization imparts.

Were it my purpose merely to vindicate the institution of domestic slavery, by showing that the relation actually subsisting between master and slave is favorable to the growth of religion in the

hearts of both, I might rest this matter here. But this would be an imperfect view of its beneficial results. To say that any thing makes men religious is to say that it makes them better. But not only has slavery proved a nurse to virtue *through the agency of religion*: It comes in aid of religion to carry on the work of reformation in the heart and life of the slave.

The improvement in the condition of the negro has a direct tendency to counteract some of the vices that formerly characterized him, both in his native country and in the early years of his sojourn among us. The white man found him a *naked* savage, prone to the unrestrained indulgence of sensual appetite. His disregard to cleanliness and his indifference to decorum were not at once removed. The rudest garment that could shelter him from the inclemency of the seasons at first satisfied his desires, and this, on the approach of summer, was impatiently thrown off. It is in the memory of many persons, that they considered clothes as an inconvenient incumbrance, and that they were often almost at the age of puberty, seen in a state of perfect nakedness. By degrees a sense of shame was awakened. A taste in dress has been encouraged by the better clothing provided, as the feelings of the master became more kind and sympathizing. A feeling of self-respect has been inspired, and this has brought with it pride of character, modesty, chastity, and, not unfrequently, refined delicacy of sentiment. The proportion of females of irreproachable virtue is perhaps not greater in the lowest class in any form of society; while those who put away shame and give themselves up to licentious practices are as effectually put out of better society among them as among us. Many are still betrayed into youthful indiscretion, but the connubial tie is now commonly held sacred. There is an increasing disposition to consecrate it by the solemnities, and to strengthen it by the obligations of religion. The Episcopal minister of the village in which I live, celebrates the rites of matrimony between as many blacks as whites; the white members of the family, with their most intimate friends, sometimes witness the ceremony, and the parties, with their numerous guests, close an evening of festive hilarity with an entertainment of which the most fastidious epicure might be glad to partake.

Can the moral effect of these things be questionable? Even admitting, that, in the essential quality of female purity, the slave may come short of the class which fills the same place in society where slavery is not known; yet it is not with that class, but with the negro, in his primitive state of wild freedom, that the comparison is to be made. The improvement in this respect is moreover progressive. At intervals of ten or a dozen years a change may be distinctly seen to have taken place, and but little farther progress is wanting to place this

once degraded and brutish race on a level in this respect with the lower classes of society in the most moral country under the sun.

In another particular a change of equal importance is taking place. Affection, on the one hand, disposes to confidence and on the other invites it, and confidence provokes to honesty. The savage is universally regardless of the rights of *meum* and *tuum*. The slave was, at first, universally a thief. At this day there abound among them examples of integrity absolutely incorruptible. A slave notoriously dishonest is held by them in abhorrence and contempt. The little liberties which children will take, under the strong temptation to indulge their appetites with delicacies, are severely punished by their own parents. Falsehood is perseveringly rebuked and chastised by them, and, in almost every family, there are servants who are unhesitatingly trusted with every thing the house contains. Nor is this confidence confined to the master. A verbal message, sent by a trusty slave, is all sufficient to obtain goods, or even money, from those with whom the master deals. This seemingly dangerous confidence is never abused. In their own transactions, too, a character for integrity is established, which ensures, in all their little dealings, a perfect reliance on their word. In the village in which I reside there may be 1,500 inhabitants. Of this number perhaps one third are slaves. Of these I am assured, by a retailer of proverbial caution, that not less than fifty (equal to half the whole number of adult males) can command any credit with him, which their own prudence will permit them to ask. Yet for such debts he has no security, no remedy. They are beyond the reach of law, and an appeal to the master might involve him in the penalties denounced by some antiquated statutes against such as deal with slaves.

These statutes and others of a congenial character afford a strong proof of the moral improvement of the slave population. They were, doubtless, called for by the state of things existing at the time of their enactment. At this day they are so utterly superfluous that no man is so strict as to enforce them, and none so scrupulous as to govern himself by them. They form collectively a code of extreme rigor, and go far to justify the abhorrence, so often expressed by good men, of an institution producing a state of things that can render such severity necessary. But the evil has cured itself. Thus it is that the wise use of the rod of parental discipline establishes the most affectionate confidence between the prudent father and the son that once trembled at his presence. Thus it is that military discipline, once having made obedience sure, makes indulgence safe. In almost every case where we see men living in relations best for the happiness of all, where power is gentle and obedience liberal, where passion rests under due subordination to reason, where the wisdom of

the enlightened, and the virtue of the good, and the prudence of the sagacious are wisdom and virtue and prudence for those who, in themselves, possess none of these qualities, and the blind walk safely and confidently by the guidance of those who can see, the heart may shudder, if, turning away from the contemplation of these desirable results we look too closely to the means by which they were brought about. The laws I speak of are but memorials of what has been; like the trial by battle in the English law, long retaining its place in the same code that denounced the duellist as a murderer. They are but the scars of stripes formerly inflicted. They forbid the slave to be taught to read. Yet all whose minds thirst after knowledge (and if there be danger, these are the dangerous) have abundant opportunity. The child is encouraged to impart the first rudiments to his nurse, and her access to books and newspapers is unrestrained. She has all the stimulants to the cultivation of her mind, and all the aid that intelligent conversation supplies; and nothing more strikingly shows the unintellectual character of the race, than the general indifference to these advantages. Each one who makes use of them may instruct the rest, and the leisure of all is much more than the laboring class enjoys in other parts of the world.

The penal code abounds too with laws denouncing capital punishment against slaves; and the trial by jury is denied them. The effect of these things was probably as harsh, at one time, as the laws themselves now seem. In Virginia the slave is not committed to a jury sworn to try whether he be guilty or no, but to a sort of discretionary power exercised by a bench of justices bound by no specific oath. The question with them often seems to be whether he shall be punished or no. This is appalling. But let humanity take heart. At this day this discretion is exercised altogether in favor of the slave. For offences not affecting life or limb he is commonly left to the jurisdiction of his master, whose punishments, falling far short of those denounced by law, fully satisfy the public. The idea of trying a slave for larceny, after he has been flogged by his master, is as abhorrent to our notions as the putting a free man twice in jeopardy for the same offence. Moreover the dissent of one of five justices is enough to acquit. To secure the unanimity necessary to conviction, in a capital case, the guilt of the accused must not only be proved incontestably, but there must be nothing to justify, nothing to excuse, nothing to extenuate, nothing even to awaken compassion. The court screens the accused alike from the caprice of juries, and the severity of the law. The importance of this protection can only be appreciated by those who are aware of the total want of sympathy between the negro and the white man who owns *no slave*. He is glad to escape from a jury composed of such to those whose daily intercourse with their own slaves

has taught them to know and love the peculiar virtues of the African. Nor has interest any thing to do in this matter. The owner of a slave who is executed receives his price from the treasury. But such demands on it are almost unknown, for punishment is hardly ever inflicted or deserved.

The regulations I speak of are peculiar to Virginia. But the manner of their administration there is given in proof of the change wrought by time in the relation between master and slave. This change is progressive, and an accurate observer may see that, from time to time, the great body of slaves have become more attached, more content with their condition, less licentious and more honest; and that, meanwhile, their comforts have been increased, and that the master has become more kind, more indulgent, milder in his methods of government and more confiding. The voice of command is giving place to that of courteous request; the language of oburgation is exchanged for that of grave reproof, and it becomes daily more manifest, that, whatever griefs may fall to the lot of either party, both are happy in each other, and happy in a relation, with the duties of which use has made both familiar.

In much that I have said here, I am aware that I have spoken as a witness. In that character I speak reluctantly. But I am emboldened to do so by the assurance that the candid will be ready to believe my testimony because of its conformity with reasoning founded on the nature of things. I am supported also by the conviction that the knowledge and feeling of the truth of what I have said are in the hearts and minds of many in this presence. But were there none such here, who could believe me so absurdly rash as to venture on statements, which, if false, are known to be false by all those whose good opinion is the only fame I can hope for.

I feel assured moreover that thousands will adopt and own a sentiment, which, I doubt not, many present may hear with surprise. I am aware that the interest of the Southern master in his slave is commonly considered as a thing to be estimated in dollars and cents. It seems to be a prevailing belief, that we would be glad to give up our slaves if we could receive something in exchange not very far short of their value as commonly estimated. This may be true of many. Some may be satisfied, by calculations easily made, that they might turn the price to better account, by giving it in wages to hirelings. I have little doubt that this is true, and yet I am sure that multitudes, even of those most fully convinced by such reasonings, would make the exchange with great reluctance. I speak but for a smaller number, but there are certainly *some* for whom I may speak, when I say that they would not willingly make it on any terms whatever. With such it is an affair of the heart. It presents not a question of profit and loss, but of the

sundering of a tie in which the best and purest affections are deeply implicated. It imports the surrender of friendships the most devoted, the most enduring, the most valuable. I have spoken of this already, but I must be pardoned for alluding to it again. I must be allowed to offer a word on behalf of the mother around whose bed there clusters a crowd of little ones from whom death is about to tear her. Who, when she is gone, will be a mother to the prattling urchin, unconscious of the loss he is about to sustain, and whose childish sports are even now as full of glee as if death were not in the world? Who but she, who already shares with her the natural appellation, and performs, with a loving heart, more than half the duties of a mother? She has daughters growing up. A roof may be found to shelter them; one whom the world calls a friend may usher them into society; instruction may be purchased for them, and the soundest maxims of morals, religion and decorum may be inculcated. But who is to be with them when they lie down, and when they rise up? Who is to watch and accompany their outgoings and their incomings? Who is to be with them in the dangerous hours of privacy, restraining, regulating, purifying their conversation and their thoughts? These are the proper duties of a mother, the importance of which renders her loss so fatal. Who is to perform them? There she stands. It is the same that supports the languid head of the dying mother, and holds the cup to her parched lips. The same, whose untiring vigilance, day after day and night after night, has watched by that bed of death, with a fidelity to which friendship between equals affords no parallel, and which the wealth of the Indies could not purchase.

But, if the devotion of the slave is so absolute, it may be asked where can be the harm of severing the superfluous bond which deprives his services of the praise due to them, by giving a semblance of compulsion to what is voluntary. The question is specious enough; but the answer is partly found in what I have already said. To answer it more fully, it is necessary to advert to a gross and fatal error in morals and politics, which has indeed but few advocates, but which, to a certain extent, influences the sentiments and conduct of many whose reason distinctly rejects it.

It is an error that took its rise in the alliance between genius and licentiousness, formed in the cloisters of the monastery a few centuries ago. In that dark time, when learning and power were monopolized by the priesthood, ambition lured men into the church, and the church condemned them to celibacy. But love is of all ages and conditions of society, and none more keenly feels its power than the sensitive child of genius. Restrained by the laws of his order yet more than by the laws of God, he could only evade the former by openly defying the latter. The plausible sophisms by

which he sought to cheat the object of his licentious passion into preference of the joys of lawless love to that sacred union which upholds the order of society, and which God has declared to be honorable in his sight, were drawn from the idea that love must perish as soon as the restraints of law are applied to it. The echo of these sentiments has not yet died away. They are embodied in Pope's mellifluous lines.

"Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all.
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove:
No! make me mistress to the man I love!
If there be yet another name more free
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law;
All then is full, possessing and possessed,
No craving void left aching in the breast;
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart."

Now this is very harmonious and very eloquent. But is it true? It may be so, if that we dignify with the name of love is nothing but a purely selfish preference of one person over another. The proverbial charm of variety will certainly have its effect here, and if, it is this sensual appetite or dreamy phantasy that is to be cultivated and indulged, then is there good reason in these ideas. But God has made the well being of society depend on a union that forbids the indulgence of this vagrant taste, and checks the caprices of fancy. How have men been brought to submit universally to such restraints? Is it not that the wise Creator has implanted in the heart a counterpollent principle? Is it not that the very restraint of which we are at first impatient, engenders, in every well constituted mind, a correction of the evil? The most profound thinkers have long since decided, that the indissoluble nature of the connubial tie teaches the parties to put a curb on the heart and imagination which restrains their wanderings; and men and women are found to pass long lives in harmony and mutual love, who, in the earlier stages of their connexion, might have parted forever, if separation had been possible. To render this union thus efficacious, it is wisely accompanied with such a community of interests, that neither party can engage in the separate and selfish pursuit of any permanent good. It is sometimes seen not fully to produce the desired result, when parties come together, each bringing children of a former marriage. These are the objects of peculiar affections and distinct interests, which often interrupt harmony, and prevent that perfect amalgamation, which the law contemplates and desires to effect. What would be the consequence, if, beside this cause of dissension, the husband and wife should have no children common to both, and each had a separate

and independent faculty of acquiring property for their respective offspring, cannot easily be estimated. That the affection of the parties would be exposed to the rudest trials is quite certain. It would probably soon terminate in open rupture, not from a preference on the part of either for some new face, but from absolute disgust, and well deserved hatred.

Now something like this would attend the emancipation of that female slave. She is sure of those necessities and comforts with which education and use have made her content, she has no faculty of acquiring property, she has no means of providing for her children, but she knows that they are well provided for already. She is thus in condition to give herself up to the duties of her station and a care of the children that have hung at her breast with her own, and on whose welfare she feels that that of herself and her offspring depends. Emancipate her; emancipate them: strip them of the *protecting disabilities* with which the law surrounds them, and she will see at once the necessity and the duty of living for them alone. She must do so, for the mistaken philanthropy which has turned her and her offspring naked and defenceless on the cold charities of the world at large, demands that every effort, every care, every thought be devoted to the almost hopeless task of saving them from want. In rare instances, uncommon qualities and exemplary virtue on both sides, might preserve friendship between her and her master's family. But a *conflict* of interests would have taken the place of a *community* of interests; and friendship, under such circumstances, would no longer result naturally from the relation between the parties. It would be a forced state of feeling, and would be liable to perish in a moment on the failure of any one of the innumerable conditions essential to its existence.

It may be added, that, if the value of slaves of this class is to be computed by estimating only such services as money can buy, these services are purchased at too high a rate. They may be purchased from hirelings for much less than is freely given to favorite slaves, by way of indulgence and gratuity. But the possession of such a slave, who is not only the servant, but the friend of his master, the vigilant guardian of his interests, and, in some things, a sagacious and faithful adviser, is a *luxury of the heart*, which they, who can afford it, would not part with at any price.

It is for no sordid interest then that I should plead, when, if addressing one having power to abolish this relation, I should implore his forbearance. Speaking on behalf, not only of myself, but of the slave, by whom I know I should not be disavowed, I would entreat him to pause and reflect, before sundering a tie which can never be reunited, a cord spun from the best and purest and most disinterested affections of the heart. I would con-

jure him, by the very considerations so often invoked against us, not to break up that beautiful system of domestic harmony, which, more than any thing else, foreshadows the blissful state in which love is to be the only law, and love the only sanction and love the supreme bliss of all.

They to whom these ideas are new may think they savor of paradox and extravagance. I am not aware that they have ever been publicly proclaimed by any one. But I beg you to believe that I would not venture to utter them here, did I not know that they float more or less distinctly in the minds of all who can be supposed capable of appreciating and comprehending them. They may not be expressed in words, but they find a mute language in the cheerful humility, the liberal obedience, the devoted loyalty of the slave, and in the gentleness, the kindness, the courtesy of the master. These are the appropriate manifestations of those affections which it is the office of religion to cultivate in man, and I appeal to them as evidences of the ameliorating influence of this much misunderstood relation on the hearts and minds of both parties. That such results are universal, I will not pretend to say; but that the cause which has produced them will go on to produce them more extensively, I conscientiously believe. "If the thing be not of God, it will surely come to nought;" but so fully am I convinced that it has his sanction and approbation, that I expect it to cease only when, along with other influences divinely directed, it shall have accomplished its part of the great work of enlightening, evangelizing and regenerating the human race.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

O when the Poet comes to die,
When Death has twined his funeral crown
And shrouded up his glorious eye,
Where will ye lay him down?
The silver cord is snapp'd in twain—
The golden bowl is broke again;
Shall dust return to dust in vain—
"Unknell'd, unknown,"
With scarce a stone,
To tell the careless passer-by
That here, in fitting spot, the sons of Genius lie?

Ah! no; such cold neglect forbear;
Turn not away with heedless tread;
The Muses meet in silence there,
And weep the lonely dead.
O choose for them the loveliest spot,
Where blooms the bright forget-me-not,
And singing birds full oft I wot,
In choral swell,
The virtues tell,
Of him who yielded up his trust,
Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust.

Where the violet stands beside the rose,
And the tall green grass in beauty grows,
And the whispering winds in sadness sigh,
There, let him lie.

Where the flowrets smile in clustering love,
And the beautiful bowers hang thick above,
And the streams go winding sweetly by,
There, let him lie.

Where the wild bird builds its feathery nest,
And plumes the down of its gentle breast,
And waiteth and watcheth and lingereth nigh,
There, let him lie.

And if some lake, as Leman, lave
The minstrel's tomb—the poet's grave,
Whose tones like mournful music die,
There, let him lie.

Or if perchance in greenwood shade,
That fairy-spot, his dust be laid;
'Tis well: no need of tear, or sigh,
There, let him lie.

But oh! if in the stranger's land
He chance to fade—no gentle hand
Upon his brow—where Luna's eye
Beholds his lonely grave, there let the Poet lie.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

LETTER III.

Views in regard to an extension of the privileges of Copyright in the United States, to the citizens of other countries, in a Letter to the Hon. Isaac E. Holmes, of South Carolina, member of Congress. By the author of "The Yemassee," "The Kinsmen," "Richard Hurdia," "Damsel of Darien," &c.

HON. I. E. HOLMES:

House of Representatives, Washington.

DEAR SIR: In employing the phrase, "International Copyright," by which to distinguish the sort of remedy which the American author craves, for his security, at the hands of the American Congress, you are not to suppose that I am at all solicitous of any treaty-arrangement, between ours and any foreign power, in relation to this interest. I use the words, not because I approve of the particular measure which they imply, but because, from familiar and frequent use, they enter readily into the general sense of our people, and, thus far, form a very good caption to a series of papers, which have for their object a general survey of the condition of our Literature, and an inquiry into the proper modes of improving and elevating it. If we can obtain a proper adjustment of our claims at home, the American author will give himself very little concern as to the new rights which he may acquire in the British publishing market. His object is rather to obtain a proper footing in our

own, than to extend his claims on any other. Let not this suggestion be answered with a sneer. I have shown already how numerous the works of Americans are republished in England. I have before me several of my own writings, in English type,—some of which have reached the second edition in London,—and this, without my taking a single step towards it, or seeking, or receiving a single shilling of British money by way of compensation. Could we be secure of the home market, on equal terms with the foreign author, we should not care a copper for the European. The United States, collectively, from Maine to Texas, would afford an ample field to the genius of our writers, whether their aims be ambition or avarice. Those persons, who, in opposing the friends of an extended Copyright, have dwelt with so much stress upon the cupidity of authorship as the source of the present application,—who have insisted upon their ravenous appetite for tribute from all the world,—have spoken not only foolishly, but knavishly. They knew better. Mankind knows better. The history of Literature is one which shows the author to be commonly indifferent to money—heedless equally of the present and the future. It is in becoming more prudent, more methodical, more careful of the results of their labors,—more solicitous of the welfare of their families,—and so, more moral and more deserving of social approbation,—that the authors of modern times have offended against those classes which have fed and fattened for centuries upon their brains, as the maggot is said to do upon those of the elk. For my own poor part, speaking simply for myself—though I believe I speak also the sentiments of all of the profession, I neither care for the British market, nor ask that our government shall trouble itself for a single instant to inquire what may be the laws of Copyright in that country. I prefer that ours should act independently in this matter, from her own head, and with as little reference as possible to the doings of any other nation. Let England do as she pleases. *Let us do right.* The question, like all others which relate to the rights of man, his sense of justice, or his interests, is determinable by intrinsic standards. It asks no argument drawn from foreign example. It needs no dicta whether of statesmen or schoolmen. Ancient men can tell us no more in regard to it than we can learn, at any moment, by a simple reference to the governing principles already in our hands; and I am free to confess I sicken at the humiliating deference which our writers and public men so constantly show to British authority,—as if Britain were not only always infallible, but always just. It is high time that we should relieve ourselves from this sort of slavishness—high time we should learn that, as a people, we have in our own possession all the means and material for forming, on almost every

subject, a separate and independent judgment. The laws and books—the past wisdom and example—the trials and experiences,—the arts and the sciences—not of Great Britain only, but of the whole world,—are at our disposal,—in forms, more eligible and compact, more easy of use, and more accessible, than they are ordinarily to be found in Europe. In our hands they are remote from the bias of their origin—unfettered by the habits or the institutions in which they had their rise; and totally unimpaired and unqualified by the superstitions and the prejudices of their growing ages. They come to us in their matured and perfect condition. As a people, we start from a point which seems particularly to indicate a necessity for thinking out our own problems, and the constant and habitual exercise of this noble privilege, while it is the highest proof of our freedom, is the first great source of its preservation. It has been urged, as our reproach, that, as a people, we take nothing for granted. Perhaps this is our best security. Such a habit may make our legislation tedious, but it is apt finally to leave it true. I see no reason to rest upon, even if we refer to, the *ipse dixit* of other nations. Yet here, unhappily, is our usual pausing place. Thus far do we go—no farther. It is sufficient to be told, such is the usage of this or that ancient empire—whether barbarous or not, it does not matter—and the question is immediately shut; there we hang or hover, incapable of the effort to ascend and pass over the (most commonly) merely brutal obstruction. So far from our taking nothing for granted, it seems to me we take every thing for granted which the stranger tells us; even though it makes us angry. Why should this be so? It needs but a manly confidence in ourselves, and the exercise of those patient and pressing virtues which have placed our merely political securities where they are, to render those of our moral and social world precisely what they should be. Certainly, as relates to the present interest, I see not why we should refer to what is doing or to be done in England. Her principles, on the subject of Literary Property, are still singularly unsettled. Her legislation, in regard to it, down to a very recent period, has been scarcely superior to our own. It has always been contracted by the narrow question of expediency—always, more or less impaired in the results, by a reference to the warring claims of subordinate artists, printers, and publishers and paper-makers, in whose struggles of selfishness the author is commonly sacrificed. What England has yielded to her literary men has been grudgingly bestowed by the legislator, quite as much through a sense of shame, or of the merest policy, as through justice. The miserable dole, under the name of privilege, reluctantly given at the instance of some of her greatest intellects, is very far, even yet, from having reached that degree of concession which her best law-givers, her Mansfields and her

Blackstones—not to speak of many others—minds capable of rising from the shallow technicalities of practice, to the fixed governing principles and reasons by which the mere rules of law are adjusted and determined—have long since insisted upon as the simplest measure of justice. Until she shall have recognized in the genius of her country a perfect right in its own creations—a right to use, to sell or to retain—so long as the commodity shall possess a value—she can urge no claim to be regarded as a model, in this respect, to other nations. Some of these, Germany for example, where Copyright is perpetual, have gone infinitely beyond her. Let us, therefore, not trouble ourselves about England. Let her frame her laws to suit her own purposes. The basis for ours should not be her suggestions, but our convictions—not her example, but our sense of right. I am the more earnest in insisting upon this point, as I feel that we have already too many treaty entanglements with a nation, which common interest must always keep a rival, and which circumstances have long since made an enemy.

The previous letters which I have written on this subject will show, if studied, sufficient reasons why a Law of Copyright should not only be independent of that of Great Britain, but why it should be thrown open equally to the whole world. It has been shown that because of the natural connection between the two nations, in consequence of their common origin and language, that the elder possesses an influence over the younger, which is inconsistent with our moral and intellectual independence. This is a sufficient reason why we should encourage, as much as possible, among us the circulation of foreign letters and languages, particularly the German; which, in the absence of a native literature, may neutralize, in some degree, the authority of that by which we are emasculated and enslaved. There are other reasons for desiring a general diffusion of the German literature and language among us, which, however, would only divert us now from the proper discussion. As the case stands at present, and as, I trust, I have sufficiently shown in preceding pages, the only hope of American authorship is—without falling into too bad an Hibernicism—in its ceasing to be American. The American author must expatriate himself. The American market, which affords him a Copyright, denies him a publisher. Such is the working of the laws. His remedy is to become a British citizen,—to yield his American Copyright entirely, and content himself with that of Great Britain, in lieu of his country. There, so far as he is effected by the laws, he enters the field on equal terms with the British author. There, his solicitude must be to conciliate the British reader. He does this by forbearing American topics,—by foregoing the American name. He must be particularly careful to suppress his iden-

tity with his birth-place. He must address himself to British prejudices,—he must be silent when the country of his birth and love is derided and denounced. This must he do in return for that patronage in search of which he abandoned his place of birth. That this must be the consequence of the present condition of things, may be inferred from our past experience. Long before the evil of which we complain had reached its present enormous magnitude, and while the American author could still procure the means of subsistence from his labors at home, we find certain of our writers addressing themselves so exclusively to the British reader, as, in that country, to have forfeited all connection or claim to their own. Some of them have dwelt abroad during the best portion of their literary lives; and their writings betray sufficient proof of the foreign influences by which they were fostered. They not only forbear to dilate in the vindication of their own land, but they are at some pains to obliterate her achievements. They say nothing of her claims: they do not yield themselves to the illustration of her history; and if they entertain any solicitude about her at all, it is that they shall not, by any imprudence of their own, be made to share in the odium of her name. Their works are devoted to rose-colored delineations of a foreign aristocracy, of their artificial and immoral modes of life; the luxuries of their retreats; the snug crannies where they rejoice,—in their cold-blooded exclusiveness,—while naked poverty grins and groans around them. Nothing, of the sunny side of this picture of human life, is too small; nothing too unimportant in connection with those whom they seek to conciliate, for the admiration and eulogy of these emigrant Americans. I could say more on this head—might show the slavish details which justify what has been said already,—but the subject is an ungracious one; and the reproach which is due to such writers must be shared by the country, whose ill-advised selfishness, or indifference, has subjected them to such humiliating necessities. The question is—shall this be the necessity—must this be the fate of American authorship generally. Must they, whatever their claims, however rich their endowments, or pure their patriotism,—unhonored and undesired at home, seek the more favoring countenance of strangers; and, in pandering to their ambition and their tastes, forget the country of their birth, and those institutions which, however much they might love, they are not permitted to maintain?

These are the dangers which threaten—nay, which are already beginning to be felt in their consequences. They may all easily be avoided. Our previous narrative has shown the mode. I have endeavored to make it appear that a privilege of Copyright extended in the United States to authors of whatever nation, will not only not injure the native author, but will not enhance the price

of their writings to the public. Something more may be added to these suggestions, passingly, in the farther views which I have to present. It remains to show that an author has a perfect right in the productions of his own mind,—that he loses none of this right when, for the amusement or instruction of mankind, he circulates his productions through the press; that this right, being as perfect as any other, merits equally, with all others, the adequate protection of the laws: that this right being in the individual man and not in the nation, he should not be deprived of it on the pretence that he is a foreigner. These propositions will develop others, of not less consequence, as I proceed: their formal enumeration is unnecessary here. In their discussion I shall not scruple to avail myself of all the lights and learning which my reading has vouchsafed me, and which may seem important to a proper comprehension of the subject; and this, without deeming it necessary to make, as I advance, a special recognition of each authority. I am not aware that I shall owe much to my predecessors. They have expended more subtlety upon it than wisdom. They have shown themselves ingenious, rather than profound; and have repeated each other with that most marvellous facility, which is always to be expected in cases of novel suggestions, and where the standards of analysis have to be looked after in remote comparisons. I have now before me Burrow's Report of the Question Concerning Literary Property, determined by the Court of Kings Bench in 1769, in the cause between Miller and Taylor, with the separate opinions of the four judges;—the decision in the (Scottish) Court of Session in the cause of Hinton against Donaldson and Wood;—an argument and defence of Literary Property, by Francis Hargrave;—and the cause as determined on appeal in the House of Lords, of Alexander and John Donaldson, appellants, and a cloud of publishers, respondents. I am also in possession of numerous modern essays on the same subject, the arguments and illustrations of which, *pro* and *con*, seem drawn almost entirely from these sources. The first of these publications, the cause between Miller and Taylor, is undoubtedly the most valuable. It comprises very nearly all the arguments, on both sides, which are subsequently repeated in the several cases following. Three of the judges were in favor of the plaintiff,—but one, Mr. Justice Yates, dissenting. The opinion of the Court, which was delivered by Lord Mansfield, grasped the subject in a manly and comprehensive style, laid bare some of its most striking features, and conducted irresistibly to the conclusion which his lordship made his own. By this opinion it was decided that an author had a right at Common Law to his writings, after publication, which the statute did not impair or take away. The same question was afterwards made, on appeal, before the House of

Lords, and this decision was reversed by a vote of eight to seven. In the cause before the Scottish Court of Session, the decision was adverse to the pursuer, (an English bookseller against Scotch appropriators,) on the ground that the Common Law of Scotland afforded him no remedy. The argument of Mr. Hargrave, though sufficiently elaborate, does not suggest any views of the question which may not be found, quite as strikingly presented, in the comprehensive analysis of Mr. Justice Willes and Lord Mansfield. The strongest argument against the Copyright claim is undoubtedly that of Mr. Justice Yates. To these I may chiefly confine myself. In all of the reasonings of those who have handled this subject, their great fault seems to me to be a reluctance to making the inquiry on original grounds and by a reference to its intrinsic standards. It is the error of the mere lawyer that he narrows his survey too commonly to a search after analogies. It is at best a bastard kind of criticism which depends for its judgment upon apt or seeming comparisons; and, where the question for adjudication is one equally nice and new, such a mode of analysis, (if it may deserve that title,) is particularly to be distrusted. The subject immediately under consideration is one that baffles analogy. It is one, the true points of which are very apt to elude the narrow vision; and when we find the controversialist descending to arbitrary definitions of property, framed at a time when half the present subjects of social enjoyment were totally unrecognized as such, we see at once that nothing is to be made of him. When Mr. Justice Yates declares that "nothing can be an object of property which has not a corporeal substance," we reply, the very antiquity of this maxim is an argument against it. It is a relic of the savage condition. What has it to do, as an authority, with a case like the present, where we show a right, associated with a value, and explain in what manner that right may be rendered valid and beyond dispute. The existence of a right and a value in himself establishes the claim of the citizen to protection of the object in question, and no arbitrary dictum of past periods should prevail against the principle. If Mr. Yates had regarded the reason of the maxim more closely, and its mere dictum less, he might have argued more honorably and justly. Why was a corporeal substance thought necessary to a property? Simply for its identification. Where the writings of an author are susceptible of proof, the old axiom of the law is defeated in its mere letter, while its substantive spirit is maintained. Another brief sample of Mr. Yates' reasoning may be shown, here, in order to exhibit the sort of mental obliquity with which the subject seems to have been approached. While arguing against the Common Law right of the author to his writings, he insists that the popular recognition of it could not be immemorial, because the art of printing was not known

in the kingdom until a certain period still within the memory of men. The absurdity of the objection is at once apparent to those who think. As the wrong arose, and could only arise after the discovery of printing, it would be silly to look for a usage to secure the right against such a wrong, prior to the discovery of the art. It would suffice, in such a case, to show prescriptive usage contemporary with its introduction or immediately after it. Immemorial usage applies as much to the subject matter as to the popular memory; and the remark of Mr. Justice Yates is not a jot less absurd than it would be, were he, in reply to a witness who had said he knew A. B. as long as he could remember, to show that A. B. was even then only twenty years old, while the witness was sixty and in full possession of all his wits. The arguments on this topic, throughout these cases, are burdened with similar absurdities, the result of inveterate legal prejudices, and the slavish habit of looking simply to the bald axiom, without regarding the reasons and the spirit of the law. Comparisons are made to supply the place of arguments, and in the pursuit of little ingenuities and small subtleties, the broad grounds of the question are either partially or totally blinded. I shall bring up some of these suggested analogies and see what may be done with them, hereafter.

Has the author a perfect right in his own productions—the work of his head and of his hands—or, once out of his hands, do they become the right of his neighbor—the mechanic's right—the right of any man who may run them down and seize them upon the highway? That they are his right while they remain unpublished in his hands is beyond all question;—is the case altered when he opens his hands—when he puts his work in print? Does the work consist in the paper upon which it is written, in the type, the ink, the binding; or in those embodied thoughts and sentiments which are its living and imperishable soul? It would seem a studied disparagement of the reader's understanding to tell him that, when we speak of a book with regard to its value, we do not speak of an unintelligible oblong square of blotted or blank paper, marked with unmeaning characters, folded in particular form, and closely bound "in leather or prunella." We speak of a planned performance, distinguished by artistical combination; a structure of thought, fancy and imagination;—an elaborate history, whether of men, or nations, philosophies, or, simply, speculations,—the contrivance of one mind, not possible to any other—framed in language to a certain end,—the fruit of study, industry and invention—of years of preparation, and perhaps, also, of other years of patient, unintermitting resolve. In the effort to lessen or disparage the claims of the author to his peculiar property, some of the opponents of protection by Copyright have sneeringly objected that this pro-

tection is asked for a mere idea—the simple suggestion of one's thought. This is either doltish or dishonest. It is not an idea of which we speak, but of a work compounded of consistent ideas, harmonizing to a preconceived conclusion;—not a thought, but a building made up of thoughts—a structure betraying quite as much design as the cathedral or the castle—employing quite as much time in the erection—frequently impoverishing, and sometimes destroying the very life of the builder. It is a work having its own distinctive qualities and characteristics—which cannot be confounded with other works—upon which the author has set the peculiar marks of his genius, and given to all the certain sanction of his name. It is these peculiar marks and signs—these are the *indicia* which determine his right to the book, and which leave it not a matter of doubt, in any mind, to whom the property belongs. Nobody understands the type metal, the printer's ink, or manufacturer's paper, white or brown, though brought together in active mechanical combination, as meaning the book or the book-maker; any more than we should distinguish as such the person who finally wraps it up in muslin or leather, and stamps its title upon the back. These are all so many agents, merely, which the book summons into existence. It was to secure the book, already made, from mischance—to render it portable for carriage, and thus to bestow its treasure upon numbers, that printer, binder and vendor were endowed with their several occupations. They were not in the slightest degree essential to the *making* of the book,—only to its circulation. It was already made—a book complete in all necessary requisites—before it was confided to their hands. But for this they would never have known existence. However difficult it may be for these several tradesmen to understand this fact, it is yet nevertheless unquestionable. We can assure them that however much, in later days, their relation to the book may have undergone a change, they were originally nothing more than its agents, useful in their way, no doubt,—important to its objects, and, unquestionably, facilitating the interest from which they drew their own employment. But they were not the *makers* of the book, only its printers, binders and vendors. Their rights over the book were not greater than those of the carrier who, by packet or pack-horse, bore it to distant markets for more general distribution. Once paid for the printing, the binding and the vending, and their claim ceased, as certainly as the stonemason's, or the bricklayer's, when he transfers to the proprietor the key of the dwelling which he has built to order, and receives the compensation money accorded him by the contract.

In whom, then, remains the property after publication? The printer clearly has no right to it, for his right has been defined. He alleges none. It is a property of value. Does the process of print-

ing make it derelict!—Take it out of the author and give it to the public! This is asserted, and the statute by which a right to its exclusive proprietorship, for a term of years, is conferred upon the original author, is said, by Mr. Justice Yates, to be a “public benevolence, by way of encouragement.” This is certainly all very strange. You are to infer that, in publishing his work, in order to realize a certain profit from its sale,—the only way in which he can do so—the author gives it to the public! But why should this be inferred? He himself has no such intention. He tells you he has no such intention. But you reply to him, (and this is one of the analogies of Mr. Yates,) “Your book is in the nature of a bird: as long as you kept your hand upon it it was yours, but the moment you set it free you lost it forever.” This fanciful comparison is mistaken for an argument. But you do not lose your bird forever, or at all, if you can only identify him. You have only to prove property and you recover him. Is he a parrot? he will answer to your call,—he will repeat your words, and you thus identify him. Does he wear your ring, your bell, or any thing in the shape of ornament, upon which your memory can fix with sufficient certainty to justify your allegation? If so, the principles of law, as well as common sense, recognize your right to have him back. Upon what principle is it that the author loses his right to a valuable property, the work of his peculiar genius, the fruit of his peculiar industry, the moment that he endeavors to convert his genius and industry into a means of support? In what does this right of property differ from any other? Why should that labor in which the head bears the principal part, be of less value than that which simply springs from the hands? In but one respect surely, it is more easily appropriated by the thief! But what a sufficient reason why the author should be totally denied his right? Is it well that because one is particularly exposed to spoliation, he should be entirely delivered up to the spoiler; and, failing to secure him thoroughly from wrong, must that be a sufficient reason why the laws should declare him wholly out of their protection? It would seem so, for I can nowhere find a better.

The gross injustice which marks this sort of reasoning, has very naturally grown out of the imperfect knowledge of the subject entertained at times past; and the servile adherence of merely technical lawyers to the arbitrary rules of their profession. This class of reasoners, accustomed wholly to defer to authority, seldom venture to look behind the dicta which they obey for the principles upon which they are founded, and are thus seldom able to detect the errors which arise, naturally, in most cases, from the application, without reserve, of rules which generalize too largely. Hence, in the case under consideration—a case one and thus full of difficulties—we find them na-

king no inquiries into the nature of the interest which required to be protected—no inquiry into what is right in itself,—no reference to those reasons which every new topic of discussion must naturally, of itself, suggest. Their question has been, simply, what has been before!—a sort of inquiry which, as must be evident to every thinking mind, is fatal to all new truths, and especially to that class of truths which, from their peculiar character, do not necessarily force themselves upon the popular reflection. The great popular ear once open to a truth seldom loses it; it is not suffered to sleep there; but, passing at once into the popular mind, expands into a principle, in spite of the professions, and becomes a fixed law which no after-chance can unsettle. The great difficulty indeed, in the way of our present subject is, that it is not calculated to become a popular interest. Were the people not indifferent, would our Legislature be so? Did it concern woollens or cottons, sugars or irons, baggings or breadstuffs, would this be so? No! But literature is a sort of bread and clothing for the mind; food for thought; a garment for the understanding; pleasant to the fancy, sweet to the taste, refreshing to the soul,—the food of better moments, calculated, with religion and the social virtues, to lessen the animal in man and lift his moods. For these the random, hurrying multitude have few thoughts. But the lawgivers are selected from this multitude. They are the better, the brighter, the wiser. They embody the wisdom of the race; they preserve the sacred fires of thought and intellect; they have the purity, the propriety, the decorum; they are put in station especially to restrain brutality; to protect right against might; to overawe and punish the wilful; to conduct the erring and the ignorant;—to prepare laws in advance of the necessity, and thus direct the uplooking eye of the people to what they shall become, and what they shall forbear. But, what if the legislator waits only on the popular will? Addresses himself only to those subjects upon which the popular mind is aroused and watchful; seeks only for those measures upon which the populace can be inflamed, and drowns over those upon which the same mind is indifferent and ignorant! Enough that he who would elevate the national mind, must never wait upon the popular will. He must inform that mind, he must lift that will—he must open new avenues for the common thought, and, in diverting it from the slavish and the sensual, must win its reverence, without regard to its votes, as the only true philosopher,—as the only honest patriot.

The author having written his book, with his own hand, from his own head, with no help from another,—in which another could not help him—shall it be his to enjoy with all its fruits? It has its fruits—they are of value to him and to others. These things are admitted. But, says Mr. Jus-

tice Yates, "*mere value* will not describe the property in this. The air, the light, the sun, are of value inestimable. But who can claim a property in them? Mere value does not constitute property. Property must be somewhat *exclusive* of the claim of another." Was ever such obliquity and perverseness of mind as this passage furnishes! I can not define my property in terms which corresponds with old laws. It is a new property. It does not meet the exactions of definitions established at a period when such a property was not. I show it to be the work of my hands, which only my hands could have made—which no money could have bought;—It is confessed to be of value—to be productive of rich fruits;—but all these do not suffice. By the law you may protect your ox, your ass, your house and your lands. In that semi-savage state from which half of our laws are derived, these things were the only subjects of property. *Mere value*, though the creature of your labors and your thoughts, does not constitute such a property as the law will protect. "The air, the light, the sun, are of value inestimable, but who can claim a property in them?" I answer—the *Maker* of them—he who, at any moment, can cease to make! The sun, the air, the light, are given to us upon conditions. They are taken from us daily. They can be retained by none but him! They can be held in no exclusive possession by any human being. The laws can not operate against their general diffusion. I am willing to accept the analogy of the justice. The author has, of all others, the least questionable right to his property. *He is its creator*, and he sends it abroad, even as God sends light, and air, and sunshine, for the benefit and the blessing of mankind. But he sends it abroad upon conditions also. Shall these conditions be respected? There is but one defect in the comparison. He has no power to protect his right. With that exception, the analogy presented by the justice suits our case exactly. The right is unquestionably in the creator of the book, as in the Blessed Author of the sunshine and the air. Shall he be defrauded of his right because he lacks the might which shall secure it to his children? Shall the robber urge his feebleness as a reason why he should be divested of his right; and shall human justice, or, rather, human law, sanction the pretension? This is the true question.

Here, then, as before stated, lies the stumbling block in the way of all these shallow reasoners. They attempt analogies instead of arguments; they put supposititious cases in preference to the one absolutely before them; and their arguments are very much in a circle. The snake's tail, at the conclusion, is in his own mouth. Literary property can find few or no analogies in the early history of civilization. As the laws of society spring gradually out of its daily necessities, and, even then, are very slow of gestation, it would be absurd

to expect that any should be found having a regard to a future which the mind of a people does in no manner anticipate. In the inferior condition of mankind, there was no literature to protect. Books and learning were unknown. Writing, where known, was an art confined to the religious few. Art was hoarded in sacred places, into which the profane multitude did not dare to penetrate. The great body of the people, in every nation, were mere creatures of the soil. Their souls were not above it. The destiny of the snake was upon them. They crawled with their bellies to the ground. They had no upward-looking thoughts,—no sensibilities beyond those of hunger, and the scourge,—no wishes but to supply the one and to escape the other. They took no delight in literature, or if they did, it was entirely beyond their powers of appropriation. The author was the first to awaken these abject creatures; to breathe a living hope into their souls; to arouse them into a first consciousness of manhood. "Incapable to read, with no time for study, they could yet listen. The poet appeared among them, and first unsealed their ears and unsealed their vision. Old Homer was one of these earliest teachers. He trod the isles of Greece with his glorious histories fastened to his lips. They could not well pluck them thence, or they would have done so;—not for the spoil or profit that they might bring; not to rob the divine bard of his means of life, but for their own secret enjoyment when he stood no longer among them. He gathered his audience around him,—the rude fishermen of Chios—he gave them the first glimpses of their beautiful mythology—the first narratives of their own mighty heroes—and they recompensed him according to their means. Whether these were poor or not, the case is unaltered. The poet asks nothing more from any community.—Thus he trod the coast, and the cities of his own country;—with these treasures he may have wandered among the rude mountaineers of Macedonia,—may have crossed to the shores of the Persian, and even gathered his rewards at the haughty courts of Susa and Ecbatana. The crowds that hung upon his lips caught up morsels of his song. They retained them in eager memories, but they did not wrong the poet, and he had his remedies. He could alter his lay at pleasure—could be original when he pleased—could declare his favorite version, and thus always be the arbiter of his audience. The perfection of ancient verse is due, in great measure, to the habit of frequent recitation. In this manner it underwent daily improvement—its beauties were expanded, its irregularities overcome—its rudenesses subdued to harmony and grace, even as the pebble, rough at first, by constant turning in the mouth, is rendered smooth at last. Those who stole his fragments made no money of them. They did not seek to do so. They refreshed themselves and their friends with them in the absence

of their maker, and when he reappeared again, they once more hurried to the grateful repast of song and story. He lost nothing by their previous appropriations. On the contrary, they brought him other hearers. The imperfect morsels of song which they gathered from the hurried utterance of the bard only provoked a desire for the rest. Their thefts,—unlike those of the modern publisher who steals all,—were his benefits. They taught a passion for his song to listening children, who, as they grew to manhood, were always happy to welcome the venerable maker and possessor of such wondrous treasures.

For long years, while the necessities of the great body of mankind kept them totally ignorant of letters, this was the only popular mode of procuring knowledge. It was in this way that the author reaped the gains and the glory of his toils. From the poor he received smiles and welcome, food and the best seat on the sacred hearth; from the rich, such gifts as wealth and taste take pride in bestowing upon merit. The necessity of the case made the author a publisher. There was no other mode of publication. He united in his own person the vocations which are now separate, and the disjunction of which, in consequence of the art of printing, is the cause of all the present confusion of ideas on the subject of literary property. The modern wiseacre is at a loss to say in what constitutes the book—the embodied structure of thought, and imagination, and sentiment which it contains, or the material by which, and upon which, it is printed. But we proceed.

As the world advanced in knowledge,—that is to say, as the ability to compensate for the lessons taught became in some degree commensurate with the desire for them, the occupation, which was originally pursued by the poet only, became common to other teachers. The philosophers, the sophists, the orators, took up the vocation; and the various knowledge of the few was diffused by their agency among the multitude. They traversed the world. The practice of the Grecian sages, in travelling, was threefold. They acquired, with the means of life, new truth and made new discoveries, while unfolding others to those less advanced in knowledge. The practice of the apostles was due to like desires, and was borrowed from the Greeks and the Egyptians. They derived their several supports from this progress on the principle that the laborer was worthy of his hire. Besides, they taught systems, not merely ideas. They set before the ignorant vast fabrics of history, schemes of thought, symmetrical, and, whether true or not, based most usually upon the known, and adapted to the condition of their times. Each philosopher had his system—each sophist his scheme—each orator his own theories and histories of government. There were inferior orders who expressed taught the systems and the doctrines of others.

who, in their schools and classes, pretended to nothing more than the inculcation of borrowed thoughts and language. Some mingled their own with the views of others, and criticism, in this manner, was known long before there was a reviewer. We are reminded, in this connection, of the beautiful anecdote which is told of *Æschines*, himself an orator of great excellence and power. Repeating, while in his exile, to the Rhodians, the great oration of *Demosthenes*, *de coronâ*, which had occasioned his own banishment, and hearing the great applauses by which it was received, he exclaimed—"If it delights you thus much from my lips, how much more would you have applauded were you to hear *Demosthenes* speak it himself!" He used the labors of his rival, and probably obtained money from their use; but he did this only where *Demosthenes* could not. The modern appropriator would scarcely have observed this forbearance. He would not scruple, were this possible, to employ the speech of the great orator directly under the nose of the speaker; he would have left out just what pleased him,—would have interpolated what he thought proper—and sworn, in the face of all the gods, not only that the oration was perfect, as delivered, but that he, himself, was in truth the orator. This is what the publishers do daily. They take the name as well as the writings of the author in vain. It needs not to say that, in those periods, the profession of the author had its own securities. He needed no laws for his protection. The nature of the pursuit—the condition of society,—the peculiarity of his position, made his security also a peculiar one. Unlike mere corporeal possessions, his work could not be wrested from his grasp; and the failure of a legal precedent in his favor arose simply from his total independence of it. The whole subject was under his own control. He could publish when he pleased. He could utterly suppress his publication. He could choose his audience and confine himself at pleasure to rich or poor. He could re-mould and remodel his work at any moment. It was never beyond his power of improvement; and, dying, he could transmit his manuscripts to his sons, as an inheritance to be used as he himself had used them. It did not rest then, as now, in the power of those whom he had delighted or instructed, to seize upon his labors, convert them into money, mutilate them at pleasure, and insist, all the while, upon their integrity. If they employed them as he had done, gathering an audience around them, and taking pay for their recitations, it was only in his absence, and contending against all the disabilities arising from an imperfect remembrance of what they had heard, and without the same genius to correct the errors, expand the topics, supply the deficiencies, and adapt the character of the work to that of the peculiar audience. The moment the real author appeared,—the builder, the crea-

tor,—the imitator was abandoned. It was not then, as now, a matter of indifference to the public which edition fell into their hands. The appropriator then appeared in his own character, as an appropriator, an imitator merely, and claimed no identity with his author. His rewards were always qualified by the admitted fact that he was simply an imitator,—the repeater, as far as he could recollect, of what he had heard from the master. The latter, when he came, was naturally preferred by his audience. They knew that, from his lips, the lecture was sure, not only to be genuine, but of constant improvements. The mind that had conceived and composed it, was that alone which could properly say when the performance was complete.

It was thus, in early days, that the poet, the philosopher and the historian, laid the foundations of a national literature. It was in this manner and by these means that they raised the moral of their respective nations—and we may see, from what has been said, that, employed in this manner, a single elaborate work was a means of profit and income through the longest life. Nobody could limit the profits of the author to seven, twice seven, and thrice seven years, and say, "thus long shall thy labors yield thee bread, and after that shall they pass to thy neighbors. Thy children shall reap none of the fruit thereof." It was because of this security that the single work of an author became a great one—carrying his mighty and time-honored name, onward and onward, to the remotest lands and generations. He was not compelled, as now, to bring forth his three annual volumes, to reap the fruits of a season only, and then hurry on, racking his brain into fever by constant invention. His life, sustained by the single labor which no body could steal, in turn expended itself upon that labor wholly. Perfection was the result, and immortality not less than bread.

With the improvement of the popular mind, and the increase of individual wealth, the system of publication, by oral relation, underwent a change; or, rather, a new means was adopted by which to gratify in a different manner the appetites of another and more elevated class of inquirers. The lordling and the wealthy man—the proud lady and the delicate damsel—persons of superior taste and refinement—naturally shrunk from the jostle of the crowd in a mixed assembly. But they also craved the pleasure which so gratified the vulgar. Wealth and taste had their claims and insisted upon their privileges; and these were complied with. The author made copies of his manuscripts—his traditions, his ballads, his romances—and sold or presented them—it meant pretty much the same thing—to those who could afford to pay for them. Distinguished persons became the purchasers and patrons. Emperors and Dukes, Princes and Knights placed

the manuscripts, thus purchased or procured, among their choicest treasures and were as careful of them and proud of them as Alexander the Great, who never marched against his foes without carrying his Homer along with him, to delight his heart and invigorate its courage. Their perusal beguiled them in weary journeys, consoled them in the sick and solitary chamber, and formed, at all seasons, their favorite studies and enjoyments. Each noble family had its cherished volumes. The Chronicles of Froissart, the Romaunt of the Rose and other productions, devoted equally to chivalry and love, were thus honored in the middle ages.

The author soon found it to his advantage to engraft the new employment upon the old. The purchasers and patrons of this class were not numerous, but they were sufficiently so to employ all his leisure time in the painful labor of multiplying copies. It did not lessen his common audience while it greatly enlarged his profits. The liberality of the kingly or knightly patron amply compensated him, not merely for the manual labor which his manuscript cost him, but for the rich original treasures of thought and sentiment which it contained. A single copy yielded him, upon occasion, quite as much as he was accustomed to derive from whole seasons of oral utterance among the people; and the wandering harper, who gathered many more popular tales than pence among the poor, turned the former acquisition into pounds when he stood in the presence of the rich. We all remember the unwillingness of Cecil to pay to Spenser the fifty pounds "for a song," which Elizabeth had granted him. Fifty pounds, in that day, was equal to five times the sum at present, and Elizabeth was notoriously a costive lady in money matters. It is also remembered, the tradition of Sidney's first payment to Spenser for the portions, to which he listened, of the Faerie Queene. The story may be an exaggeration—doubtless is—but it serves to show what must have been the truth from what was generally supposed to have been true. Fortunes were expended upon manuscripts—they constituted the most valuable portions of many valuable estates, and were guarded with a care as jealous as that which watched over the most spacious patrimony.

This second mode of publication brought, no more than the first, no injury to the author from the diffusion of his labors among the nobility. Their circulation lay still in his own hands. His securities were found in the general circumstances of the country in regard to education. The noble persons to whom his works were delivered in writing, were not the persons to copy them, and they were treasures quite too sacred to be entrusted long out of their own custody. The priesthood were chiefly capable, but all their time was devoted to monkish legends, to mysteries and moralities, and to the prosecution of that beautiful but expensive art of

illumination which still confounds our eyes with the skill and the misapplication of labor in those days. This class excepted, our author had little to apprehend from the powers of appropriation on the part of any other. Universal ignorance with regard to letters was, during the middle ages, the almost inevitable consequence of universal and devastating wars. Not only was the great body of the people unable to read, but the knights and nobles of the land, with few exceptions, labored under a like deficiency. They better knew the use of the battle axe than of the pen. They made their marks instead of writing their names, and hence the origin of the signet. Their learning was caught up from the wandering musician and traveller. Their prayers were taken from the lips of the priesthood. They could prattle an *ave* in latin without understanding any thing more than its general import. They were all very much in the condition of the mosstrooper, William of Deloraine, who, in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, when the lady cautions him not to read in the book for which she sends him, tells her, somewhat exultingly, that he does not even know the gallows prayer:

"Letter nor line know I never a one
Wer't my neck-verse at Hairibee."

Letters were rather discreditable than otherwise, at a period when the greatest boast of the knight was his ability to cleave his enemy, at a blow, from the neck to the naval. The literature of the nation was left to "learned clerks," and this phraseology, at that period, was not a compliment but a sarcasm.

Thus, then, we see that, up to the discovery of the art of printing, the author was the exclusive master of his own writings. They enured to his benefit and to his only. He alone sold them. We have no instance on record to the contrary. If he procured a scribe to copy them, we have no instance of the latter claiming the right to make as many copies, for his own use, as he thought proper. His securities, in the possession and exclusive circulation of his works, were derived, as we have seen, from the circumstances of his age. The physical difficulties alone were sufficient to prevent the pirating of his writings, and he himself might easily increase these difficulties and repudiate all spurious copies by denouncing them and producing the genuine. These, when in the hands of others, were not accessible; and, even if accessible, and copied by other "learned clerks," the injury was of moderate extent—the manual labor called for by the act of piracy being calculated to *repel* the attempt, particularly by a class of persons who, in all probability, if they wrote at all, aimed at original performances. There was no happy process in those days, by which, in the twinkling of an eye, the painful elaborations of the hand might be mocked by the simultaneous promulgation of those

sands of copies, which would most effectually pluck his possessions from his grasp. Had he feared such a danger, it was then in his power to have prevented it. He was the favorite and the friend of princes, their counsellor and frequently, as in the case of Chaucer, their ambassador. He had but to ask the protection of the laws for his peculiar property, and it would have been accorded him, for the public opinion already recognized as such. The odious idea of monopoly—certainly, the most absurd and impertinent of all suggestions in the case of a person and a commodity wholly independent of the toils or the ingenuity of others—would not have been urged as a reason for refusing him a security like that which was possessed by any other person.

[To be continued.]

OUR YOUNGER, HAPPIER DAYS.

BY L. J. CIST.

OUR YOUNGER DAYS! those happy days!—

Can happier ever be?—

When youth's first, unobscured rays

Light up the spirit, free

From all the thousand after cares

Of Life's bewildering maze,—

Which yet the heart nor knows, nor fears,

In younger, happier days!

OUR YOUNGER DAYS!—Oh! then the Earth

Is robed in richer green;

And sweeter flowers have fairer birth

Than any *after* seen!

And bluer skies are spread above,

And brighter sunshine plays,

To lighten up the days we love—

Those younger, happier days!

OUR YOUNGER DAYS!—In childhood's bowers

The spirit, free as air,

Knows not the weight of weary hours,

Press'd down by grief and care:

And youth's first friends!—the faithful few—

Whose worth we love to praise;—

Where now are *friends* like those we knew

In younger, happier days!

OUR YOUNGER DAYS!—Oh! when the heart

Is sick with grief and pain,

How do our longing thoughts revert

To those bright days again!

The Warrior would his laurels give,

The Poet all his lays—

In childhood's home once more to live

Those younger, happier days!

THE PRIZE TALE. *Mrs. V. Day Minor.*

STEPHANO COLONNA, OR LOVE AND LORE.

A TALE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER III.

The next night a cavalier stood leaning against one of the lofty columns of red granite which ornament the *Piazzetta* of St. Mark.

"These pillars were among the trophies brought by Dominico Michieli on his victorious return from Palestine in 1125, and it is believed that they were plundered from some island in the Archipelago." For more than fifty years they lay on the quay, no one being found willing to undertake the task of rearing them. At length it was effected by Nicolo Barattiero. The government promising to reward his success by granting whatever boon he might ask consistent with the honor of the State, he requested that games of chance, before prohibited in the capital, might be played in the space between the columns. It was granted, but afterwards to deter the people from frequenting it, and to render it a place of horror, it was made the scene of public executions. This feeling was afterwards increased by the circumstance of its being the spot where the ill-fated Marino Faliero landed from his voyage from Rome when he was created Doge.

The moon had set, but the stars were out by thousands in the sky. The passers-by looked with astonishment on him who stood so calmly there and whispered,

"'Tis some unhappy stranger who knows not the fatality of the place;" for well they knew no Venetian would risk his person between the fatal columns.

At length one called to him, "Signor, knowest thou not the proverb—'Guardati dall' intreco-lunnio!'"

But Stephano, for he it was, heeded not the warning; he seemed alike unconscious of the gondolier's song, the lazzaroni's piteous tale and the thousand footfalls that fell on the smooth pavement. He was looking up to the balcony where he had stood with Leonore the previous night, and his heart was far away with her on her homeward journey to Ferrara. At length he murmured:

"Alas! that our spirits are so clogged and fettered! Oh! that I might rend the veil of futurity and read my fate and thine, sweet Leonore! My studies and vigils have brought me but weariness and the unsatisfied desire; I am but where I began."

"Thou needest a guide, follow me and all shall be clear as noonday," said a tall figure emerging from the shadow of the pillar, and striding rapidly away without pausing for a reply. Stephano started and gazed after him. He was fast losing sight of

the stranger, as he mingled with the crowd, when an irresistible desire to follow seized him, and hastening away he was soon by his side. The stranger did not notice him, but kept on in silence till he reached a quay and summoned a gondolier who lay asleep upon his oars; then turning to Stephano he said:

"Wilt thou still follow, or dost thou fear to meet what thou so much wishest?"

"Who art thou that speakest to a Colonna of fear?"

"Thou goest not to mortal strife or scenes, proud cavalier; thy trusty sword will avail thee naught with those thou must encounter. Is there strength in thy heart to bear the trial?"

"Lead on and thou shalt see."

They seated themselves and the stranger directed the gondolier to a lone island far out in the lagoon, on which stood a high tower. As they shot silently but swiftly over the waters, Stephano scanned earnestly the appearance of his companion.

He was richly habited in black velvet, and the graceful folds of the cloak were elegantly disposed about his tall person. A cap of the same material rested on the clustering curls of his dark hair, but a sable plume, which, confined by a single diamond, drooped across the front, concealed the face with the exception of the mouth, which was beautiful in form and firm in expression. Not a word was exchanged in their passage from the city to the island; when they landed, the stranger threw silver to the boatman, who bowed silently and seating himself in the gondola, was soon out of sight.

"Now, cavalier, if your words were true and your heart is indeed strong enough, and *pure* enough, thou shalt know all thou desirest."

"I fear nothing—but tell me, mysterious stranger, who art thou?"

"Men call me Fabricio."

"Fabricio! am I in truth in the presence of that ruler of spirits? Oh! deign to teach a worshipper thine art. I will be thy pupil, and yield up every thing for a share only of thy power."

"*Every thing*, Stephano Colonna!—hast thou forgotten the princess Leonore? Already hast thou precluded thyself from a place amongst the highest natures—thou hast yielded to earth-born love—art thou prepared to renounce this?"

"And with it happiness!" said Stephano mournfully.

"Is there no happiness in communion with freed spirits—none in unutterable knowledge—no bliss in perpetual life and youth? Know'st thou not that Leonore will grow old and die? For a passing pleasure wilt thou lose blessings inestimable? and *thou*, in a few short years what wilt thou be? Dust scattered by the wind, that bears triumphantly on in ever-renewed life spirits that are now looking on thee."

"Hush, tempt me not thus; I *love*, and I will not disappoint a trusting heart. Said'st thou not mine own must be pure, and would'st thou have me *treacherous*?"

"Aye, pure from earthly passions; treacherous, if thou wilt, to all such—thus only may'st thou soar where thy wish leads thee."

"No more, no more of this, 'tis now too late, but show me the future I would know."

"Follow."

They left the shore and entered the tower; Fabricio lead the way to a luxurious hall and said:

"I leave thee to reflect on my words; in a few minutes I will return; your destiny is now to be decided—be firm," and he left the room.

Stephano seated himself on a splendid divan and gazed around him. The room was semi-circular and richly tapestried with crimson velvet, on which grotesque figures wildly grouped, and cabalistic characters were wrought. The wind which gently moved the rich folds gave a life-like motion to the figures which was startling. On the plane side of the room were paintings of exquisite landscapes and beautiful females; here and there in niches were rare statues of the first masters. An alabaster altar stood before a statue of Fate, and above it a chandelier, formed of gems arranged in stars, slowly burnt away its perfumed oils. On the high frescoed ceiling hideous faces glared, and beauteous forms floated amidst clouds and stars. On either side of the altar stood a small cabinet of ebony inlaid with gold, containing amulets, charms and elixirs from the costliest of the Egyptian magi to the simplest of the peasant witch. Soft music floated around and the fragrant breath of rarest flowers, mingled with the incense of the consuming oils, diffused an enervating odor through the hall. Stephano gazed on all with a dreaming soul, and was losing consciousness in a delicious slumber when Fabricio reëntered.

"Hast thou chosen?"

"My answer is still the same."

"Thou wilt not renounce love, perishing love, for immortality and wisdom?"

"Fabricio, I dare not."

"There *are* things then which even a Colonna fears!"

"I fear to be false *only*, magician!"

"Hast thou thought of all—time's changes and ravages of years?"

"All, all, delay no longer, but grant my wish and show me the future but for months."

"I will give thee one more opportunity for choice and be wise in thy decision, behold what thou may'st be!"

As he spake a snowy cloud filled the space between the altar and the wall. It collected and hung over the altar, and Stephano beheld a lofty mountain whose summit blazed with resplendent stars. A wild cataract foamed down its rocky

sides, but the turbid waters became tranquil in a broad river which flowed through the smiling valley at its base. On its highest point stood a young cavalier and a beautiful female. Stephano gazed earnestly on them; the cavalier was himself, but who the maiden? In vain he sought the lineaments of Leonore, but the unknown was glorious in her beauty. The noble face was turned towards the star-writ sky, and the bright penetrating eyes seemed to read that language as a familiar thing. She pointed to the brilliant orbs high above them, and, smiling, said:

"Leave the earth and hold communion with the glorious spirits who inhabit yon brighter worlds," and spreading a pair of wings, radiant as a rainbow, sprang into the air. The youth gazed after her and besought her to stay and aid him. She looked back and waved her hand; at this action, powerful wings unfolded from his broad shoulders, and with a triumphant countenance he too floated through the air. Higher and yet higher did they soar towards a star that blazed in the zenith, and glorious forms joined them in their onward course.

"What means it?" asked Stephano eagerly, as they disappeared.

"It is Wisdom and her true seeker, and those with them are pure and exalted spirits who have cast aside the heavy fetters of earth, love and pleasure. Now behold love and its end!"

A cloud of roseate hue floated softly before them, and as it rolled away, a garden, fruitful, flowery and smiling as Eden was seen. On a moonlighted terrace, which overhung the silver wavelets of a beauteous river, stood a youth and maiden. Again Stephano beheld his image, and now he found Leonore beside, and his heart beat rapturously. They were seated, and his arm was around her slender form, whilst her beautiful eyes were fixed confidently on his face as he leaned towards her. Her graceful head reclined on his shoulder, covering his breast with a mass of silken ringlets, and a beautiful trusting smile parted the rich lips.

"Oh that is indeed bliss!" cried Stephano.

"The future numbers years, and changes through their hours; look again," said Fabricio with a smile, and a withered, toothless crone sat bowed over a cold hearth-stone, where a few embers glimmered, grey hairs strayed negligently over the furrowed brow, the shrivelled lips mumbled over a wretched rosary which she held in her thin long hands. And that cavalier so proud in manly beauty? In another room of the ruined palace an old man eagerly seized the cards, and bloated wretches sat around the small table with him, their greedy eyes glaring on a pile of gold in the midst. No sparkling wine-cup, no reckless mirth, no brilliant lights lent their usual enchantments to such scenes. They played fiercely with curses, and avarice gnawed their hearts like a worm.

"'Tis false, Fabricio; our hearts can never be found in such scenes as these?"

"Nor these, proud youth?"—

And behold a lordly hall hung round with sable and ebon plumes o'er a snow-white bier, and on it a youthful maid, still, cold and white as the shroud. Stephano's cheek grew pale as he saw his Leonore. And then—a damp, dark vault, and there was the cavalier beside an opened coffin. In the dark soft curls of the maid grave-rats had made their nests, and the worm trailed his slime over the once smooth bright cheek, but now the flesh had shrunk, and bones and yellow skin alone remained. Stephano groaned and covered his face, but Fabricio laughed and said:

"Aye, *this* may be—and *shall*. These ages have passed also over Wisdom and her chosen ones; behold them!"

And Stephano saw them with fresh hues on their countenances and with buoyant limbs, and they soared over the earth on the rainbow clouds of evening, and smiled sadly on the world's toiling crowds beneath them; triumphant music floated round them, and light encompassed them, and thus the brilliant scene swept by; the clouds rolled away, and again the altar and Fate.

"Approach and write thy name for Love or Wisdom."

But Stephano said—"I will yet consider; give me now an amulet to guard my steps."

Fabricio opened one of the cabinets and gave him a small ruby vase sealed with gold and suspended to a costly chain. "It contains life and happiness for the pure-hearted; shouldst thou determine for Wisdom, open and drink, and immortality will be thine, but beware to taste if thy heart is not firm."

Stephano promised obedience, and reverently hung the chain around his neck.

"And now," said Fabricio, "thy trial comes, ascend the steps to your right; in the room to which they lead you must pass the night. You have boasted of strength and courage—you will need them, nerve thyself;" and he left the room.

The youth stood as if spell-bound,—the low wind moaned without and the wild forms on the tapestry oscillated to the sound, their faces now glaring in the many-colored flames above, now lost in the rich folds which surrounded them. Those on the ceiling looked fixedly down and moved not, save one whose body lay an undistinguishable mass of shadow and darkness, whilst the demoniacal visage now darkened with malignity, or brightened with beauty.* As Stephano gazed upon it, the face came nearer and nearer his own, till he heard the monster's breathing; fold after fold of that strange mass uncoiled, but still its shape was unknown.

* This image actually presented itself in a dream to the author when a child.

The dark eyes, and they were fearfully black, gazed into his own, and a voice whispered—

"Away slave and choose thy master."

From the serpent-like form a hand protruded, and pointing to the stairs, it slowly returned to its place, still keeping its eyes riveted on Stephano. Mechanically he obeyed the command, and mounting the steps entered a small chamber containing a bed and a chair. Through a sky-light the starry heavens were visible. A small silver lamp was fixed against the wall opposite his bed. Stephano threw himself on his simple couch; hour after hour passed, but sleep came not to his excited mind. The lamp still burnt, but more dimly, and the cavalier lay watching with earnest thought the stars as they slowly passed above him.

Suddenly dark clouds obscured them, a furious storm arose, the angry waves lashed the shore with loud roarings, and the howling winds replied. Fierce lightnings blazed amidst the murky darkness, and loud thunders rolled deep and long through the echoing heaven. The tower shook fearfully, and amidst the horrid din the lurid lightning revealed wild forms flitting around Stephano, glaring on him with flaming eyes, whilst demoniacal shrieks and mocking laughter froze his blood with horror. And amidst them stood the shapeless monster motionless, with fixed eyes and scornful malignity on its countenance. Gradually the storm subsided as the sound of far-off music filled the air. The tones were mournful but sweet, and the youth's soul was ravished with delight.

"Stephano," said a soft voice, and looking up he beheld the radiant face of Wisdom.

"Fear not," she continued, "the spirits and demons that hover round thee, they surround the portals of my temple, and those who yield to fear of their power are lost. The talisman thou hast will shield thee from them till thou shalt decide to become my follower; then thou wilt no longer need it; immortality will be thine and untold bliss through countless ages. Keep this scroll, and when thou renouncest thy weakness, love, a spirit that watches over thee shall appear and guide thee to me."

The vision vanished, and lulled by the receding music the exhausted cavalier sunk into a deep repose. The morning sun was shining in brightly upon him when he awoke, and he hastily arose. He turned to seek the door by which he had entered the preceding night, but only a bare wall appeared. A flight of steps that led down to the ground, outside his apartment, was the only means of egress he could discover. After descending, he entered the tower by the outer door, but looked in vain for Fabricio and the room in which he left him, climbed the steep stairs, eagerly scanning the thick walls even to the top, to detect door or aperture, and looked out on the blue sea, but all was still and desolate around. He descended and again

examined around with every step he took, but the rough bare walls of a rude circular tower alone met his eye. Not a trace of the past night's scene could he discern. Twice he was startled by the sound of mocking laughter, but after a scrutinizing search, he deemed it the effect of his excited mind, and with reluctant steps sought the shore. The sea stretched between him and the city, and Stephano gazed earnestly around, but not a gondola was near.

At length he descried a fisherman some little distance off and beckoned to him, but the man crossed himself, and seemed loath to obey his signal. Stephano held up his purse, and as its gold-filled meshes glittered in the sunbeams, the fisherman seemed reassured, and hoisting his tiny sail and taking his oars, soon came within hailing distance. Here, however, he stopped and parleyed with the cavalier.

"Who art thou, stranger, man or demon?"

"A man and a Christian, good fisherman, who would fain be within fair Venice."

"What dost thou on the island of *Triptolemus* if thou art a Christian?" and again he crossed himself.

"I am here for no evil, good fisherman, fear me not, take me to Venice and this purse is thine."

"I will take thee to the city, sir cavalier, if thou wilt come to me."

"Come to thee! how, good man?"

"Canst thou not swim?"

"Yes, but it would be easier, better far, for you to run your boat ashore."

"The Blessed Mother protect me! I cannot touch the island, 'tis accurst."

"Then at least draw nearer."

After some hesitation, the fisherman consented and cast anchor about an hundred yards from the isle, but not a rod farther would he come, and Stephano throwing himself into the water swam to the boat, whilst the pious Antonio muttered *Ave* on his knees.

"Why is the isle accurst, good Antonio?"

"Years ago there lived in Venice a noble and beautiful lady who was beloved by an enemy of her house—she scorned his love, and one night he seized her from her father's gondola and bore her off to this island—her shrieks aroused those around, and they followed after him—his gondola was swift and he reached the island first, they saw him land and enter the lone tower and followed quickly, but not a trace of them was seen—often afterwards he was seen in Venice, in the night, but always eluded pursuit, though once again they tracked him to the isle:—searching availed nothing, they found him not, though they saw him enter the tower as before. Since that fatal night, it has been accurst, and often as we pass it after night, shrieks are heard, and glancing lights seen: no Venetian will touch there now—thou art a stranger!"

"Yes," said Stephano,—but they had reached the city, and he gladly landed, for he wished not to be questioned by Antonio, who still looked suspiciously on him. Antonio devoutly crossed himself and pushed out again into the sea.

"What strange fish hast thou caught to-day, good Antonio," said a fellow-laborer who was lazily spreading his net, when he saw Antonio land Stephano, "hast thou turned thy craft to a gondola and thrown away thy net?"

"Nay, Filipetto, I know not who, or what yon cavalier is, I took him from the isle of *Triptolemus*, and he gave me this," and Antonio held up the heavy purse.

"The accurst isle, Antonio! how couldst thou dare to touch it?"

"I did not, I cast anchor, and made him swim."

"Thou art a cunning one, and did he give thee all in that purse?"

"Aye, and willingly."

"Well—thou art lucky, Antonio, thou wilt fish no more now."

"I am going now to cast my net; come on, Filipetto, I will help thee to-day?"

"Thanks—but Antonio, what thinkest thou of this stranger—what said he?"

"He said he was a Christian, he spoke no evil, and he gave me this. The devil brings not heavy purses; now, art thou content Filipetto?"

"A Christian! Why then in such an evil place! the accurst isle!"

"I know not, nor care," said Antonio sulkily.

"But would it not be well to tell it to the *Ten*?"

"Thou art worse than a Turkish dog, Filipetto, why, wouldst thou harm a stranger who has never wronged thee? Shame on thee!"

Scarcely had the boat in which Antonio and Stephano were seated left the shore half a league, when a door on the inner side of the tower flew suddenly open. It led to the magic room in which Fabricio had left Stephano the previous night, which was built in the thick walls of the tower. The door which opened with a spring, was a slab of rough stone on the outer side, and fitted so smoothly into the circular wall, that it was impossible to detect it. From this Fabricio and Eccelino emerged and ascended to the top of the tower.

"See yon foolish dreamer!" said the latter, "he little knows into what danger his wild fancies have led him."

"It is hard, Signor Eccelino, that one should die for indulging so innocent a pastime."

A smile curled the lip of Eccelino.

"He is in my path, I wish not his death, but I must remove him; but dost thou repent of thy service to me? Here, take this bag of gold and go, forget thou hast a conscience."

"Thanks most generous Count."

"Nay, thrice its value is thine when thou shalt

secure me all I wish. Away now to Ferrara and entangle the lovely princess and her haughty father, and our task is done."

"And you?"—

"I will to Venice with my proofs of Colonna's dealing with forbidden powers for the council. He will surely wend his way to Ferrara, watch him well, and thou shalt see Fabricio that I am a greater magician than thou. The fear of his own death will cause him to relinquish the love thy powerful temptations could not shake," said Eccelino with a smile.

"And wilt thou give him choice of death or Leonore?" eagerly asked Fabricio, as his countenance brightened.

"Nay, I offer nothing, nor reveal myself to him, the council may do that, or condemn with few words from any, as is their wont," answered he carelessly,—“but let us go,” and descending, they walked to the opposite shore where a gondola was waiting.

CHAPTER IV.

The full moon shone down on a noble palace and beautiful garden in Ferrara. Wreathes of light clouds, pure and graceful as a bridal veil, lay on the azure sky above and below her bright free path, but not one swept over her radiant face. Onward she careered in majestic beauty through the wide sky, and shed down a softened glory on the beautiful scene below that lofty arch. On the Eastern side of the palace was a high tower used as an observatory. It was surmounted by a balcony of stone work, which on this night was occupied by Leonore and a young girl about her own age. Leonore was leaning against the railing and gazing on the glorious heavens above, but Fidele's little hands were clasped on the top of the balustrade, and her soft eyes rested on the moonlight garden and river beneath them. Thus they stood in silent contemplation, which was broken by Leonore's exclaiming, "Look, Fidele; Oh! is it not beautiful?"

Fidele raised her eyes and saw a brilliant meteor rushing from the zenith to the horizon, leaving a train of light in its path.

"It started near that beautiful star on which I was gazing," continued Leonore, "and for a moment I thought it had left its high station in the sky, but see, it still shines calmly, gloriously on, and the meteor is gone. Ah! Fidele, they remind me of many spirits. All might be like yonder star in its exalted steady course, but how few emulate it; the meteor's path and end are the fate of most. Their course is ever earthward, and when they might commune with the mysteries of higher natures and worlds, they turn coldly away and waste the fleeting hours on the pitiful toys of the world's pleasure. Oh! it is wearisome, wearisome to dwell with such!"

"Ah! my own cousin, what wouldst thou? Surely, there is much of pleasant excitement and exquisite joy in this world you so much deride, and what gain you by these high and mystic communings of yours?"

"What do I gain? whole ages of bliss you can never feel, Fidele—but you can not understand me, and my words but provoke your mirth," she added as she saw the smile playing around Fidele's dimpled and rosy mouth, whilst a shade of sorrow mingled with impatience passed across her own proud countenance.

"At least, enough to love you, Leonore, though I confess you are often like a dream-spirit to me, and I would you were more joyous and like myself. Is it not better far, dearest, to twine the blushing roses, wet with dew, amidst our curls, and bound over the fresh and sun-bright earth, with hearts light as the butterflies that dance around us, and then, with merry carols and glowing cheeks, turn to our employments within the quiet of our home, than to stand beneath the pale moonbeams so sad and cold, and watch the silent and far-off stars, and hear wild tones in every wind. Oh! Leonore, life is beautiful, beautiful, but it is the life of the bright and cheerful day, and the buoyant careless heart. Life where the warm sunbeams fall on cottager and king alike—life with such glory as crowns the high mountain with a glittering halo, yet forgets not to send a ray of warmth into the heart of the hidden wild flower that lurks beneath broad leaves and shadowing rocks: such be ever mine!"

"And such the meanest serf may call his own, aye, the senseless brute, and shall not a being gifted with nobler powers seek loftier communion? Your life is scarcely worthy the name, it is mere existence; what do you enjoy of which the insect may not in as high a degree partake?"

"No, no, Leonore, the insect simply lives, whilst I live and enjoy the consciousness of its existence, and of the thousand forms of life that fill the earth; I delight in their sports, and mourn when they die. I see the beautiful bird that fills my soul with pleasure by its song, whilst your starry music is not even heard in truth, and is but the delusion of a wild fancy."

"Ah! say not so, you heed it not, and its soft tones pass by you, but I have heard it, and oh! it is sweet but to dream of a nobler destiny, even if it may never be mine—but is it all a dream?"

"No, no, Fidele, I've felt too oft as now,
The spell of higher spirits on my soul.
Beneath a starry heaven, at night's lone noon,
Sweet spirit-voices from yon radiant homes
Have told in music of those blissful worlds;
And like a prisoned bird my heart has striven,
And with the wailing winds I've sadly wept,
When on they passed and left me lone on earth.
In tempest hours I've heard the demons shriek
And seen the shadow of their sable wings,

And felt their hot breath on my pallid cheek;
Whilst the lightning, wild stenographer, wrote
Strange hieroglyphics on the clouds of wrath.
When murmuring wavelets broke on silver sands,
I've listed spirits, in each wreathed shell,
Echo their gentle plaint, as back they rolled;
And all have told me purer souls pervade
Each portion of this world so fair to view,
And shall we not communion seek with these?"

"I can not understand your communion with spirits, dear Leonore. I love the world and its scenes of beauty and grandeur, but these wild dreams of thine will never bring happiness, my cousin, and are we not forbidden intercourse with spirits? Beware, Leonore, how you speak of such; but your cheeks are pale and your eyes wild; come, 'tis long past the noon of night, and see, your peerless model, the moon, has turned her regal footsteps to a place of rest, come down and tell me again of the wedding of the sea, and that young cavalier of Rome. Ah, Leonore, your blushing cheek betrays the magic power of his spirit over thine! Come cousin and tell me of him," and she laid her hand on Leonore's arm, and looked persuasively into her face.

"Not yet, Fidele; leave me to myself—I will come soon."

"Well, be it so, Leonore, but these wild dreams and vigils will bring you no good," and the maiden looked sadly on her for a moment, and then reluctantly left the balcony.

"Yes, she speaks truly, there is a power in his spirit over mine, so strong that his name will call me back from all these dreams which have been the happiness of my life, and why is this? because he can understand and feel with me;—but 'tis time he were here," and turning to a flight of steps opposite those by which Fidele had gone down, she hastily left the tower, and stood alone on a balcony at the foot, that overhung the river. It was situated behind the tower, and thus screened from observation on all sides but from the river and the door that led from the main building to it. The moon had sunk too low to shed much light upon it, but the stars guided a rival to their worshipper. She stood in the dim light, and looked anxiously up and down the river. This was the spot where she had promised to meet Stephano, when she parted with him on the balcony in Venice. After a few moments, the soft dash of a muffled oar was heard, the sound came nearer and nearer and ceased beneath the balcony. "Leonore," whispered a voice. "I am here, Stephano," was the joyful reply, but in the same subdued accents. The next moment he had sprung to the balcony and clasped her to his heart.

"How shall I thank thee, my own Leonore!"

"Have not I too been wretched? I need no thanks, Stephano, for what affords me so much happiness."

"You are indeed pale, my own love—dare I

hope my absence alone has stolen the roses from thy cheeks!"

"In part, Stephano," she replied smiling faintly, "but alas! there is great evil in store for us—for the last week there has been a tall, dark looking stranger with my father, and I have continually found their eyes fixed upon me, and to-day my father told me the *council of ten* had solicited my hand in marriage for the Count Eccelino Di Romagno, and" he added, "it is my pleasure, that you refuse not."

"Leonore! can this be true? does your father know the character of Count Eccelino? and he is a Ghibeline!"

"Yes, Stephano, I have often heard him speak bitter words against Eccelino, but my father seems under some mysterious influence. He is gloomy and often harsh even to me whom he once idolized," and those beautiful eyes filled with tears.

"And what said you, Leonore, to this proposal?"

"I can not wed Count Eccelino, my father."

"He looked sternly on me and said, 'Remember the *council of ten* have made the demand, Princess.'

"And what," said I, "what right have they to require this of Azzo D'Este? I knew not they had the power to bestow the hand of a princess of Ferrara in marriage!"

"And my father's cheek flushed, and then grew pale as he answered:

"They have the means to enforce the demand, and you, Leonore, ere many days pass, will thank them for it; *life is dear to thee*," and he looked sadly on me and left me. "Oh! Stephano, what means it all!" and she wept bitterly as she leaned on his shoulder.

"Alas! I can not tell thee, my own Leonore, but fear not beloved, my heart and sword are with thee now, and naught shall harm thee; should they persist the world is before us, and thou would'st not hesitate to fly with me, Leonore! Hast thou forgotten thy promise in the balcony at Venice?"

And again that voice there heard, breathed out clearly and distinctly in the quiet night.

"Hast thou forgotten the warning that followed and the course then pointed out to thee?"

With a faint shriek the maiden clung to her lover—all was still around them, and after a few moments they again conversed, but their tones and words were full of sorrow.

"Ah! Stephano, leave me, our hearts can never be united, there is a dark fate woven out for me, leave me and be happy."

"Leave thee! and be happy, Leonore?" said he in tones of the deepest reproach. "Did'st thou know how I have been tempted to this but a few nights since, thou could'st then feel how impossible happiness is without thee!"

"Tempted to forsake me! how! by whom, Stephano?"

"By one who rules the higher spirits, Leonore; he showed me wondrous things, and our glorious dreams realized, but bade me relinquish thy love, or such joys could never be mine."

"And thou did'st refuse?"

"Had I not, would I now be here?"

"Oh! Stephano, return to him and obey his dictates, I will not be a fetter to bind thy soul to earth, and thou seest how darkness encompasses our love: Go thou into the clearer light, and one day, perhaps thou may'st bless the hapless Leonore by guiding her to it. I will be thy pupil, since fate denies us the boon of love."

"Never, Leonore; wilt thou renounce me! thou hast said, *thine forever and only, Stephano*. Wilt thou break this pledge! Oh! Leonore when the magician showed me wisdom, immortality and youth eternal, and then thy pure and trusting love, I yielded not to the temptation but clung to thee, and canst thou forsake me so willingly?"

"No, Stephano, no, my heart is still thine; but can I defy fate! Shall I dare transgress its commands! Oh! add not to the gloom and sorrow of my breaking heart a doubt of the fervor of my love, and its devotion to you; I will seek refuge in a convent's cloisters and devote a life of which I am weary to prayers for you."

"Nay, fly with me, Leonore, to other scenes where our innocent dreams of a nobler destiny, and our higher purposes and aims, may not debar us from love. We will commune with spirits and learn their lore, but not abandon love. Love will but give us strength to learn the more, and sweet 'twill be to tread the paths of knowledge with united hearts and minds attuned to each other: consent, my Leonore; I will guard thee and guide; no storm of woe shall ever ruffle the leaves of the gentle flower that seeks refuge in my bosom. But the sunshine of love and the dews of affection shall nourish it and preserve it forever—wilt thou go with me, my Leonore!"

The lovers were absorbed in their sweet and mournful communings, or they might have heard the stealthy footsteps that approached the angle of the tower during their last words.

"Heard'st thou that, Prince Azzo, he urges her to fly with him to hold communion with noble spirits and together they will learn their lore, and hear her answer," said a tall figure wrapped in a rich cloak of velvet.

"I will, Stephano, if my father urges this marriage more, I will fly with thee, and thou shalt teach me all the strange lessons thou hast learned. I too have outwatched the stars with my lone vigils and thirsted to taste the forbidden waters of knowledge; but wait a few days, mine own love, I cannot believe my father will force me to this marriage, and I would not willingly leave him thus, who has ever been devoted to me."

"Have not the council justice on their side,

most noble Prince, when they accuse thy daughter of dealing with forbidden subjects, and should'st thou not thank them and the noble Count Eccelino that they are willing to save her from merited death?"

"Stranger, who callest thyself Count Gianetto, art thou a father?"

"No."

"Then my appeal will be in vain, but thou could'st induce the council to believe the statements they have heard were false, and spare me my child: heard'st thou not her last words? Oh! rich would be thy reward for this service," and the Prince looked imploringly on the stern dark countenance of him who stood before him, and Fabricio—his purpose wavered, but his countenance changed not. "Eccelino has paid me well and will again, and yonder cavalier has mocked my arts by refusing the temptations I offered—no, no, I must on with this work." Thus thought the magician, and he answered:

"Prince Azzo, I cannot aid thee thus, for the Count Eccelino has himself heard like words pass between them in the balcony of the ducal palace the night before you left Venice, and he has told the council, and neither he nor they will swerve from their purpose. The Princess Leonore must be the bride of death or of the Count Eccelino!"

Azzo's face darkened, and he asked, "Who is yon cavalier?"

"Stephano Colonna."

Prince Azzo made a step forward, but Gianetto seized his arm, and said:

"You will mar all, let us away, see they look around."

"And leave yon cavalier to tempt my child to flight?"

"Fear not, I will watch his movements," and silently they withdrew, leaving the unconscious lovers in fancied security. * * *

The stars were paling before the roseate blush of the coming morn, when Stephano pressed Leonore to his heart with a few fervent words of parting, and dropping from the balcony was gone. As the Princess entered the palace she met her father.

"I came but now from your chamber, Leonore, and your pillow has not been pressed this night, why is this?"

"I have been most of the night on the top of the tower, father, and the beauty of the sky made me forgetful of sleep."

"And the pallor of your cheek—*Has parting with your lover naught to do with it? or is it too but the effect of your lonely vigil?*"

Leonore's cheek grew crimson, and then pale, as she answered:

"Oh, my father, forgive us, do not urge this marriage with Eccelino, it is your child, father, who pleads for exemption from misery. Colonna is noble, and he has never wronged our house; will

you not hear the prayer of your only child, your loved Leonore?"

"The council have demanded your hand in marriage for Eccelino, to save you from death: death you have deserved by dealing with forbidden spirits. The Count has knowledge of your guilt, but he too would spare you. Should not gratitude to them fill your heart?"

"My father, this is but some wicked device of that atrocious Count to place me in his power; I am innocent, Oh! believe it and spare your child!"

"Leonore, I have this night heard words which confirm these statements, pass between you and Colonna, and Count Gianetto, too, has heard them, I can not save you if I would."

"Father, father, my words were guiltless as have been my actions, I spake but of my dreams. Oh! must these bring on me a frightful death, or a life of misery? Holy Mother, thou know'st my innocence, oh pity and save thy child!" And she knelt with streaming eyes and clasped hands beside her father.

Count Azzo gently raised her, and pressing her to his bosom said, "May thy prayers be heard my erring child;" his voice trembled, and putting her from him he hastened away.

[To be Continued.]

MUSINGS.

BY DR. JOHN C. McCABE.

How beautiful she looks! Her hair is parted
O'er a sweet forehead, calm, and passing fair;
Her smile bespeaks her pure and gentle hearted,
And a young bosom free from every care.

Her eye is very soft, and almost saintly,
Her voice is like the far off touching tone
Of midnight lute, when trembling wild, and faintly,
It breaks upon the wearied pilgrim lone.

At eventide, no more I'll wander sadly,
Nor gaze at night upon the stars alone;
For she is at my side, whose spirit gladly
Mingles with mine, and makes my thoughts its own.

Her brow, o'er which her beauteous locks are braided,
Like rich ripe clusters from the teeming vine;
Shall never more by sorrow's clouds be shaded,
My weal be her's, and woe, if any—mine!

God! may our days pass on as soft, as brightly,
As love, and hope, and peace can make them glide;
May our life's barque float on as sweet, as lightly,
As flowers, cast upon a silvery tide.

And oh! let no sad dreams of death e'er darken
The vision of our bliss, our dream of love;
But to Thy voice may we meekly hearken,
Live happy here, and live with Thee above.

Norfolk, Virginia, 1844.

SPECULATIVE PHILOSOPHY.

Cui Bono?

BY THE REV. W. CAREY CRANE.

There is much that passes for philosophy which is mere theory, and yet more which is naught else but speculation. Some moon-struck visionary fancies that he has arrived at the "ultima thule" of all profound logic, and with a bravery which would face any thing but danger, he challenges the world to a logomachy. His theory he would establish by skill in words. Another luckless wight abstracts himself from the world, forgetting its ways and always ignorant of the book of common sense, and imagines that he is a philosopher, because, forsooth, he does not think as do other men. He forgets that he has cut the cord of sympathy which binds man to man. He does not think with other men, because he does not feel with them; he thinks above them, his philosophy is abstraction run mad, logic on stilts. I hear such men, under the Carlyle mania, exclaim, "There lies the heroic Promised Land; under that heaving light, my brethren, bloom the happy isles—there, O, there! Thither will we;

"There dwells the great Achilles whom we knew;"

There dwell all heroes and will dwell; thither, all ye heroic minded!" "The choking nightmare chokes us no longer, for we stir under it; the nightmare has already fled." From such philosophers, reverently be it said, "Good Lord! deliver us."

Speculative philosophy may be distinguished from practical philosophy, inasmuch as it is purely mental, while yet it does not develop, nor discuss the power of mind. Practical philosophy scans mental operations, probes moral feelings, prys into nature's secrets, applies mind to matter, changes the forms of things, and is thus a benefactor. To this, let Newton and Franklin, Laplace and Bowditch testify. But shall it be said, that speculative philosophy is unimportant and useless because it is not Benthamite? By no means. There is nothing without utility which gives range to thought and adds power to intellect. But it may well be urged against the "thousand and one" theories and fancies which literature has called philosophy, "*Cui Bono?*"

Let us call up a few of these systems and press his question. The statement of the principles of each system will be the best mode of applying the question and will serve every useful purpose without an application.

Among the ancients, the Aristotelian philosophy held a distinguished place. It described virtue as consisting in the medium between two extremes, position, as says Dr. Wardlaw, which is extremely

vague and absolutely defines nothing. The doctrine of the Peripatetics placed all virtue in a medium between opposite vices, a theory, without doubt, suggested by the Platonic representation of the necessity of keeping up the harmony between the various parts of our natures. The Academics differed but little indeed from the Peripatetics. Arcesilas, Camenides and others as widely differed upon all these subjects. Each of these systems was exploded in turn, for how was it possible to draw that medium line between virtue and vice? The definition was more indefinite than the thing to be defined.

The stoical system of the school of Zeno represented virtue or moral rectitude as consisting in our "living according to nature." Some interpreted the definition as meaning "according to the nature of things in general." Others interpreted it "according to the nature of man." Zeno taught that there is only one substance in the universe, part active and part passive. He also argued against the undeniable truth, that matter is capable of motion. An arrow, he alleged, filled every moment a space equal to itself, consequently must always be at rest; if it were to move from that place, it would be in two places at the same time, therefore motion would be impossible.

"Credat Judæus Apella, sed non Ego."

Warburton, the author of the "Divine Legation of Moses," compared the three principal schools of antiquity, those of Zeno, Aristotle and Plato, to the systems of modern times, of "the moral sense," "arbitrary will" and "essential differences." If either the ancient or the modern theories have much improved mankind, the facts should be forthcoming to demonstrate it.

The main principle of the Atomical philosophy was that all things are composed of extremely minute particles, a theory which does not differ greatly, if at all, from the systems of Natural Philosophy of the present age. The Cyrenaic school held tenets favorable to luxury, unfriendly to virtue and destructive of the welfare of society. Both of these schools corresponded to the system of Hobbes of later times, regarding virtue and vice as mere arbitrary distinctions, depending upon the will of the magistrate and the authority of human enactments. The Epicureans considered happiness as the end of our being, which consisted in living as free as possible from the evils incident to life, and in the enjoyment of as large a measure of its good things as practicable. The chief point of Epicurean ethics was that a steady course of virtue produces the greatest amount of pleasure and real happiness of which human nature is capable. It was devoid of the "honestum" of Cicero, the rectitude or approbation of which, in our minds, was independent of consequences, whether painful or pleasant. This scheme, as is well known, ulti-

mately degenerated into mere animal pleasure and unrestrained sensuality. At its best estate, it was a mere modification of Atheism, for the nature and superintendence of Providence were denied in the consideration of present results.

The Pythagorean philosophy rose above creature thoughts. The existence of one God, incorruptible and invisible, the transmigration of souls, the relationship between God and men, were taught as fundamental truths. Some men of distinction, Gale among them, contend that the tracks and footsteps of the theocracy and spiritual economy of Moses may be seen in several parts of the doctrines of Pythagoras.

Among all of the human race, whose names and principles are now all that mortals know of them, may be placed *Socrates*, a name, high on

"The unmouldering pillar of fame."

Feeling that the divinity stirred within him, he taught his followers to contemplate the starry heavens, to study their own passions, faculties, opinions and actions. In the spirit of a heaven-descended philosophy, he acknowledged that the sum of all his knowledge was "that he knew nothing." It was not necessary that such a man should write books, for he wrote none: upon the tablet of mind, he inscribed his immortal principles to become the common heritage of men. How sublime is his last allusion to the greatest of all his principles. His friends had gathered around him, as the executioner tendered him the poisoned chalice, and besieged him with questions concerning the disposition of his body. Said the dying Philosopher, "You may bury or burn my body, if you do not think you bury or burn Socrates."

That Socrates taught a practical philosophy, who will deny; but that all that was practical and superhuman in it was derived from revelation, who will fail of perceiving?

Plato was the adumbration of Socrates. Wherein his philosophy differs from his master, it goes beyond him and agrees with the Hebrew theology. Frankly he confesses that the Greeks borrowed their knowledge of the one infinite God, from a people, ancient, better and nearer to God than themselves. His account of man's primeval innocence, birth from the earth, state of nakedness and paradisaical condition, is a transcript of the sacred original.

The Cynics, of whom Diogenes of "tub memory" was one, contemned *all* external things, riches and worldly pomp, the arts and sciences, excepting a moral life. They barked at all the bad and fawned upon the good.

The Sceptics were also called Pyrrhonists, after Pyrrho their founder. Their whole creed consisted in doubting every thing, affirming nothing at all, and in keeping the judgment in suspense upon every subject. It will therefore appear, from this

slight detail of the principles of ancient philosophy, that wherever it has been practical, it has abandoned speculation and based its reasonings upon admitted facts in nature, or has borrowed from the brilliant light of divine revelation. Has modern philosophy speculated to better advantage? Without pretending to name all the theories, let us review a few of the more prominent.

Des Cartes adopted the doubting principle of Socrates and Plato, as to the incomprehensibility of truth. Was there ever a theory more beautifully poetical and amusing, than his theory of the soul's location? That part of the brain called by Anatomists the pineal gland, was the immediate receptacle of the soul, where it is affected by all sorts of perceptions and exerts all its operations by the intercourse of the animal spirits, which run through the nerves of the body. If our souls could but pass into the pineal glands of other men, and, being thus situated, we could become spectators of the origin, evolutions and involutions of the ideas in their minds, can mortal man imagine the vast improvement of the immortal mind? Much as has been said of labor-saving machines in mechanical philosophy, what would be all human inventions compared with this saving to the intellect? Long and tedious college courses would not be needed; an hour would suffice to pass through whole courses of classical and professional study, located in the pineal gland of a Wayland or a Dew, a Robinson or an Alexander, a Story or a Tucker, a Chapman or a Bell. What endless stores of amusement and instruction could be acquired in passing our time in the souls of poets and philosophers, mathematicians and linguists, beaux and belles, Statesmen and generals. Calculus, with all its intricate labyrinths of reasoning, might be the pastime of a moment, and the "*Mecanique Celeste*" would be the recreation of an idle hour. Delighted, we might wander through the perfumed groves of the East, or walk, in calm composure, upon enamelled meadows, without moving one foot. Wonderful philosophy! too beautiful to be true, too unreal to be human. To be present during a battle, or when a storm raged, and yet receive none of the showers of either bullets or rain, how surpassingly strange; who that loves glory would doubt? But we must doubt and press the inquiry, *Cui bono?* Malebranche proved the existence of a God, the corruption of human nature by sin, and the necessity of a Mediator. In other respects, his doctrines were ill-grounded, dangerous and destructive to religion. In some points they correspond with Cartesianism, which met with much opposition from French authors and from Locke.

Among the theories of German philosophers, the system of preëstablished harmony, originating with Leibnitz, is both curious and impracticable. It maintained that the soul and body were two distinct substances, having no influence upon one another.

that the soul is a spiritual substance, receiving all its ideas and perceptions without the agency of the body, and that the body is a machine like a clock, which produces all its motions in succession, without any manner of influence from the soul! It was also contended that God so arranged these substances, from the beginning, that all the resolutions of the soul would harmonize with those of the body. But suppose, (which is not unlikely to suppose,) that the body were so deranged as not to harmonize with the soul, then the body would no more belong to the soul of man, than the soul of man would belong to the body of a Rhinoceros. Suppose, too, that God had adjusted the body of an Elephant to the soul of a man, so that the powers of the one and the determinations of the other, should harmonize. The moment, therefore, that soul willed that the Elephant's foot should be raised, it would be raised and thus a human soul and a brute's body would be conjoined. Such a theory tallies very closely with transmigration. *Cui dono?*

England has furnished its full share of systems. Not among the least of its great ones, who boasted themselves philosophers, were Hume and Berkeley. The gist of their theory was to disbelieve the existence of the world and all that is supposed to be in the universe, except the visionary things, termed by them "ideas." If Hume had aught else worthy the name of a theory, it was borrowed from Jeremy Bentham.

How shall we judge of the philosophy of France? It was demoniacal speculation and frightful ruin. Reason, the ruler of men! and all men theophanthropists!! Let the guillotine and suicide, rapine and murder, incest and debauchery, the 6,000 divorces granted in a single year in Paris, teach us how baleful was French philosophy, assuming the province of religion.

Scepticism and impracticability pervade the mysticism of Kant, the theories of Idealists and Realists, Naturalists and Supernaturalists, Neologists and Nominalists. How much better have been the various vagaries which have prevailed extensively through the civilized world, and have tended to break up the bonds of union and dissolve society into its original elements of confusion? Hutcheson rested his moral system on what he called the "moral sense." Cudworth defended intuitive intellect and the eternal fitness of things, and he was sustained by Clarke and Price. Adam Smith, in his system of the "Moral Sentiments," maintained that we judge of the actions of others by a direct, and of our own, by a reflex sympathy. It may be inquired how much have these theories accomplished, apart from the teaching of the sacred original. If these statements of the principles of many philosophers be true, is it not clear, that wherein they are speculative, they are useless; wherein they are useful and have accomplished good, the honor is due not to them, but to the truths

of inspiration? Those systems of morals and intellect only have elevated man, which have harmonized with natural theology, and the practical divinity of the two testaments of eternal love.—Philosophy,

"Baptized in the pure fount of celestial love,"

is not fanciful, but real; not atheistical, but devout; not sceptical, but firm in faith; not temporal, but eternal. To every scheme, unlike such an emanation of the immortal intellect, let us manfully oppose the key note of this article, *Cui Bono?*

Cautiously abstaining from reflections upon the giant minds of Dugald Stewart and Locke, Brown and Payne, Reid and Bacon; for so to do would be likened to an attempt to thrash down the Peaks of Otter with a rye-straw; it yet may be questioned whether the speculative, in their systems, does not take precedence of the practical. In the battles of mind, they have fought for a theory. The world has looked on in wonder. The pugilism of philosophy! how all real battles of cannon and small arms, broad swords and lances, battles fought, likewise, to defend a theory, dwindle when compared with it! Tell us, ye who would be philosophers, if it is in the power of mind to grasp infinity. If mind cannot, it is not derogatory to our immortality to conclude, that not until all that is now finite has become infinite, will man have arrived at the goal of all true knowledge, so well expressed in the language of a wise man of antiquity, "Know thyself."

Richmond.

THE STARS.

How ye are softly fair!

Pale watchers of the night,

That through the misty air

Stream tremulous and bright;

Ye reign upon each distant throne,

Undying in your beauty and alone.

Star! mysteries are thine.

The lowly sons of earth

Their destinies entwine,

With you who watch their birth;

And deem their poor mortality,

Demands a guardian fate as bright as ye.

And in the deep midnight,

When hushed are earth and sky,

Your pale and trembling light

Seems fraught with destiny;

And thrills the bosom with a force,

That swells resistless to our being's source.

Ye bright eternal fires,
Lit by the holy spark,
That your dull mass inspires,
Ye are hung up to mark,
To chronicle the flight of time,
As ye glow on, eternal and sublime.

And ye have baffled well
The students of the earth,
Who would from you compel
The secrets of your birth;
Upon each gazing eye, your beams
Impenetrable look, and mock its dreams.

For science has not yet
Divested you of grace,
Nor made us quite forget,
From uncreated space,
Your lustre falling, fills our hearts
With all the rapture poetry imparts.

The works of man soon die,
His empires pass away,
But in you vaulted sky,
Ye burn without decay;
And on the earth your glories shed,
Regardless of the living or the dead.

Bright to the last, your fire
Shall be the torch to light
The earth unto her pyre,
When round her latest night,
The gath'ring horrors thickly grow,
Announcing to her creatures death and woe.

Your cold and feeble light
Has lit the gory plain,
When, past the madding fight,
The stiff'ning victims strain
With glazing eyes and bosom's swell,
To take of earth and you a last farewell.

Alas! thou starry heav'n!
Upon thy face what eyes
Have turned to be forgiv'n,
When in the agonies
Of nature's death, th' expiring brain
Grows cold upon the couch or battle plain.

Impartial, ye unfold
Your splendors on each toy,
Unsympathising, cold,
With misery or joy;
Your twinklings seem almost to sneer,
Upon the trifles that amuse us here.

And ye, when years have swept
Man from the earth away,
With all he loved and wept,
Will still your rays display,
And stretching through the future shine,
A mystery, a wonder, and a sign.

Of you we nothing know,
We see your light, and feel
With you a kindred glow;
And when the grave shall seal
Upon our corse, we shall know nought,
Impassive to thy beams and fancy's thought.
ISHERWOOD.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

The private letters of two distinguished men, Cicero and Pliny the younger, have descended to us as part of Rome's classical literature. Both collections are valuable and interesting, but differ widely in merit, as might be expected from the different positions and abilities of the writers. Cicero's correspondence was extensive and diversified, embracing almost every variety of character and rank from the dictator Cæsar to the freedman Tura, from Cato and Marcellus to Antony and the infamous Vatinius. He was an actor in the troubled scenes of that important era; and his comments on the changes in public affairs, and the conduct and motives of the directing spirits of the revolution, have the authority of an eye-witness, and display the deep sagacity of his powerful mind. His own character is presented with such singular frankness that we can distinctly trace his virtues and failings, his wisdom and weakness, his tastes and prejudices, his devoted patriotism and selfish ambition, his occasional great energy of purpose and his timid and vacillating resolutions and inconsistent policy. His letters are all spirited and natural, and bear the impress of the circumstances under which they were written, exhibiting in varied succession confiding friendship, petulant complaints and recriminations, generous forbearance, or dignified self-vindication, and the cold civility of the well-bred man of the world. Hence, to the student of history and the philosophic observer of human nature, they form the most valuable collection of letters ever published.

The letters of Pliny are far inferior, whether as to the positiveness of historical facts, or a display of intellect and character. This must be ascribed to several causes. In the first place, the circumstances under which he wrote were widely different. The republic was long since extinct; and the manly independence nourished by it had given place to courtly subservience and adulation. Trajan was a benevolent prince but a stern ruler, who guarded his prerogative with jealousy, and exacted implicit submission from all; and Pliny was too good a courtier to risk his favor by unnecessary freedom of speech or gratuitous interference in political matters. It is not strange, therefore, that his correspondence should contain few references to public

affairs; and perhaps it was his taste as well as prudence which led him to entertain his friends with literary and critical disquisitions, essays on oratory and elocution, sentimental morality on common-place topics, and long descriptions of beautiful villas, written with a tedious display of architectural science. Moreover, his intellect was by no means of the highest order, though possessing considerable vigor and activity; and his love of fine writing, which seems to pervade every sentence he has written, impedes the easy and natural flow of his pen, giving an artificial and studied air to the whole. Nor can we trust his facts implicitly when he speaks of himself; for he revised and published his own letters, which were probably written with that view originally: and it is not unfair to suppose him exhibited in a better light than that in which an impartial biographer would represent him. For the egotism of publishing his private correspondence he alleges the solicitations of friends,—that common resource of vanity, ambitious of display, yet wishing to seem modest. But in reading his letters carefully, it is hard to believe that they were not written for publication; and we are almost led to suspect that in some instances they were never actually sent, or intended to be sent, to the persons whose names they bear, but were composed on fictitious occasions merely to introduce some moral or sentimental reflections, or some incident which might display his character and principles in a favorable light. Certain it is, that they bear all the marks of having been written with as much care as ever Horace Walpole could have bestowed on his, of whom Lord Dover tells that he prepared anecdotes long beforehand, and kept them to be inserted in his correspondence as suitable occasions arose. It would be idle then to look in Pliny's letters for the same unaffected naïveté as in those of Cicero; but the loss is of less moment, as his feelings and character, even if fairly portrayed, would be far less worthy of study than those of his great countryman.

Montaigne says in one of his essays, "We find in the writings of Cicero and of that Pliny who, in my opinion, possessed little of his uncle's spirit, numberless proofs of inordinate ambition; among others, that they besought the historians of their time, as all the world knows, not to forget them in their annals; and fortune, as if in spite, has preserved to our day these petitions of vanity, while the histories themselves have utterly perished. But this exceeds all meanness of spirit in men of such rank—they sought to draw distinguished fame from their familiar chat and idle gossipings, and for this purpose even descended to employ private letters written to their friends."* Montaigne errs

* Il se tire des *escripts* de Cicéron et de ce Plin qui, d'après mon avis, aux humeurs de son oncle, infinis témoignages de nature outre mesure ambitieuse; entre autres, qu'ils sollicitent, au sceu de tout le monde, les historiens de

in one particular. Cicero's letters were not published by himself, nor till long after his death; and there is not a shadow of reason to suppose they were written for publication. But in other respects the critic is correct in his facts, whatever justice there may be in the severity of his censure. The historian of whom Pliny made his modest request was Tacitus: the one selected by Cicero was Luceius, a man who might have been of fame in his day, but who is now unknown except as a correspondent of Cicero.

Pliny's letters have merits to recommend them, however, though his mind was of an humbler caste than Cicero's, and the subjects of his correspondence of a less interesting character. He was well acquainted with the better society of Rome, and his observation was quick and attentive. He had received an excellent education; his reading was extensive; and in literary matters his taste and judgment were, in general, correct. His style is somewhat epigrammatic and antithetical, but neat and perspicuous, and when occasionally ambiguous or obscure, it seems to result less from any indistinctness in his perceptions than from a wish to employ pretty and *recherché* modes of expression. As a writer he exhibited the characteristics of his age, of which Lord Bacon says, "Somewhat less objectionable, but not free from vanity, is another style which commonly follows that florid rhetorical exuberance just described. Its characteristics are pointed words, concise expressions and periods rather prettily turned than flowing and full; and the effect of this artificial construction is to make the ideas presented seem more ingenious than they really are. It is found in Seneca to great excess, and to an inferior degree in Tacitus and Pliny the Younger; nor is it of late altogether strange to English ears. The style we speak of is apt to captivate moderate intellects, as seeming to confer a certain dignity on letters; but better judgments very properly despise it. And indeed it must be considered as a sort of distemper in learning, when the writer's care and ingenuity are expended on words and polished periods."*

leur temps de ne les oublier en leurs registres: et la fortune, comme par despit, a fait durer jusques a nous la vanité de ces requestes, et pieca fait perdre ces histoires. Mais cecy surpasse toute bassesse de cœur, en personnes de tel rang, d'avoir voulu tirer quelque principale gloire du caquet et de la parlerie, jusques a y employer les lettres privées escriptes a leurs amis."—*Essais de Montaigne*, liv. I, ch. 39.

* "Paulo sanius est aliud styli genus, neque tamen ipsum omnino vanitatis expert, quod copie illi et luxurie orationis tempore fere succedit. Illud totum in eo est, ut verba sint aculeata, sententiæ concisæ, oratio denique potius versa quam fusa; quo fit, ut omnia per huiusmodi artificium magis ingeniosa videantur quam revera sint. Tale invenitur in Seneca effusius, in Tacito et Plinio Secundo moderatius; atque nostri temporis auribus cepit esse non ita pridem accommodatum. Verum hoc ipsum mediocribus ingeniis gratum esse solet, adeo ut dignitatem quan-

Allied to the vicious taste from which this style proceeded, but displayed in augmented measure, and combined with intellectual indolence from which it arose and which, in turn, it fostered, was that which led to the multiplication of epitomes and compends designed to supersede larger and better treatises; and the evil increasing through successive centuries, gave a sort of encyclopædic character to literature,* by which a superficial knowledge of many branches was acquired with less labor than ought to have been bestowed on any one; a character accompanying, and in part producing, that gradual decline of learning which resulted in the total extinction of genius during the long night of the middle ages.

It is to the credit of Pliny's discernment that he saw the evil tendency of this sententious and artificial brevity, and from more than one letter it appears that his influence had been exerted to counteract it.

His letters contain much curious and some useful information, and interest us by exhibiting the customs, and manners, and minor moralities of his age. His views of social duty and the obligations of charity were judicious and even delicate; and he sometimes surprises us with sentiments which have almost a christian complexion. But of that deeper philosophy which, in the absence of revelation, seeks to develop the attributes of the Deity from the works of creation and the moral constitution of man, his letters afford few or no traces. Nor does it appear that his thoughts were ever much turned to the probability of a future existence, the only immortality he seems to have hoped for, being that *immortality of fame* to which he aspired so fondly. Yet in one of his letters, he considers it an excellent rule to live always as we would wish to have lived when in the near prospect of death.

His character, as we gather it from his correspondence, was a highly estimable one. His heart was kind and liberal, and his ample fortune enabled him to be a munificent patron of merit or genius. Among others, Martial and Quintilian partook of his bounty; and he had good taste enough to temper the obligations conferred with becoming delicacy. In pecuniary dealings his conduct was governed by correct and honorable principles. As an advocate he was highly distinguished, and his labors in many cases certainly, and perhaps in most, were bestowed gratuitously. He was for the most part gentle and liberal in scanning the conduct of others;† and often praised lavishly and

dam literis conciliet; attamen a judiciis magis limatis merito fastiditur; et poni possit pro intemperie quadam doctrinæ, cum sit verborum etiam et eorum concinnitatis acupium quoddam."—*De Aug. Scient., lib. I.*

* Hallam's Lit. Hist. Europe. ch. 1. Hallam says that Isidore of Seville spoke of Cicero's and Quintilian's rhetorical works as too voluminous to be read.

† It may be remarked that almost all the bitterness to be found in his letters is contained in those relating to Regulus and Pallas.

with too little discrimination, for which his friends sometimes reproved him. The reasons he gives in excuse are characteristic, mingling an ingenious policy with that charitable judgment which seems to have been the unaffected impulse of his benevolent heart—that if the friends he praised were inferior to himself, his own merits were more commended; and if superior, it was best to rank them as high as possible that ampler room might thus be left for his own praises. His moral character was virtuous on the whole; but it must be admitted, on his own confession, that his life was not wholly pure from the vices of youth. His friends often censured his practice of writing immodest epigrams; in justification of which he urged the example of Catullus, Calvus and others, whose verses were as bad or worse than his own. It may be doubted, however, whether his vanity, leading him to imitate even the blemishes of those distinguished poets, was not more in fault than a vicious imagination. His letters are untainted with the immorality in question. Among his correspondents we find Tacitus, Suetonius and other literary men; and by their advice he was induced to undertake historical composition, but his works of that character have perished. He had some pretensions to taste in statuary and the fine arts; cultivated oratory assiduously; composed many verses, but of not much merit, if we may judge from the few specimens preserved in his letters, though he tells us with much self-complacency that certain Greeks learnt Latin merely for the pleasure of singing his songs; and sometimes he described quite vividly such natural phenomena as arrested his notice, occasionally offering explanations which indicate a prompt and observant but hardly a deep or philosophic curiosity. He was with his uncle at Misenum when the celebrated eruption of Vesuvius occurred, by which Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed; and when the energetic old man set forth to visit the burning mountain, he gave his nephew leave to accompany him; but the young gentlemen's love of study, which was most exemplary just then, curbed his ardor and kept him from taking part in the perilous enterprise. In mature life he was honored with Trajan's friendship, and by his favor was raised to some of the most important offices of the empire; and his letters to the emperor, while Governor of Bythia, though written in a strain of courtly subservience and adulation, display respectable talents for civil business. In stature he was small, and fastidious and aristocratic in his feelings and associations.

In short, he was by profession a courtier and an advocate, and after his fashion, a philosopher, historian, poet, moralist, rhetorician, critic and virtuoso, but a *dilettante* and half a coxcomb in art; yet whatever his other accomplishments, he had certainly the merit of being a lively and agreeable though affected correspondent, and, as Dr. Johnson

said of the poet Somerville, wrote very well for a gentleman.

The letters now offered in an English dress have been selected without much deliberation; but it is hoped the reader will find them not wholly uninteresting. The translation is perhaps somewhat free; and indeed the inverted and elliptical structure of the Latin forbids any attempt at a literal version; but the meaning has been preserved in general with sufficient accuracy. In some cases it is fully presented in fewer words than the original contains—for the English possesses at need great compressibility,—but for the most part the translation is more diffuse, as every such translation must be if it represents the author in tolerable English with any approach to fidelity. Still, it might have been brought nearer the original in spirit and exact meaning by repeated revisions; but the improvement, in the translator's opinion at least, would not repay the labor. Some liberties have been taken in rendering phrases for which our language affords no equivalent expressions; but such cases, when the subject seemed to require it, are indicated by brief notes.

The translation being designed merely to amuse the general reader, and not to assist the scholar in his studies, no effort has been made to collate different editions and compare various readings; a task which the want of facilities would render almost impracticable in this country, and of which, if executed, the benefit would be scarcely appreciable except by practised adepts. The edition used by the translator is the small Leipsic one, without notes or various readings, from the press of Tauchnitz. Nor has any arrangement of the letters been attempted, beyond occasionally placing those together which have some similarity of subject; for the originals are without date and arranged with no reference to the order of time, as the author tells us in his preface,—thus showing that disregard of chronology which is so great a defect in most of the historical works left us by the ancients. The selection exhibits, on the whole, considerable variety, and some of the letters are important for the information they give, as that relating to the Christians and those describing the eruption of Vesuvius and the elder Pliny's death; and imaginative writers, it is hoped, will be pleased with his fish and his ghost story at least.

TO SENECIO.

The present year has given birth to a numerous progeny of poets. Throughout the month of April, scarce a day passed without a recitation. It is gratifying to me that literature is so much cultivated, and that men of genius thus come forward to display themselves; but the concourse of auditors is neither large nor zealous. Many of those invited remain idle in their places and pass the time in telling anecdotes, requiring to be informed

from time to time whether the reader has entered, concluded his address, or despatched any considerable part of the poem. At length they make their appearance tardily and reluctantly; nor yet will remain, but depart before the conclusion, some by stealth and silently, others carelessly and openly. It is said that Claudius Cæsar, as our fathers remember, was walking in his palace, when he heard a noise without and inquired the cause; and being told that Nonianus was reciting, he went suddenly and unexpectedly to take his place among the audience. But now even the idlest man among us, though invited long before and again reminded, either neglects to come, or else complains that the day is lost, because, in point of fact, it is not lost but improved. Authors, however, deserve more praise if they have the resolution to compose and recite notwithstanding the indolence or disrespect of their auditors. For myself, I have scarcely ever failed to attend when asked. In many cases, it is true, the authors were my friends,—as indeed few men of literary taste can be found who are not. Similar occasions have detained me in town longer than I had intended remaining. I can now repair to my country seat and write something which is destined never to be published; for I would avoid the appearance of having attended recitations, not for the sake of hearing, but of securing auditors in my turn. In offices of this sort, as in all others, the obligation is cancelled if a return is demanded. Farewell.

TO MACER.

It is highly gratifying to me to find you such a diligent reader of my uncle's works that you wish to procure them all, and for this purpose ask me to furnish you with a complete list. Let me, then, do the part of an index, and exhibit moreover the chronological order in which they were written; for such particulars are not unacceptable to the studious. One book of *Cavalry Discipline*. He composed it when colonel of a regiment, with equal intelligence and accuracy. Two of *The Life of Pomponius Secundus*, who, having been my uncle's particular friend, received this well-deserved tribute to his memory. Twenty of *The Wars of Germany*, in which are related in detail all the wars we have ever waged with the Germans. He was induced to undertake the work by a dream he had while serving in Germany. The image of Drusus Nero stood before him as he slept, who died in Germany after having subdued a large portion of the country. He commended his memory to my uncle, and besought him to vindicate his name from unmerited oblivion. Three of *The Student*, divided into six volumes because of their size. In these he takes the orator from the cradle as it were, and conducts him to perfection. Eight of *Enigmatical Dissertation*. He wrote them during the last years of Nero's reign, when tyrannical

ny had made all free and manly studies dangerous. Thirty-one of *A Continuation of Aufidius Bassus*. Thirty-seven of *Natural History**—a copious and learned work, and diversified as nature itself. Do you wonder that a man, immersed in business, could write so many volumes, and some of them exhibiting such scrupulous accuracy in research? You will wonder more to hear that he sometimes practised at the bar; and that he died in his fifty-sixth year, his leisure meantime interrupted and engrossed by the duties of the highest offices, as well as by others which the friendship of princes imposed. He was, however, a man of penetrating intellect and of incredible industry, and consumed little time in sleep. During the summer months, he rose when the night was nearly passed, not to observe auspices, but for the purpose of studying. In the winter, however, he rose at one o'clock, often at midnight, and never later than two. He sunk to sleep very readily, and sometimes would slumber a little and then wake again even in the midst of his studies. Before light he waited on the emperor Vespasian, who also made use of the nights; and then proceeded to fulfil the commissions entrusted to him. Returning home, he gave to study what time remained. In the summer, when dinner was over (which, like those of the ancients, was light and simple and taken by day), he reclined in the sunshine† if leisure permitted, reading some book and making notes and extracts—a practice he observed in regard to whatever he read. He used to say that no work was so mean that some good might not be gained from it. On leaving the sun he commonly bathed in cold water. He then tasted food and took a short repose. Afterwards, as if commencing a new day, he studied till supper time, during which a book was read to him and notes taken, but in a light and cursory way. One of his friends, I remember, when the reader pronounced some words badly, called him back and bade him repeat them. "Did you not understand them?" asked my uncle. The other admitted that he had. "Then why call him back?" continued my uncle: "we have lost more than ten lines by the interruption." Such was his frugality in the article of time. In summer he rose from supper ere day was closed; in the winter before seven o'clock,—and as punctually as if in obedience to some law. Such was his life amid the cares of business and the tumult of the city. In the retirement of the bath alone was his time exempt from study. When I speak of the bath, I refer to

* It is almost superfluous to say that the *Natural History* is the only extant work of the elder Pliny. It is not a work of Zoology simply, as its title might seem to imply, but a sort of encyclopædia, displaying great reading and research and no little credulity, and written in a style obscure, quaint and harsh.

† "Jacebat in sole"—a strange taste, the reader may think.

its inner recesses; for while the fleshbrush and towel were employed, he either dictated or heard something read. During a journey, being freed from other cares, he gave himself up to study exclusively. A secretary accompanied him with books and writing materials, whose hands in winter were defended by thick gloves, that the freezing atmosphere might cause no remission of his services: and for the same reason he traversed the streets of Rome in a sedan. He once reprimanded me, I remember, for taking a walk. "The time might have been improved," said he:—for all time was lost in his estimation which was not devoted to study. By such diligence it was that he composed so many volumes. He left me besides one hundred and sixty commentaries on select passages, closely written on both sides of the page; which makes them greater in amount. He told me that when procurator in Spain he could have sold them to Lagus Licinius for four hundred thousand sesterces,* and some additions to them were afterwards made. Would you not suppose, considering how much he read and wrote, that his leisure had never been interrupted by regular business or by the friendship of princes? and again, recollecting with what laborious diligence his studies were prosecuted, you are almost surprised that no more was accomplished: for such application to business might be thought to exclude every other employment, while his indefatigable industry would seem sufficient to accomplish any thing. I laugh, therefore, when men call me studious; for compared with him, I am truly an idle man. My time, however, is occupied partly by public duties, and partly by those of friendship; but where will you find a man, even of those devoted through life to letters, who, if compared with my uncle, has not cause to blush for his indolence and sloth?—I have extended this letter beyond my original design, which was merely to give you, as requested, a list of my uncle's works. But I trust you will find these additional details not less interesting than those you asked; and if your ambition is roused, you may be induced not only to read the books, but to emulate the author's attainments. Farewell.

TO TACITUS.

You ask the particulars of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a true account to posterity. I thank you sincerely; for I see that immortal glory awaits it, if celebrated by you. Although he has composed many works of permanent reputation, and though his name might seem secured from oblivion by that memorable disaster which involved destruction fair regions, cities and people as well as himself; yet his fame will be heightened and perpetuated by your immortal writings. Happy are they whom the favor of the gods enables to

* About £322.18.4—English money, according to Adams.

achieve what deserves to be recorded, or to write what is worthy to be read; and happier still whose fortune it is to accomplish both. In this number will my uncle be placed by your writings as well as his own; and therefore I willingly undertake, and even challenge as a right the office you impose.—He was at Misenum, and at that time commanded a fleet. On the 9th of the September Calends, shortly after midday, my mother called his attention to a cloud of extraordinary appearance and magnitude. He had reclined in the sun as usual, and afterwards having bathed in cold water and taken a light repast, was engaged in study; but rising immediately, he called for his sandals, and ascended a rising ground to gain a better view of the strange phenomenon. The cloud gradually rose, but from what mountain the spectators were unable to tell, though it was afterwards known to be Vesuvius. Its shape and appearance may be compared to a pine tree; for it seemed sustained on high by a tall trunk, and then diverged into ramifications;—borne aloft probably by the ascending blast, the force of which gradually declining, left it to expand laterally by its own weight. In parts it was white, but in other parts foul and mottled as if mixed with earth or ashes. My uncle resolved to examine the prodigy more closely, as became a learned and scientific man. He ordered a pinnacle to be prepared, and gave me leave to accompany him if I wished. I replied that I preferred to study, and it happened that he had himself given me a subject for composition. He then took his leave, carrying with him his note book. At Retina the seamen, alarmed by the imminent danger (for that place lay under the mountain, and offered no escape but by sea), besought him to relieve them from their perilous situation. He changed his purpose, and what he had undertaken from philosophic curiosity was prosecuted from a nobler motive. He manned the row-boats, and went up himself to carry assistance, not only to Retina, but to a multitude of others; for that coast, being pleasant and fertile, was thickly settled. He hastens thither whence others fly, and with a steady helm holds his course directly into danger, himself so little alarmed the while that he had leisure to survey carefully and dictate his comments on all the changes and circumstances of that terrible portent. And now, as they drew nearer, the ashes fell hotter and denser on the ships, mixed at times with cinders and fragments of stone scorched and blackened by the fire. Suddenly they reached shoal water, the rubbish from the mountain impeding the passage near the shore. For a moment he hesitated; and then turning to the captain who besought him to return, he exclaimed, "Fortune helps the brave! let us succor Pomponianus!"—who was then at Stabiae, separated by an intervening gulf; or the shore being depressed by the convulsion, and its line made to curve inwards, the sea flowed

in upon it. At Stabiae, Pomponianus had collected his effects into ships, ready to depart as soon as the contrary wind subsided; since the danger, though yet distant, was plainly approaching, and threatened soon to be imminent. My uncle reached the place with a favoring gale, and embracing his friend, sought to dispel his fears by kindness and encouragement:—and to calm his agitation by his own quiet composure, he went to the bath as usual and then supped reclining, maintaining all the while a cheerful serenity, or what was equally magnanimous, dissembling his anxiety if he felt any. Meantime, from various parts of Vesuvius, broad, fierce and towering flames burst forth, of which the startling glare was heightened by the darkness of the night. To relieve the terror arising from this, my uncle suggested that the flames proceeded from deserted villas and rustic cottages, abandoned by their owners and left burning alone. He then retired to rest, and rested indeed in unaffected sleep; for being of a plethoric habit, his respiration was deep and sonorous, and was heard by persons passing near his chamber door. But the area which was traversed in reaching the dormitories was now so deeply covered with ashes and cinders that longer delay might have made it impossible to leave his room. He was waked therefore, and went forth to join Pomponianus and the rest who had kept watch through the night. They then held a consultation whether it was better to remain in their houses, or go forth into the open fields; for the buildings tottered with frequent and violent convulsions, and seemed almost as if moved from their places and carried to and fro by the earth's fluctuations. In the plain, on the other hand, they feared the falling cinders, which, though light and much corroded by the fire, were still dangerous. In this emergency the open field was preferred. With my uncle it was a victory of reason over reason; with the rest, of terror over terror. As a protection against falling stones, they bound pillows on their heads with handkerchiefs. And now day had dawned elsewhere, but there night still prevailed, of all nights the blackest and densest, which yet was relieved in part by the number of torches gleaming around. It was resolved to go to the shore, and see whether escape was left by water; but the sea continued stormy and adverse. There, reclining on a sheet spread on the ground, my uncle repeatedly called for cold water and drank. At length the flames, preceded by their herald, a sulphurous stench, roused him and put the rest to flight. He rose, supported by two servants, and immediately fell, suffocated, I apprehend, by the black fumes of that mephitic blast; for his chest was naturally weak and compressed, and subject to asthmatic disorders. When daylight dawned (the third day after the last he saw) his body was found entire and unwounded, and covered as when he fell, in appearance more like a sleeping

than a dead man. Meantime at Misenum mother and I—but this is no theme for history, nor did you inquire but with regard to my uncle's death. I conclude therefore, with a single remark, that I have related all as I witnessed it, or as I heard it immediately after its occurrence while the truth was too fresh to be forgotten. You will select as you like; for what suits a letter written to a friend might not beseech a history intended for the world. Farewell.

TO THE SAME.

You say you have been induced by the letter which, at your request, I wrote concerning my uncle's death, to inquire what terrors and calamities befel me when left at Misenum—for at that point I broke off.

"Though memory shrinks appall'd from such a theme,
Yet will I speak."

My uncle having left us, I passed the time in study, for which purpose I had remained. Then followed the bath, supper, and a short and troubled sleep. For many days previous, tremblings of the earth had been felt, which caused less alarm as earthquakes were not uncommon in Campania. On that night, however, the agitation was such that you would have thought all things not simply shaken, but even convulsed and subverted. My mother burst into my chamber, and found me dressed, ready to go and rouse her if she had been asleep. We sat down in the courtyard, which interposed a short space between the house and the sea. Meantime I sent for my Livy, and (I hardly know whether to call this courage or rashness: I was then in my 18th year)—I sent for Livy, and recommenced reading and extracting in perfect composure. At this juncture a friend of my uncle, who had lately come to visit him from Spain, seeing mother and myself seated quietly, and me engaged in reading, reproved her unseasonable patience and my security. Notwithstanding, I continued engrossed with my book. It was now 6 o'clock, yet daylight was still faint and doubtful. We were in an open but narrow place, and the danger from the tottering houses was real and great. We resolved, therefore, to leave the town. The bewildered populace, with seeming prudence preferring another's judgment to their own, as terror commonly urges, followed in disorderly crowds, the hindmost thronging and impelling those before. We halted without the city. There we saw many strange portents and suffered much anxiety. The vehicles we had ordered to be brought were driven to and fro, though on a level plain, nor could be kept stationary even by stones placed under the wheels. Besides, the sea appeared absorbed within itself, repelled as 'twere by the earthquake; for the shore had certainly advanced, and multitudes of marine animals were left upon the dry sand. On the other

side appeared a terrific black cloud, from which the fiery blast flashed forth in long vibrating wreaths of flame, like lightnings, but fiercer and brighter. At length the friend from Spain before mentioned, becoming more earnest and importunate, thus addressed us: "If your brother and uncle still lives, he desires your safety; and if he has perished, he wished you to survive him: then why do you linger in danger?" We replied that we would not escape while uncertain of my uncle's fate. He delayed no longer; but breaking away from us, left danger behind him in his rapid flight. Shortly after, the black cloud descending covered the earth and sea. Capreae was enveloped and hidden by it, and the advanced portion of Misenum concealed from view. Then mother begged, prayed and commanded me to escape as I best could; for a young man might escape, she said, but for herself, worn out with years and infirmities, she was content to die if I were not involved in the same fate. I protested, on my part, that I would not survive her; and seizing her hand, I compelled her to quicken her pace. She yielded reluctantly, and blamed herself for retarding me. Ashes now fell upon us to some small extent. I looked back: thick darkness impended behind and followed us like a torrent poured along the earth. "Let's turn aside," I exclaimed, "while we can see our way: if we fall on the road we shall be trampled in the darkness by the advancing crowd." Scarcely were we seated when night overtook us, not like a cloudy and moonless night, but as in a close room with the lights extinguished. You might hear from the crowd the shrieks of women, mingled with the cries of children and the clamors of men. Some sought their parents, others their children and others their wives or husbands, and in the mingled tumult recognized each other by their voices. Some bewailed their own misfortunes: others those of their friends. Some from mere dread of death prayed to die: many raised their hands to heaven; and more believed that no god survived, the last eternal night having now overshadowed the world. Nor were those wanting who magnified the real danger by false though terrible rumors. There were who asserted falsely, but to credulous ears, that they had just left Misenum behind them a heap of burning ruins. A faint light dawned, which we feared was not that of day, but of the advancing flames, now spreading farther and more widely. Again darkness supervened, accompanied by another copious and heavy fall of ashes. These we rose to shake off from time to time; otherwise we should have been covered and even crushed. It is a proud triumph to me that throughout such perils no groan escaped me, nor any unmanly word, unless you regard as such my adopting the sad but powerful solace in death that the universe was about to perish with me. The darkness at last departed, rarefied into

a sort of smoky cloud; and afterwards actual day dawned, and even the sun shone forth, but lurid and dim as seen in eclipses. Creation seemed changed to our yet fearful eyes, all being covered with deep ashes like snow. Returning to Misenum and repairing our bodies as well as we could, we passed an anxious night of hope and fear, in which the latter predominated. For the earth's vibrations still continued, and certain maniacs augmented their own and the general distresses by terrible predictions. But notwithstanding all we had suffered and still apprehended, mother and I resolved to remain at Misenum till tidings of my uncle should be received. These particulars, which are wholly unworthy of history, you will read as a friend and not as an author; and blame your own request, if they seem too trifling even for a letter. Farewell.

THOU SHALT NE'ER BE GAY.

See you yonder beauteous star,
That glimmers in the sky,
Shedding its pallid light afar,
To soothe the wand'rer's eye!

'Twas yester'en as wand'ring here,
That planet met my gaze,
Directed to the starlit sphere,
To mark the pale moon rays.

Struck by its purity of light,
And its unwonted size,
Surpassing far all suns of night,
That glitter in the skies,

I said that I would cast my fate
Upon that single star;
That should its splendor not abate,
Nor cloud its lustre mar;

Love, joy and happiness would smile,
Upon my every task,
And whilst all sorrow they'd beguile,
In pleasure's rays I'd bask.

But if a cloudlet flitted o'er,
And dim'd its beaming ray,
'Twould fate my life what 'twas before,
And bid me ne'er be gay.

Alas! whilst thus I stood and gaz'd,
Upon that azure sky,
A tiny cloud by zephyrs rais'd,
(I heard the zephyrs sigh),

Flew fast towards my chosen star:
The cloud soon changed its snowy hue,
As on it came from regions far,
And blacken'd as it grew.

I hoped 'twould pause e'er it did reach,
The planet's high domain.
Alas! but fate doth love to teach
That mortal hopes are vain:
For, whilst with eager eye I gaz'd,
The cloud conceal'd the star,
And soon there came to me amaz'd
A voice as from afar;

Methought I heard some spirit say,
"Mortal, thy doom I state:
Go, wand'rer, thou shalt ne'er be gay,
'Tis the decree of fate."

X.

Hanover.

EXTRACTS FROM NOTES

OF A VOYAGE IN THE EAST IN 1843.

BY W. B.
Wm. B. Brewster.

June 26. This day I arrived at Alexandria. My first wish was to see the Pasha. It was a desire I had cherished from my early years. Here was a "lion" of the first magnitude! a great oriental conqueror, a modern Saladin! The imagination kindled at the idea. Here was I in the land of the Pharaohs, in the city of Cleopatra—within sight of the pillar of Pompey, or of Diocletian, if it be more agreeable, and within a few steps of a man as remarkable as either;—a man who, in the space of six weeks, had excavated a canal forty eight miles in length, ninety feet in width and eighteen in depth,—a man who had realized in his eventful career one of those incidents which causes the reader of its history to gasp for breath and the blood to run cold in his veins.

An adventurer in a foreign land, in poverty and obscurity, the genius of Mehemet Ali has made him absolute master of Egypt. And but for the interposition of the European powers, he would long since have been firmly seated in the city of Constantine. The battle of Konieh decided the conflict with his illustrious enemy, Sultan Mahmoud, in his favor, and no barrier remained between himself and the Bosphorus. But his ambition is not content with being a conqueror. Common fame represents him as the great regenerator of the land of his adoption, as engaged in the effort of vanquishing the prejudices and changing the habits of centuries, of introducing the arts and sciences and pouring upon Egyptian darkness the lights of European civilization. The grandeur of his conceptions is equalled by the energy and activity of his movements and the fertility of his resour-

ces. Troubled by no scruples of conscience, he avails himself of all means to accomplish his objects. When the powerful body of the Mamelukes placed themselves in the way of his progress, he hesitated not, but by one fatal blow he extinguished the race. History records no more cold-blooded butchery; Machiavel never conceived a perfidy more profound than that which characterised this proceeding. Such was the man I now proposed to see and converse with face to face.

When I arrived at Cairo, I informed Mr. Glyndon, our Consul, of my wishes on this subject, and he forthwith wrote to Mr. Todd, the Vice-Consul at Alexandria, and requested him to make such arrangements if possible, that I might have an interview the day of my arrival. This was necessary as I anticipated that I should not be able to remain more than three or four hours in this city. Mr. Todd had informed Bognas Bay, the Prime Minister, of my anxiety to enjoy the honor of a presentation to his Highness, and he requested that when I arrived it should be immediately made known to him. I reached Alexandria at ten at night and sent to Mr. Todd to inform him, wishing to ensure a presentation in the morning. He sent to the Minister, but the messenger found him in bed. In the morning he sent again at an early hour, but being indisposed the premier did not rise until half past nine. All this haste was important, as the Pasha does not receive after twelve. At length, at half past eleven, I was waited on by the nephew of his Excellency, Bognas Bay, with many apologies and regrets on his part, that sickness prevented his calling in person, and was informed that his Highness would receive me at any time before twelve.

As soon as a carriage could be prepared we started, the Consul, the nephew, my companion and myself. When we arrived at the palace it was past twelve. The Pasha had given a grand reception that morning, his son Ibrahim having just arrived; but all had dispersed. The nephew said he would go in, leaving us in the carriage, and see if it were then possible to get in. He returned in a moment and informed us that his Highness would receive us. We immediately entered, saw two or three waiters about the door, but no soldiers, and passed into a large hall. Here the Lord Chamberlain, or Maitre de Ceremonies came out to meet us. To him Mr. Todd announced our names, and we advanced to the door of a large apartment and there in the centre of the room, stood the remarkable man we sought. We bowed ourselves into his presence with the three bows usually given to royalty. He received us graciously after the European manner, not making the Turkish salutations. In a moment after, he motioned to the divan, inviting us to a seat, and preceding, seated himself in a corner, where an ornamented cloth, wrought in gold, was thrown over, as it seemed to designate his place. I placed

myself by his side, my companions after me, and a dragoman took his position in front. I now give literally the conversation. He said to me,

"By what route have you come to Egypt?"

I replied "By the way of Damietta from Syria."

"Have you been long in this country?"

"Between two and three weeks. I proceeded from Damietta to Cairo through a beautiful and interesting country. I have been much gratified in seeing a land so attractive from its fertility, its history and its antiquities."

"What has been your object?"

"We have heard much in America of the progress of this country in civilization and regeneration under the auspices of your Highness. I was anxious to see this advancement." He bowed with great courtesy and said "he did not aspire so high as to be the regenerator of Egypt." I replied, "Your Highness has certainly produced great changes in this country. One may now travel from the Mediterranean to Sennar with as much security as in any country in the world."

"This is true," he said, with apparent satisfaction.

"And the great works which have been constructed have restored Egypt to its ancient fertility. America now feels her influence in the markets of the world as a formidable rival in the sale of cotton."

To this he responded, "It is nothing—a drop in the ocean. Have you locusts in America?"

"We have, but not in such numbers as to do any injury. They appear to have been destructive here this season."

"No, as soon as they appeared I had them destroyed. There are none left; but for this, they would have done much injury."

This was true. With his usual energy he had declared war upon the locusts and occupied his troops with the conflict. They were engaged many days in killing them. Besides, he gave a premium to the Fellahs for all they destroyed. The result was, the enormous swarms which were laying waste the country in all directions, were soon exterminated. I saw the effects of their ravages, but the locusts themselves had disappeared. Even the garden of Ibrahim Pasha, on the island of Roda near Cairo, had suffered from them severely, a number of the trees having been killed.

He then remarked "that rats were the greatest foes to their agriculture, that it was not possible to destroy them; that they were born of the earth, that he had seen one in the process of transition, when one half was rat and the other half earth." I looked surprised, doubting if I understood the interpreter correctly, for he spoke French and not very well. The Pasha then emphatically repeated what he had said, the interpreter announcing distinctly "une moitié rat et une moitié terre." As he had seen it himself, it was of course no longer

to be doubted. I remarked that in going from Cairo to the pyramids I had seen great numbers coming out from the crevices of the earth. These are the cracks in the soil caused by the process of drying after the inundation has retired. He asked if we had them in America. I said not that species, (to wit, those born of the earth.)

Coffee had been brought and drunk. Conversation now flagged. I was at a loss to know whether pipes were coming or not. Having remained sufficiently long, as I thought, I took my leave.

I had a good opportunity of examining the countenance and general appearance of the Pasha. His eye is acute and rapid in its movements; in color a glittering black and indicative of great intelligence. The general expression of his face is good-humored—nothing which would indicate a savage or sanguinary disposition. The murderer of the Mamelukes is not seen in his visage. The forehead I could not see, as it was covered by his turban, but I am told that it is high and good. His person is short and corpulent, and the whole appearance that of perfect health, though he is now seventy-four years old.

His dress was very simple, consisting of a kind of cloth jacket, such as is worn by the Greeks, and the full trowsers of the Albanians, without orders, ornaments or arms of any sort. His manners reserved, unpretending and equally destitute of grace and coarseness, without embarrassment and without effort.

During our interview, the two or three servants we found in the room retired. This was very different from the state usually maintained in these countries and in high contrast with what I had seen in my interviews with the Pashas of Syria and Damascus. When I was presented to them, a large retinue of officers and servants was in attendance and nothing could be more formal and stately than the ceremonies of my presentation. Indeed Turkish etiquette is generally rigid, cumbersome and oppressive as the old Spanish code.

Upon the whole, the appearance of the Pasha is not such as to induce one at first sight to pronounce him a remarkable man. I am not sure that if I had seen him in a crowd, I should have demanded who he was. The remark which Johnson made of Burke is certainly not applicable to him.

Though I have heard much of the great changes effected in Egypt, they surpass my expectations. The police is now as efficient as in any country of the world; the life and property of foreigners are perfectly secure; beautiful villas are seen on the Nile rivalling even those of Italy; magnificent palaces, lovely gardens and all the appendages of a luxury often combining with oriental taste the refinements and inventions of European skill and fashion adorn Cairo, Alexandria and even Damietta. The country seems well cultivated, and the numerous and enormous canals which have been

excavated for the purpose of irrigation, astonish the voyager. The river is gay with picturesque boats floating on its surface, many devoted to pleasure, but the greater number laden with the rich imports and exports of the country. In the ports, ships are seen from every clime and a busy commerce meets you on the wharves. In the cities, long lines of camels, the ships of the desert as Napoleon called them, following each other in Indian file, bringing to market the productions of the interior, attract the attention of the stranger. The traveller from Turkey is struck with the entire change in the habits of the population. The pipe is no longer the business of life. Though still enjoyed as a luxury, it is not the engrossing occupation. Existence is no longer expended in puffs of smoke. A busy industry is seen on all sides. Farmers, artisans, soldiers, men of state are all pressing on with an activity and perseverance which calls to the mind of an American his own home beyond the "far Atlantic." Movement has succeeded to inaction. The doting, dreamy Turk has been succeeded by the bustling, noisy, chattering Fellah.

Yet, in spite of all these apparent evidences of change and prosperity, it is doubtful if the present people of Egypt are in any better condition for the existence of Mehemet Ali. He has brought order out of chaos, but it is the order of an unrelenting and merciless despotism. All Egypt is regarded and governed by him as his farm and the population as his slaves. This idea is the basis of all his police, all his laws and his whole system of polity. The land is his and the inhabitants are his. The unit is every thing, the many are nothing. He believes that Rome was made for Cæsar. The various innovations which have been introduced, have all reference to the improvement of his revenue, the consolidation of his power and the advancement of the various objects of his ambition. The interest of the people has never entered into his plans, nor occupied any portion of his consideration except as a part of the machinery necessary to the accomplishment of his designs. The engines of his factories have for him the same sort of interest. Improvements are introduced into the one and the other with the same views. Boys are trained and educated for the manufactories, and all improvements in machinery are imported. Schools are established to make soldiers, to give instruction in the art of war, that this arm of despotism may be strengthened, but the general improvement of the man, the elevation of his character and his moral advancement have never fallen within the sphere of his considerations.

There never was probably a despotism so pervading, so generally and oppressively felt by each and every one of a numerous people. None are too low for its reach, none are so high that they do not feel its weight upon their necks. Many na-

tions are enslaved, but here the principles of national and individual slavery are combined and wrought out practically. Among all the populations I have seen in the Old World, none has appeared to me so degraded, so abject, so low in the scale of humanity. It is a common remark here, that the kourbash, which is an enormous whip, made of the elephant's hide, is the steam engine of Egypt. It is certain that the lash is nowhere else applied so liberally; and it seems to be the great instrument for carrying on the industrious movement of this country. Personal liberty has no existence except for foreigners, and for them, in many respects, it is almost without limit. The Arab of the desert looks with pity upon his brethren on the banks of the Nile; and well he may; he is free as the air that sweeps over his sands—he depends on his own arm for his protection and subsistence. Wanderer and savage as he is, he is a noble man.

If there is a canal to be made, a factory to be built, or a war to be waged, the poor Fellahs are collected and put to the work, whatever it may be, as a large proprietor in Virginia would gather his negroes from his different estates on occasion of some unusual undertaking. Thus, when the great Mahmoudic canal was decided on, all the laborers of lower Egypt were put in requisition, and it is said, at one time, two hundred and fifty thousand men were employed. They were marched in multitudes under their Sheiks along the line of the intended canal, and each chief had his share allotted him. Thus was executed this stupendous work, to which I have before referred, in the short space of six weeks. It is doubtful if the history of the world can present another example of so gigantic an undertaking concluded with such celerity. It is said that twenty thousand laborers were sacrificed on this occasion. It is probable that this statement is exaggerated, yet it is certain that great mortality prevailed and many thousands were believed to be the victims of the urgency of the Pasha. It is still a subject of prejudice, and one in which foreigners are also involved, as having advised the work.

But there is no cause, from which this unfortunate country has suffered more under its present ruler than from his passion for war. A want of laborers is now severely felt, and the population has greatly diminished. Mr. Falt, in his work on Egypt, written in 1834, states that some years before, the population was estimated, according to certain calculations which were then made, at two and a half millions; but of them, at least one half of those fit for military service had been taken to form and recruit the armies of regular troops and for the service of the Navy. He considered at that time, that from this source the population had sustained a loss of half a million of souls. Now the loss is much greater since the wars in Syria

and the numerous hosts marched into that country. The service is so unpopular, that ten years since it was common for the inhabitants to maim themselves to prevent enlistment. But such has been the demand for troops, maiming is no longer a protection, and some battalions of men are now seen who have lost an eye, and others that have lost several of their fingers. Yet nothing can rescue them from the demands of their master but absolute inability. If the trigger finger is gone the others are called into requisition.

I was informed by our Consul at Beyrout, that in the attack on that place by the English, in the late campaign in Syria, it was a subject of surprise, that so few Egyptian shot took effect. It was afterwards ascertained that the troops had designedly shot over their heads, wishing them success, that they themselves might be driven out of Syria and relieved from so odious a service.

The system of monopolies is another portion of the administration of the Pasha, most injurious to the interests of the people. The poor peasant can not sell his cotton or his grain, or any of the products of his industry except to the Pasha or his agents. And if he wishes to purchase a pound of sugar or a pair of shoes, or should he want the use of a boat on the Nile, he is again obliged to go to another set of agents or favorites, who may have these monopolies, and pay those prices which men find it their interest to charge, who have no competition, or only such as is found among a few who enjoy a part of the monopoly. On this subject, the foreigners located in this country have been particularly sensitive, because it affects so seriously their interests; and complaints have been made, and remonstrances have been multiplied time after time by the Consuls of different powers.

At length, in 1838, a treaty of commerce was concluded between France and the Ottoman Porte, by which the latter was bound to destroy all monopolies throughout its dominions which affect the productions of agriculture. The Porte also renounced the use of *Tes Rérés* for the purchase of merchandise, or for transporting it from one place to another. The Pasha having received due notice of this treaty from the Sultan, pretended the necessity of an arrangement with the Fellahs and asked three years to prepare for carrying it into execution. To withdraw himself from the importunities of the Consuls and merchants, he went into Upper Egypt and there remained a long time. Finally he promulgated a decree abolishing the monopoly of boats on the Nile. A cry of joy was now heard—this was proclaimed the commencement of a new era. Some Europeans prepared boats. But lo! an unexpected difficulty now arose—sailors were not to be obtained. Ibrahim Pashaw, Abbas Pashaw and Cherif Pasha are proprietors of a vast number of boats and derive from them large revenues. They

possessed themselves of all the sailors. And if the foreigners engaged some Fellahs, they learned in a short time that a gendarme of a divan had seized them in the name of his master. The Europeans claimed them, and behold the response which they received. "The barks are yours, but the men belong to the Pasha, and our master disposes of them as he pleases." In the meantime, while the public were discoursing of the acts and intentions of the government, the Pasha, by his agents, purchased all the grain of Upper Egypt at ten francs the bedebbe, transported it to Alexandria and sold it there at sixteen. And thus has he, in spite of the treaties of the Porte and all the efforts of the Consuls, continued to keep in operation his system of monopolies up to the present time.

He always professes to Europeans an anxious desire to introduce into Egypt the sciences and the arts of Europe, to make his people a civilized people. But to arrive at this object he says it is indispensable that his government should extend its action over all the sources of production—that the native should be in his hands an instrument docile to his will. That being without instruction and in a state of brutality since many ages, the Egyptian will never accept of civilization if it is not forced on him. This is the sophistry with which he amuses Europeans and attempts to conciliate European Courts. His acts but attest the sincerity of his declarations.

Among all the changes which this extraordinary man has introduced into this country, perhaps there is none which has more astonished the natives than the manner he has adopted of disposing of the inmates of his Harem. Among the elevated Turks and Arabs, such as the Sultans and wealthy and powerful Pashas, the women of the Harems even after the death of their lords, have always been preserved as sacred relics. Subsequent marriages have not been permitted. Their doom has been to pine in seclusion and mourn the departed—"to blush unseen, and waste their fragrance on the desert air." Mehemet Ali has very justly deemed this usage irrational and cruel to the fair sex. The result is, since he has become old, he has been acting as his own administrator, and he has disposed of most of his fair ones in matrimony to his most illustrious Generals. He has thus been able at the same time to reward the services of distinguished officers, by this high and extraordinary mark of honor and to manifest his regard to the ladies of his household by preventing their sacrifice after his decease.

I was curious to know what views are now entertained by the Pasha of that great event which is considered in all the Western world as the great reproach of his life, as the stain which no good can efface. I mean the murder of the Mamelukes. I made inquiries on this subject of those who are familiar with his sentiments. Nor regrets nor compunctions have ever been felt by him. He speaks

of it freely and regards the achievement as a great "coup de politique." This treacherous assassination of the aristocracy of all Egypt he deems sufficiently justified from the fact that they stood in the way of his progress, and their sacrifice was necessary to secure his absolute power. This is as might have been anticipated. He has shed too much blood and been too familiar with scenes of death and carnage to place much value on human life. When myriads have been sacrificed on the altar of his ambition, the few hundreds, relieved of their lives on this occasion, occupy but small space in his "mind's eye." But he knows full well the estimation in which the act is held in Europe; and says he intends to have two great paintings taken, one of the murder of the Mamelukes, the other of the execution of the Duke d'Enghien by Napoleon, and the two may go down to posterity together.

I have expressed the opinion that it is doubtful if the present population of Egypt is in any better condition for the existence of Mehemet Ali. But posterity may profit. A very different opinion has prevailed in Europe and America. Impressed by his transcendent genius, astounded by his daring energy and wonderful successes, and dazzled by the halo of his military glory, men have for the most part hailed him as the regenerator of the land of the Pharaohs. The seed he has planted may hereafter produce fruit; the light he has introduced may in times to come make its way to the minds of the miserable Fellahs. The material improvements he has executed, his public works, the magnificent structure he has reared, the canals he has excavated, the lands reclaimed from the desert, all these will remain as monuments of his reign. His manufactories which he has nurtured with so much care and at so great an expense will probably pass away with him. They are a forced product, unsuited to the country and its circumstances.

The protection which he has extended to foreigners and their constant contact with the citizens of the country have probably diminished their prejudices and their bigotry. These beneficial effects may be the prelude to greater changes. They have been forced to see in many things the superiority of our usages. No innovation was more strenuously and violently resisted than the European discipline of the troops. It led even to revolution and came near costing the Pasha his throne. Now the results of their own campaigns have shown its great advantages. The introduction of steam upon the Nile and in the manufactories has had the same tendency. The habits of living adopted by the Pasha and the officers of State and of the army, the use of knives and forks, the drinking of wine and the conformity in many other things with our habits may eventually produce more harmony with the Christian races. Though this very conformity has caused a prejudice against the Pasha and a renewed want of confidence in the orthodoxy of his

faith. The young men who have been educated in France and Italy at his expense, must also bring with them on their return European ideas; and these will obtain a certain degree of diffusion. It would seem that they must penetrate the dense darkness which envelops the natives. And yet so wide is the line of separation which divides the very few who constitute the aristocracy from the enslaved Fellahs, that all light must be very slow in its passage. The wretched peasant, galled by the lash of his imperious master, cares but little for light or information which gives no improvement to his condition. And if, perchance, his benighted intellect should be sufficiently illumined to perceive that from these innovations have been derived new means of strengthening his shackles, this indifference is converted into aversion. And again, when he finds that the new system tends to a destruction of that faith in which he reposes his hopes of a happy existence hereafter, his aversion becomes phrensy. We have but little idea of the pride and enthusiasm with which the Mahommedan cherishes his religion. It is a question which admits of no argument. Doubt entails disgrace—denial brings death in time and eternity. Religion is the soul of his existence. If you touch this you reach the heart's blood. Nor can any important change be hoped for on this subject, until general cultivation brings religion within the reach of reason, when feeling and prejudice may be submitted to the test of investigation.

Upon the whole, though the present population of Egypt may have profited but little from the various innovations of the Pasha, posterity may hope from them and other causes an advance of civilization and an improvement of their condition. The seed has been scattered here and there by the way side, but it is reserved to generations yet unborn to see it ripen and to gather in the harvest.

REFLECTIONS AT THE GRAVE OF MIDSHIPMAN ———, OF THE U. S. NAVY, *Who fell in a Duel.*

BY H. P. VASS, DECEASED.

Hark to the bugle's mournful sound,
The last and requiem of the brave
And generous youth, who here hath found
Too soon his early grave!

And ours the grief which cannot speak,
To tell how deep our woe;
For words are all too faint and weak,
Where burning tears must flow.

Oh! hadst thou fall'n in glorious strife,
While victory cheered thy breast,
Given for thy country's cause thy life—
And found a hero's rest;

Tho' many a heart that held thee dear
Had mourned thy early doom,
Less bitter far had been the tear
Which now bedews thy tomb.

No longer will the cannon's roar
Disturb thy dreamless sleep!
Thy youthful comrades never more
Shall hail thee on the deep!

Ye winds! breathe softly o'er his grave!—
Sweet flowers! in beauty bloom,
To deck the turf, where sleeps the brave
Within his narrow tomb.

NOTES ON OUR ARMY.

NO. V.

"An Army is a collection of armed men, obliged to obey one man."—*Locke.*

TO THE HON. THOMAS H. BENTON.

By reference to the act of Congress of the 2nd of March, 1821, "to reduce and fix the military peace establishment," which I have regarded in all my communications as the basis of our present organization, it is perceived that no separate and distinct ordnance corps was then deemed necessary, and none was retained in our Army. Our then Secretary of War, the most able and efficient we have ever had, the Hon. John C. Calhoun, profiting by the experience of foreign services, and seeking the interest of his country instead of the welfare and advancement of individuals, secured an organization for our little Army combining efficiency and harmony with economy and unity of action. Peace-meal legislation has at length deprived us of every feature which recommended that establishment, and we are now clogged by checks and balances to such an extent that it is almost impossible for the different branches of the service to keep from open warfare. Encroachment after encroachment has been made upon our peace organization, by nearly every branch of our staff, as must already be apparent to you, but in no instance have they been more rapid and injurious—I had almost said, destructive to the interests of the Army—than will be exemplified by a glance at the Ordnance Department. The act of Congress of the 2nd of March, 1821, based upon the experience of foreign services, merged the ordnance of our Army in the Artillery, and provided for one supernumerary Captain to each Artillery regiment for ordnance duties,—a field officer of Artillery being detailed to superintend the duties of the department, and the law specially providing for the further detail of such Artillery officers for ordnance duties, as might be deemed necessary. It is perceived by reference to the official register of the British

service, that, at the present day, no such thing as a separate and distinct Ordnance Department is known to them, unless, indeed, we consider that they have no Artillery, except in name; for under the head of "Ordnance Department," is to be found the "Royal Regiment of Artillery," and nothing else. In fact it is there considered, as it should be with us, that the two are inseparable: the effect of a division upon our service being to deprive the Artillery officer of all means of practical information connected with his profession. The system in the British service, which was introduced into ours in 1821, and abolished in 1838, is the only one by which information, essential and necessary, can be imparted to, and gained by officers of Artillery, and without which they are utterly useless and unnecessary. The theoretical portion of this education is gained, it is true, at the Military Academy, but practice and experience are as necessary to make artilleryists as engineers, and no system of theoretical instruction can ever make an officer proficient in either. With this wise and necessary object in view, the practical education of our Artillery officers, otherwise unattainable, the act of 1821 consolidated the ordnance and Artillery, and provided for the detail of officers from the latter for ordnance duties: which system, with a few modifications, was kept up with the most beneficial results until the Staff mania raged with such violence and fatality in 1838. With the four supernumerary Captains of Artillery our ordnance duties were so performed from 1821 to 1832, as to disseminate useful and practical information throughout the Artillery arm,—a constant detail of from fifteen to twenty subalterns of that arm being kept on ordnance duty, and periodical changes being made, to allow all its subalterns the benefit of instruction and experience, as well as the advantages of comfortable posts, agreeable positions, and light and pleasant duties. But, as the population of our country advanced, its means increased, and our fortifications multiplied in number; strong arguments were urged for increasing our ordnance corps, and separating its permanent officers from the Artillery. In 1832 these arguments prevailed, not without some reason, and a separate and distinct department was organized, comprising fourteen officers, the grade of Captain being the lowest. It was not conceived at that time that it was in contemplation by the department to call for another increase in a few years, and thereby to drive the Artillery from its legitimate duties, thus erecting for itself a separate and independent department of the Army,—independent even of the Commanding General,—or this move, behind which so much was concealed, would have been opposed and successfully opposed.

The fourteen officers appointed to this newly organized department were supposed to be necessary for the permanent command and control of the

different armories and arsenals then in operation and being constructed, and it was contended with much reason and propriety that the duties of the department would be more satisfactorily, more regularly, and more economically performed by this system than by that requiring the superintendents to change with the periodical details. For these reasons and some others of minor importance, this increase, or, rather, organization of the Ordnance Department, was made in 1832, which provided a chief of the department to be stationed in Washington City,—thirteen officers remaining to command and superintend the different armories and arsenals located throughout the country, and to attend to the practical instruction of such subalterns of artillery as should be periodically detailed to assist them. The favoritism attending the appointment of these officers, and the great injustice done a large portion of the Army at the time of their appointment, has been so frequently and so ably exposed to the country, that I deem it unnecessary to enter on that subject, not believing there is an individual to be found, knowing the circumstances, who has not unconditionally condemned the acts by which such monstrous injustice and oppression was practised towards a large portion of the Army. There being but *thirteen* and scarcely any two from the same section of country, it was no difficult task for these favored sons of the republic to arrange among themselves the different posts they would occupy; and knowing their positions were permanent, a system of expenditures was commenced under the general appropriations "for arsenals," which has drained the treasury of many hundred thousands for the sole benefit of these officers,—not the slightest necessity having ever existed for many enormous expenditures made by them, nor the smallest beneficial result accrued to the government, unless we consider as such, the erection of splendid buildings for these gentlemen to live in, and the grading and laying out of magnificent pleasure grounds for the enjoyment of their mechanics and laborers. In the erection of the splendid residences which each of these gentlemen has superintended for himself, an instance is not to be found where any one has confined himself to less than double the allowance of quarters granted by the regulations, and in many instances, when troops have been temporarily crowded together, officers attached to them have been compelled to live in most uncomfortable, nay, almost immoral proximity, when, within their view, officers of this favored department have been allowed to occupy double and treble the allowance granted them by regulations, because they belonged to a separate department and could not be interfered with. This is rather a wide departure from our motto, "a collection of armed men, obliged to obey *one* man," but still it is a fact, daily exhibited, and an abuse which is hourly increasing. Heavy expenditures

have also been made for fixtures and arrangements about these quarters for the private convenience and comforts of their occupants, which are rarely to be found in the residences of the most opulent citizens in their vicinity. In some instances good, substantial and comfortable dwellings have been condemned and torn down because they did not suit the taste and convenience of the officer occupying them, and splendid new edifices have been erected in their stead. I need only instance one prominent example, that of Springfield, Mass., and the sentiments of its citizens as expressed at regular meetings held for the purpose, and their views as contained in the public journals of the place within a few months past;—though every arsenal in the country might be particularly instanced as an example of extravagance and waste, were such details necessary. If their expenditures were only confined to the erection and decoration of houses in which to reside, so much attention would not be drawn to the subject, but beautifully laid-out lawns, parks and promenades surrounded by stone walls and iron railings, with grass plots and flower gardens enclosed with choice fences are by no means rare sights at arsenals, where one would suppose workshops for the conversion of wood and iron into the implements of war would be more appropriate ornaments and certainly not less appropriate appendages. It undoubtedly never was the intention of the government to stint its officers in the allowance of quarters and other necessary fixtures about a post to enable them to live decently and comfortably, but it never was contemplated that a certain branch of the service was to be set aside as the *aristocracy* of the Army and every thing, even the treasury of the country, be made subservient to the comfort, convenience and gratification of its members. Yet such has been the case with the Ordnance Department, and no stronger proof can be wanted than an inspection of the armories and arsenals occupied by them, and a comparison of those places with the stinted and almost untenable allowances of the kind granted to officers of the line of the Army at most of the military posts occupied by troops. Another and odious distinction is made between the comforts and conveniences allowed to the enlisted men of the ordnance with its hired mechanics and laborers, and to the regularly enlisted soldier of the Army. An example is now fresh in my memory of an outrage of this kind committed on a company of Artillery, commanded by one of the senior Captains of our service, which was forced to vacate its quarters upon the plea that they were necessary for hired men of the Ordnance Department, and to rent an old farm house some three miles from the military post. The effect of this move was to give the command of the arsenal to a subaltern of the Ordnance Department who was probably not born when the Captain of this company was first commissioned in our

Army, and this in the face of an order from the War Department, issued but a few months before, directing this same subaltern of ordnance to be placed under some discreet and severe commanding officer for past aggravated, military offences. The *avowed* reason for this outrage was, that there was not room for the Artillery and ordnance both, and that the former must give way as it was an ordnance post; yet it is known that *four* companies of troops have been accommodated there at the same time, and at the date of this occurrence there were only twenty-five men of the Ordnance Department. A better reason suggested as the cause of the act is to be found in the fact that the subaltern of ordnance is the son of the acting chief of the department. The Commanding General of the Army opposed it, and pronounced his opinion that such an outrage had never before been perpetrated upon the Army, and in the face of his remonstrance the Secretary of War was influenced to sanction it, and to continue the company of troops occupying hired quarters at a heavy expense to the government, in violation of the rank and rights of an officer of nearly thirty years service, to the great prejudice of the public interest and against the most pointed remonstrance of the whole community in the vicinity of the post.

But what renders this case the more flagrant is the fact, that a "hired guard" was employed at this same arsenal at a heavy expense to the government; and though this company was disposable and ordered there for the purpose, it was found necessary to retain that non-descript species of soldiery in government employ, to afford an excuse for excluding the company from its proper and legitimate quarters, and thereby to confer the command of the post on one declared unfit for it by an order issued to the Army but a few months previous. This "hired guard" was brought into the service at a heavy expense during the Florida war, when a company of troops could not be spared for the purpose, but so soon as the war was over, in fact before that, the citizens frequently applied to the department for a company of the regular Army to protect the property stored in their vicinity, and which without protection was more dangerous than otherwise. It was supposed, and very reasonably too, that this "hired guard" would at once be discharged upon the arrival of regular troops, but such was not the result, and we have loud complaints made at the intrusion of a company of Artillery into the limits of an "Ordnance post built with Ordnance funds." The presence of this "hired guard," suddenly converted into "Ordnance men," is strongly urged as a reason for the immediate withdrawal of the company on the ground that there was not room for both. In this the glib and oily act of the courtier was too much for the strong remonstrance of the Commanding General, joined, as he was, by the almost unanimous voice of the

citizens in the vicinity of the post; and he finds himself in a short time mortified by the order of the Secretary of War undoing what had been done, and committing an outrage upon him and the Army by elevating one of his subordinates above him in importance and influence for the furtherance of family arrangements. Having effected the object in view by retaining these hired men, it will be supposed they were discharged, but such was not the case, and we find that as soon as the company was removed beyond the limits of the post, the guard is again necessary to perform the very duty this company was not permitted to do. This state of affairs existed for several months to the detriment of the service, and at a heavy cost to the government, during which time the citizens in the vicinity were not blind to the injustice done this veteran captain and his company, nor were they silent as to the cost of it to the government, and the folly and absurdity of the act. Memorials to the President and their delegation in Congress soon placed the matter in such a light that some measures were necessary to appease the indignation of an outraged people, and orders were prepared for the restoration of the company to its legitimate position. But as this would place the command in the hands of the able head of that company, taking it from the undeserving but favored subaltern, who was for years a Second Lieutenant in the same regiment, and during the same time his outraged senior was a Captain at the head of his company, by some unaccountable interference at the war office, and still more unaccountable success, this order was suppressed and in its stead one was issued dismembering the company of this Captain, sending him with one half of it to a post three hundred miles distant, and placing the other half with a subaltern under the immediate command and orders of this Lieutenant of ordnance. This move was made at an expense of hundreds, with a certainty of destroying the discipline and efficiency of the company—in violation of the most sacred military rank and rights of its Captain—to the prejudice of the public interests, against the remonstrance of the Commanding General of the Army and the combined efforts and protest of the citizens in the vicinity of the post,—and for what reasons? One fact exists,—the Lieutenant of ordnance, soon after the acting chief of the department, succeeded to the command of these troops, and thereby received a considerable increase to his pay.

The greatest increase which this department received, and the one most fatal to the interest of the Army, was that of 1838, when Congress appears to have been affected with a Staff fever. The section of that bill, as it first passed, added two Majors and twenty Lieutenants to the number of officers then in the department, but by the supplementary act passed two days after, the number of Lieutenants was limited to twelve; such,

however, has not been the effect of the law, for the Army Register now shows *nineteen* Lieutenants in this department—*seven* supernumerary Brevet Second Lieutenants, one more than the number of Second Lieutenants, having been attached to the department, in violation of the provisions of two acts of Congress passed in 1812 and 1838.

The Colonel and chief of the department is kept on a sort of "special duty," the nature of which no one can understand, and it is shrewdly suspected that no better reason is known for it than a desire to make room for a more ambitious though less desiring aspirant. At our arsenals and armories these ordnance officers are to be found in numbers varying from one to six, depending on the position and its advantages. In addition to the thirty-five commissioned officers in the department, we have a corps of fifteen storekeepers to assist them in the discharge of their duties, and to relieve them from the property responsibility and other disagreeable parts of it. One of these storekeepers is to be found at every post where large supplies of property are on hand,—upon him all the pecuniary responsibility for this property rests, and yet the late Secretary of War commended these ordnance gentlemen to the favor of the government on account of the heavy responsibility under which they rested. There are about fifteen positions in our country occupied as important ordnance depôts, including arsenals and armories, with some eight or ten other unimportant positions, preserved only on account of the value of the public buildings thereon and not because they are of any use for ordnance purposes; and yet we have *thirty-five* officers besides *fifteen* storekeepers to attend to the duties at these posts. At not one of them, unless it be the arsenal at Watervliet, N. Y., is there a necessity for more than one officer, yet we find but very few of them with less than two and even three. The duties at these posts are nominally to superintend mechanics and artisans engaged in the fabrication of the implements and munitions of war, but when we consider the very large proportion of those articles supplied to our government by contract, it is difficult to imagine the occupation to be found for these meritorious officers and their mechanics and laborers, unless we advert to the splendid and princely buildings which they occupy, and the magnificent pleasure grounds surrounding them, ornamented in a style and with a studied taste and elegance far superior to any thing in private life to be found in their vicinity. A slight glance at all these things will show us the occupation of the ten, fifteen and twenty "artificers," "mechanics" and "laborers" hired at every arsenal and depôt occupied by the department. Congress makes a large appropriation annually "for arsenals," without specifying in what way, or for what purposes the money is to be expended: it seldom falls short of \$100,000, and sometimes exceeds double that

amount, the whole of which is employed in decorating fine residences, and laying out pleasure grounds, or "for grading public grounds, and setting out shade trees," as I find one item of the appropriation specifies.

Follow an Army into the field when an enemy is to be met, or pursued—when hardships are to be endured and danger to be faced, and where will your Ordnance gentlemen be found? Examine their fine buildings, pleasure grounds and flower gardens, and there you will find them enjoying themselves in sweet repose, expatiating most learnedly on the errors of the Commanding General in making such and such a movement, and laying down on paper a very pretty plan by which *they* would have done the work had they been permitted to manage it. This was most strikingly exemplified during the Florida war, at no time of which were there more than three ordnance officers in the country—in the field they never were—though two thirds of the line of the Army were then engaged in active operations. Yet these gentlemen could at any time have furnished a plan to finish the war by one campaign! And these are the modest gentlemen who, living in their carpeted parlors, promenading in their pleasure grounds, and occasionally looking into their workshops, as much from curiosity as a sense of duty, claim for themselves, in contradistinction to the line of the Army, the appellation of *Scientific*! and thereon ground a claim for *cavalry pay and allowances*, which an infatuated Congress granted, much to the surprise of every one and to the serious injury of the Army, which has had to bear up under the burden of heavy expense thus incurred, and the abuse consequent to it. Upon what grounds they presume to appropriate to themselves the title of *scientific* it puzzles one to know, especially when he is acquainted with their performances and the results of their labors, and is not entirely ignorant of the reputation enjoyed, and justly enjoyed, by some of them during a four years trial in scientific studies at the Military Academy. Nothing can more feebly test their claim to this title than an examination of the results of their labors. Those who have had to use their *scientific* productions in target practice, and in the field before an enemy, will never consent to darken the annals of science by admitting the authors of these works as worthy members of so sacred a class.

Nothing so clearly proves the uselessness of and the want of necessity for these highly paid, fed, and pampered officers of ordnance than the fact that something for them to do seems to be the most difficult question the department has to settle; and tours of inspection, boards, and even details for pleasure trips in Europe at public expense are becoming the regular duties of the Ordnance Department. The commanding officers of our fortifications can not be permitted to mount or dismount

a number of guns, but they must have an ordnance officer to superintend it, a grateful relief, it's true, from the *scientific* operation of raising from five to eight thousand pounds of metal to an elevation of six feet and placing it on a carriage, but it may be questioned whether a Second Lieutenant of the Ordnance Department by virtue of such an appointment is more competent to discharge this duty than a veteran who has superintended the mounting and dismounting of more guns than this *unfledged protégé* of the government has numbered days in his life. I will venture that any non-commissioned officer in our service will take the same number of men and mount double the number of guns in the same time, and do it better than any one who can be selected from this *scientific* corps,—and I doubt whether any claims would be set up to *scientific* honors for accomplishing such a feat. It must be borne in mind, however, that this mounting and dismounting of guns is a mere cloak under which to cover a trip of pleasure for some selected favorites of the department, who wish to make tours through particular sections of the country, and who see no more of the mounting of guns than if that were not their business. It is remembered that about the time the Hon. J. C. Spencer issued an order in 1842, changing the allowances for transportation to officers, some two or three of these gentlemen were on tours through the country, but no sooner was that order out, which changed these travelling allowances from an emolument into a slight burden, than the necessity which had existed for their superintendence of this scientific duty ceased, and they suddenly winged their way to Washington,—since which, they have not been heard of; yet our guns have not ceased to be mounted and dismounted. Now, that the original allowances for transportation are restored at the instance and by the intercession of the Staff Departments in Washington, we may expect soon to hear of other missions connected with this important service. Some officers of the Staff have made large sums by these travelling emoluments, and I suppose the Ordnance Department could see no reasons for not dividing the spoils, especially as they are the victors, having not only declared but maintained their independence of the Commanding General of the Army.

Upon what just and equitable principle these *scientific* (!) gentlemen were placed on an equality with cavalry officers as to pay and allowances has never yet been explained; nor has the country ever learned the necessity which existed for furnishing each of these officers at government expense with forage for one, two, three, four, or five horses, according to his rank, when the duties which they have to perform confine them entirely to the limits of their offices and workshops. It is no doubt very convenient and a great pleasure to these gentlemen of the "bomb-shell" to be able to call

for their horse, or their buggy for the purpose of taking a ride around their pleasure grounds, or visiting the cities in their vicinity, but why should the government be saddled with the expense! The true state of the case is, that two thirds of the officers of the department are unnecessary, and thousands of dollars annually expended for their private benefit in ornamenting and enriching their habitations and pleasure-grounds might be saved to the treasury by dispensing with those who expend them. By this, the harmony and efficiency of the Army would be restored—the practical instruction and improvement of our Artillery arm, now neglected, would be revived,—and the welfare of the whole service be advanced instead of the private interests of a few individual members.

If it shall ever become necessary for our country to resort to arms, and our Army is brought into action, the sad and culpable neglect which has existed and still exists, and grows worse in regard to our Artillery, will prove most disastrous. We shall not then be able to secure the services of one of these scientific gentlemen to remount and dismount our guns disabled by an enemy's shot; nor shall we have them always at our elbows to supply munitions of war prepared for service; the Artillery will be looked to, and very properly, for that, and yet its members are deprived of every means and opportunity by which to gain the necessary information. And this injury is inflicted upon the service by a system which saddles the government with an annual expenditure of at least \$100,000, to support an Ordnance Department. By keeping a portion of our Artillery constantly at arsenals of construction, the greater part of the expense for hired and enlisted men could be dispensed with, and the most valuable information disseminated throughout the Army without cost and with the most beneficial results. But this probably would not comport with the dignity and independence of the ordnance corps and its scientific members, who might feel contaminated by an association with men, many of whom they looked up to before accident and intrigue placed them in their present comfortable, but, from being assailable, most unenviable positions.

A. SOBALTERN.

Breton's 1844.

STANZAS.

The rippling waves on yonder stream,
How joyously they flow!
And smile beneath the sun's glad beam,
While all is cold and dark below.

E'en so a smile will oft-times steal
Across the brow of care,
And, from the world, a heart conceal
That pines in silent, lone despair.

How gaily o'er the moon-lit deep
Some fairy bark may glide,
All reckless of the Dead who sleep
In Ocean's caves beneath the tide!

And so may pass gay Pleasure's train
That heart unheeded by,
Whose Hope, deceiv'd by phantom vain,
Returns to fold her wing and die.

C. M. A.

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.

BY A. B. MEEK.

I.

ELEGY

ON A MOCKING-BIRD KILLED BY A CAT.

Weep for the feathered minstrel gone,
The woodland wit, the poet wild,
The troubadour of silver tone,
Euterpe's winged and frolic child!—
His song is hushed, his gay laugh done,
His bright eye motionless and dim;
No more his fair wings glint the sun;
The Loved of Beauty,—weep for him!

From honeysuckle groves he came,
From wooing eyes, to gaze on hers;
To syllable in song her name.
And shame her duller worshippers:
And not in vain his ardent love,—
He won the lady's homage deep,
She prized her bird all *beaux* above;
But he is dead,—then for him weep!

Ah yes! how oft in shade and sun,
I've seen her with the winged bard play,
Forgetful of the human one,
Who envious gazed his soul away!—
And oh! what tones that bird would breathe
When playing with her cherry lips!—
As who would not!—yet mourn his death,
For 'twas a sudden, sad eclipse!

One mild and rosy summer eve,
When revelling in light and song,
With but one tone that seemed to grieve
His beauteous mistress absent long,—
As through the room his voice he flung,
In tones would craze a Malibran,
The parlor-tiger on him sprung,
And WILLIE was "a ruined man!"

Yet bright his life! her smiles by day
Were more than flowers or song to him,
And through the night his amorous lay
Around her dreaming couch would swim:
And oh! what glimpses met his eye,
Of charms but dreamed by other swains!—
If I such beauty could espy,
Grimalkin too might end my pains!

Yet mourn for him!—Ye rival bards
In gushing strains of sorrow weep!
His fate,—alas! like CHATELARD'S,—
Ye should in long remembrance keep:
For had he never shaped his breath
In amorous odes 'round Beauty's shrine,
He had not met his cruel death,
Nor filled this *cat-a-logue* of mine!

Then WILLIE mourn ! for she will weep
 Her poet-pet, whose songs are o'er ;
 Oh ! sweet as Ovid's be his sleep,
 Where cats and beaux shall vex no more !
 I mourn him too,—yet own my tears
 Are like my numbers, *somewhat flat*,—
 For through the shades, my fancy hears
 The Mock-bird crying—"Scat !—'escat !"

II.

CUPID AND FLORA.

TO A LADY FOR A BOUQUET.

Cupid and Flora together were straying,
 In frolicsome mood, through the flowers one day.
 And each to the other such "soft things" was saying,
 As only a God and a Goddess may say.

At length somewhat saddened, young Cupid bewailed him,
 That his power o'er hearts was growing much less,
 And arts, that till recently never had failed him,
 Had failed him where most he had wished for success.

"Sweet queen of the flowers!"—he sighing demanded,
 "Can't you lend me some aid in these troublesome times?
 My sceptre is broken, and oh!—to be candid,—
 There's no virtue in arrows, or ringlets, or rhymes!"

"Unless you assist me, I'm ruined all hollow!
 That rascally Plutus will seize on my throne,
 And soon, in his triumph,—base God of the dollar!
 Control every heart in the land as his own.

"By the bolts of my father!" "Don't swear!" said the
 Goddess,

"I'll teach you a trick from your troubles will save,
 And drive back vile Plutus, who a greedy old elod is,
 To the silence and gloom of his miserly cave!"

"Just walk in this bower, and look at my treasures;
 With these I have governed for many a day,
 And held, by the force of their innocent pleasures,
 O'er the hearts of my people, imperial sway!"

"Now frame thee a wreath from these bright starring flowers,
 Encinctured about with thy bow's silken string,
 And, my word for it, Love, by their delicate powers,
 You'll reign in all hearts, as the flower-crowned king.

"Whenever you wish to make captive some bosom,
 That long all your magical arts has defied,
 Just feather your arrows with flower and blossom,
 And the trifier no longer your skill shall deride."

No sooner the Goddess, benignant, had spoken,
 Than Cupid framed quickly a fragrant bouquet,
 Looped 'round with the string from his bow he had broken,
 And pleasantly bade Mrs. Flora—good-day!

Swift, swiftly he flew to a fair blooming maiden,
 Who long with the God had a favorite been,
 And placed in her bosom the treasure, dew-laden,
 And bade her rule with it as Love's chosen queen!

As bees in the Spring-time 'round myrtle-bells hover,
 And quaff of their beauty till drunk with delight,
 So round that fair maiden hung many a lover,
 Entranced by the smiles of the Peerless and Bright.

But in frolicsome mood, on a sad, lonely poet,
 The maiden, one morning, the token bestowed,
 And won by its magic,—ah! well did she know it!—
 A bosom that long with no passion had glowed!

His heart like a cup, once with bright water sparkling,
 But rudely o'erturned by a pitiless hand,
 Long, long had lain broken and empty and darkling,
 No more on the shrine of affection to stand,

Yet roused by the touch of that beautiful sceptre,
 The ghosts of dead feelings came back 'round his heart,
 And smiled in the light of the beauty that kept her,
 Like angels in heaven, from sorrow apart!

But cruel the vision: those feelings and flowers
 Were doomed alike soon to one sorrowful lot,
 They flourished in bliss for a few sunny hours,
 Then withered in sadness and both were forgot.

For that lady she smiled on another adorer;
 And the bard in his frenzy awoke his wild lute,
 And cursed in heroics, both Cupid and Flora,
 The one for a vixen, the other a brute!
Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

A NATIVE LITERATURE.

To the Editor of the *Sou. Lit. Messenger*.

SIR: I shall make no apology for troubling your readers with some remarks on the policy of extending the privilege of Copyright to foreign authors, fully and ably as the subject has been discussed in the recent numbers of the *Messenger*, deeming it, as I do, one of the first importance to the advancement of letters in the United States.

Until lately, the principal parties to this question were the literary men on one side, and the booksellers on the other—the one insisting on the policy of protecting domestic authors from the cheap, because untaxed literature of Great Britain, and the other urging the benefits of this very cheapness to the American people. Of late, however, many of our great publishers, finding themselves supplanted by the newspaper press, in the republication of foreign popular productions, have become advocates for an International Copyright, and have united, I believe, in the last petitions to Congress in favor of a measure that had been adopted long ago but for their opposition to it.

But this union of parties has not produced the anticipated effect. The extraordinary and unlooked-for cheapness with which books have been recently furnished, first by the newspaper press, and since by the regular *trade*, has raised up new adversaries to the proposed change. Finding that the pleasures and the profit of reading are thus carried to the remotest corners of the Union, and that mental aliment, once a costly luxury, is now brought within reach of the poorest among us, men of liberal and cultivated minds have, for the first time, become opposed to an International Copyright, lest

it should deprive the country of the immense benefits of cheap books. Such, at least, is the inference from the continued inaction of Congress, and from the ingenious essay of your correspondent, J. B. D. While I cordially unite with him as to the advantages of cheap literature, and readily admit that, whether we consider the subject as politicians or philanthropists, his fervid eulogy on its benign effects is not overwrought, I do not think that these advantages will be materially affected by the proposed extension of Copyright, or that he has advanced arguments which should shake our confidence in the wisdom of that measure.

The chief consideration which prompted the great body of our professed writers in 1837 to second the application of British authors to Congress for an extension of the Copyright law was, that, while American publishers could obtain the works of English writers free of cost, they would not, and in fact could not, pay any thing to the domestic author, except now and then for works of a local character, or from pens of established reputation. The new productions thus gratuitously furnished by England, together with the reprint of the standard works in the language, were sufficient to employ the whole capital vested in the business of bookselling, and to satisfy the demands of the reading public in the United States. To place then the domestic author on a level with the foreign, they asked that the monopoly now given by our law to the one should be extended to the other; and since American publishers would then be compelled to pay for the right to reprint foreign original works, it was not doubted that they would also find their account in remunerating American authors.

In making this application our writers no doubt regarded their own exclusive interests, but the justice of their claims can not be easily resisted. Not, certainly, by tariff men, who, seeking to protect every other species of American industry against the cheaper products of foreign countries, could not consistently withhold such protection from those products which are first in dignity, and which, if the protection proved efficient, would, more than every other, elevate the national character. Their claim was the stronger, too, because English books, republished in this country, sold at a less price here than they sold there—the American public being free from the charge of Copyright which the English public was obliged to pay. Nor can the advocates of free trade oppose the desired change, since it is a fundamental principle of their school to put all producers, foreign and domestic, on a footing of equality.

But many who had no personal interest to serve, were in favor of International Copyright; from its probable influence on American literature, which, silenced by the cheaper literature of England, languished for want of exercise. The cultivation of

letters, as a distinct employment, is as yet in its infancy with us, and it needs the benefits of exercise and emulation for the development of its powers. Look at the early productions of eminent writers, and compare them with those of their maturer years. They differ almost as much as the boy from the man. It is not often indeed that we have an opportunity of making the comparison, as the first efforts at authorship are generally anonymous and confined to the periodical press. It is only after repeated trials in his unfledged state that the writer ventures to essay the force of his wing in open day. Of course we can not see the feebleness, the baldness, the alternate yea-nay-ity and false glitter of his first experiments, or measure the wide chasm between them and the fruits of his ripened genius. Could we see the first effusions of Shakspeare, we should no doubt find in them the same crudeness—the same false taste. Ribaldry mistaken for wit, childish conceits for felicitous ingenuity, exaggeration for sublimity, and swelling expression for grandeur of thought; not occasionally, as we now see, but habitually, and unredeemed by those exquisite beauties which have made him the boast of our language. Had his mind wanted the benefit of the intermediate exercise, it had never attained its subsequent excellence. But our writers are deprived of this benefit under their present discouragements. In such a state of general inaction, to expect much improvement in our literature is about as rational as to expect that your infant son would acquire agility or strength of limb, if you kept him always tied to his chair.

Hence it is that, in every thing useful or great, the progress of nations, as well as of individuals, is gradual and slow, whether in commerce, manufactures, arts, or letters; and we must not vainly hope that our Minerva, like her of the ancient mythology, is to leap into existence fullgrown and armed at all points, but expect to see her, in passing from infancy to maturity, crawl and walk before she is able to jump and run.

Nor let it be thought that the desire of a name—of instructing or delighting mankind is sufficient to afford the requisite exercise. That may suffice to produce good poets, but not to create a national literature. It will no doubt influence, as it has influenced, a few ardent, energetic minds to persevere in a course of unprofitable labor, until they have ultimately earned money as well as fame. But these instances are but occasional, and we require incentives that operate steadily and operate upon all. It has been to overcome pinching want that some of the best English poets have written, and hundreds of the greatest names in their literature have perfected their talents in writing for a livelihood. To what purpose had been their fine conceptions without an accoucheur, in the form of a bookseller, to usher them into day? The *laudum immensa cupido* is indeed a powerful motive to ex-

tion, but it finds a very efficient auxiliary in the *auri sacra fames*. When the passion for military glory was at its height in France, it was not that on which Napoleon relied so much as his liberal rewards to his marshals and soldiers. Besides, the profits of authorship are one of the most unequivocal signs of merit, and when Irving or Cooper received four or five thousand dollars for a single work, and Scott or Byron more than as many guineas, these remunerations of their genius gratified their love of glory quite as much as their love of gain. What, let me ask, would have been the character of our lawyers and physicians if they had not been rewarded by fees as well as fame? But the elements of their learning and science are precisely those of a national literature, and they would equally profit by the same encouragement.

We have a further reason, in the peculiar circumstances of our country, why our literature can not give up any incentive to its cultivation. We chance to have the same mother tongue as another nation far before us in science and literature, which has a numerous and well-instructed class, adequate to a copious and perennial supply of new books, and a wealthy aristocracy, able and willing to reward it. While here, our educated and half educated classes are barely sufficient for the liberal professions and the higher political offices. The consequence is, that, though the population of the United States and Great Britain are now almost precisely equal, both being about 19,000,000, there are twenty, or perhaps fifty times as many original works annually published in that country as in this. Without doubt, much of our inferiority is to be attributed to the difference of circumstances adverted to, and must continue until we have denser population, better schools of instruction, and a larger class exclusively devoted to letters; yet a part may also be fairly ascribed to the fact that the British writers receive, and ours do not receive a reward which is coveted by all, and is indispensable to the poor man. To expect that our literature would make no greater progress with this encouragement than when its only motive power was the *popularis aura*, is to suppose that a sail vessel will make as short a voyage as a steamer.

But these considerations, which appeal so forcibly to our national pride and love of country, must yield to that of the greater cheapness of books in the present state of things. If it be admitted that an International Copyright will improve our literature, elevate us in the eyes of others, and in our own eyes, what liberal or patriotic mind would compare those noble objects with a paltry saving of money! To let such saving weigh as a feather in the comparison, we should well deserve the reproach often cast on us of estimating every thing by dollars. It may, however, be said that it is not the saving, but the *effects* of the saving which are to be regarded. By reason of the present cheap-

ness of books the people have at once more taste for reading and better means of gratifying it. That the cause of letters may be as much benefited by enlightening and instructing the mass of the people, as by giving a further stimulus to the efforts of a few gifted minds; and that the interests of the class of readers, amounting to tens of thousands, must not be sacrificed to that of writers, consisting at most of but a few hundred.

If the effect of an International Copyright were to deprive the people of their present easy access to books, then indeed one might well hesitate whether we should give up so great a public benefit for the sake of improving the literary character of the nation. But the degree of enhancement of price, and the effects of that enhancement, which the argument supposes, seem to me altogether unwarranted.

In the first place, all the books of which the Copyright has expired, comprehending the great mass of standard works, in poetry, history, philosophy, and general literature, would not be at all raised in price. They would continue to be sold, as they now are, both here and in England, for the cost of paper, print and binding, and the ordinary profits of capital, and since time washes away the light and flimsy fabrics of intellect, leaving its solid structures untouched, the books that are thus disburdened of the charge of Copyright, must always constitute the most valuable as well as the largest portion.

It is readily admitted that those stock works—the cream of English literature—will not, and ought not to satisfy the taste of the reading community; that they will crave new books; and that these will be enhanced in price when made subject to Copyright. But the addition to the price would be very small, so small as to be insignificant even to the poorest. As in other monopolies, the vendor would have to choose whether he would sell a few books at a high price, or many at a low one, and experience having clearly shown that the last course is the most profitable, that course, we may confidently expect, will be taken. It is not in this case as in that of valuable patented machines, in which the inventor can exact a price in proportion to the utility of the machine, without much affecting the number sold. But the consumption of books will indefinitely expand or contract according as they have merit and cheapness, or want it. If the foreign author, unversed in the laws of trade, were to demand so large a sum for his Copyright that it would require both an extensive sale and a high price to reimburse the bookseller, he could not find a purchaser. He would then be content with that sum for his remuneration which the publisher could obtain by a small advance on each copy. He might find it to his interest to take even less than his publisher could afford to give him, rather than to run the risk of having his work pirated, and be

involved in a course of litigation, in a foreign country, and perhaps with irresponsible people. For these reasons I think that if the privilege of Copyright were extended to foreign authors, the price per copy of their most popular works would be but inconsiderably enhanced, except, perhaps, in those few copies which were printed in a costly style, in which case a more liberal remuneration to the author may be mixed up in the extra price.

Your correspondent, J. B. D., seems to be fully aware of the advantage of large sales at low prices, and he thinks that the American bookseller, who is now profiting by this advantage, may pay the domestic author without feeling it. And so he would pay, if he could not republish English books free of cost. But so long as he can thus employ his capital, to give \$1,500, or \$1,000 for an American work which would sell no better than a foreign one costing nothing, is not to be expected. It may be remarked that, for reasons which it would be tedious here to detail, the bookseller's business is one of the most unprofitable of all trades. The greater part of those who follow it earn no more than a livelihood, a large proportion become bankrupt, and not one in a hundred becomes rich. The late Matthew Carey of Philadelphia was one of these very few, and I state, on good authority, that he made his fortune chiefly by a single lucky hit—the publication of Scott's Bible. Those, then, who escape the general fate of the class are remarkable for prudence and for sharpness in their dealings, and are not the men to give a thousand dollars, or even five hundred, for an article when they can get as good a one for nothing. But now and then they do pay for an American work, which has no British competitor. In such cases, if you meet with a liberal publisher, ten to one but he breaks before he pays for the Copyright. But if you look out for one who will punctually comply with his bargain, you will be sure to find him tight in making it.

I would add, that should the price of foreign works be sensibly raised by an extension of Copyright, it would not be an uncompensated evil. Now that books, by reason of their extraordinary cheapness and easy transmission through the mail, are brought to every man's door, no species of literary production has been so multiplied as works of fiction. This arises from their being peculiarly suited to the general taste and to their being now attainable by a numerous class of readers, to whom they have opened a new world of delight. The consequence is, that the great mass of the community read little else. I do not grudge them this mental luxury, but cordially sympathize in their newborn enjoyment. Nor have I any sweeping prejudice against novel reading. With some harm, it does much good. It brings us employment when idle, society in solitude, and, transporting us to ideal scenes, makes us sweetly oblivious of the cares

and anxieties of real life. Its occasional immoral tendency, too, has been greatly overrated, and much that has been said on this subject is downright twaddle. We must distinguish between what is offensive to good taste, and what is corrupting to good morals. Mere indecency may disgust, but does not contaminate. The grossness of Swift is simply repulsive, and never excited an immoral emotion. Vice must be arrayed with beauty and grace to be seductive. It is only those novels in which it is made to exhibit refinement, and is associated with generosity, frankness and other captivating virtues, or in which unlicensed passion is enkindled by glowing descriptions and cunningly wrought pictures of fancy, that corrupt the heart. Of this character are *Liaisons dangereuses*, *Faublas*—satan's own spawn both for eloquence and wickedness—and, to a certain extent, Rousseau's *Heloise*. To a woman of a sensitive heart and a lively imagination—as most women are—these works are a deadly poison. Some of the passages in the novels of Pigault, Le Brun and Paul de Kock are amenable to the same charge, though these writers have great merit, and it is probably to them that Dickens owes his talent of making minuteness of detail graphic without being tiresome. But the *Mysteries of Paris*, which some have proscribed as immoral, whatever we may think of its wild exaggerations and its too faithful delineations of scenes of horror or disgust, never had a corrupting influence on a single human being.

But with all these qualifications to an indiscriminate censure of novels, I do not wish to see them, as now, constitute the sole reading of the people. They may well afford an occasional, and even frequent gratification to the mind, but not be its daily food. In this case they give a distaste for less stimulating, but more instructive reading; as, I imagine, if one were to live sometime on confectionary it would destroy his relish for plain bread and meat. He certainly would be less able to digest them. Novels are therefore as fair subjects of taxation here as opium is in China, because they too have blessed effects as anodynes, but are deleterious and destructive as habitual stimulants. So far as their price would be raised by an International Copyright, the addition would be a virtual bounty on the more useful books not so enhanced, and if it should check the use of the one and encourage that of the other, these would be further good effects of the proposed change.

We have another reason for wishing an International Copyright, propitious as we have seen it is to the growth of a class exclusively devoted to letters. Such a class would be likely to correct that vice of verbosity which is now thought to characterize our speeches, our public documents, and even our literature. It is folly to suppose that this is to be ascribed to any peculiarity in our minds, to the influence of popular government, or

any other permanent cause. It arises, I think, from the ascendancy which the lawyers naturally, and perhaps properly, have in our public concerns, and the influence of their example. I shall not stop to inquire how far this exuberance of words and even of thoughts, is to be referred to their habit of tasking their minds to make a bad cause good, and a good one better, or to that of making nice discriminations, or to the tautology of laws, deeds and pleadings, or to any other cause. But the fact is undoubted. The lawyer commonly uses twenty words where an ordinary man would use but ten; and more often he expands into a paragraph what he might compress into a sentence. He changes his silver into cents, and seems rich by the size of his bag, but takes as long to pay a dollar as he should take to pay a hundred. He turns his bullet into mustard seed shot, which, though it makes sad havoc with little birds, never yet brought down nobler game. There are not, perhaps, fifty lawyers in the United States who have raised themselves above this professional vice of dilatation. I don't know ten. This redundancy, which is almost a greater fault than the crotchety affectations of Carlyle, recommended as it often is by real talent and high station, has been contagious, and prevails in the pulpit and in our deliberative assemblies as well as at the bar; and hence we so often witness the curious phenomenon, that, in a large auditory, the only mind which is that weary is that which has worked the hardest. Now the cultivation of letters by a separate class would, by the force of emulation, free the class from this vice, and by their growing influence, eventually redeem the nation; and thus make the same improvement in the communication of thought that steam has made in locomotion.

I readily agree that the question of extending the Copyright law is mainly one of expediency, and I have accordingly defended the measure solely on the ground of its benefit to ourselves. But it seems to me to be no small recommendation of the change that it also conforms to the principles of abstract justice. In the country in which a book is written the right of the author to remuneration seems to be beyond dispute. That book is the joint result of the labor of the head and the hands, and both classes of laborers deserve their reward. The author, no less than the printer and paper maker, has spent his time and money in qualifying himself for his part of the work, and in actually performing it, and that which gives the book its chief value has been contributed by him. His right has been accordingly acknowledged and protected by the laws of most civilized nations.

The foundations of this natural right seem to be the same in the case of the foreigner as the citizen: he has made the same sacrifices, has rendered the same service, and the only difference is that muni-

cipal law has not felt itself called upon to defend the rights of any but the members of its own community. But the distinction is merely conventional and the principles of justice apply equally to both cases—those principles from which the law of copyright and in favor of patentees takes its origin and which are engraved on the human heart.

Some, however, not denying the claims of foreign authors altogether, say that it is one of gratitude and not of justice, and rely upon the distinction between perfect and imperfect obligations. Yet I believe that the only difference recognized by ethical writers between them is that the one being more indeterminate can not be enforced by law; and they agree that, at the bar of conscience, the two species of obligation are equally binding. It will probably be found, on a nice analysis, that our sense of justice has no other natural foundation than our instinctive feelings of gratitude and resentment,—on that ultimate fact in the constitution of our minds by which we think that good should be returned to him who has done good to us, and evil returned to him who has done evil.

But J. B. D. endeavors to support his distinction between "the productions of mental labor and other property" by the English decision in the case of *Donaldson v. Becket*. As he has entirely mistaken the principle decided by that case,* misled no doubt by a compendious notice of it in some law book, I trust that when he finds the authority he relied on has failed him, he will reconsider the subject, and, taking a course more congenial to his cultivated mind and liberal views in other parts of his well written essay, unite with the friends of American literature in favor of an International Copyright.

A FRIEND TO LETTERS.

* In the report of that case, (4th Burrow,) it appears that on the several questions submitted to the Judges in the House of Lords, eight of the eleven were of opinion that "at common law" an author "had the sole right of first printing and publishing the same for sale; and might bring an action against any person who printed, published and sold the same without his consent."

Seven of the eleven were of opinion that the law did not take away his right upon his printing and publishing such book; and that no person might afterwards reprint and sell, for his own benefit, such book against the will of the author.

But six of the eleven thought that the author's action at common law was taken away by the statute of Anne. And on this last case the decision of the Chancellor, founded on that of the King's Bench, in the celebrated case of *Miller v. Taylor*, was reversed.

It may be further remarked, that as Lord Mansfield sat in the case of *Miller v. Taylor*, in which the question of literary property was so fully discussed, he, from the delicacy usual on such occasions, gave no opinion in the case of *Donaldson v. Becket*. But his opinions were, as Burrow says, notoriously unchanged, it is right to add the name to those of the other Judges on the two first points—making 9 on the first and 8 on the second against 3. and 4.

THE ANNEXATION OF TEXAS.

B. B. Minor

Since the publication of our former article upon this engrossing subject, it has assumed a different aspect, and had so many political elements wrought with it, that we deem it best to leave the farther discussion of it to others. We still consider it a great national question; and believe that we might properly prosecute it as such, but it has become so mixed up with President-making and the divisions of parties, that the character of our Journal will probably be best preserved by abstaining from the discussion for the present. We can not forbear one or two remarks, however, before we dismiss the subject.

In our last number, we alluded to certain grave charges against the Hon. John Quincy Adams, in relation to the surrender of Texas to the Spanish Government in 1819. It was not our intention to take either side of those charges, and it is due to justice to state that Mr. Adams has since declared on the floor of Congress, that he was himself opposed to the said surrender, but was overruled by a majority of Mr. Monroe's Cabinet.

We wished at this time to consider particularly the subject of slavery in relation to the Annexation of Texas. Nor should this be regarded as a *Southern* Question only; for as parts of a whole, the interests of the parts should be deemed the interests of the whole. This Union now embraces twenty-six states, who should be welded together in bonds of fervent love. The "Old Thirteen" have become the mothers of as many daughters, some sprung from their loins, others adopted into their family, to promote the happiness and security of all and of each other. By their adoption, too, they were taken from the bosoms of less liberal mothers and the *Ægis* of a more enlightened Liberty was thrown around them. From their situation and circumstances, it was not, nor could have been expected, that their accession would *directly* benefit all the others alike. Congeniality, the place of their nativity, resemblance and other circumstances would naturally identify them with some more than others. But their hearts were one: when, the parts were equal to the whole, and when any new State was admitted, it was thought be added to the whole Union. The Atlantic States could have done without the Mississippi; but what would the great Valley of the West have done had the mouth of that "Father of Waters" remained in the possession of France? Yet, was it ever pretended that the possession of Louisiana, slavery or not, was not necessary to the whole Union? If the expediency of any other case be not as strong as this, it may still be strong enough to justify a proposed measure. Self preservation itself is but one degree of expediency, and many degrees short of this may fully justify national action. Our Nor-

thern neighbors are entitled to their *anti-slavery sentiments*; but do they not respect our peace and the Constitution? Can they not perceive that it is a matter of *self-preservation*, as slavery does exist among us, for the South to prevent herself from being placed "*between two fires*." If these abolition schemes of England, and of our fellow citizens, who even traverse the wide Atlantic to join with England, in world's conventions, do extend to us, one ruinous conflagration will sweep the American continent. *This must be prevented and can be peaceably and honorably.* It is a matter of self preservation to the South;—of duty, honor and interest to the North. In regard to our rights and the Constitution, the abolition of slavery must be left to us. *In regard to our security and peace, which necessarily involve those of the Union, it must be let alone.* And are not these national matters? Surely the tranquillity and safety of each State is a national matter. The Constitution is certainly a National Instrument. It recognizes slavery and prescribes the ratio of its representation. The Constitution is prospective. It says nothing of destroying this ratio, or the institution which gave rise to it. What it recognises and contemplates no change for, it guaranties. Are not they whose whole laboring class can cast their votes into the ballot-box, and whose population must, *ex necessitate*, increase much more rapidly than ours, content with the extinction of two-fifths of our laboring class?

In looking forward to the admission of New States, the framers of the Constitution never thought of but one prerequisite,—an equitable adjustment of the public debt. Yet, in violation of this sacred instrument, intended for all time, except wherein it is rightfully altered, a large portion of our fellow citizens wish to impose conditions, which will give them all the new States and the sole right to determine the whole question.

We are entitled to have the institution of slavery regarded as one recognized by the Constitution,—nay, guarantied by it. When the expediency of admitting new territory arises, it must be considered in relation to existing circumstances, institutions and interests. New territory must be attached to the Union upon some confine. It can not be transported to the centre. If it be in the North, it must be attached there, if attached at all, with all its institutions, so far as they are compatible with our fundamental principles. If it be in the South-West, the same course must be pursued. Any condition conforming it to the views of any section would be virtually transporting it to such section and adding it there.

As to the influence of England:—it is not necessary to suppose that England would even have Texas as a gift. She is tired of colonies. They are too expensive. She avows that she seeks commercial relations alone. Who knows not the depth

of England's policy; the power and skill of her diplomacy! She only stretches out her *long arm* against whom her *long head* can not reach. China, exclusive and inaccessible, was forced to traffic. Negotiation will effect all she desires from Texas. Secret articles in a treaty might even give her a foothold in case of war, on this continent.

The commercial dependence of Texas on Britain is as consistent with the separate existence of that republic, as the apprehensions of Britain's interference with slavery are with all her repeated declarations on that subject. She avows that she is opposed to slavery every where; that she will use *every proper means* to effect its abolition every where; though she has *no special designs* upon the United States, and has made *no direct overtures* to Texas on the subject. Still, she has proposed to Mexico to recognize the Independence of Texas; but to prescribe the abolition of her slaves. She makes this proposition, too, notwithstanding that she is to receive one million of dollars from Texas in case her mediation is successful. Again, who shall judge what are "*proper means*," but Great Britain? The course of some of our Northern friends will furnish a pregnant commentary on this head. They have deemed it *proper* to wrest servants from our citizens who have visited them; to nullify our laws; to deny us fugitives from justice and to brand us as *criminals* for maintaining what our honored fathers entailed upon us and what our solemn compact has secured to us. "If they do these things in the green tree, what will they do in the dry?" If our own brethren deem these means *proper*, to what may not Great Britain resort? Having attentively weighed all her declarations and disclaimers, with Mr. Everett's lights upon them, we unhesitatingly declare that they are wholly unsatisfactory;—not as to her, for they may exonerate her, but as to the result to us. Her wishes are known to Texas as clearly as if she had made overtures to her; and who knows not the influence of the sentiments of a powerful nation, pledged perseveringly to carry them out. The shallowest philosophy knows and estimates the force of indirect influences, often more powerful than the most violent assaults.

"But the small continual creeping of the silent footsteps of the sea
Mineth the wall of Adamant and stealthily compasseth its ruin."

"A wise man prevaileth in power, for he screeneth his battering engine,
But a fool tilteth headlong, and his adversary is aware."

"For ideas are oftentimes shy of the close furniture of words
And thought wherein only is power, may be best conveyed by a suggestion."

"But little wotteth he the might of the means his folly despatcheth;
He considereth not that these be the wires which move the puppets of the world."*

* Tupper's Thoughts:—"Of Indirect Influences."

The South has reason for apprehension. Her security should be dear to the entire Union, and when an appeal is made in her behalf, it should be regarded as made in behalf of the Union.

We have been led to say more than we intended. We now leave the subject, hoping that its decision, being made according to wisdom and enlarged patriotism, will redound to the honor, safety and happiness of the whole country.

DESULTORY NOTES ON DESULTORY READINGS.

NEW-YORK, 1844.

What Mr. Giddings said; The Spirit of the Age, to Diffuse Information; The People's Knowledge of the constitution of the Federal Government; Pride in the Excellence of National Things; The Bureau of Provisions and Clothing; How to fill it; Hints to Navy Officers, which they won't take; The New-York Journal of Medicine, Information for Mothers; A Question for Etymologists; American Deference to European Opinions of Books; Appreciation of Medical Men in France and England; The Medical Examiner; Legislature of Pennsylvania; Message of the Governor of New-York; Value of Natural History; Education of Children.

When Mr. Hale's resolution calling for information, in the House of Representatives, in relation to the expense of the Home Squadron was under debate, the Hon. Mr. Giddings said, he never felt disposed to refuse calls for information, and "he would ask whether there was a man here who would vote to refuse information to the country? Would any man deliberately record his name as voting for such refusal? Would he refuse to the people an account of money spent, when that very money had been drawn from the pockets of the people? It would be found that within the last five years the Navy had cost the American people more than thirty millions of dollars."

It seems to be the spirit of the present age, in the United States at least, to give free and unlimited circulation to all kinds of information, knowledge, whether general or special. So well known is this disposition of the people, that politicians take advantage of it to ingratiate themselves with voters, both "on the stump" and the floor of Congress. In a word, the themes of all, or almost all, political speeches are knowledge for the people, economy, and the people's money.

Being myself a very humble member of the somewhat extensive family, called the American people, I should be glad to learn from some of the political philosophers, why it is I have never had my share of these vast expenses we hear of, for the Army and Navy and other departments of the General Government. I was not really aware that I had paid my share of thirty millions of dollars in the past five years for the support of the Navy. I know I paid State taxes, but, to my knowledge,

paid not a stiver to the General Government. To me this tax has been a mere abstraction, and I am very much inclined to think that my own case is that of eight in ten of the whole population. It really seems to me that all this declamation about the people's money is mere fustian and rant, a lure to catch votes. If we, the people, were not told of it, I question whether the majority would know where the General Government gets its means of support. Times will change, and the grand chorus of politicians will change too. The day will arrive when the weakness of the people will be to be proud of their institutions for their excellence and not on account of their little cost. We shall be proud of our National Library, our National University, our National Institute, of our Diplomatic Corps, of our Army, our Navy, our Military and Naval Hospitals, our Military Academy, our Naval School, our National Foundry, our National Observatory, &c., &c. We shall point to all these things proudly, because we shall think that excellence will be their predominant quality, and we shall think as little about their expense as we do of the cost of rearing a "show-beef." Who knows, except the owner, how much money was expended in making the celebrated Tyler ox weigh over 1000 lbs. Does any one of the admiring and admired people, even now, ask how much money the Steamer Princeton, or Mississippi cost; the people do not feel they cost any thing, and are gratified in believing them to be, in their kind, superior in all respects to any thing that floats upon the waters of the world. The people would not forego the gratification of national pride in these vessels in order that double the amount of their cost should be returned into the National Treasury. Would the people sell the Navy—would they part with it for a hundred millions paid down into the National Treasury, and the nine or ten millions yearly expense of sustaining it? If they would, their character has changed since 1776. We might as well ask if England would sell Westminster Abbey to extinguish her national debt! This debt is the pride of the nation!

A correspondent of a Boston paper, alluding to the appointment to fill the place of Chief of the bureau of provisions and clothing in the Navy Department, says, "But even if Isaac should be rejected, I can assure gentlemen of the Navy, many of whom have applied for his situation, that no one of their gallant body will be selected. Their country can not dispense with their services on the open sea."

This, says the "United States Gazette," is a gentle hint to "land loving seamen who try to creep on the quarter deck to the bureau"—"the nation will not educate and pay Navy officers to add up columns of figures."

If it be desirable to curtail the political patronage of the Executive, it might be well if the honest

men in public life would inquire into the propriety of selecting a purser of the Navy for that station. It is the business of pursers to be familiar with "provisions and clothing" for seamen, and on this point, a purser would probably bring with him into the office more knowledge than any individual of almost any other professional pursuit.

"The New-York Journal of Medicine and the Collateral Sciences. Edited by Samuel Forry, M. D., 1844." Published "Bi-monthly," by J. & H. G. Langley.

When a newspaper is published "bi-weekly," we receive two copies a week; and "tri-weekly," three papers a week, but the "New-York Journal of Medicine" comes to us once in two months instead of twice a month. If "bi-weekly," means twice a week, and not once in two weeks, why should "bi-monthly" mean once, in two months, and not twice a month! This is a question for etymologists. Let them decide.

This journal averages about 144 pages, occupied by original communications, notices of books and numerous items of "medical intelligence." The variety of its subjects is considerable; not less than 84 in some numbers, that is, about a page and a half on an average to each subject.

We learn from the leading article in January, by Professor John B. Beck "on the effects of opium on the infant subject," that "Godfrey's cordial" in a single dose proved fatal in two cases and "in some instances, a few drops of Dalby's carminative have proved fatal in the course of a few hours to very young infants." Both these nostrums contain opium. Children are more susceptible to the action of opium than adults; consequently, it should never be administered without the advice of a physician. Old laudanum and old paregoric are stronger than when recently prepared, therefore uncertain in their effects.

Dr. Charles Caldwell of Kentucky presents a very remarkable review of Liebig's "Chemistry applied to Agriculture or Physiology." We quote the following as illustrative of the rather intense style of the writer. "The second reason for the undeserved popularity of Animal Chemistry is one which, as an American, I blush to record. *The work is the production of a foreigner*—a circumstance which, irrespective of merit or any other valuable consideration, strongly recommends it to too many of our countrymen. The reason is plain. *As regards literature and science*, we have not yet, as a people, learnt to know, respect and appreciate ourselves." (British writers don't think so!) "A colonial, not to call it a servile spirit, accompanied by a virtual acknowledgment of inferiority, so thoroughly pervades and actuates us, that we continue, as we did, in our provincial condition, before the swords of our gallant fathers had severed the chains and shackles that enthralled us, to regard Europeans as bearing toward us still the relation

of instructors at least, if not of masters. Deny this, *in words*, as we may, our *actions* testify abundantly to its truth. The result is obvious and humiliatingly discreditable to us. We too often receive their mere *dicta* with the acquiescence and observance which would be due to them only were they delivered to us in the character of oracular responses."

French gratitude to medical men is mentioned. The names of *Percy*, *Desgenettes* and *Larrey* have been recently engraved on the famous Arc de Triomphe, at the Barrière de l'Étoile. *Portal*, *Dupuytren* and *Cuvier* were made Peers of the realm. *Louis* has been made an officer of the Legion of Honor, and *Leuret* a chevalier of the same order. *Andral* and *Rayer* have been elected members of the institute. In England medical men often achieve knighthood, for example Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Sir Charles Bell, Sir Henry Hallford, &c., &c.

Upon the whole, the New-York Journal can not claim, from its intrinsic merits, to be ranked among the very first medical periodicals of the United States. The cleverness and industry of its Editor, however, may bring it up to a higher level in a short time, provided there be sufficient patronage.

We turn from this to a very much smaller medical journal, in our judgment, of superior pretensions. It is published once every two weeks, but is not called a "bi-weekly," nor yet a "bi-monthly"—"The Medical Examiner and Retrospect of the Medical Sciences, edited by Meredith Clymer, M. D.," &c., Philadelphia. Each number contains 16 pages, devoted chiefly to reports of clinical lectures, and hospital reports, but a good deal of its space is occupied by honest reviews, and valuable excerpts from the periodical medical literature of Europe. The independent, high, gentlemanly tone of this little journal commends it to every lover of medical truth and honesty. "It is published every alternate Saturday."

Among the signs of the spirit of the present age, we note that there is a "Committee on Education" in each branch of the Legislature of Pennsylvania. The school system of that State has many admirers: it will ultimately be of great value to the commonwealth and also to the whole country. The governor of New York, in his last message to the Legislature, congratulates the people, very justly, because "education in all its various departments has been beneficially extended," and he informs us that "The Geological Survey and the publishing of the Natural History are in progress and will be completed in 1844." Reports on Mineralogy, Geology, Zoology and Botany have already been published by the State.

Natural History is daily becoming of greater importance as a branch of common education, and in the course of a few years will be almost universally taught. Without a knowledge of the prin-

ciples of general physiology and of natural history generally, Geology, which may be said to be the blossom and bloom* of natural history, can not be advantageously studied. The value of this science to the country is almost daily seen in the discovery of mines of metals, coal, &c., which without it might still remain unknown.

Among the popular errors is that which causes parents to make efforts to form precocious geniuses of their children. The notion that the infant mind is capable of acquiring learning led to the establishment of infant schools, of which, thanks to the spirit of the day, we now hear very little. On the subject of infantile education, Dr. Condie holds the following language:

"There is not, perhaps, remarks a sensible German writer, a greater or more reprehensible mistake in education, than the very common practice of compelling children to extraordinary mental exertions, and exacting from them early and rapid progress in intellectual pursuits; this is, too often, the grave both of their health and of their talents. The age of infancy is designed for bodily exercise, which strengthens and perfects the frame, and not for study which enfeebles it and checks its growth.

"Let the beginning of life, the first six years, perhaps, be devoted entirely to forming the body and organs of sense, by exercise in the open air. It is not necessary that the child should be permitted to grow up like a wild animal; for, with proper care, his mind may be made to receive considerable and valuable instruction through the medium of the senses, and the conversation of those around him. In these two ways, he may, indeed, acquire more useful knowledge by the end of his sixth year, than a child who had learned to read in his fourth. In his seventh year, he may spend an hour or two daily at his book; in his eighth, three hours; and so on until his fifteenth, when he may have six or seven hours allotted for study.

"Children are frequently confined to the school-room for many hours daily, when not occupied in any useful pursuit;—which time, without detracting from that necessary to the cultivation of the mind, might, with great propriety, be devoted to those bodily exercises and recreations which tend to develop the strength and promote the regular and energetic action of every organ of the frame—the brain and nervous system included."

Again:—"It is, indeed, to be regretted, that so small a portion of the education of youth is devoted to the acquisition of knowledge from personal observation. The perceptive faculties are trained in a great measure, neglected, and the erudition of books, even in the acquisition of the natu-

* Professor Reed of the University of Pennsylvania once said that "poetry is the blossom and bloom of human knowledge."

sciences, is made to supplant the more exact, vivid and permanent impressions derived through their medium; on every subject of knowledge the mind receives a foreign impression—it is made to learn by the observations of others, rather than by original reflection, and to receive, upon the authority of books, what it should admit only in consequence of previous self-conviction,—its own original powers of acquisition being sacrificed at the shrine of authority”—A Practical Treatise on the Diseases of Children by D. Francis Condie, M. D., &c. : Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard, 1844.*

Dr. Knechenberger HOLGAZAN
*The foregoing was prepared for much earlier insertion, but has been delayed.—Ed. Mess.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

NOTES ON OUR ARMY;

OFFICIAL REMONSTRANCE, &c.

The articles of "A Subaltern" upon our Army well deserve the attention of every friend of economy and of purity and efficiency in the public service. We are glad to learn that they have already attracted the attention of several distinguished members of both houses of Congress, who are willing and anxious to ferret out and correct the many grievous abuses which have crept into the Army, from year to year, and which "A Subaltern" so independently rebukes and exposes. We wonder that some of the public prints have not taken up these manly articles, and urged them upon the attention of the public. There is hardly enough of party politics in them, or the subject, to commend them to those now so particularly occupied with partisan strife and tactics; and hence arises the utility of, nay the necessity for, some independent vehicle of communication, uninfluenced by party heats and manoeuvres and unswayed by fear, favor, or affection towards "the powers that be." But there are many bold and patriotic journals, who would gladly have taken hold of this important subject, but for the engrossing excitements of the political arena. Indeed, some have ably handled it, induced thereto by the action of Congress, who with the long list of Army expenditures in one hand, and crying out "enormous," "prodigious," have blindly struck at the whole establishment. Without knowing where the excess was, where abuse had reared its luxuriant shoots, they have cut at the whole tree of our National protection, impairing it, by depriving the main body of its vital sap and nourishment. The top-heavy and overshadowing branches, the redundant bloom and gorgeous drapery, require the pruning knife. These are more than the trunk can well sustain; and abundant and waste the health and vigor of the parent

stem. All who have taken this view of this important matter, in or out of Congress, will find a worthy coadjutor in "A Subaltern."

After the just commendation bestowed upon the "Notes on our Army," we must state that their tone has been objected to, and that by those who speak somewhat *ex cathedra*. A short time since we received the following remonstrance:

FORT ———, MAY —, 1844.

Sir,—At the Session of the Council of Administration of this Post of the ——— ultimo, an expression of its opinion in reference to certain articles signed *Subaltern*, published during the present year in the Southern Literary Messenger, was adopted as a part of its proceedings, with a direction that I should communicate the same to its Editor. I have accordingly extracted the following from the minutes of the proceedings of the Council, which I have the honor to transmit as directed.

"The Council of Administration of Fort ———, having subscribed to the Southern Literary Messenger, mainly induced thereto by the consideration that the Journal was open to the discussion of Military matters, feels constrained to express its decided disapprobation of the tone which has prevailed in the articles lately published and signed *Subaltern*, inasmuch as they indulge in harsh epithets to a number of officers.

"Be it therefore unanimously resolved, that the Post Treasurer communicate to the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger the above expression of opinion.

Signed ———,
Capt. ———, Pres. Council.

(Countersigned) ———,
Capt. and A. Q. M., Sec. to Council of Administr.
Approved—(Signed) ———,
Lt. Col. Com'g."

The Council of Administration consists of three members of which the Surgeon of the Post is one; the above extract is, therefore, to be considered as the deliberate opinion of the four officers highest in rank of this garrison.

I have the honor to be, sir,
Very respectfully,
Your most ob't serv't,

—————,
Capt. ———, Post Treasurer.

Benj. B. Minor, Esq.

Editor Sou. Lit. Messenger.

Though a little surprised at the receipt of this, we took it, as we believe it was intended, in a respectful and temperate spirit. Such remarks as we make upon it will be tendered in the most respectful and courteous manner, as to the officers of Fort ——— and to all the officers of the Army.

When "A Subaltern" submitted his first article, he wrote to inquire if the Messenger would be open to such discussions, conducted in a proper manner. We replied that the Messenger should be open to every question of general, public interest; and that we would be glad for it to be the instrument of subserving the interests of the Army, as we believed it had those of the Navy. At the same time, we distinctly told him, that we would soften down some of his expressions towards certain public officers, which we did, and for which we have since received the thanks of "A Subaltern." He knows that we object to asperity and abuse; and we know,

that, though earnest, zealous and indignant, he desires to be respectful and just. Yet he is fearless and independent, and when he thinks the circumstances warrant it, we give him the liberty of *plainly* uttering his sentiments. The tone of a writer is an inherent part of his style and a nice discriminator of tones would strip of its essence the style of some of the greatest worthies of English Literature. Pope, Swift and a host of others did not pause to weigh their words, when they were enlisted warmly in a favorite cause. Even the mild and dignified Secretary Addison would have been excited to unwonted indignation, in pointing out such abuses as are now destroying our Army and bringing farther injustice upon the innocent sufferers under them. A writer is naturally more wrought upon than his readers: his temperament, too, may be very, very different from theirs and ours,—and we can not possibly undertake to emasculate communications sent to the Messenger, to suit the supposed, or expressed taste of those who may not so enter into the feelings and circumstances of the writer as to excuse his warmth, or perhaps his severity. At the same time, we hold ourselves responsible for a strict conformity with the rules of decency and propriety. If there be nothing offending against these, we may permit another to say things in a tone different from that which we would adopt; for all men's temperaments are not alike and we erect no Procrustean bed for the writers for the Messenger.

We like a sprightly, spicy writer, warmed up by his subject, even though he may sometimes pour forth a sharp volley. But we do not think that "A Subaltern" is obnoxious to the "decided disapprobation" of the Council of Administration of Fort —. We may not be, can not be, as familiar as they with that *tone*, which the social intercourse and the regular and necessary subordination existing in the Army engender and demand. We know that it is proverbially courteous and gentlemanly: yet it should be proud and independent;—never cringing, or obsequious. "A Subaltern," we suppose, is well acquainted with all these things; and with a full sense of his responsibility, he gives his sentiments tone and embodiment. In this, we allow him and all others considerable latitude. We are perfectly sure, however, that he does not intend to "indulge in harsh epithets" towards his brother officers. They hold *offices*, which he believes to be superfluous, under a system of policy which he condemns; but he speaks of the *offices* and the system; and only introduces the incumbents, when necessary to enforce and illustrate matters that otherwise would be too *abstract* to have sufficient weight.

If the abuses known to exist in the Army, and the causes of the great expense attending it, be correctly pointed out by "A Subaltern," it is plain that opposition will be arrayed against him. We

ask, then, every true friend of the Army if "A Subaltern" should not rather be judged by his motives and the merits of his pieces than by their tone; if he should not rather be encouraged and commended for his zeal and independence, than censured for his "harsh epithets."

It is well known that the lower house of Congress have already passed a bill for a general reduction of the pay of the Army. In reference to the resources of the country and that standard of comfort, personal and domestic, which should be kept up, as long as we can possibly afford it, there is scarcely a public agent in the whole Union who is paid too much. Yet our expenditures are often proportionately *enormous*. This arises from supernumeraries and incidental perquisites. Retrenchment should strike at the redundancy of agents, not the compensation. The soldier, even in peace, has privations and discomforts that demand our sympathy and liberality: yet one branch of Congress have already abridged his means of procuring enjoyment, and virtually doomed many to celibacy and perpetual dependence on their "pay."

"A Subaltern" has shown that our Staff is so out of proportion to what it was and should be, that if the *Line* were annihilated, some twenty-seven Staff officers would still be doing as efficient service as at this moment. He has also shown that the Staff of the British Army costs *one twenty-eighth* of the expense of the whole Army; whilst the Staff of our Army costs nearly *one-fifth* of the expense of the whole. Can European military establishments do with a less efficient Staff than our own! "A Subaltern" points out modes of effecting greater saving, by proper retrenchment in the Staff, Quartermaster and Ordnance Departments, than the contemplated reduction by Congress will amount to. The Army requires an advocate, and a channel. The Messenger will be glad to render it any service and will continue to maintain its interests. We would like the last word on the last page of the last Messenger, to be in defence of some great interest of our country, something patriotic, something AMERICAN.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

It will be observed that in the present number there is not as much so called "*light matter*" as usual. But there are pieces of a general, popular character, which we hope will be taken as good substitutes. In the critiques which come from various quarters, there is great contrast. Some desire more lightness; others more solidity. The difficulty is to combine these, so as to get the "*golden mean*." As the Messenger is a large periodical, it is hoped that each reader will find something adapted to his taste, and that recollecting the various tastes of subscribers, we will not expect the whole work to be made up for him. We have some interesting tales, travels, &c., on hand, which will be dispersed through the next number.

The great *Literary* question of the day is undoubtedly the International Copyright, involving all the means and appliances of producing and fostering a National Literature.

The Messenger has gladly devoted much space to the full discussion of this important subject; and we invite attention to the able and instructive articles of Mr. Simms, and "A friend to letters," and to all that we publish on similar topics. Mr. Simms' aim is to sift the subject thoroughly; and it will be found that he does not confine himself to the mere expediency of an International Copyright Law; but enlarges upon our great desideratum, and dives into literary history, to illustrate and enforce his views. His first letter contained a succinct history of our literature and of the foreign causes operating against it—and also of its astonishing progress abroad; the second, the history of book publishing among us, and how it was influenced by the present condition of copyright, to the detriment of the author. These subjects involved others incidentally, as well of public morals as of policy. The present letter discusses the right of the author to his productions,—viewing it from the highest grounds and applying to it intrinsic and legitimate standards. Even should the old standards of right and property prove to be insufficient, which is by no means admitted, justice and morality require that new ones elevated and appropriate should be erected. The highest praise we have yet received was from our respected contemporary of a leading journal in Philadelphia, who said, "the Messenger is nearly the only American periodical in the Union." To promote a proud, abiding, self-relying National Spirit, and its friend, creator and preserver, a National Literature, is certainly our guiding principle. Thanks to those who have perceived and commended it.

In our next we shall give the Ghost and Fish stories, and other selections from the letters of Pliny the Younger,—together with sketches of a visit to the moon, by a distinguished author, and other interesting productions.

Notices of New Works.

HAMLET, A PLAY, BY WM. SHAKESPEARE. Part I.—Act 1.
H. W. Hewet. New York, 1844.

The illustrated Edition of Shakspeare, humorously noticed below, deserves, as it has unequivocally received, the encouragement of the public. It is edited by an eminent scholar, Gulian C. Verplanck, Esq.; the illustrations are designed, selected and arranged by Robt. W. Weir, an artist of acknowledged taste, and is brought out in fine style by the publisher, H. W. Hewet. Its design is similar to that of the Harpers' illuminated Bible, which we are glad to learn is amply remunerating the enterprise of the publishers. We have heard it related, that John Randolph declared that next to the Bible, Shakspeare was the best and greatest book extant; and in certain ingenious Literary pyramids we have seen, the Bible was the basis and Shakspeare next. The publishers of these two great pictorial works seem to be carrying out these ideas and their works, barring all their faults, redound to the taste, skill and enterprise of those engaged in them.

[Ed. Mess.

Mr. Randolph has very kindly placed in our hands, (after paying him for it,) Part I., Act 1. of this work, for us "to lay on our table."

As it is a duty, incumbent upon every Reviewer, to recommend as they appear only works of taste and ability to the perusal of the public, we are led

in the faithful discharge of this imperative obligation, to "*veto*" the application of this work for the consideration of the public, and to cause it to pass the ordeal of our unbiassed criticism. We regret that our limited space will prevent our giving as extended a notice of the work as we might wish, therefore we will only review its more prominent parts.

In the first place, it is proper that we should state, that having no acquaintance with Mr. Shakspeare, when we condemn what we conceive to be the "fluency with which nonsense trickles from his pen," he must not attribute it to any *personal* dislike to him on our part, but rather reproach himself with his own folly in causing his dramatic effusions to aspire to the dignity of type. *En passant*, we would remark, that the engravings of the work, which have been finely executed by R. W. Weir, Esq, compared to the work itself, are as "Hyperion to a Satyr."

Mr. Shakspeare, totally disregarding every thing like the feelings of an American, has passed over all the time-honored portions of his own country, which furnish such ample themes for dramatic composition, and has thought proper to choose "Elsinore" in Denmark as the "scene" for his play; a place which, owing to its great distance from us, we can have no sympathy with any thing that ever transpired in it. But this is not the only privilege which our author has taken. Presuming upon what he conceives to be the entire ignorance of the people of his own land of the "manners and customs" of other countries, he has the extreme *modesty* to present us with the following, as "Scene 1st" in his play:

"*Elsinore*. A platform before the castle. *Francisco* on his post."

Francisco on his post! Now we do wonder whether Mr. Shakspeare lays "the flattering unction to his soul," that he can so impose upon the enlightened people of this country, as to make them believe that the inhabitants of Denmark *reside* on posts! or that every schoolboy in this land don't know that *Francisco* was one of the strongest men in our Revolution; that he lived and died here, and never was in Denmark in the whole course of his life!

Again. Not content with giving us *such a statement* of the mode of residence in other countries, he seeks to "steep our senses in forgetfulness" of it, by giving us another; after the perusal of which, we think any person who knows a hawk from a handsaw, must conclude that the author should be whipped for overdoing Termagant: it outhers Herod.

"*Bernardo*. Who's there?

Francisco. Nay, answer me, stand and unfold thyself."

We can very well imagine how the merchant, at the polite request of his fashionable customer,

who is desirous of purchasing something from the Metropolitan city of sunny France, can *unfold* a piece of cloth, or even cassimers; but just think of a man's being requested to "stand" and "*unfold himself*!"

O! it offends us to the very soul to be forced to peruse such a production, which, (not to speak it profanely,) can but make the skilful laugh. After reading a little further we find our author causes a "*Ghost* to enter" and pass before some individuals whom he represents as holding a *watch*, whether gold or silver, lever or lepine, he does not inform us.

"*Hor.* What art thou? By heaven I charge thee speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour. With *martial stalk*, hath he gone by our watch."

Now, dear reader, we would ask in all candor if it requires any undue portion of mental acumen, to perceive the arrant plagiarism which our author has here so manifestly committed. In fact, the only difference that we can perceive is in his substituting the name "*Ghost*" for "*Witch*," and in causing it to disappear with a "*martial stalk*," (corn stalk would not be romantic enough!) instead of that implement of the housewife—the broomstick, as did those of whom we read, in the early history of Salem, and from which Mr. Shakspeare has so obviously filched his idea.

In reading further, we find the author still harps on that watch, which he spoke of being held, in the commencement of the play, and which it appears was afterwards severely injured by *Hor.* and *Mar.* Instance the following:

"*Hor.* Break we our watch up, and by my advice.

Mar. Let's do't I pray."

And now in concluding this "Part I., Act 1," we perceive a degree of inconsistency, which we humbly conceive to be entirely inconsistent with good dramatic writing. In his exordium, he represents Hamlet, (a young man whose father was so unfortunate as to get something in his ear and died,) as the *Prince* of Denmark; and yet, in the conclusion of only the 1st Act, we find that he's nothing more than a dissatisfied Watchmaker! To prove that this assertion of ours is not a gratuitous one, we give the following extract:

"*Hamlet.* The time is out of joint."

(alluding no doubt to the Watch which *Hor.* and *Mar.* broke up.)

"O! cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right."

Having now fully exposed this "Part I., Act 1" to the fire of our criticism, Mr. Shakspeare and his works must melt into a mere epithet.

e. franklin : S.

ARITHMETIC, *Divested of its Difficulties.* For the use of Schools and Academies. By FREDRICK A. P. BARNARD, M. A., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University of Alabama. Tuscaloosa: Woodruff & Olcott, 1843.

Elementary school books are seldom the appropriate subjects of criticism, but this one has peculiar claims upon our attention. It emanates from a section of the Union, the South-west, which not long ago was in the possession of aboriginal tribes, and therefore it marks, intellectually, the wonderful progress which, in all things else, has been going on there. The State of Alabama has sprung up into commercial and political importance with Minerva-like precocity, and report speaks not unfavorably of her advancement in science and literature. The University, at Tuscaloosa, is a richly endowed and flourishing institution, with a learned and efficient Faculty, and has already sent forth many graduates of scholarship and talent, as an intellectual leaven among the people of the State. Mobile sends forth her Educational Journal, and already looks have begun to be written, printed and published in places, which, but "a few moons" since, were the homes of the Creek and the Cherokee. Such is the book before us, and we regard it with interest in this point of view. But it presents other and better claims to our favorable notice.

Arithmetic, simple as it seems, is a science in which there are many mysteries. Who has ever fathomed the occult meanings of the figure 3, or the prophetic capacities of the figure 7? The number 9 has also some properties which are curious and well nigh inexplicable. Why should the sum of all the figures of any number divided by 9 leave the same remainder as the number itself divided by 9? But the most curious truth concerning numbers is the remarkable power which some persons have possessed over their combination and solution. Zerach Colburn, from his infancy, could solve intuitively any arithmetic problem, however enlarged or intricate. A son of Judge Clayton of Georgia possessed a similar capacity: and there are many other instances of a like character. But the power did not extend to the higher mathematics; and was inexplicable even by its possessors. Colburn, in some works on Arithmetic, attempted to explain it upon the principle of induction, but he only simplified the science, and rendered it easier of acquisition.

Upon the plan introduced by Colburn, several works have been written, which have been eminently successful in forming accurate and expert arithmeticians. But they have generally been wanting in conciseness and precision, or have followed too exclusively the method of their original. For their ready comprehension, much of the peculiar *instinct* of Colburn is necessary, which few pupils possess. The proper plan for an elementary Arithmetic is to employ induction extensively in the illustration of fundamental principles, and gradually then to unite demonstration with induction. This is the method pursued by Professor Barnard in the present treatise, and he has succeeded admirably in divesting the science of the difficulties with which it has hitherto been beset. We know no work which, for the simplicity of its arrangement, the brevity and yet clearness of its definitions, the force and aptness of its examples, and the happy union of the analytic and synthetic methods, is better suited for our common schools, or more readily calculated to lead a youthful mind, by progressive examples, from the comprehension of simple facts to the general principles under which they form themselves harmoniously into a science. The University of Alabama has done well in adopting this book as one of the requisitions for admission into that institution.

Professor Barnard deserves well of the public for having prepared this treatise. Few men possess better qualifications for such a work. He is extensively known as as

enthusiastic and laborious devotee to the several branches of mathematical science. Some years ago he occupied a tutorship in Yale College, and was regarded by Professors Silliman and Olmstead as one of the most promising young men of science in our country. Since his connection with the University of Alabama, he has reflected honor upon that institution, and by various philosophic publications has contributed to the advancement of science and letters. Recently the trustees have placed under his management one of the best furnished Observatories in our country, with an unusually large transit-circle, and several superior telescopes; and we have every reason to expect from Professor Barnard, if not new and important discoveries, at least observations and calculations, of the utmost importance to science, and which will make Tuscaloosa, so to speak, the astronomical capital of the South-west, equal advantages existing nowhere else in that section for the promotion of the more elevated branches of practical philosophy, and astronomers in other parts of the world having to rely upon the reckonings there made for much indispensable information. The book before us, though humble in its character, when compared with these things, is no less creditable to its author, and we regard it not only as an evidence of his capacity for scientific pursuits in general, but as furnishing to the youth of Alabama one of the easiest guides to a knowledge of that science upon which all the higher Mathematics are erected. Indeed we know no treatise on Arithmetic more worthy of general adoption.

(*)

THE PRAIRIE-BIRD. BY THE HON. CHARLES AUGUSTUS MURRAY, author of "Travels in North America." Harper and Brothers' "Library of Select Novels," No. 34. Drinker and Morris, Richmond.

LIFE IN THE NEW WORLD; or Sketches of American Society. BY SEATSFIELD. 4 Parts. J. Winchester & Co.; New-York. From German, by Hebbe and Mackay.

The progress of American Literature internally and externally is becoming very apparent, and we foresee clearly that the dawn of a splendid day is upon us. However the energies of our native mind may be repressed by the unwise policy now obtaining and the many disadvantages which gratuitous, foreign productions place in its way, still it is making rapid strides, and even forcing its way in an astonishing manner in other and gifted countries. But we have now presented to us still another aspect. America is becoming the theme of foreign authors. Tourists, laying aside the shameful traffic in libel and slander, are urging their claims to Literary fame, by painting our Society and scenery and weaving our history and legends into graceful fiction. We have been amused at the shallow pedantry of some who thought there was and could be no literature, for ages at least, out of France, England, or Germany, and loudly asserted that the great want of our country was materials for writing. All we have needed was judicious stimulus, and time for observation and for tendencies to develop themselves. The stimulus can readily be increased; the desired era is fast approaching. It is true we want several classes of materials,—those gathered in courts and under time-worn institutions. But if we can not have the finish of the old, we can have the vigor and sprightliness of the new. Instead of the reminiscences of the past, we have the wonderful facts and changes of the present, with anticipations of a future that hangs over no other country on the globe. Man in his greatest variety is here to observe and to depict; the transitions of a singular and mighty People are to be watched and explored; and here the lover of nature may continually float in rapture, whilst those curious in her manifold productions have an unending field for their inquiries. From these sources why may not materials ample and fruitful be derived?

We have not yet clearly ascertained whether Seatsfield is a native German or a native American. Both have been asserted. He may be one of Mr. Mackay's "popular delusions." Certain it is that he is very familiar with our country. Of course he colors pretty highly; but is just, in the main, and so impartial that he makes each of his characters speak and act consistently with himself. The Courtships of George Howard and Ralph Doughby represent scenes in the South-west, and give quite striking portraits of many domestic and political scenes in the new portions of our country. Such descriptions of the life of a Southern planter so widely circulated in the North can do us no harm, and we rejoice that something of a service has thus been rendered us. Seatsfield, or Saatsfeld has but recently become known to our public. The German critics, Mundt and Schlegel, are said to have spoken in highest praise of his productions. The tremendous puffing that preceded their appearance in this country prepared the way for a great speculation, of which we suppose the publishers are reaping the benefit. We have already expressed our distrust of the cheapness of some of the cheap publications. The Prairie-Bird, quite a large novel, lies on our lap, at 25 cents;—whilst 50 cents have procured only 4 parts of Seatsfield, containing a little more than half as much as the former. This illustrates, however, the disadvantages under which our own Literature labors. Seatsfield, if indeed a German writer, had to be translated here, which must be paid for. But American interests require that a fair difference should be paid. Our author is rather minute in some of his details; but the work displays considerable talent and will be read with pleasure. The Hon. Mr. Murray's former work has already recommended him to the American public. The Prairie-Bird came in just as we were going to press and we have had no time to peruse it.

LEA & BLANCHARD: Philadelphia, 1844.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME. A Romance of the time of Louis XI. BY VICTOR HUGO. Translated from the French by Frederick Shoberl. With an illustration.

Victor Hugo has often been compared favorably with Scott. The work before us, said to be about the best of its author, distinguished alike as a novelist and dramatist, affords a good opportunity for such a comparison. Walter Scott selected the time of Louis XI., with his Barber prime minister, Oliver Le Dain, for his romance of "Quentin Durward." The Esmeralda of Victor Hugo, a character in the Hunchback, has been supposed to have originated from Scott's singular and remarkable character, Fennella, in "Peveril of the Peak." The critics have also traced Hugo's obligations to the La Gitanilla of Cervantes and the Mignon of Goëthe; but all agree that "the Hunchback of Notre Dame" is a work of genius and originality. The graphic description of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which, as Bulwer remarks, "is, by an effort of high art, made an absolute portion of the machinery of the tale," gives it an actual existence before the eye. Love is the ruling principle of the work and sways every variety of taste, circumstance and character. Drinker & Morris.

DESTINY; OR THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER. By the author of "Marriage" and "The Inheritance."

This is one of the "Cabinet series of Novels" which Messrs. Lea & Blanchard propose to issue from time to time, in cheap and convenient form, and embracing such works "as may be selected for their pure moral tone and acknowledged excellence." These qualities secured, novels may be as improving as they are fascinating, and may impart much instruction to minds whose listlessness and indolence would reject nourishment presented in a less attractive form. Miss Ferrier, the authoress, gained her celebrity anonymously. Sir Walter Scott, on retiring from the field of fiction, said that he had left a worthy laborer

in it, in the then unknown authoress of "Marriage." This is high praise; but Scott was a liberal and modest author. However, Blackwood says, "Miss Ferrier unites the perfect purity and moral elevation of mind visible in all Miss Baillie's delightful works, with much of the same caustic vigor of satire that has made Miss Edgeworth's pen almost as fearful as fascinating." To approach Miss Edgeworth is a very high degree of excellence. Drinker and Morris. 40 cents.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN CATTLE DOCTOR; Containing the Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment of all the Diseases Incident to Oxen, Sheep, and Swine; and a Sketch of the Anatomy and Physiology of Neat Cattle. By Francis Clater. Edited, Revised, and almost Rewritten by William Youatt, Author of "The Horse," &c., with Numerous Additions, Embracing An Essay on the Use of Oxen, and the Improvement in the Breed of Sheep, &c. By J. S. Skinner, Assistant Postmaster General. With Numerous Cuts and Illustrations. Philadelphia; Lea & Blanchard, 1844.

The title page of this work is its best notice. This is the ninth Edition improved and can not fail to be useful to farmers and graziers. Call on Drinker & Morris.

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE. EDITED BY JOHN FORBES, M. D., F. R. S.; ALEXANDER TWEE-DIE, M. D., F. R. S.; AND JOHN CONOLLY, M. D. REVISED, WITH ADDITIONS, BY ROBLEY DUNGLISON, M. D.

This extensive and valuable work, an improvement upon its English prototype, will be published serially in twenty four parts, at fifty cents each, forming when complete four large super-royal octavo volumes, embracing over three thousand large pages in double columns. The American Editor's abilities are well known: he will take great pains in adapting, arranging and correcting the work, so as to render it of the highest value as a standard work of Medical reference.

The articles are arranged Alphabetically, with the names of their respective authors. The whole is neatly printed on good paper, with type a little smaller than that of the Messenger. The same publishers are issuing, in five parts, under the supervision of Professor Horner, an elegant and complete Anatomical Atlas, by Henry H. Smith, M. D., which will be almost as indispensable to the above Cyclopædia, as Maps undoubtedly are to a Cyclopædia of History or Geography. Drinker & Morris supply them.

THE COMPLETE FLORIST: A Manual of Gardening containing practical instruction for the management of Greenhouse Plants, and for the Cultivation of the Shrubbery, the Flower Garden and the Lawn. With additions and amendments, adapted to the climate of the United States.

Who loves not flowers is worse than what Shakspeare says of the man who has no music in his soul; he is very apt not to love music either. We rejoice at the evidences around us of an increasing taste for these beauties of Nature—a taste which the "Complete Florist" and Mr. Buxton's "Rose Manual" will improve and direct. Drinker & Morris, Richmond, Va.

HARPER & BROTHERS: New-York, 1844.

CHATSWORTH; or the Romance of a week. Edited by the author of "Tremaine" and "De Vere."

ARTHUR. Translated from the French of Eugene Sue. **YOUNG KATE;** or the Rescue. A tale of the Great Kanawha.

"There's a divinity shapes our ends,
Rough hue them how we will."—*Shak.*

These belong to the two series now issuing from the press of the Harpers; the first two to the "Library of select novels;" the latter being No. 2 of the "Select novels," in better form.

We think that young Kate is the work which we announced some time since as about to be issued. When we have had leisure to examine its claims, we will speak of

them more at large. It seems to be something concerning our State and is written by a native of Virginia, resident in the West. Drinker & Morris have all of them.

The following useful serials are going successfully on; **MILMAN'S GIBBON.** Nos. 8 and 9, from Drinker & Morris. **NEAL'S HISTORY OF THE PURITANS.** Part 5, from the same.

MILMAN'S GIBBON. No. 10., J. W. Randolph & Co. **M'CULLOCH'S UNIVERSAL GAZETTEER,** No. 12, from the same.

THE ILLUMINATED BIBLE, No. 3, has also been sent us by Messrs. Drinker and Morris. We have nothing to add to our commendation already bestowed. Next month we may give a review of it,—something novel, perhaps, if not original.

A NEW SPIRIT OF THE AGE. Edited by R. H. Horne, Author of "Orion," "Gregory VII," &c., &c. Complete in one volume, 8 vo. p.p. 165.

Every one who has the least literary curiosity desires to know something of the present and recent authors, who have attained any celebrity in Letters. The work before us will serve to gratify all such, though it needs must be very superficial. The sketches by Lord Brougham of distinguished statesmen, &c., of the time of George III., are very superficial; yet they contain much instruction and amusement. Mr. Horne could not be expected to give much concerning each of twenty-five authors in the short space of this work, embracing notices of Dickens, Landor, Macaulay, Talfourd, James, the Howitts, Bulwer, Carlyle, Knowles, Ainsworth, Hood, Hook and many others.

A little, however, is better than none; and a man who bends his mind to his task may compress a good deal into a small space. One chapter groups together in strange medley, James, Mrs. Gore, Capt. Marryat and Mrs. Trollope. Americans know very well why Mrs. Trollope and Capt. Marryat, C. B., should be linked together, but we did not suppose that an Englishman would thus classify them. In some respects, Mr. James is in rather bad company. Mr. Dickens leads off the Literary troop, and is pretty well glorified in nearly twice the space devoted to any one else. The work is designed to be similar to Hazlitt's "Spirit of the Age." If the British public patronise the undertaking, it will be extended into a series; when we trust the author, in justice to himself and his readers, will enlarge his notices of authors and their productions. Those before us are very general and written very much by way of allusion. They serve better to remind the familiar than to inform the curious. Still the design, as well as the contents, of the work recommend it to the general reader. J. W. Randolph and Co. have it.

RECORDS OF THE HEART. Poems, by MRS. SARAH A. LEWIS. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton.

The publishers have gotten out this little home-production in very neat and appropriate style. Mrs. Lewis is a poetess of Troy, New-York, who has written with acceptance for the magazines, in which many of the minor poems of this collection first appeared. She gives us some gems of poetical thought; but "Florence" and others which we have read are not destined to confer any permanent fame upon the American Muse. "Zenel" has some merit.

J. S. TAYLOR & Co.: New York, 1844.

The Traveller; or the Wonders of Art.

The Lily of the Valley. By the Author of *Little Harry and his Bearer.* Sixth Edition.

Shanty the Blacksmith. A tale of other times. By Mrs. Sherwood.

Grace Harriet.

These beautiful juvenile books have been sent us by Messrs. Perkins, Harvey and Ball on Shockoe Hill, Richmond. A good book in the hands of children is one of the most important things in Education. Each of the above may be placed there with impunity, nay profit. "The Wonders of Art" will excite their curiosity and provoke their youthful minds to observation and inquiry. "The Lily of the Valley" is a tale of great beauty and simplicity: Mrs. Sherwood is sufficiently known for her name to guarantee any thing from her pen.

H. H. Munroe
Richmond
La.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

JULY, 1844.

PAPER ON THE GULF STREAM AND CURRENTS OF THE SEA.

READ BEFORE THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE, APRIL 2nd, 1844.

(Copyright secured according to Law.)

BY M. F. MAURY, LT. U. S. N.

I am invited, in the name of the National Institute, to address this meeting on the Gulf Stream and other currents of the sea. This is an important subject—important to civilized man in the every-day business of life, and vitally important to all who use the sea: whatever relates to it, therefore, can not fail to be highly interesting and important to a nation so renowned as this is for its maritime pursuits.

Upon a correct knowledge of the force and set of currents on the Ocean, often depends not only the safety of vessel and cargo, but the lives of all on board; and, owing to the want of this knowledge, hundreds of vessels, thousands of persons, and millions of property are annually cast away or lost at sea.

I do not intend to occupy the time of members with a recapitulation here of what we do know with regard to Ocean currents; that indeed might soon be told; for we know little or nothing of them, except that they are to be met with here and there at sea, many of them sometimes going one way and sometimes another; and that the waters of some of them are colder and of others warmer than the seas in which they are found. That we should have a better knowledge of them, and of the laws which govern them is not only an important matter to those who follow the sea, or make ventures abroad, but it is also a matter of exceeding interest to all those whose enlarged philanthropy, or ennobling sentiments prompt in them a desire to diffuse knowledge among their fellows, or in any manner to benefit the human race. The mere fact that this meeting is held at all, is evidence ample and complete, that it is composed altogether of such. I therefore submit it is a question for the consideration of this meeting, whether it be not competent for the National Institute to devise

and set on foot a plan for multiplying observations and extending our information upon these interesting phenomena. A subject of vast importance in the business of commerce and navigation, the currents of the ocean seem to me to be altogether worthy the attention of this society—a series of well conducted observations upon them would be in perfect unison with the great objects of usefulness for which it was created and now exists, and for which its distinguished members and guests have been invited, and are here assembled from all parts of the country.

Before such an assemblage of mind and intelligence, it is necessary only to mention the meagre state of our information even with regard to that great anomaly of the Ocean, the Gulf Stream, and there will be—there can be but one mind as to the importance of making further observations, and of multiplying facts with regard to it. In simply reminding the society, that all we know of this wonderful phenomenon is contained chiefly in what Doctor Franklin said of it more than 50 years ago, that his facts were collected by chance as it were, and his observations made with but few of the facilities which navigators now have, I feel that enough and all has been done that is necessary to be done, in order to impress the Institute with the importance of further observations upon it.

Were it the Institute only that is concerned in the matter, I would not say a word more on the subject, believing that all that I can say will add nothing of force to the appeal contained in the mere announcement of the fact just stated. But we live in a utilitarian age; we belong to a community of people eminently utilitarian in their habits of thought and motives of action; and, when they are called upon to coöperate, as they must be in all great measures of usefulness undertaken by

an Institution so eminently national in its associations and its character as this is, the question "*cui bono*," on their part, must first be met, at least to some extent, before the requisite degree of coöperation can be obtained.

Distrustful of my ability to meet on the present occasion, this question as it can be met, and ought here to be met, I would cease from the attempt in hopeless despair, were it not for the respect which I entertain for the discernment of the distinguished members of the Committee who have selected me for the task.

As a people, we are disposed to do but little for science out of mere zeal for the cause. We are not apt to be prominent in any of its walks, unless we can perceive to our oft repeated "*cui bono*," frequent answers, like finger boards by the way side, to guide and to cheer us on. But when our way is thus made clear, it redounds not a little to the credit of the American people that they are foremost in pursuit.

Of this, the science of Geology affords a striking example. Chemistry and Astronomy in the Old World struggled for centuries in sickly infancy; but, on this side of the water, modern Geology, like the Goddess of old, leaped at a bound, fullgrown and panoplied into being. Immediately practical in its character and useful in its results, the people were eager in the pursuit of its principles. And for the honor of popular Institutions be it said, the States of Republican America have done more for the science of Geology than all the governments of all the world besides. They fostered it with a care and pursued it with an energy that no other department of science ever before received at the hands of a nation. But 'twas not for the mere love of science that geological investigations were thus encouraged among us. It was because its ends were adapted to our utilitarian ideas, and in themselves promptly answered the great question of utility now to be met.

Our researches in this field have revealed to us the fact, that the Ocean and its currents have been and no doubt still are important and active Geological agents. Of this truth, all the tide water country to the South and much of that to the North of us, is a present witness.

To say what agency the Gulf Stream and other currents now known to us, had in this formation, would carry us too far into the regions of speculation for our present purpose. But thus much we may venture: that between us and the Gulf Stream there is a current of cold water running towards the South with sufficient strength to produce important changes along the coast. Two hundred and fifty years ago, Sir Francis Drake with his fleet entered Albemarle Sound through Roanoke Inlet, which is now a sand bank above the reach of the highest tides. Only seventy years ago, it was navigable by vessels drawing 12 feet of water.

An examination by skilful engineers is now being made as to the practicability of re-opening this inlet. In their eyes at least a correct knowledge of the effects and tendency of this current would be of great value.

This circumstance explains better than volumes of disquisition could do, the "*cui bono*" of collecting and recording every fact whatever that observation may give us with regard to the currents on our coast. That they are effecting important changes along the sea board, the singular chain of long and narrow islands that curtain the coast from Albemarle Sound to the reefs of Florida, gives ample evidence. These and the shoals which endanger navigation off the Capes of Carolina, owe their existence entirely to currents, or uplift. The soundings and form of the Hatteras and other shoals clearly indicate that they are caused by a current from the North. A comparison of present charts with Jeffry's atlas published in 1775, shows not only that these shoals are increasing, but that the chain of islands alluded to is in process of gradual formation. Currituck and Roanoke inlets which are now sand bars, once were navigable. Occracoke inlet had then 17 feet of water, it now has 8. Besides these there were between Beaufort, North Carolina and Charleston in South Carolina, 25 or 30 others, many of them then navigable, and most of them now closed and appearing only as dry land.

Whence comes the sand that forms these islands? Separated from the main land by standing pools of water moved only by the tides from the Ocean, it can not be brought from the shore. It can only be upheaved with the general elevation of the coast by geological agencies, or it is cast up from the bottom of the Ocean by the Gulf Stream and the waves, or brought down from the North by the current on the coast. Investigation might settle the question.

Linked thus with other geological agents, the currents of the sea can not fail to present themselves to the mind of the Geologist, as important and interesting subjects for investigation. How much more so are they in the eyes of the Navigator; with him, the source of this coast current is a matter of conjecture, and its cause a mystery. And as to its strength, its fluctuations and the laws which govern them, his nautical books are all but silent. Nor has the history of navigation recorded the first series of systematic observations upon it.

Proceeding further into the Atlantic, we find a vast stream of warm water running counter to this. It is the Gulf Stream bound from the Straits of Florida to the Banks of Newfoundland, and thence to the shores of Europe. What its breadth or its depth may be, we know not. We are told indeed that even at the same place it runs sometimes at the rate of two knots the hour, sometimes at five, and we know that it may always be found within

certain broad limits, varying in this too at the same place, from 140 to 340 miles. With this our knowledge of it ends; though more accurate information as to it and its offsets would many a time have saved the mariner from disaster, and his vessel from shipwreck, and even now, would add not a little to the speedy and safe navigation of the Atlantic.

Though Navigators had been in the habit of crossing and recrossing the stream, almost daily, for the space of near 300 years, its existence even was not generally known among them, until after Dr. Franklin discovered the warmth of its waters, about 70 years ago. And to this day, the information which he gave us, constitutes the basis, I had almost said the sum and substance of all we know about it.

When he was in London, in 1770, he happened to be consulted as to a memorial which the Board of Customs at Boston sent to the Lords of the Treasury, stating that the Falmouth packets were generally a fortnight longer to New York than common traders were from London to Providence, R. I. They therefore asked that the Falmouth packets might be sent to Providence instead of to New York. This appeared strange to the doctor, for London was much farther than Falmouth, and from Falmouth the routes were the same, and the difference should have been the other way. He however consulted a Nantucket whaler who chanced to be in London also; the fisherman explained to him that the difference arose from the circumstance that the Rhode Island Captains were acquainted with the Gulf Stream, while those of the English packets were not. The latter kept in it and were set back 60 or 70 miles a day while the former avoided it altogether. He had been made acquainted with it by the whales which were found on either side of it, but never in it. At the request of the doctor he then traced on a chart, the course of this stream from the Straits of Florida. The doctor had it engraved at Tower Hill and sent copies of it to the Falmouth Captains, who paid no attention to it. The course of the Gulf Stream, as laid down by that fisherman from his general recollection of it, is retained on our charts at the present day, almost without an alteration.*

If within the domains of Philosophy, there can be such a thing as a proprietary field of investigation, this phenomenon of a river in the Ocean is one—American in its source and origin, it is found in the waters of America, and closely concerns its navigating interests; first traced out by the fishermen of New England, it attracted the attention of the great American philosopher: he determined its most remarkable characteristic, and left it to his countrymen as a field to be re-occupied by them at some future day, and with a like spirit of philosophical research.

Therefore the Gulf Stream offers a field of investigation peculiarly American, and we, the Americans, are in duty, as we are in honor, bound to show ourselves curious and diligent in whatever there may be about it, of undiscovered mystery, or of philosophic interest to navigation, or other branches of science.

In Dr. Franklin's time, the navigator *guessed* as much as he *calculated* the place of his ship—vessels from Europe to Boston frequently made New York, and thought the land-fall by no means bad. Chronometers, now so accurate, were then an experiment. The Nautical Ephemeris itself was faulty, and gave errors of thirty miles in the longitude. The instruments of navigation erred by *degrees* quite as much as they now do by *minutes*; for the rude "cross staff" and "back staff," the "sea ring" and "mariner's bow," had not yet given place to the nicer sextant and circle of reflection of the present day. Instances are numerous of vessels navigating the Atlantic in those times being 6°, 8° and even 10° of longitude out of their reckoning in as many days from port. Our means therefore of properly conducting a system of observations upon the currents of the sea, and for following up the investigations of Franklin, are much more ample and complete than they have ever been with navigators before. Therefore what society so appropriate as this, the National Institute of his country—what time more fit,—what occasion more suitable than the present for maturing a plan of operations, and for setting on foot a system of observations upon the Gulf Stream and its kindred phenomena of the sea?

As commendable in some respects as is that utilitarian spirit among us which is so apt to try our undertakings with "*cui bono?*" it is not wise always to start this question; for, the apparently trifling facts by which the laws of nature are often revealed to the philosopher and are made subservient to our purpose, will not, at all times, brook the inquiry.

When the Italian Philosopher commenced his experiments, what utilitarian saw in the fact elicited from the legs of a dead frog, the important consequences to which it has led us, and to this day continues to lead us? The principles deduced from his simple discovery, after having led to many important and valuable results, are now, at the end of half a century, being applied for our purposes in such a manner, that words spoken in yonder capital, may be conveyed to other cities with the speed of lightning, and caught up there as they fall here from the lips of the speaker.

When our own Franklin flew his kite in the storm, who would have thought that the inkling which he then caught as to a law of nature would enable us to turn aside the artillery of heaven?

Or when, at another time, he dipped his thermometer into the sea, how could the most keensighted utilitarian have perceived that the fact thus

* Page 485 and plate XII., Vol. 6th Spark's Franklin.

discovered would shorten the average passage across the Atlantic, at least one third; would bring the old world and the new nearer together by many days, and would wonderfully improve and benefit Navigation!

To the philosopher, every newly discovered fact, in physics, however trifling to others it may seem, is a gem. Our knowledge of nature and her laws is but a number of such facts, brought nigh and placed side by side. As they accumulate, they reflect light upon each other, and each generation becomes wiser and wiser, for every such fact thus gathered is but another clue placed in our hands, which, if carefully followed up, will lead us further and further out of the labyrinths of ignorance, and bring us nearer and nearer to the doors of everlasting knowledge. Therefore, in the proposed undertaking, let not the utilitarian's question be sprung too soon, or too loudly upon us.

No part of the world affords a more difficult or dangerous navigation than the approach of our Northern coast in winter. Before the warmth of the Gulf Stream was known, a voyage at this season from Europe to New England, New York, and even to the Capes of the Delaware or Chesapeake, was many times more trying, difficult and dangerous, than it now is. In making this part of the coast, vessels are frequently met by snow storms and gales which mock the seaman's strength and set at naught his skill. In a little while, his bark becomes a mass of ice; with her crew frosted and helpless, she remains obedient only to her helm, and is kept away for the Gulf Stream. After a few hours' run, she reaches its edge, and almost at the next bound, passes from the midst of winter into a sea at summer heat. The ice disappears—the sailor bathes his stiffened limbs in tepid waters; feeling himself invigorated and refreshed with the genial warmth about him, he realizes out there at sea, the fable of Antæus and his mother Earth. He attempts to make his port again, and is again as rudely met from the North West; but, each time he is driven off from the contest—he comes forth from this stream like the ancient son of Neptune, stronger and stronger, until, after many days, his freshened strength prevails, and he at last enters his haven in safety. I might name instances, for they are not uncommon, in which vessels bound to Norfolk or Baltimore with their crews enervated in tropical climates, have encountered, as far down as the Capes of Virginia, snow storms, that have driven them back into the Gulf Stream time and again, and have kept them out for 40, 50, and even for 60 days, trying to make an anchorage.

The number of shipwrecks that occurred on our coast during one month in the winter of '41, amounted to not less than three a day. How many were saved by seeking refuge with their frosted and disabled crews in the warm waters of the Gulf

Stream, is matter of conjecture. Before their temperature was known, vessels thus distressed, knew of no place of refuge short of the West Indies; and the newspapers of that day,—Franklin's Pennsylvania Gazette among them,—inform us that it was no uncommon occurrence for vessels, bound for the Capes of the Delaware in winter, to be blown off and to go to the West Indies, and there wait for the return of spring before they would attempt another approach to this part of the coast.

Accordingly, Dr. Franklin's discovery of the Gulf Stream temperature was looked upon as one of great importance, not only on account of its affording to the frosted mariner in winter a convenient refuge from the snow storm, but because of its serving the Navigator with an excellent land mark or beacon for our coast in all weathers. And so viewing it, the Doctor concealed the discovery, for we were then at war with England. It was then not uncommon for vessels to be as much as 10° out in their reckoning. He himself was 5°. Therefore, in approaching the coast, the current of warm water in the Gulf Stream, and of cold water on this side of it, if tried with the thermometer, would enable the mariner to judge, with great certainty and in the worst of weather, as to his position. Jonathan Williams afterwards, in speaking of the importance which the discovery of these warm and cold currents would prove to Navigation, pertinently asked the question—"If these stripes of water had been distinguished by the colors of red, white and blue, could they be more distinctly discovered than they are by the constant use of the thermometer?" And he might have added, could they have marked the position of the ship more clearly?

When his work on Thermometrical Navigation appeared, Commodore Truxton wrote to him: "Your publication will be of use to Navigation, by rendering sea voyages secure far beyond what even you yourself will immediately calculate, for I have proved the utility of the thermometer very often since we sailed together.

"It will be found a most valuable instrument in the hands of mariners, and particularly as to those who are unacquainted with astronomical observations; * * these particularly stand in need of a simple method of ascertaining their approach to or distance from the coast, especially in the winter season; for it is then that passages are often prolonged, and ships blown off the coast by hard westerly winds, and vessels get into the Gulf Stream without its being known; on which account they are often hove to by the Captains supposing themselves near the coast, when they are very far off, (having been drifted by the currents.) On the other hand, ships are often cast on the coast, by sailing in the eddy of the stream, which causes them to outrun their common reckoning. Every

year produces new proofs of these facts, and of the calamities incident thereto."

These obstructions to Navigation in winter must therefore have operated strongly against the commerce of the North, and in favor of that of the South. And as far as Philadelphia is concerned, which was the commercial emporium of the North at that day, the list of arrivals there in winter, 60 or 70 years ago, shows that such was the case in an eminent degree.

Though the warm temperature of the Gulf Stream was discovered in 1775, yet, for political reasons, the discovery was not generally made known 'till 1790. Its immediate effect in Navigation, was to make the ports of the North as accessible in winter as in summer. What agency this circumstance had in the decline of the direct trade of the South, which followed this discovery, would be, at least to the political economist, a subject for much curious and interesting speculation. I have referred to the commercial tables of the time, and have compared the trade of Charleston with that of the Northern cities for several years, both before

These statistics are given, and the subject is mentioned in this connection, not because it is proposed the National Institute should roam at large in such a field; but because they give point to illustration, and show how ramified and important in its bearings, is one single fact gathered from nature.

and after the discovery of Dr. Franklin became generally known to Navigators. The comparison shows an immediate decline in the Southern trade and a wonderful increase in that of the North. But whether this discovery in Navigation and this revolution in trade stand in the relation of cause and effect, or be merely a coincidence let others judge.

In 1769, the commerce of the two Carolinas, equalled that of all the New England States together, it was more than double that of New York, and exceeded that of Pennsylvania by one third.* In 1792, the exports from New York amounted in value to two millions and a half; from Pennsylvania to \$3,820,000; and from Charleston alone to \$3,834,000.

But in 1795, by which time the Gulf Stream began to be as well understood by Navigators as it now is, and the average passages from Europe to the North were shortened nearly one half, while those to the South remained about the same, the customs collected at Philadelphia alone amounted to \$2,941,000,† or more than one half of those collected in all the States together.

Moreover, it may stay upon the lips of some ultra utilitarian, the untimely "*cui bono*," with its implied objections to the proposition now before the Institute.

Nor did the effects of the Doctor's discovery end here. Before it was made, the Gulf Stream was altogether insidious in its effects. By it, vessels

* From McPherson's *Annals of Commerce, Exports and Imports in 1769, valued in sterling money.*

EXPORTS.

	To Great Britain.		S. of Europe.		W. Indies.		Africa.		Total.	
	<i>L.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>L.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>L.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>L.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>L.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>
New England - -	142,775	12 9	81,173	16 2	308,427	9 6	17,713	0 9	550,089	19 2
New York - - -	113,382	8 8	50,885	13 0	66,324	17 5	1,313	2 6	231,906	1 7
Pennsylvania - -	28,112	6 9	203,762	11 11	178,331	7 8	560	9 9	410,756	16 1
N. & S. Carolina -	405,014	13 1	76,119	12 10	87,758	19 3	691	12 1	569,584	17 3
IMPORTS.										
New England - -	223,695	11 6	25,408	17 9	314,749	14 5	180	0 0	564,034	3 8
New York - - -	75,930	19 7	14,927	7 8	97,420	4 0	697	10 0	188,976	1 3
Pennsylvania - -	204,979	17 4	14,249	8 4	180,501	12 4			399,830	18 0
N. & S. Carolina -	327,084	8 6	7,099	5 10	76,269	17 11	137,620	10 0	535,714	2 3

† Value of Exports in Dollars.‡

	1791	1792	1793	1794	1795	1796
Massachusetts -	2,519,651	2,888,104	3,755,347	5,292,441	7,117,907	9,949,345
New York - - -	2,505,465	2,535,790	2,932,370	5,442,000	10,304,000	12,208,027
Pennsylvania - -	3,436,000	3,820,000	6,958,000	6,643,000	11,518,000	17,513,866
S. Carolina - - -	2,693,000	2,428,000	3,191,000	3,868,000	5,998,000	7,620,000

Duties on Imports in Dollars.§

	1791	1792	1793	1794	1795	1796	1833
Massachusetts	1,006,000	723,000	1,044,000	1,121,000	1,520,000	1,460,000	3,055,000
New York	1,334,000	1,173,000	1,204,000	1,878,000	2,028,000	2,187,000	10,713,000
Pennsylvania	1,466,000	1,100,000	1,823,000	1,498,000	2,300,000	2,050,000	2,207,000
S. Carolina	523,000	359,000	360,000	661,000	722,000	66,000	389,000

‡ Doc. No. 330. H. R. 2nd Sess., 25 Congress.

§ *Ibid.* Some of these statements do not agree with those taken from McPherson and previously quoted.

were frequently drifted many miles out of their course without knowing it, and in bad or cloudy weather when many days would intervene from one observation to another, the set of the current, though really felt for but a few hours during the interval, could only be proportioned out equally among the whole number of days. Therefore Navigators could have only very vague ideas, either as to the strength, or the actual limits of the Gulf Stream until they were marked out to the Nantucket fishermen by the whales, or made known by Capt. Folger to Dr. Franklin. The discovery, therefore, of its high temperature assured the navigator of the presence of a current of surprising velocity, and which, now turned to certain account, would hasten, as it had retarded his voyage in a wonderful degree.

Such, at the present day, is the degree of perfection to which nautical tables and instruments have been brought, that the Navigator may now detect, and with great certainty, every current that thwarts his way. He makes great use of them. Col. Sabine, in his passage a few years ago, from Sierra Leone to New York, was drifted 1,600 miles of his way by the force of currents alone; and, since the application of the thermometer to the Gulf Stream, the average passage from England has been reduced from upwards of eight weeks, to a little more than four. This may, in some degree, be owing to the improvement in ship building, but it is less owing, I apprehend, to any increased speed of vessels, than to a better knowledge of winds and currents; for the "Constitution" and the "United States" are, at this day, the fastest ships in the Navy; and they are models of the last century.

There is a current constantly setting into the Mediterranean to supply the waste, it is said, of evaporation. Now, on account of climate, the evaporation from the Gulf of Mexico in summer, must be much greater than from the Mediterranean; moreover, the rivers which empty into the Gulf are all at low water in summer; yet the Gulf Stream is said to run with much greater velocity in summer than in winter. If so, it is reasonable to suppose that the waters of the Gulf are higher at one season than another. But we have Light houses at the Tortugas, the Balize, Mobile and Pensacola, and keepers at them who would be glad of the employment. A tide staff planted at each, and daily registered for a year or two, would show whether there be a winter and a summer level to the Gulf, and thus settle this interesting question.

The manner in which the Florida Straits open out into the Atlantic—inclining to the Westward of North, the contour of the adjacent coast, the deep indent in the shore line here, between St. Augustine and Savannah, all seem to indicate a close pressure of the Gulf Stream and its counter

current upon this part of the coast.* If so, the course of the Gulf Stream as it disembogues in the Atlantic, must be a little to the West, instead of a little to the East of North as our charts represent it. My own information, derived from the observations of an intelligent brother officer, goes to confirm this opinion; should it be proved correct, it will explain the anomaly often remarked upon by Navigators with regard to a stronger current in the Gulf Stream off Cape Hatteras, than further South, for then, this circumstance may be accounted for by the Chart course leading them on the outer edge of the Gulf Stream until it reaches the Carolina Capes, where they again get into the strength of it.

The place of embouchure for the Gulf Stream, is about the latitudinal limits of the Trade winds, where calms and variables prevail; and where aid from currents is most desirable. Our West India Cruisers are continually passing up and down this part of the stream; a few turns to and fro across it, by them, would show how the thread of the current does lie, of which we are now ignorant. It might materially shorten the passage of vessels bound North from the Gulf.

The Gulf Stream, as it issues from the straits of Florida, is of a dark indigo blue; the line of junction between it and the roily green water of the Atlantic, is plainly seen for hundreds of miles. Though this line is finally lost to the eye as the stream goes North, it is preserved to the thermometer for several thousand miles, yet to this day the limits of the Gulf Stream, even in the most frequented parts of the ocean, though so plainly marked, are but vaguely described on our charts. Thousands of vessels cross it every year; many of them make their observations upon it, and many more, if invited would do the same. But no one has invited coöperation; consequently there is no system, and each one that observes, observes only for himself; and when he quits the sea, his observations go with him and are to the world as though they had not been.

Captain Manderson of the Royal Navy published, many years ago, "An examination into the true cause of the Florida stream," which he ascribed to the Mississippi and the floods of the other rivers emptying into the Gulf. But judging from what we see going on daily in the Mediterranean, the water from the rivers, especially in summer when the Gulf Stream runs at the greatest velocity, are not sufficient to supply the waste of evaporation. Taking the hypothesis of the English officer for granted, it was asserted by another writer, that the velocity of the Gulf stream might be determined by the freshets in the Mississippi. Capt. La-

* April 3. This opinion is still further confirmed by authentic statements, which I have heard, that the islands on the coast of Georgia bear marks of abrasion from the sea.

vington put these theories to rest by showing that the volume of waters discharged through the Gulf Stream, exceeds what is emptied from the Mississippi by more than three thousand times.

Upon the ruins of this hypothesis which Capt. Livingston had so completely overturned, he advanced the opinion that the velocity of the Gulf Stream "depends on the motion of the sun in the Ecliptic, and the influence he has upon the waters of the Atlantic." To this day our books on navigation quote this opinion without comment.

The most generally received opinion, however, is the one repeated by Dr. Franklin, that the Gulf Stream is the escaping of the waters that have been forced into the Carribbean sea by the Trade winds; and that it is the pressure of those winds upon the water, which forces up into that sea a head, as it were, for this stream.

We know of instances in which waters have been accumulated on one side of a lake, or in one end of a canal, at the expense of the other. But they are rare, sudden and partial, and for the most part confined to sheets of shoal water where the ripples are proportionably great. As far as they go, the pressure of the Trade winds may assist to give the Gulf Stream its initial velocity; but is it of itself adequate to such an effect? To my mind, the laws of Hydrostatics as at present expounded, appear by no means to warrant the conclusion that it is, unless the aid of other agents also be brought to bear.

Supposing the pressure of the waters that are forced into the Carribbean sea by the Trade winds to be the sole cause of the Gulf Stream, that sea and the Mexican Gulf should have a much higher level than the Atlantic. Accordingly, the advocates of this theory require for its support "a great degree of elevation." Major Rennell likens the stream to "an immense river descending from a higher level into a plain." Now we know very nearly the average breadth and velocity of the Gulf Stream in the Florida pass. We also know, with a like degree of approximation, the velocity and breadth of the same waters off Cape Hatteras. Their breadth here is about 75 miles against 32 in the "Narrows" of the Straits, and their mean velocity is 3 knots off Hatteras, against 4 in the "Narrows." This being the case, it is easy to show that the depth of the Gulf Stream off Hatteras is not so great as it is in the "Narrows" of Bemini by nearly 50 per cent, and that consequently, instead of descending, its bed represents the surface of an inclined plane from the North, up which the lower depths of the stream must ascend. If we assume its depth off Bemini to be 200 fathoms, which are thought to be within limits, the above rates of breadth and velocity will give 114 fathoms for its depth off Hatteras. The waters therefore, which in the straits are below the level of the Hatteras depth, so far from descending, are

actually forced up an inclined plane, whose submarine ascent is not less than 10 inches to the mile!

The Niagara is an "immense river descending into a plain." But instead of preserving its character in Lake Ontario as a distinct and well defined stream for several hundred miles, it spreads itself out, and its waters are immediately lost in those of the Lake. Why should not the Gulf Stream do the same? It gradually enlarges itself it is true; but instead of mingling with the ocean by broad spreading as the "immense rivers" descending into the Northern lakes do, its waters, like a stream of oil in the ocean, preserve their distinctive character for more than 3,000 miles.

Moreover, while the Gulf Stream is running to the North from its supposed elevated level at the South, there is a cold current coming down from the North; meeting the warm waters of the Gulf midway the Ocean, it divides itself and runs by the side of them right back into those very reservoirs at the South, to which theory gives an elevation sufficient to send out entirely across the Atlantic a jet of warm water said to be more than three thousand times greater in volume than the Mississippi river. This current from Baffin's Bay has not only no trade winds to give it a head; but the prevailing winds are unfavorable to it, and for a great part of the way it is below the surface, and far beyond the propelling reach of any wind. And there is every reason to believe that this polar current is quite equal in volume to the Gulf Stream. Are they not the effects of like causes? If so, what have the trade winds to do with the one more than the other?

It is a custom often practised by sea-faring people to throw a bottle overboard, with a paper stating the time and place at which it is done. In the absence of other information as to currents, that afforded by these mute little Navigators is of great value. They leave no tracks behind them, it is true; and their routes can not be ascertained. But knowing where they were cast, and seeing where they are found, some idea may be formed as to their course. Straight lines may at least be drawn, showing the shortest distance from the beginning to the end of their voyage, with the time elapsed. I hold in my hand a chart representing in this way the tracks of more than one hundred bottles. From it, it appears that the waters from every quarter of the Atlantic, tend toward the Gulf of Mexico and its Stream. Bottles cast into the sea midway between the old and the new worlds, near the coasts of Europe, Africa and America, at the extreme North or furthest South, have been found either in the West Indies, or within the well known range of the Gulf Stream.

Of two cast out together in South latitude on the coast of Africa, one was found on the island of "Trinidad," the other on Guernsey, in the English channel.

In the absence of positive information on the subject, the circumstantial evidence that the latter performed the tour of the Gulf, is all but conclusive.

Another bottle thrown over off Cape Horn by an American master in 1837, has been recently picked up on the coast of Ireland. An inspection of the chart and of the drift of the other bottles seems to *force* the conclusion, that this bottle too went even from that remote region to the so called *higher* level of the Gulf Stream reservoir.

Midway the Atlantic, in the triangular space between the Azores, Canaries and the Cape de Verd Islands, is the Sargasso Sea. Covering an area equal in extent to the Mississippi valley, it is so thickly matted over with Gulf weed (*fucus natans*) that the speed of vessels passing through it, is often much retarded. When the companions of Columbus saw it, they thought it marked the limits of Navigation and became alarmed. To the eye, at a little distance, it seems substantial enough to walk upon. Patches of the weed are always to be seen floating along the Gulf Stream. Now if bits of cork or chaff, or any floating substance be put into a basin, and a circular motion be given to the water, all the light substances will be found crowding together near the centre of the pool, where there is the least motion. Just such a basin is the Atlantic Ocean to the Gulf Stream, and the Sargasso Sea is the centre of the whirl. Columbus first found this weedy sea in his voyage of discovery, there it has remained to this day, and certain observations as to its limits extending back for fifty years, assure us that its position has not been altered since that time. This indication of a circular motion by the Gulf Stream is corroborated by the bottle chart and other sources of information. If, therefore, this be so, why give the endless current a higher level in one part of its course than another?

Nay more. At the very season of the year when the Gulf Stream is rushing in greatest volume through the straits of Florida and hastening to the North with the greatest rapidity, there is a cold stream from Baffin's Bay, Labrador, and the coasts of the North, running to the South with equal velocity. Where is the Trade wind that gives the high level to Baffin's Bay, or that even presses upon or assists to put this current in motion? The agency of winds in producing currents in the deep sea must be very partial. These two currents meet off the Grand Banks, where the latter is divided. One part of it underruns the Gulf Stream, as is shown by the icebergs which are carried in a direction tending across its course. The probability is, that this "fork" continues on towards the South and runs into the Carribean Sea, for the temperature of the water at a little depth there, has been found far below the mean temperature of the earth, and quite as cold as at a corresponding depth off the Arctic shores of Spitsbergen.

More water can not run from the equator, or the pole, than to it. If we make the trade winds cause the former, some other wind must produce the latter; but these, for the most part, and for great distances, are *submarine* and therefore beyond the influence of winds. Hence, it should appear that *winds* have little to do with the general system of aqueous circulation in the Ocean.

The other "fork" runs between us and the Gulf Stream to the South as already described. As far as it has been traced, it warrants the belief that it too runs *up* to seek the so called *higher* level of the Mexican Gulf.

The power necessary to overcome the resistance opposed to such a body of water as that of the Gulf Stream, running several thousand miles without any renewal of impulse from the forces of gravitation or any other known cause, is truly surprising. It so happens, that we have an argument for determining, with considerable accuracy, this resistance which the waters of this stream meet with in their motion towards the East. Owing to the diurnal rotation, they are carried around with the earth on its axis *towards the East* with an hourly velocity 127* miles greater when they enter the Atlantic than when they arrive off the banks of New Foundland. In consequence of the difference of latitude between the parallels of these two places, their rate of motion around the axis of the earth is reduced from 925† to 758 miles the hour.

Therefore this immense volume of water, in passing from the Bahamas to the Grand Banks, meets with an opposing force in the shape of resistance, sufficient in the aggregate to retard it two miles and a half the minute, and this only in its Eastwardly rate. There is, doubtless, another force quite as great, retarding it towards the North, for its course shows that it is the resultant of two forces acting in different directions. If the former resistance be calculated according to received laws, it will be found equal to several atmospheres. And by analogy, how inadequate must the pressure of the gentle trade winds be to such resistance, and to the effect assigned them? If, therefore, in the proposed inquiry we search for a propelling power no where but in the higher level of the Gulf, we must admit, in the head of water there, the existence of a force capable of putting in motion and of driving over a plain, at the rate of 5 miles the hour, all the waters as fast as they can be brought down by 3,000 such streams as the Mississippi river—a power at least sufficient to overcome the resistance required to reduce from two miles

* In this calculation the earth is treated as a perfect sphere, with a diameter of 7925.56 miles.

† Or 915.26 to 758.60. On the latter parallel, the current has an East set of about 1½ miles the hour—making the true velocity to the East and on the axis of the earth about 760 miles the hour at the Grand Banks.

and a half to a few feet per minute, the velocity of a stream that keeps in perpetual motion one fourth of all the waters in the Atlantic Ocean.

The facts, from observation on this interesting subject, afford us at best, but a mere glimmer of light, by no means sufficient to make my mind clear as to a *higher level** of the Gulf, or as to the sufficiency of any other of the causes assigned for this wonderful stream. If it be necessary to resort to a higher level in the Gulf, to account for the velocity off Hatteras, I cannot perceive why we should not, with like reasoning, resort to a higher level off Hatteras also, to account for the velocity off the Grand Banks; and thus make the Gulf Stream, throughout its circuit, a *descending* current, and by the *reductio ad absurdum*, show that the Trade winds are not adequate to the effect ascribed.

When facts are wanting, it often happens that hypothesis will serve, in their stead, all the purposes of illustration. Let us, therefore, suppose a globe of the earth's size, having a solid nucleus and covered all over with water 200 fathoms deep! and that every source of heat and cause of radiation be removed, so that its fluid temperature becomes constant and uniform throughout. On such a globe, the equilibrium remaining undisturbed, there would be neither wind nor current. And the poet's picture would apply to every sea:

"Still as a slave before his lord
The Ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast."



Let us now suppose that all the water within the tropics, to the depth of 100 fathoms, suddenly becomes oil. The aqueous equilibrium of the planet is thereby disturbed, and a general system of currents, and counter currents is immediately commenced—the oil in an unbroken sheet on the surface running towards the poles, and the water in an under current, towards the equator. The oil is supposed, as it reaches the polar basin, to be re-converted into water, and the water to become oil as it crosses Cancer and Capricorn, rising to the surface and returning as before.

Thus, *without wind*, we should have a perpetual and uniform system of tropical and polar currents. In consequence of diurnal rotation of the planet on its axis, each particle of oil, were resistance small, would approach the poles on a spiral turning to the East, with a relative velocity greater and greater, until, finally, it would reach the pole and whirl about it at the rate of nearly a thousand miles the hour. Becoming water and losing its velocity, it would approach the tropics by a similar, but in-

verted, spiral turning towards the West. Owing to the principle here alluded to, all currents from the Equator to the poles should have an Eastward tendency, and all from the poles towards the equator, a Westward.

Let us now suppose the solid nucleus of this hypothetical globe to assume the exact form and shape of the bottom of our seas and in all respects, as to figure and size, to represent the shoals and islands of the sea, as well as the coast lines and continents of the earth. The uniform system of currents just described would now be interrupted by obstructions and local causes of various kinds, such as unequal depth of water, contour of shore lines, &c.; and we should have, at certain places, currents greater in volume and velocity than at others. But still there would be a system of currents and counter currents to and from either pole and the equator. Now do not the cold waters of the North, and the warm waters of the Gulf made specifically lighter by tropical heat, which we see actually preserving such a system of counter currents, hold, at least in some degree, the relation of the supposed water and oil.

Apparently, in obedience to the laws here hinted at, there is a constant tendency of polar waters towards the tropics and of tropical waters towards the poles. The Exploring Expedition crossed one of these hyperborean currents 200 miles in breadth at the equator. There is also one near our own coast, another on the West coast of South America, as well as several others elsewhere known to exist; but for obvious reasons they are, for the most part, submarine and but little understood.

Counter to these are the Gulf Stream and the Lagullas current, besides numerous others more gentle and partial and therefore less marked in their character. But why one of these currents should always run from the Gulf of Mexico and the other along the coast of Africa, seems to demand the presence of other agents. Perhaps these may be found in local causes, such as the contour of coasts, the constant force of Trade winds, high temperature of the Gulf, &c. These would give the first impulse, and may be adequate to the initial velocity of the Gulf Stream.

Assuming its maximum velocity at 5 knots, and its depth and breadth in the Narrows of Bemini, as before, the vertical section across would present an area of two hundred millions of square feet moving at the rate of 7 feet 3 inches per second. The difference of specific gravity between the volume of Gulf water that crosses this sectional line in one second, and an equal volume of water at the ocean temperature of the latitude, is fifteen millions of pounds. If these estimated dimensions (assumed here—as throughout this paper they have been—upon the best authority, but merely for the purposes of illustration,) be within limits, then the force per second, operating here to propel

* The Gulf, or Carribean Sea, may have, towards the channel of Yucatan, a higher level of a few inches and such only as is due to any other large stream of 3 or 4 knots when deflected in its course, as the Carribean currents are, between their entrance into that sea and their exit from the Gulf.

the waters of the Gulf towards the pole, is the equilibrating tendency due to 15 millions of pounds of water in the latitude of Bemini.

In drawing up a plan for investigating the currents of the seas, such agencies should be taken into account. As a cause, I doubt whether this one is sufficient of itself to produce a stream of such great velocity as that of the Gulf; for, assuming its estimated discharge to be correct, the proposition is almost susceptible of mathematical demonstration, that to overcome the resistance opposed in consequence of its velocity, would require a force at least sufficient to drive, at the rate of 3 miles the hour, ninety thousand millions of tons up an inclined plane, having an ascent of 3 inches to the mile.* Yet the very principle from which this agent is derived, is admitted to be one of the chief causes of those winds which are said to be the sole cause of this current.

But, in addition to this, may there not be a peculiar system of laws not yet revealed, by which the motion of fluids in such large bodies is governed when moving through each other in currents of different temperature. That currents of sea water, having different temperatures, do not readily commingle, is shown by the fact already mentioned: that the line of separation between the warm waters of the Gulf and the cold waters of the Atlantic is perfectly distinct to the eye for several hundred miles; and even at the distance of a thousand miles, though the two waters have been in contact and continued agitation for many days, the thermometer shows that the cold water on either side still performs the part of river banks in keeping the warm waters of the stream in their proper channel.

In a winter's day off Hatteras, there is a difference between these waters of near 20°. Those of the Gulf being warmer, we are taught to believe that they are lighter; they should therefore occupy a higher level than those through which they float. Assuming the depth here to be 114 fathoms, and allowing the usual rates of expansion, figures show that the middle of the Gulf Stream here should be nearly 2 feet higher than the contiguous waters of the Atlantic. Were this the case, the surface of the stream would present a double inclined plane, from which the water would be running down on either side, as from the roof of a house. As this ran off at the top, the same weight of colder water would run in at the bottom; and thus, before this mighty stream had completed half its course, its depths would be brought up to the surface, and its waters would be spread out over the ocean. Why then does not such a body of warm water, flowing and adhering together through a cold sea, obey this law, and occupy a higher level? That it does not, we may infer from the silence of Navigators on the subject, as well

* Supposing there be no resistance from friction.

as from other circumstances. If it did, the upper edges of its cold banks would support a lateral pressure of at least 100 lbs to the square foot; and vessels, in crossing it, would sail over a ridge as it were; on the East side of which, they would meet an Easterly current; and on the West side, a Westerly current. The resolution of the forces of each of these currents, with the Northwardly set of the stream itself, would induce Navigators to report a North Eastwardly current as they ascend the other side of this ridge, and a North Westwardly current as they descend on this; yet never was it heard that the Gulf Stream runs North West.

Should this *roof* current be too superficial to be felt by a vessel, the Gulf weed and all the floating substances borne by the stream across the Atlantic would run off on either side. But there is little or no Gulf weed along its Western edge, and its prevalence on the Eastern side may be readily accounted for by the operation of quite another law. Why this warm water therefore should not appear lighter than cold water is a curious phenomenon that, as far as I know, has never been considered. It is worthy of investigation. Nor should the paradox as to a higher level—a double inclined plane in the Gulf Stream itself, escape attention. Dr. Lardner assures us, and such too is the doctrine not yet exploded from our popular works,* that sea water expands according to the laws of fresh; and from this circumstance he argues that the fish in polar seas are preserved by the cold water being on top and the warmer below. But deep sea soundings do not confirm this. With a surface temperature of 34°, Northern voyagers have obtained a temperature at the depth of several hundred fathoms of 25°, which, according to the received laws of expansion, should have the specific gravity of water at 55°. And a thermometer thrust down the throat of a fish caught in polar seas, has been said to stand at Zero. The journals of arctic cruisers assure us of the fact, that the deeper we go down in the Northern seas of America, the colder the water, while the warmth off the shores of Northern Europe increases as we go down; thus showing a warm stratum of water to be lighter than the cold in one part of the Ocean, and in another contiguous to it, to be heavier.

But to return to the mingling of the waters.—We know from a familiar experiment,† that oil placed on water in a state of rest exerts an obvious and sensible force to put itself in motion; and it is a fact well known to iron founders, that cold and therefore heavier iron,‡ will not sink in the

* Dr. Marcet shows that sea water contracts until it freezes.

† If a bit of paper cut in the shape of a comma be dipped in oil and laid on water, the oil, in running off, will cause the paper to spin round.

‡ A cannon ball dropped into a ladle of melted iron will not sink till it expands, grows red hot, and becomes lighter.

melted material. May there not exist between cold and warm sea water a tendency similar in some degree to that between oil and water? Seeing how great is the resistance encountered by the Gulf Stream in its Eastward motion, and how insufficient is any head of water in the Gulf to give it its Northward tendency, may there not exist between the waters of the stream and their fluid banks, always heaving and moving to the swell of the sea, a sort of *peristaltic* force, which, with other agents, assists to keep up and preserve this wonderful system of ocean circulation? We know that undulatory motion varies with temperature in certain other substances, and why should it not vary in water also?

Sir Isaac Newton has demonstrated, that the velocity of waves is in the subduplicate ratio of their breadths. Therefore, if two vessels in a calm, one in, and the other outside of the Gulf Stream, would each count the waves that pass, or the times that the vessel rolls from side to side, in any given time, we should have an argument for determining whether the oscillation of a wave in the Gulf Stream, be shorter or longer, whether its rise and fall be greater or less, or whether there be any difference whatever between a warm wave and the cold one from which it is generated. That the waters of the Gulf Stream are more troubled than those of the Atlantic we all know from the "ugly seas," which Navigators so much complain of there. Almost the last, if not the very last word heard from the unfortunate schooner *Grampus*, was contained in a letter stating how greatly that vessel was distressed by them.

But it is facts and not theory that we want. We have not enough of the former to build up any theory at all! Nor should I undertake the structure if we had. In planning a system of observations in this magnificent field, instructions should cover the whole ground, and the attention of observers should be directed to every point from which it is possible for light to come. Therefore, in throwing out these suggestions, sailor like, I have but cast over my bottles; perhaps they may be picked up at some distant day, perhaps they may never be heard of again.

In its course to the North, the Gulf Stream gradually tends more and more to the Eastward, until it arrives off the banks of Newfoundland, where its course is said to become due East. These banks, it has been thought, deflect it from its proper course, and cause it to take this turn. Examination will prove, I think, that they are in part the effect, certainly not the cause. It is here, that the frigid current already spoken of, with its icebergs from the North, are met and melted by the warm waters from the Gulf. Of course the loads of earth, stones and gravel brought down upon them are here deposited. Captain Scoresby, far away in the North, counted 500 icebergs setting out

from the same vicinity upon this cold current for the South. Many of them loaded with earth, have been seen aground on the banks. This process of transferring deposits for these shoals has been going on for ages; and, with time, seems altogether adequate to the effect described.

Nay more, a geodetic examination as to the course of the Gulf Stream, does not render it by any means certain that it is turned aside by the Grand Banks of Newfoundland at all; but that, in its route from the coasts of Georgia as far towards the shores of Europe as its path has been distinctly ascertained, it describes the arc of a great circle as nearly as may be. Following the line of direction given to it after clearing the Straits of Florida, its course would be nearly on a great circle passing through the poles of the earth. That it should be turned from this and forced along one inclining more to the East, requires, after it leaves these straits, the presence of a new force to give it this Eastward tendency. And have we not precisely such a force in the rate at which different parallels perform their daily rounds about their axis? In consequence of this, the stream, when it first enters the Atlantic from the Gulf, is carried with the earth around its axis at the rate of two miles and a half the minute faster towards the East than it is when it sweeps by the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

That this explanation as to its Eastward tendency should hold good, a current setting from the North towards the South, should have a Westward tendency. Accordingly, and in obedience to the propelling powers, derived from the rate at which different parallels are whirled around in diurnal motion, we find the current from the North, which meets the Gulf Stream on the Grand Banks, taking a South-Westwardly direction, as already described. It runs down to the tropics by the side of the Gulf Stream, and stretches as far to the West as our own shores will allow. Yet, in the face of these facts, and in spite of this force, both Major Rennell and M. Arago make the coasts of the United States and the shoals of Nantucket to turn the Gulf Stream towards the East.

The maximum temperature of the Gulf Stream is 86° , or about 9° above the Ocean temperature due the latitude. Increasing its latitude 10° , it loses but 2° of temperature. And after having run 3,000 miles towards the North, it still preserves, even in winter, the heat of summer. With this temperature, it crosses the 40th degree of North latitude, and there, overflowing its liquid banks, it spreads itself out for thousands of square leagues over the cold waters around, and covers the ocean with a mantle of warmth that serves so much to mitigate in Europe the rigors of winter. Moving now more slowly, but dispensing its genial influences more freely, it finally meets the British Islands. By these it is divided, one part going into the polar basin of

Spitsbergen, the other entering the Bay of Biscay, but each with a warmth considerably above Ocean temperature. Such an immense volume of heated water can not fail to carry with it beyond the seas a mild and moist atmosphere. And this it is which so much softens climate there.

We know not what the depth or the under temperature of the Gulf Stream may be. But *assuming* the temperature and velocity at the depth of 200 fathoms, to be those of the surface,* and taking the well-known difference between the capacity of air and of water for specific heat, as the argument, a simple calculation will show, that the quantity of heat discharged over the Atlantic from the waters of the Gulf Stream in a winter's day, would be sufficient to raise the whole column of atmosphere that rests upon France and the British Islands, from the freezing point to summer heat.

Every West wind that blows, crosses the stream on its way to Europe, and carries with it a portion of this heat to temper there the Northern winds of winter. It is the influence of this stream upon climate, that makes Erin the "Emerald Isle of the Sea," and that clothes the shores of Albion with evergreen robes; while in the same latitude on this side, the coasts of Labrador are fast bound in fetters of ice. In a valuable paper on currents,† Mr. Redfield states, that in '31, the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, was closed with ice as late as the month of June; yet, who ever heard of the port of Liverpool, on the other side, though 2° further North, being closed with ice, even in the dead of winter? The Baron Humboldt's isothermal curves show that the genial influence of this current is felt in Norway, and even on the shores of Spitsbergen in the polar basin. The mere sweeping of the winds over a large tract of ocean without any such warm stream, is not sufficient to produce such effects upon climate as is fully shown by comparing the climate of Spitsbergen with that of places similarly situated in the South Sea with regard to winds and water, but not with regard to currents.

Nor do the beneficial influences of this stream upon climate end here. The West Indian Archipelago is encompassed on one side by its chain of islands, and on the other by the Cordilleras of the Andes bending through the Isthmus of Darien and stretching themselves out over the plains of Central America and Mexico. Beginning on the summit of this range, we leave the regions of perpetual snow, and descend first into the *tierra templada*, and then into the *tierra caliente*, or burning land. Descending still lower, we reach both the level and the surface of the Mexican Seas, where, were it not for this beautiful and benign system of aqueous

circulation, the peculiar features of the surrounding country assure us we should have the hottest, if not the most pestilential climate in the world. As the waters in these two cauldrons become heated, they are borne off by the Gulf Stream, and are replaced by cooler currents through the Caribbean Sea; the surface water, as it enters here, being 3° or 4°, and that in depth, 40° cooler than when it escapes from the Gulf. Taking this difference in surface temperature only, as the degree of heat accumulated there, a simple calculation will show, that the quantity of specific heat daily carried off by the Gulf Stream from those regions, and discharged over the Atlantic, is sufficient to raise mountains of iron from zero to the melting point, and to keep up from them a molten stream of metal greater in volume than the waters daily discharged from the Mississippi river. Who, therefore, can calculate the benign influences of this wonderful current upon the climate of the South? "Cui bono?" In the pursuit of this subject, the mind is led from nature up to nature's God. Who, therefore, in this Christian land, shall repeat the question? Or whose mind will the study of this subject not fill with profitable emotions? Unchanged and unchanging alone, of all created things, the Ocean is the great emblem of its everlasting Creator. He "treadeth upon the waves of the sea," and is seen in the wonders of the deep. Yea, "he calleth for its waters, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth." In obedience to this call, the aqueous portion of our planet preserves its beautiful system of circulation. By it, heat and warmth are dispensed to the extra-tropical regions; clouds and rain are sent to refresh the dry land; and by it, cooling streams are brought from Polar Seas to temper the heat of the torrid zone. At the depth of 240 fathoms, the temperature of the currents setting into the Caribbean Sea has been found as low as 48°, while that of the surface was 85°. Another cast with 386 fathoms gave 43° against 83° at the surface. The hurricanes of those regions agitate the sea to great depths: that of 1780 tore rocks up from the bottom in 7 fathoms, and cast them on shore. They therefore can not fail to bring to the surface portions of the cooler water below.

These cold waters doubtless come down from the North to replace the warm water sent through the Gulf Stream to moderate the cold of Spitsbergen; for within the Arctic Circle, the temperature at corresponding depths off the shores of that island, is only one degree colder than in the Caribbean Sea: while on the coasts of Labrador the temperature in depth is 25°, or 7° below the freezing point of

* Which in all probability is not the case.

† American Journal of Science, Vol. 45, p. 293.

‡ From the journals of Mr. Dunsterville. } Caribbean Sea. { Surface temp. 83° Sept., 84° July, 83° —, 86½° Mosquito Coast.
Temp. in depth 48°, 240, faths. 43°, 386 faths. 42°, 450 faths. 43, 500 faths.

fresh water. Capt. Scoresby relates, that on the coast of Greenland, in latitude 72° , the temperature of the air was 42° —of the water 34° , and 29° at the depth of 118 fathoms. He there found a current setting to the South, and bearing with it this extremely cold water, with vast numbers of icebergs whose centres, perhaps, were far below zero. It would be curious to ascertain the routes of these under currents on their way to the tropical regions, which they are intended to cool. One has been found at the equator 200 miles broad and 23° colder than the surface water. Unless the land or shoals intervene, it no doubt comes down in a spiral curve.

Perhaps the best indication as to these cold currents may be derived from the fish of the sea. The whales first pointed out the existence of the Gulf Stream by avoiding its warm waters. Along our own coasts, all those delicate animals and marine productions which delight in warmer waters are wanting; thus indicating by their absence the cold current from the North now known to exist there. In the genial warmth of the Sea about the Bermudas on one hand and California on the other, we find, in great abundance, those delicate shell fish and coral formations which are altogether wanting in the same latitudes along the shores of South Carolina. The same obtains in the West coast of South America; for there, the cold current almost reaches the line, before the first sprig of coral is found to grow.

A few years ago, great numbers of bonita and albacore—tropical fish—following the Gulf Stream, entered the English Channel, and alarmed the fishermen of Cornwall and Devonshire, by the havoc which they created among the pilchards there.

It may well be questioned if our Atlantic cities and towns do not owe their excellent fish markets, as well as our watering places, their refreshing sea bathing in summer, to this stream of cold water. The temperature of the Mediterranean is 4° or 5° above the Ocean temperature of the same latitude, and the fish there are very indifferent. On the other hand, the temperature along our coast is several degrees below that of the Ocean, and from Maine to Florida our tables are supplied with the most excellent of fish. The sheep's-head, so much esteemed in Virginia and the Carolinas, when taken in the warm coral banks of the Bahamas, loses its flavor and is held in no esteem. The same is the case with other fish: when taken in the cold water of that coast, they have a delicious flavor and are highly esteemed; but when taken in the warm water on the other edge of the Gulf Stream, though at a few miles distant, their flesh is soft and unfit for the table. The temperature of the water at Balize reaches 90° . The fish taken there are not to be compared with those of the same latitude in this cold stream. New Orleans therefore resorts to the cool waters on the Florida coasts, for

her choicest fish. The same is the case in the Pacific. A current of cold water from the South sweeps the shores of Chili, Peru and Columbia, and reaches the Gallipagos Islands under the line. Throughout this whole distance, the world does not afford a more abundant or excellent supply of fish. Yet, out in the Pacific, at the Society Islands, where coral abounds, and the water preserves a higher temperature, the fish, though they vie in gorgeousness of coloring with the birds, and plants, and insects of the tropics, are held in no esteem as an article of food. I have known sailors, even after long voyages, still to prefer their salt beef and pork to a mess of fish taken here. Therefore, let those who are curious as to the migratory habits of fishes, join hands in the proposed system of observations upon currents—for the few facts which we have bearing upon the subject, seem to suggest it as a point of the inquiry to be made, whether the habit of certain fish does not indicate the temperature of the water; and whether these cold and warm currents of the Ocean, do not constitute the great highways through which migratory fishes travel from one region to another.

Navigators have often met with vast numbers of young sea-nettles (medusæ) drifting along with the Gulf Stream. They are known to constitute the principle food for the whale; but whither bound by this route has caused much curious speculation; for it is well known that the habits of the whale are averse to the warm waters of this stream. An intelligent sea captain informs me, that two or three years ago, in the Gulf Stream on the coast of Florida, he fell in with such a "school of young sea-nettles as had never before been heard of." The sea was covered with them for many leagues. He likened them, in appearance on the water, to acorns floating on a stream. But they were so thick as completely to cover the sea. He was bound to England and was five or six days in sailing through them. In about sixty days afterwards, on his return, he fell in with the same school off the Western Islands, and here he was three or four days in passing them again. He recognized them as the same, for he had never before seen any like them; and on both occasions he frequently hauled up buckets full and examined them.

Now the Western Islands is the great place of resort for whales; and at first there is something curious to us in the idea, that the Gulf of Mexico is the harvest field, and the Gulf Stream the gleaner which collects the fruitage planted there, and conveys it thousands of miles off to the hungry whale at sea. But how perfectly in unison is it with the kind and providential care of that great and good Being which feeds the young ravens and caters for the sparrow!

Our information as to the Sargasso Sea is most barren. Whence comes the weed with which it is covered, or where its place of growth may be, is

matter of dispute among learned men. But as for the office which it performs in the economy of the Ocean, conjecture even is almost silent. Certain it is however, that that sea of weeds was not planted in the middle of the Ocean without design. The marks of intelligence, displayed throughout the whole system of terrestrial adaptations, forbid the idea. Botanists tell us of certain "nodding flowers" which, at a certain stage of growth, bend their heads, that the dust from the anthers may fall upon the stigma; when the necessary impregnation is accomplished, they become again erect. Now it is clear, if the stalk were stronger or weaker, if the force of gravity, or the size of the earth were greater or less, this operation could not take place, the flower would not yield seed after its kind, and the species must become extinct. Such is the delicate snow-drop of our garden walks. Therefore, at creation, when this little flower was put forth, the mass of the earth and the force of gravity must have been taken into account.

"There is something curious," says Professor Whewell, and he might have added profitable and instructive too, "in thus considering the whole mass of the earth, from pole to pole, and from circumference to centre as employed in keeping a snow-drop in the position most suited to its vegetable health." How much more forcibly must this adaptation and the necessary terrestrial arrangements apply to this sea and to the Gulf Stream, peopled, as no doubt they are, with myriads and myriads of living creatures! Even as to the depths of this sea we are ignorant; and as to the animals which the Gulf Stream conveys from one part of the Ocean to another, observation has told us scarcely a word. This is a fit subject of inquiry, and comes within the scope and reach of the plan proposed.*

* The Sargasso sea is an immense pool, in which are gathered in great quantities, gulf weed, drift wood, wrecks, and all the floating substances cast upon the Atlantic. Waters from the Indian ocean, by the Lagullas current—from the frozen regions beyond Cape Horn, through the ice-bearing current from the Antarctic seas—waters from the Arctic Ocean, through the Labrador current—all find their way into the Atlantic, and deliver whatever floating substances they bear, up to the Gulf Stream—whence, like the fucus natans, it gradually finds its way into this weedy sea, which is a basin in the Atlantic, between the Cape de Verdes, Canaries, and Western Islands, quite equal in extent to the Mississippi valley.

Three hundred and fifty years ago, Columbus passed over this sea. It was then covered with weeds, as it now is, and as it no doubt had been for ages and ages before. What its depth, or the character of the bottom may be, we know not—we are even ignorant as to the place of growth for its weeds. Yet to the geologist, this is a volume brim full of unread studies and mysterious things—it is a type on a grand scale, of the gathering together the materials for his ancient coal formations—and to such an one, the round world no where else affords a parallel. It is the only page any where to be found, where time, with its everlasting characters, is now writing his commentary as

The contemplated system of observations will be of high interest also to the meteorologist, whose science at this time is attracting so much attention. The fogs* of Newfoundland, which so much endanger Navigation in winter, doubtless owe their existence to the presence, in that cold sea, of immense volumes of warm water brought by the Gulf Stream. Sir Philip Brooke found the air on each side of it at the freezing point, while that of its waters was 80°. "The heavy, warm, damp air over the current produced great irregularities in his chronometers." The excess of heat daily brought into such a region by the waters of the Gulf Stream, if suddenly stricken from them, would be sufficient to make the whole column of superincumbent atmosphere ten times hotter than melted iron.

With such an element of atmospherical disturbance in its bosom, we might expect storms of the most violent kind to accompany it in its course. Accordingly, the most terrific that rage on the Ocean have been known to spend their fury in and near its borders.

Our nautical works tell us of a storm which forced this stream back to its sources, and piled up the water in the Gulf to the height of 30 feet. The Ledbury Snow attempted to ride it out. When it abated, she found herself high up on the dry land, and discovered that she had let go her anchor among the tree tops on Elliott's Key. The Florida Keys were inundated many feet, and the scene presented in the Gulf Stream was never surpassed in awful sublimity on the Ocean. The water thus dammed up, is said to have rushed out with woe-

* The dampness of the climate in England, as well as that here when Easterly winds prevail, is attributable also to the Gulf Stream.

to the manner and the means by which nature collected in her store houses the coal measures of the mountains.

This weed is not strewed over the sea in an unbroken sheet; it is arranged in seams and longitudinal sections, corresponding to the layers of coal in the coal basin. The sea is even free, in a great degree, from storms, and if we imagine that these weeds in the process of time, gradually wither, contract and sink, we shall have here a beautiful illustration as to the manner in which the coal seams were arranged in layers as we now see them among the mountains.

The bowsprit of the "Little Belt," lost in the West Indies, was found not long afterwards near the edge of the Sargasso.

In a former voyage, I once met upon its borders a rough spar of yellow pine, probably grown in one of our Southern States. It was covered with a beautiful crop of anasifes, interspersed with crabs, and surrounded by a school of dolphin. It had evidently been in the water a great while, for it was so water-soaked, that the wood had become translucent—almost as much so as thin slips of very "fat" oak wood. Receiving a still heavier load of barnacles and molluscs, it would in time have reached this sea, and been borne down to the depths below with its load of inhabitants, there, before the next hour, be marked on the geo-

derful velocity against the fury of the gale, producing a sea that beggared description.

The great hurricane of 1780 commenced at Barbadoes. In it, the bark was blown from the trees, and the fruits of the earth destroyed; the very bottom and depths of the sea were uprooted,

gical time-pieces, to be elaborated into the most beautiful and rare among fossils.

This basin is the great centre and receptacle of Atlantic drift. The moss and the lichen of the extreme North, brought down to the Grand Banks, are handed over on icebergs to the Gulf Stream, to be borne on towards this central whirl and lodged by the side of the larch and the fir of the farthest South, conveyed also by the ice-bearing* currents from Cape Horn. There too, in the caverns below, are to be found the flora and vegetables, with land shells, insects, etc., borne along with the drift wood from the river Gambia and the coast of Africa, from the Amazon and the Orinoco, the upper Missouri and lower Mississippi. In short, by reason of these currents and this sea of weeds, we have before our eyes the means of grouping in that basin, the most extended, varied, and magnificent collection of vegetable and animal matter that is known in any of the formations that have yet become geological.

That the drift wood from these regions should not be more often met with at sea, is not at all surprising. Barely floating at best, the prolific waters of the Gulf Stream soon load the floating trees with immense numbers of barnacles and shell fish. Many of them possess the power of expansion in a greater or less degree, and by a sort of concert of action, such as we see among corals and other fish, may possess the power of floating their shifting domicile at any depth. Finally reaching the Sargasso sea, the temperature of the water and other conditions become unfavorable to their animal health; they die, and thus the weight of the shells is sufficient to carry the whole tree, with its branches entire, down to the lower deposits, and place it there in the most gentle manner.

This process requires a very short time; hence it is, that floating drift-wood has not been met with in larger quantities in this sea. But some idea may be derived of the quantity of drift which is thus conveyed, from the fact, that the place of light house keeper at the Tortugas islands is considered one of the most profitable on account of its jetty. The value of the copper and lead to be collected from the fragments of boats wrecked on the Mississippi, and lifted on the Tortugas, is considered by the keeper quite equal to his salary from the Government. Now these islands are on the very edge of the stream, and the materials from wrecked boats bear but a small proportion to the drift-wood brought down that river. Let therefore the imagination picture the mass of materials, that in the process of ages upon ages would be thus transported from the Mississippi valley, from the plains of the Orinoco and the head waters of the Amazon, from the banks of the St. Lawrence and the forests of Africa, from central America, the West Indies, and shores of Labrador, into the Sargasso sea.

This sea can be looked upon in no other light than as the germ of a future coal basin or peat bog, in which, at some remote day, when we perhaps shall have become fossils, and this part of the sea dry land, other geologists will roam, smile, speculate and dispute. Indeed, it requires but little stretch of the imagination to conceive that nature, with her corps of earthquake sappers and volcano miners, now at work there, laying her train for a grand geological uplay of uplift and heave. Teneriffe and the Azores are

and the waves rose to such a height that forts and castles were washed away, and their great guns carried many yards; houses were blown down, ships were wrecked, and the bodies of men and beasts lifted up above the earth and dashed to pieces in the storm. At the different islands not less than

volcanic; and but a few years ago, as if in warning, or to give note as to the state of preparation below, an island was cast up from the bottom, to sink again in this very sea.

But while the currents of the sea in one place are busied with the work of collecting and hiding in the middle of the ocean this vast assemblage of vegetable remains, they are employed on the out-skirts in collecting and arranging the materials for a formation of quite another sort. The ice-bearing currents from the North and the South bring down icebergs laden with earth, boulders and the carcasses of animals, to be deposited at one place upon the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and at the other upon the Lagullas banks of South Africa. These are the places at which nature bids the tepid currents of the torrid zone to meet the icebergs from either pole, and to relieve them of their frigid loads of rocks and gravel. Are there not similar banks, at greater or less depth, near the junction of every ice-bearing current, with its equatorial counterpart?

Geology, through its mineral wealth and interests, it has been said, is at the bottom of the anti-corn law league in England. It certainly has something to do with the tariff doctrines of Pennsylvania; for without the iron and the coal of that and other States, legislators would argue less the question of home industry, tariff and protection. The learned chairman of this association had occasion a few weeks ago to point out the connection between geology and experiments upon the ballistic pendulum.* This all pervading science, through the currents of the sea, is quite as closely allied to navigation as, through the mineral wealth of the land, it is to legislation, custom-house laws, and Government revenue. Whose pursuits would seem to be farther apart than that of the geologist among the cliffs of the hills and the outcrops of the valleys, and that of the mariner among the billows of the sea? Meeting on the crest of two waves, they join hands across the Gulf Stream; the "weedy sea" is common ground, and the iceberg a volume of classic lore and high import; to one it is a type of ancient formations, to the other an index pregnant with meaning. In short, the facts collected by one are to the other points of the most valuable information.

The line of meeting between the waters of the Gulf Stream and the Atlantic is distinct to the naked eye for several hundred miles. This unreadiness of cold and tepid sea-water to commingle has been often remarked upon, and seems to impart to one current the power of dividing and turning others aside. Thus the Gulf Stream bifurcates the Labrador current, one part of which underruns the Gulf Stream, and the other takes a southwestwardly direction along the coast.

The reverse happens with the current from the Indian ocean, of which the Lagullas is a part. Here the cold current divides the warm one—one branch of which, as the Lagullas, after passing the Cape of Good Hope, is even turned back towards the northwest, while the other, the Australian, pursues its natural course to the southward and eastward, passing the island from which it takes its name.

Perhaps it was upon the tail of this or some other equa-

* I have seen icebergs borne up on this current into the south Atlantic as far North as lat. 37° S.

* In his paper before the National Institute, Captain Mordecai stated, that the sand used as a core in the pendulum had been compressed by impact from the ball, so as to adhere and present the appearance of sand-stone.

20,000 persons lost their lives on shore, while further to the North, the "Sterling Castle" and the "Dover Castle," men-of-war, were wrecked at sea, and fifty sail driven on shore at the Bermudas.

Several years ago, the British Admiralty set on foot inquiries as to the cause of the storms in certain ports of the Atlantic which so often rage with disastrous effects to Navigation. The result may be summed up in the conclusion to which the investigation led: that they are occasioned by the irregularity between the temperature of the Gulf Stream and of the neighboring regions both in the air and water.

Connected with and dependent upon this great artery of the Ocean, are numerous veins in the shape of eddies, counter currents, drifts and sets, all of the highest importance to Navigation, and to the neglect of which many frightful disasters among sea-faring people, are to be ascribed.

In 1804, H. M. ship "Apollo," left the cove of Cork with 69 sail under convoy for the West Indies. They encountered a current in the tail of the Gulf Stream of which they were not aware, and on the 7th day out, the "Apollo," with 40 of the convoy, were wrecked on the coast of Portugal.

It is the Navigator's ignorance of the force of currents on the coast of Africa that has done so much towards supplying the wandering Arabs of the desert with slaves, and that has given to the world such thrilling narratives as that of Adams

wrecked in the "Charles," of Riley in the "Commerce," and of Paddock in the "Oswego." To this ignorance are attributed those horrid and revolting scenes enacted on the raft which was made from the wreck of the French frigate, "La Medusa." Hundreds of others whose wretched fate only is told in silence, by the plank upon the shore, owe their loss to our ignorance of currents.

In 1825, 800 sail of British shipping were lost at sea. And upon an average, one American and two British ships are wrecked every day the year round. Most of these losses are owing to the effects of unknown currents. I doubt whether a subject, more important in its bearings, was ever presented for the consideration of this Institution.

The field of investigation is most magnificent; when rightly understood, the system of marine currents and Ocean circulation cannot fail to open to us an arrangement not less beautiful and harmonious than the "music of the spheres." Though I have only glanced at some of the currents in the Atlantic, there are others, both there and in the Pacific, not less interesting and scarcely less important than these. Among them, circumstances seem to invite inquiry as to the probability of a "Gulf Stream" in the North Pacific. The resort of whales about Japan, as about Newfoundland in the same latitude—the European-like climate of Oregon—the thunder storms encountered in high Pacific latitudes out of season—the absence of whales in the

torial current that Captain Ross struck which enabled him to reach so much farther South than the American Expedition was enabled to do. This warm current—warm there only by comparison—was not perhaps strong enough to be detected by the log. It could only be shown by the thermometer; for if Captain Ross found a higher temperature than was found upon the same parallel by the vessels of the American Expedition in another part of the ocean, it would be fair to infer that the warmer waters were not made warmer on that parallel, but that they were drifted there from warmer regions. I have not seen either of the journals, nor have I heard a word as to any difference of temperature found by the two. It appears from the general system and arrangement of currents, that a flow of tropical water, of course of greatly reduced temperature, but still higher than that of the surrounding sea, should and ought to be found near the longitude by which Captain Ross approached the Antarctic. And I hope to have an opportunity of comparing temperatures. No doubt but the south pole is approached in some region by one or more, perhaps several tropical currents. Before attempting another voyage there, it would be highly desirable first to ascertain the route of that which is greatest in volume. Witness the effects of the Gulf Stream upon the temperature of the polar basin about Spitzbergen, as compared with the temperature at the same parallel in the North American seas.

In studying out the currents of the sea the mind has presented to it a most sublime subject for contemplation. It would be doing violence to the wisdom every where displayed through nature, to suppose that they are governed by other than wise, certain, harmonious and fixed laws. Through these laws, when rightly understood, the system of ocean circulation will present for contemplation an order and arrangement as beautiful and imposing as the geological

column itself. Therefore this subject recommends itself for its beauty and grandeur to every well-balanced and cultivated mind. The "wonders of the deep" are more often alluded to in Holy Writ, and are more frequently used there in illustration of the power and greatness of the Creator than any other portion of his handy-work.

Therefore devout men—for the undevout geologist is as mad as the undevout astronomer—will receive from the proposed system of observations, many an instructive and profitable lesson. In never ceasing motion the waves of the sea lift up their voice continually. Whether heard in the raging of the storm or in the mute eloquence of the calm, they teach man his littleness, and tell of the power and attributes of the everlasting God.

Gentlemen here, and good men every where, can do much to aid this plan by giving it their countenance, and using their influence with masters by inducing them to send to Washington an abstract of their logs, though it contained but the track of the vessel, with the winds and temperature. Even this would be valuable, and any thing additional would be much more so. Our whalers do collect and have at their power to give much truly valuable information. That which they collect concerns the meteorologist, the naturalist and others, not less than the navigator and geographer. Indeed, the ocean, with its almost unsealed book of mysteries, presents to the votary of science, whatever be the name of his association, a common highway, upon which each society, like every nation, may make its ventures and return, like them, in vessels laden with treasures to enrich the mind and benefit the human race.—*Extract from "Paper on the Currents of the Sea as connected with Geology," read before the association of American Geologists and Naturalists, May 14, 1744—by M. F. Maury, Lt. U. S. N."*

same region, all appear to indicate between North Western America and North Eastern Asia, the presence of a large body of warm water. The probability of such a current there seems to become stronger and its similarity to the Gulf Stream more striking, from the fact that the extreme cold of North Eastern Asia corresponds with our North Eastern climate, indicating thereby the existence of a cold current from the North, corresponding to that on our Atlantic coast, where certain cold water fish are known to resort.

If there be such a warm current from Sumatra and the China seas, perhaps it is spread out over a larger space, and does not by any means reach Gulf Stream velocity. Nor is it likely that it would be met in much force, so low down as vessels bound to China from Western America would cross it. As far as the collecting of facts from observations is concerned, this is a barren sea. Our standard directories of the Ocean do not inform us whether there be so much as a current* throughout the whole extra-tropical extent of the North Pacific. The time is fast approaching when that part of the Ocean too will become a great highway for ships. And any information that this Institute can collate in relation to it, would be highly valuable and most acceptable to Navigators. We have seen how useful currents become in the economy of the Ocean, and how important to its safe and speedy Navigation is a knowledge of them. In the beautiful system of cosmeical arrangements and terrestrial adaptations, by which we are surrounded, they perform active and important parts: they not only dispense heat and moisture, and temper climates, but they prevent stagnation in the sea, and by their active circulation, transport food and sustenance for its inhabitants from one region to another, and people all parts of it with life and animation. Yet, on this interesting subject, former observations have thrown just light enough to make visible the darkness through which we are groping.

"The discovery," says the Baron Humboldt, "of a group of uninhabited islands is less interesting than a knowledge of those laws which bind together a considerable number of facts."

Therefore be diligent—let the plan of observations cover broad grounds, and occupy the whole field. The perfection to which chronometers have been brought; the nicety of our instruments; the accuracy of the nautical ephemeris; the convenient arrangement of the requisite tables—and, above all, the intelligence and skill of the multitudes of laborers that now stand idle, but ready, all combined, enable us to conduct a system of ob-

servations upon the phenomena of the sea, with advantages which no other age has afforded since the world began.

It may be asked how a society, in its very infancy and without means, can occupy with observers a field like this, as wide as the poles and as broad as the sea?—In answer, I would point to the Navy and our commercial marine—with such materials and with its honors and the hope of its honorary rewards rightly applied, the moral influence of the Institute can accomplish more than the mines of Potosi.

In whatever may tend to the improvement of Navigation, or redound to the credit of their country, the officers of the Navy have always been ready. Any plan, therefore, for collecting facts and systematizing observations in the fields proposed, is sure to receive from them the most zealous and hearty coöperation, when it does not interfere with their more immediate duties.

The commercial marine of no country in the world can boast of ship masters superior to the Americans as Navigators and in general intelligence. Their industry and enterprise warrant the expectation that they too would join hands in the undertaking most readily. Personal knowledge of them warrants the belief, that at the invitation of the Institute they would undertake a series of observations upon any plan the society may propose.

A BIVOUAC IN THE DESERT.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

"After the battle of the Pyramids, the whole way through the desert was tracked with the bones and bodies of men and animals, who had perished in these dreadful wastes. In order to warm themselves at night, they gathered together the dry bones and bodies of the dead, which the vultures had spared, and it was by a fire composed of this fuel that Napoleon lay down to sleep in the desert!"

[Miot's Memoirs.

The ploughshare of the conqueror passed
Across the burning desert plain;
While on the sower followed fast,
And scattered in the bright red grain.

And tracking on that welded blade,
Forged from their countless battle-brands;
Far o'er the broad, deep furrow made,
On swept his trained Prætorian bands.

The vulture is the desert's king!
And what of conquerors recketh he!
Who bounds his empire by his wing,
Reigneth, I ween, right fearlessly!

'Twas night—the conqueror's harvest night—
No star in heaven its glories hid;

* Captain, now Admiral, Dupetit Thouars found a surface temperature of 79° one thousand miles to the East of Japan, which thereby indicates such a stream. And this is further confirmed by the opinion of Mr. Redfield, who has formed his conclusions from information derived from American whalers.

And poured the moon her radiant light
On desert, tent, and pyramid.

The reaper's blade its toil forsook—
And in the glittering river Nile
The plumed and turban'd Mameluke
Slept with the scale-armed crocodile.

Oh, Isis! Thou adored of old
With mystic rite, and symbol rare;
Rude hands have rent thy veil's dark fold,
And lain thy hidden altars bare.

The crescent gleams from Moslem tower,
High o'er the walls of Ptolemy;
And naught but thine own lotos flower,
Oh, Nilus! bends to worship thee.

Where 'mid the tombs their grandeur raised
Her Pharaohs slumber, all forgot;
Remnant of Egypt's pride abased,
The Copt her power remembers not—

Ages of sceptred glory gone,
Your sculptured records time hath kept
Where'er to conquest thundering on,
To victory, aye Sesostris swept.*

Egypt! Nile's suckling! Thou that wast
Throned in the old world's infancy—
While yet on her kind, fostering breast
The teeming earth encradled thee—

How, through all time, a doomed lot
Hath been thine own—devoted land!
For aye the scourge that wearied not—
For aye, for aye the foeman's brand!

Sleep they, the hosts thy sands that trod!
Lo! with their centuries, vanquished all!
Yet, where the conquering Persian stood,
Where warred the Assyrian, wars the Gaul!

The jackal and the wolf are out,
A phantom army holds the plain;
Why pales the conqueror? Is't with fear
His blood runs chill through every vein?

Fear! Was't a word for him who played
The sword 'gainst crown and sceptre old?
Write FEAR where drave his furrowing blade
Who trembled but beneath the cold!

Ho! Ye that reaped the ripened field—
What left ye to the gleaner's hand?

* "We are assured on the personal evidence of Herodotus and Strabo, that the pillars erected by the Egyptian leader, to mark his conquests, still remained in their days, and that they were even personally inspected by them in Syria, Palestine, Arabia and Ethiopia. The inscription which these proud monuments every where bore, was to the following effect:—"Sesostris, King of kings, and Lord of lords, subdued this country by his arms."—*Civil History of Ancient Egypt*.

Her stubble let the desert yield,
To cheer this wide, unvarying sand!

For leagues away, the barren plain
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor verdure owns—
Where they had sown the blood-red grain,
They gleaned but blanched, and mouldering bones.

And where of old the cloud and fire
Led on the wandering Israelite,
They heaped the pile—till far the pyre
Reared its red column on the night.

And fast the fanning night-wind came,
And high the scroll accusing swept;
While 'neath that uplift tongue of flame,
The "Lion of the Desert"* SLEPT!

* "Napoleon," says Sir Walter Scott, "was pleased with the flattery which derived his christian name from two Greek words, signifying the "Lion of the Desert."

PRESENT STATE OF LETTERS.

TO WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, Esq.

DEAR SIR, It is little more than a year since I had the pleasure of a prolonged and interesting conversation with you, in Charleston, on the subject of American Literature. This conversation may have passed from your memory, for to you it was merely the easy enunciation of thoughts long entertained, and, doubtless, frequently expressed before. I shall not as readily forget it, for it has been to me the germ of much subsequent reflection on the nature of Literature in general, and more especially of the Literature of this country. The seed which you cast lightly on the soil has sprouted, put forth leaves and fructified, and, though the fruit so produced may be crude, still it may be suggestive of profounder and more mature views to others, able to devote more time and ability to the investigation of the subject than I can. In resolving to give publicity to my meditations, I have preferred the epistolary form to that of the more imposing essay, as I design expressing my views in that loose and desultory manner in which they rise, and which is perhaps the most suitable for the utterance of opinions for whose soundness I will not vouch, and which future reflection may possibly induce me to modify, or even to abandon. And I do not think that I can address my remarks to any one with greater propriety than to yourself, for you were the original cause of their formation—you have devoted much care to the examination of the subject—and you have been lately illustrating kindred topics with signal ability. Moreover, I know that you will overlook any crudity which may be incident to this inartistic expression of my opinions, and to the undigested nature of the specu-

lations themselves. I shall, therefore, presume your indulgent consideration, even in those instances in which you may be disposed to dissent altogether from my conclusions; and having anticipated your favor I shall be less apprehensive of a failure to obtain that of others.

It is always an interesting and profitable employment to cast a glance over the existing state of letters; but there are many considerations which will render such an examination peculiarly instructive at the present time. There is an indecision, a vagueness, and I may add an apparent incoherence in the literature of the day, which, at first sight, might threaten to baffle all successful scrutiny into its nature, and to some observers might seem to indicate nothing but the progressive and rapid decline of the literary eminence of nations. Many, indeed, might be preserved from any such apprehension, by the habit, now grown natural to them, of considering quantity as the correlative of quality and of assuming the multitude of recent publications to be conclusive evidence of the vigor, the excellence and the vitality of the present order of things. Neither of these views can be sufficient to any but the most superficial minds; they are both incorrect, and sweeping deductions from a few prominent facts grossly misunderstood: but if any distinction is to be made between their degrees of error, the latter conclusion is the more unphilosophic of the two. To those who are content to rest upon such misapprehensions of the subject, the signs of the times will be incapable of any lucid explanation. True it is, that a close inspection of the phenomena around us will furnish evidence of disintegration and gradual decomposition taking place in the fabric of the literary world: but to a deeper scrutiny this disintegration will appear only as one of the phenomena preparatory to and indicative of a coming change. For those who examine carefully will perceive that among the crumbling materials the seed leaves of new systems are every where unfolding themselves, and, though the frequent and unskilful upturning of the soil may often cover and hide them for a time; yet, by their vital energy, they again thrust themselves through the superstratum thus thrown upon them, and unfold their leaves with a new life. A few moments devoted to the investigation of these phenomena to a study of their nature and of the causes which have produced them will not be wasted.

I hold the position, that every social and intellectual development, and, consequently, every social and intellectual change is a natural growth of human character acted upon by the variety of human events—they are invariably the product of individual energies and the external circumstances of society combined. There are other modifying influences, which, as they are slight in civilized periods, it would be tedious here to enumerate. This is a doctrine, which, though feebly enunciated

before, has not been very strongly or intelligently insisted upon until of late years, and has not yet received its full consideration. It will be wholly unnecessary for me to illustrate its significance, or to point out its importance to you. The immediate corollary from it is, that any existing state of society, with all its phenomena, must be attributable to certain determinate events prior in time; and, if the phases themselves be apparent, the probability is that the causes can not be very recondite, but may be discovered, weighed and appreciated by a little attention and diligence. Therefore, whatever be the present condition of letters, there must previously have been cognizable causes to which it may be referred: and by an examination of these we may attain some insight into the subject of our present speculations. At any rate, I will venture upon making the attempt.

In the earliest stages of the French Revolution, the liberal minded of all countries fancied that a new Avatar had descended upon the earth for the regeneration of society, in all its multiplex departments. There were few who had the prescience and sagacity of Burke, or who were able to scent the tainted atmosphere from afar. A few years—nay, a few months, and the tremendous overthrow of all old systems, produced by the excesses of the French people at home, together with that mad and feverish lust of conquest which threatened the institutions of the rest of Europe, spread throughout all countries terror and alarm for the existence of civil society itself. The revulsion of feeling was as great as it was sudden—people became alarmed for their persons, their property, and those social forms under which they had grown up, and to which they were attached. The conservative energies of humanity on which alone it appeared that reliance was capable of being placed, and even their activity, it was feared, might prove insufficient to resist that increasing frenzy of innovation, which was regarded as equally overwhelming and equally destructive with the invasion of the Northern Barbarians, at the commencement of the Middle Ages. From one extreme men had passed to the other. This terror and its consequences have gradually faded away. The French Revolution, though its advance was through a sea of blood on which floated the wrecks of a thousand cherished associations, is now regarded with a more calm and sober judgment, and can, accordingly, be more justly estimated. We now acknowledge it to have been the greatest and most radical social change since the Reformation of Luther, perhaps we might say, since the establishment of Christianity. It is admitted that it has sapped the foundations of all old systems, that it has undermined many and overthrown many, but we recognize this very destruction as the necessary prelude of some great and catholic change already commenced, though not yet fully revealed to us. The exact nature and

limits of this great mutation, the periods and the modes of its accomplishment are still hidden from us, but we can see that it is universal in its operation, and we are not debarred from obtaining some proximate knowledge of its meaning.

When every thing else in society was so radically affected, it would have been surprising if Literature should alone have escaped beyond the reach of its influence. By Literature I understand all that is composed for publication under the form of letters. The Literature of a country is the most delicate and universal expression of its various thoughts and feelings, and, hence, is that department of human intellect in which change is usually first displayed. The writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot and the rest of the Encyclopædistical school had indicated the French Revolution, so far as it was founded upon opinion, long before it had visibly commenced, or was generally anticipated; and like phenomena, though in a less degree, might have been detected in the Literatures of other countries. But if Literature be the precursor by its varying hues of political and social change, it is not less affected thereby itself. The ages of Æschylus and of Pericles at Athens, of Augustus at Rome, of Elizabeth in England, and of Louis XIV. in France, might teach us this without any labored argument, and without any recurrence to the example of the French Revolution. But the latest instance is the most instructive of all: the rise of the Byronic and the Lake Schools of Poetry in England, and the appearance of the modern French Literature as soon as the fanaticism of social change had subsided into a less violent ferment in France, show how suddenly and how profoundly political convulsions operate upon the literary world. Byron and his imitators were the highest and last expression of a system which was passing away; but mingled with this, and in much bolder prominence, was the utterance of those feelings of dark uncertainty, of scepticism and of despair, produced in apprehensive minds by the whirl and confusion of tottering creeds and crumbling institutions, which filled the world at the time when they wrote. Wordsworth and his partisans were the Evangel of a change in progress. Shelley, with a still bolder flight, projected himself far beyond the known into the boundless abysses of the future: his voice sounds like the anticipated and inverted reverberation of sounds which shall greet no mortal ear until a very distant day. Such being his spirit, his utterance was necessarily dark, mystical, perplexed and involved—it was the oracular prophesying of a Pythoness, who, with strained eyes, perceived strange shapes in the recesses of futurity, which, with difficulty, she could depict in the known forms of language, and which she could only imperfectly reveal to a generation whose thoughts were unfamiliar with such possibilities of a fevered imagination. These three, Byron,

Wordsworth and Shelley, were equally in harmony with their own times, and with the social phenomena succeeding the out-burst of the French Revolution, but they regarded the world around them from different points of view, and hence arose the stronger features of their dissimilarity. Byron was, however, the truest as well as the most rhythmical exponent of his age. He uttered the common but indistinct feelings of men of that day in their most beautiful and poetic form—the melancholy occasioned by the departure of a former system—the full intelligence of the discord and ruin around—and a sad despair of any better fruits, but only the fear of deeper and deeper degradation:—these were the feelings which gave inspiration to Byron, but to them was added new poignancy from the unhappy events of his life, which never suffered him to be in harmony himself with the external world around him. To use his own words, his experience made him feel that

Our life is a false nature, it is not in
The harmony of things.

That doubt which found an oracular voice in Byron has not yet passed away: perhaps the doubt itself is now more widely diffused, though less intense, and considerably modified in its nature; but we have no longer the agony which at first accompanied it, nor have we the same despair of better things, for we are now confident of a brighter day than the former, as soon as the sun has fairly appeared above the horizon. We are still in the gloom of twilight, but we know that the day will soon break, so that our uncertainty manifests itself under less exaggerated forms; but it exists not the less on this account. As far as the poetry of doubt is concerned—that is irrevocably gone—Byron's harp is unstrung; the fountain once so prolific of melody is musical no more—the dead bones can not be revived by the wand of any enchanter—that phase of society of which he was the utterance can never return—the sources of his poetry are exhausted, and his poetry belongs to the past. The same may be said, though in a different degree, of Wordsworth and Shelley. The circumstances—the age which produced them have departed, and though they are rather the prophets of the future than the reproducers of the past, yet when another birth of poetry shall be vouchsafed to us, it will have its own peculiar characteristics, as it will be due to its own peculiar causes. As poetry is the earliest flower to bloom in the gardens of Literature, so it is the first to fade. The generation of great poets produced by the French Revolution are now no more—they have fulfilled their glorious mission and have left the stage—all that we now have of poetical are but the echoes, more or less melodious, of their 'dying fall.'

The phenomena are more or less analogous in the other departments of Literature; but in pro-

portion as they recede from poetry their development has been more or less retarded. The change in novel-writing, introduced by Sir Walter Scott, followed so close upon the resuscitation of poetry that it might be almost said to have accompanied it. It was, however, of later growth, but its longer continuance in a flourishing state may be attributed to its having been previously a less hackneyed field, perhaps as much as to its more tardy development. But every one who has studied the indications of the literary world must have perceived that the palmy days of novel-writing are over, and that prose fiction is gradually losing its interest and its power, though we may not as yet be able easily to recognize its diminished hold on the public mind. Were it not that the true taste for works of fiction had almost expired, and been replaced by a prurient avidity for excitement without any reference to the artistic merits of execution, we might not have had to regret your abandonment of this department of letters. Bulwer, too, has withdrawn from the field: and though Cooper, James, Marryat still occasionally write, yet how much of their former spirit is fled; and as for the host of petty stars that still shine on, how unlike are they to the brilliancy that is passing away! That taste which appreciates excellence in novel-writing, and enjoys just in proportion as it appreciates, no longer exists as the general characteristic of the reading public. The failure of the product and the failure of the exciting cause are correlatives and consentaneous; the one may always be taken as evidence of the other. Novel-writing has run its race, and the lust for novel-reading is already on the wane; not that, by any means, I would assert that novel-readers will ever cease to be numerous, or that I would deny the possibility of a revival in the department of fiction, but before the latter can be feasible, there must first have been a new impregnating spirit which will render the succeeding literature of romance a revivification of the present, rather than a continuation of it. The old corporation has expired by the death or resignation of its members: it can not again discharge its legitimate functions until it has been re-chartered.

The present condition of Philosophy, Political, Moral and Intellectual, is scarcely less significant. Even Bentham and Mills, though infinitely more profound than the Scotch school to which they succeeded, belonged, like them, rather to the by-gone system than to any new one. They were the last word of Paley's scheme; and though their works may be a rich mine of materials for subsequent structures, though much may be discovered in their writings which the coming age will gladly seize upon and embody, yet even that will be found there in a rude and chaotic state. At most, they appertain to a season of preparation, when old fabrics are overthrown, their materials examined, and fresh masses cut out from the quarry to be

afterwards fitted into their appropriate places. In other Philosophy, the works produced have been all nearly of the same cast; much has been attempted, nothing satisfactorily achieved—they are in part the highest and ultimate expression of an effete system—in part the menstruum in which float about the timbers of an incipient structure; but to a still greater extent they are subversive of every thing which preceded them.

One particular department has, indeed, of late years raised its head above the waters of the deluge which covers the ruins and crumbling foundations of a former world. I mean Historical Philosophy, and under this head I would include much of what Victor Cousin and his followers have produced, as well as the more obvious publications of Guizot and the recent Historical school of France. Even these, however, have not as yet built up any finished edifice—their efforts have been rather a vague tentative, from whose partial success we may form vast anticipations, and augur most favorably of the future, than either satisfactory in themselves, or initiatory of any permanent and sufficient system. But to this point we hope to have an opportunity of returning on some subsequent occasion.

The changes of Science are less easily observed beforehand than those in the other departments of intellect, on account of the general abstruseness of the subjects with which it is concerned, and its confinement, for the most part, to the closets of a few retired votaries. For the same reason it is less liable to be affected suddenly by the revolutions which convulse the rest of the world, and is accordingly much later in receiving the permeating influence of a spirit of general innovation. But that a disintegration is at this moment taking place in the recognized systems of science, and a great mutation impending, is evident, if from no other fact, yet from this, that numerous attempts have been made of late years to classify and re-organize the physical sciences upon a new and more comprehensive basis so as to make them articulate intimately with each other, and to fuse them into one great, harmonious and homogeneous whole—a *magnum integrum et unicum curriculum scientiarum*. Some of these attempts have been rude and outré enough; but their very existence, their very possibility of conception is significant of the general consciousness of present imperfection, and of the vague desire of a radical and universal reintegration. I do not allude here to the reformation of the science of optics, in accordance with the discoveries of Young and Fresnel, nor to the prospective adunation of Electricity, Magnetism, Galvanism and the cognate sciences, because as these are either partial changes, or new discoveries, and as their immediate influence is limited to the departments in which they have arisen, they might exist and be carried on independently of any *Great Instauration*. (You will excuse me for so fre-

quently employing Baconian terms.) But in stating this disorganization of Science, and its impulse towards a reformation of itself, we are not left solely to inference from facts, however pregnant of meaning. Inference might be fallible though the indications of the spirit it would suppose were never so strong. But writers on Science themselves, the Levites of the inner Temple, a class of men the last to recognize the approaches of any universal change, have frequently and expressly declared, in late years, their consciousness of a revolutionary movement within their own borders. Nay, Professor Whewell himself, in his late instructive works on the Inductive Sciences, has composed and published two ponderous treatises in a full reliance upon this faith, and has even attempted, in imitation of Bacon, to assume the office of herald of the approaching change, though seriously he can not be considered as much more than the fly on the wheel.

If any thing further were wanting to prove the chaotic state of the intellectual world at the present time, the proof is before us in all the grand departments of social life. It may be seen in the violent antagonism of political opinions, in the conscious want of a new spirit in legislation, with a concomitant ignorance, on the part of legislators as well as others, as to the means to be adopted for giving practical form and accomplishment to their desires. It may be seen no less in legal changes; but more than all in the dissensions and convulsions which are now agitating the body of every organized ecclesiastical system. In the Church the elements are at work, and every thing portends a second reformation and a new birth in religion as soon as some Luther may arise to dispel the clouds which are now lowering upon us. I might dwell upon this subject—I might show how the Great Reformation was partial, how its principles were not fully seized by the Reformers themselves, how they have been perverted, misapplied and misunderstood by all subsequent churches styling themselves Protestant; but I am afraid I have travelled somewhat out of my path in noticing these phases of the moral world, and, moreover, the subject would demand a dissertation for itself. But I would ask, can any stronger indications of the present disintegrated state of the intellectual world be required, any more convincing proofs of the revolution which is now in progress to end with a great Reformation in all Literature?

I have by no means exhausted my subject, but I have exhausted my paper, and perhaps your patience. I think I have shown enough, however, to prove in what point of view we should at the present moment regard Literature. I must reserve for subsequent communications the exposition of the many points connected with this subject, and of those reflections for the sake of which they have

been introduced. In the mean time, I have much pleasure in subscribing myself,

Very sincerely and respectfully,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

GEORGE FREDERICK HOLMES.

Orangeburg, S. C.

TO A MOCKING-BIRD,

HEARD DURING SICKNESS.

Oh! sing again, sweet bird, Oh! sing again,
Thou know'st not how thou cheer'st mine hours of pain!
The changing notes thou warblest out so clear,
Bring my forsaken woodland home so near.

Then, sing again! how oft I've heard that song,
In our green forests burst forth full and strong,
Whilst I have silent stood and breathless heard:
And now, each note seems like a household word.

Must I plead in vain? wilt thou sing no more?
Music's dream in thy heart perhaps is o'er,
Thou canst not sing in the city's scant shade,
For the lone deep forest thy notes were made.

Like thine, oh bird! my songs are faint and few;
I pine sweet nature's sounds to hear and view,
In all their majesty and winning grace,
Her glorious scenes, her beauties "face to face."

I remember one smiling summer morn,
When music and happiness seemed twin-born,
I early strayed the fields and groves among,
Whilst every grassy spire with gems was hung.

A dove was sighing in an elm's dark shade,
Beneath, a streamlet with the flowers played;
Those mournful tender accents thrilled my soul,
And tears, ah! not of grief, mocked my control.

Near to the lake, far down the verdant dale,
Where yet the mist hung like a silver veil,—
A swelling chorus suddenly uprose:
Now soft—now higher, up to Heaven it soars.

Intent I stood, yet not a sign could see
From which to trace this burst of minstrelsy.
But lo! the sun swept off the mist,—behold
The veil from the choristers is unroll'd.

Perched on each lance-like stalk a small brown bird
Poured forth the mystic music I had heard,
And sang and sang, as though they strove to fill
The air, which trembled with a rapturous shrill.

The vale I left, and climbed the green hill's slope,
When, buoyant as youth's fresh exulting hope,
A lark with mirth and music upward flew,
And singing, rising, vanished from my view.

A little farther on perched o'er a glen,
So wild and lone 'twas seldom trod by men,
A giant of the forest stood alone
Half with the moss and lichen overgrown.

Its topmost bough was black with death; the rest
No bird could wish a greener, thicker nest.

Bright sunbeams fell on the dark unsightly thing,
And there a mock-bird sat and plumed his wing.

Wheeling and settling with sweet trilling note,
He seemed in a graceful waltz to float.
And e'er 'neath his wings, as he upward flew,
A snowy scarf waving around him threw.

Soon the waltz was done; from the blighted bough
Each wild forest minstrel seemed warbling now.
Free as new found vent for a hidden spring
Through the clear bright air did that mimic chant ring.

I listened, my wrapt heart filled with delight,
By the minstrel gay and the sky so bright,
And thanked my Father for the happiness born,
The heart-felt bliss of that musical morn.

L. V.
Mrs. V. Otis Minor.

E. D. TO J. B. D.
Dear Sir to Dr. Dabney.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE S. L. MESSENGER.

Dear Sir,—The two last No.'s of the Messenger have contained a "Reply to E. D. and Mr. Simms," in the form of an able and elaborate Essay, evidently the production of a skilful and practised writer; and, as one of the parties interested in the controversy, I must claim of your courtesy the privilege of a few words in reply.

It is neither my desire nor intention to enter into an elaborate discussion of the question of Literary Property upon which "J. B. D." has exercised so much labor and ingenuity; since the question, so far from being a new one, as he seems to regard it, is in fact a very hackneyed one; the arguments both pro and con, having been fully set forth and exhausted upwards of one hundred years ago in the celebrated case of Millar and Taylor, at the trial of which Lord Mansfield presided; where all was said that could be said on the subject by himself, the two assistant Judges, and Sir William Blackstone on the one side, and by Chief Justice Yeates on the other: afterwards it was re-considered by the whole bench of Judges in the case of Donaldson and Beckett; from thence transferred to the House of Lords, and there fully discussed by Lord Kames, Lord Camden, and others of equal ability. In our own country it has been made the subject of one of the decisions of our Supreme Court, and ably discussed in several numbers of the American Jurist, published at Boston. It would, therefore, be next to impossible to say any thing *new* on the subject, and as I presume, most intelligent readers would prefer, in the words of Horace,

"Petere fontes, quam sectari rivos,"

to those sources I would respectfully refer them for information on the subject. But whilst acknowledging the courtesy and ability manifested by the writer of the "Reply," I must yet be permitted to correct some statements affecting myself, which that piece contains; nor do I think that "J. B. D."

displays his wonted kindness and courtesy in some of his introductory paragraphs, to which I would call the attention of yourself and readers.

He states in the commencement of his article, that he

"Would not have ventured to have mingled in the controversy, had not the partizans of this legislative novelty in a spirit of wholesale defamation, charged the American people with an obliquity of moral perception and criminal indifference to the sacred rights of property, because they have been slow to embrace a scheme fraught with the most disastrous consequences to the cause of popular education and the interests of the American publisher."

Thus constituting himself the champion of the American people against the assaults of those "outside barbarians," E. D. and Mr. Simms, and winding up with a charge against my unfortunate self, of endorsing the stale slanders of British tourists, because I have ventured to hint that my countrymen had not quite reached perfection, and have alluded to some unfortunate facts which he himself in the next paragraph admits and deplures.

If an attack upon a few venal and hungry publishers can be construed into an attempt to hold up the American people to contempt, I must plead guilty to the charge, but not otherwise; since in my remarks, I limited their application to a particular class of publishers, the cheap ones, in contradistinction to the old established houses of Harpers, Carey & Hart, and others; and as J. B. D. talks much of "the argument of Epithet," I would advise him to be certain of his position before launching his thunders at the heads of those obstinate individuals who can not be persuaded that

"Black's not black,
Nor white so very white,"

nor induced to regard the perpetrators of Literary Larceny as benefactors to their country.

As regards the charge of my having urged "a want of faith as a national characteristic," is a misapprehension of my meaning on the part of J. B. D., as may plainly be perceived by a reference to the context wherein the passage occurs; and I doubt not that his own candor will induce him to admit the error into which a hasty perusal of my Essay has naturally led him. For the words used by me were these:

"The great want of this country is a want of faith, we do not mean religious faith, but use the term in its most comprehensive sense of confidence in human integrity and honesty, without which enlarged views and liberal feelings can not exist among a people."

Which charges our countrymen only with being a suspicious people according to the definition there given of the term "faith." The meaning, however, might easily be mistaken.

And here I must be allowed in all good temper, to point out to J. B. D. an inconsistency of which he himself has been guilty, since he is so critical as regards others. In the commencement of his Essay, he pounces fiercely down upon Mr. Simms

for expressing a jealousy of the designs of English authors, yet, on the very next page, he himself attributes the excitement on the subject of International Copyright to the "cupidity of English authors, who wish to engross our literary market; and hence their animosity against every man who has the hardihood to question the validity of their claims to such a lucrative monopoly," although how a "monopoly" could be created by placing American and English authors on precisely the same footing, would (I think) puzzle that proverbially acute individual, "a Philadelphia lawyer," to explain. I do not desire to appear captious in these strictures, more especially towards a writer, who has accorded me more praise than is justly my due, and whose skill in the defence of a weak cause has proved how ably he could defend a strong one; but I feel bound to justify myself from imputations I have not merited; and really esteem it rather hard, to have braved the displeasure of a large and influential class, for (as I believed) the public benefit; and in return, to be held up to that very public as one of its traducers and maligners.

I well knew that it would have been a far more pleasant, as well as more popular task, to have pampered the vanity of the "dear public," and fed them upon the sugared words of flattery, in place of proclaiming hard and unpalatable truths; but I would scorn myself, could motives such as these deter me from openly expressing, and boldly proclaiming what I believe to be the truth.

My strictures upon the system of literary piracy, dignified with the name of "cheap publication," were severe; they were intended to be so. I believed that a corrupt and rotten system was to be attacked, one which had wormed itself, under false pretexts, into the confidence of the people, who were blind to its enormities—that a great moral reform was to be wrought—and that, in the words of the French statesman, "revolutions were not to be made out of rose-water:"—therefore, I spoke out plainly; and that my strictures were felt to contain some truth is evidenced by the fact, that they have returned to me in the newspapers from almost every section of the Union. This is the head and front of my offending; and, to use the words of a great man for a small occasion, "if this be treason, make the most of it."

And here I had intended to close this letter; but the skill displayed by J. B. D. in "making the worse appear the better reason," and the plausible manner in which he has arrayed popular prejudices against the rights of authors, induce me to venture to tax the patience of your readers a little further; though I shall be "curst brief," as Sir Toby Belch has it.

J. B. D. is evidently a lawyer, (or should be one if he is not,) since his Essay is the most ingenious piece of special pleading it has been my fortune to meet with recently; he commences his argu-

ment with a "petitio principii," and after very liberally conceding to himself his own premises, proceeds to establish thereon his several propositions; which lead him safely and triumphantly to his conclusion; which is, that an International Copyright would be unjust and inexpedient, would work great injury to the American people, by causing the publishers to pay for what they now "appropriate," and would in fact be "granting a monopoly to English authors," by allowing them the fruits of their own labors; a process of reasoning which I confess myself unable to comprehend, and which reminds me forcibly of the old fable of the boys and frogs, the American publishers representing the boys, and the English authors the frogs, who *will* obstinately croak their dissent to the "fun" of the publishers, and ungratefully refuse to accept puffs (on paper,) as a substitute for bread.

But to proceed to the main point on which this whole matter rests, the argument for an International Copyright is of a two-fold character, and is based both on its justice and its expediency; supposing the first ground to be universally conceded, the second was made the basis of my Essay on the "Character and tendencies of Cheap Literature," and I only incidentally touched upon the other, which, however, is much the stronger of the two, involving as it does the question of moral honesty.

Since, however, J. B. D. has voluntarily chosen this broad platform of *right* to stand on, I am well content to meet him there; and waiving immaterial matters, will devote the remainder of this letter to a reply to his argument on the right of Literary Property.

In order to explain fairly his views, I will state the question in his own words.

"The notion that the rights of authors as defined by the new school of Dickens and Carlyle, rest on the same principles of natural right with property in general, and should in justice be placed upon the same footing, has never been recognized by any government in practice, and if persisted to its legitimate results, involves the most startling conclusions; though E. D. contends that to deny it, would be to strike at the root of all literary labor, and to make the very existence of Copyright a continued injustice."

And again—

"The position of the friends of International Copyright is, that this artificial ownership, thus cautiously limited, is not a mere contrivance of policy, but is analogous in all its features and incidents to other descriptions of property, and founded like them in the paramount laws of nature and justice."

And on this great question of the right of Literary Property, I join issue with him, since he expressly waives the question of expediency in the following just and forcible words, in the truth of which I heartily concur.

"Expediency can never enter into the discussion of a just claim, except with those who make utility the basis of all moral obligation."

In the very statement of the case, he falls into

an error; since this "notion," as he contemptuously terms it, is by no means the offspring "of the new school of Dickens and Carlyle," but has obtained the sanction of such names as those of Hale, Hardwicke, Mansfield, Blackstone, and other great English lawyers; and in our own country of Madison, Story, Webster, Thompson and innumerable others. It is not a "Yankee notion," but a good old English one; a genuine article, and no counterfeit.

He is mistaken, too, in supposing that "it has been recognized by no government in practice;" for it was not only recognized, but acted upon under the British Government, until the passage of the Statute of 8 Ann, which restricted and limited the exercise of the right to a certain specified time, as I am prepared to prove; it has been recognized and acted upon in Norway and Sweden, where the Copyright is perpetual; in Russia, where every author or publisher has the exclusive property during his life; and after his death, his children or heirs; with the additional privilege, that no printed or manuscript work can be sold for the payment of the author's debts; a similar provision to which was made by Louis XV. of France in favor of Cr billon, proving that the same right then existed there.

The Copyright is also perpetual in Germany, and it certainly has not operated as a restraint in that country on the diffusion of knowledge. It was one of the earliest acts of the French Revolution, to acknowledge Literary Property, on a comprehensive principle; and Dr. Lieber, whose erudition and candor no one can doubt, states that "he does not remember any modern constitution which does not acknowledge it; if there are any they must be in South America, and might be easily accounted for by the little attention this property may have yet attracted in some of these states."

But J. B. D. in another passage comes out still more boldly, and proclaims that

"Copyright is in truth the mere creature of legislation, produced and fashioned exclusively with a view to the interests of the community where it is established, and which should endure no longer than is consistent with those interests. It is a gratuity, a bounty," &c.

This is liberal enough to the community, but the unhappy author is totally lost sight of and forgotten, and to sustain his view of the matter, he refers to the history of the past; yet from the very same source will I prove to him that this right is coeval with all other rights; and has been restricted and cramped by the selfish policy of modern legislation far below its legitimate boundaries. Before the invention of printing, when copies of MSS. were slowly and laboriously multiplied by transcription, there was not the same facility in appropriating the fruits of another's intellect, as there has been since that momentous invention; and, therefore, the question of Copyright was not apt to occur; such MSS. were then expensive luxuries, to be enjoyed

only by the wealthy, or collected in public libraries at great cost. Neither the opportunity nor temptation was therefore presented of filching literary property: yet that the Romans attached the same value to literary property, that they did to all other species, is evidenced by many facts, such as the well authenticated sales of literary copies, for recital, by Martial, Statius and Terence.

It is true, that by the Roman law, if a person wrote any thing upon the parchment of another, the writing was considered to belong to the owner of the blank material, a rule which had reference to the mechanical operation of writing only, and which did not apply to works of genius and invention—as in painting upon another's canvass—in which case, the same law gave the canvass to the painter, as Blackstone well observes.

When in the fifteenth century the art of printing was invented, and an infinite number of copies could be speedily made of an author's work, Copyright first became of consequence. And it was the universal opinion, that an author *had the exclusive right of printing his own work, and that he might transfer the right to others*. John Otto of Nuremberg, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, is said to have been the first who made contracts for Copyright, as publisher, and some years after there were two dealers who set up in the same way at Leipsic. (American Jurist.) In the very infancy of printing, Martin Luther thus proclaims the right: "What does that mean, my dear gentlemen printers, that one robs so publicly the other, and steals from him what is his own? It is a manifestly unfair thing, that we shall sacrifice labor and expenses, and others shall have the profit of it, we however the loss." And again, he calls the piratical printing of his translation of the Bible, "a right great robbery which God assuredly will punish, and is ill-befitting any honest Christian soul," (quoted by Lieber.) I imagine that J. B. D. would find it rather difficult to discover the statute under which Luther claimed, unless it should be one written by the finger of Divinity upon the heart of man; yet no one then dared dispute his title to the rewards of his own labor. John Milton, too, in his glorious "speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing," although an enthusiast for the liberty of the press, yet speaks of "the just retaining of each man his several 'copy,' which God forbid should be gainsaid." "And yet," as Judge Willes remarks, in commenting on this passage, "this Copyright could at that time (1644) stand upon no other foundation than natural justice and Common Law. Those who were for, and those who were against a licenser, all agreed, that literary property was not the effect of arbitrary power, but of law and justice, and therefore ought to be safe:" (4 Burr. Reports, 2,314.)

This would seem conclusive on the subject, and for the proper understanding of Milton's precise

meaning, it may not be amiss, to give Lord Mansfield's definition of the technical meaning of the word "copy," as understood at that time. In the case of Millar and Taylor, to which I shall presently refer the reader, he says :

"I use the word 'copy' in the *technical sense* in which that name, or term, *has been used for ages*, to signify an incorporeal right to the sole printing and publishing of somewhat intellectual, communicated by letters." "*The property in this copy is equally detached from the MS., or any physical existence whatever.*"

And again—

"*The property in the copy thus narrowed, may equally go down from generation to generation, and possibly continue forever, though neither the author nor his representative, should have any MS. whatsoever of the work, original, duplicate or transcript.*"

So that Luther, Milton and Lord Mansfield, must all have been mistaken, if J. B. D.'s statement be correct, that

"Copyright is in fact the mere creature of legislation, produced and fashioned exclusively with a view to the interest of the community where it is established," &c.

Justice Willes also in the same celebrated case thus speaks :

"The name 'copy of a book' which has been used for ages as a term to signify the sole right of printing, publishing and selling, shows this species of property to have been long known, and to have existed in fact and usage as long as the name." (this was in 1769.)

And the strongest proof of the existence of literary property under the Common Law, is afforded by the fact, that Lord Hardwicke granted an injunction against printing the *Paradise Lost* of Milton : the title to which was derived by an assignment from the poet himself seventy two years before ; the statutory time having long run out.

The existence of literary property was recognized by various decrees of the Court of Star Chamber, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and by several acts of Parliament in the seventeenth century, as we learn from the English law books ; and in the entries of the "stationers' companies," there are persons fined for "printing other men's copies." (American Jurist.)

"As late as 1769 in the great case in which was involved the right to print 'Thomson's Seasons,' (4 Burr.) one of the questions discussed was, whether at Common Law an author has the sole and exclusive Copyright in himself, or his assigns in perpetuity ; and it appears from the verdict of the jury in that case, that it had been the custom to purchase from authors the perpetual Copyright of their books, to assign the same from hand to hand for valuable consideration, and to make the same the subject of family settlements for the provision of wives and children." (American Jurist.)

That it is not a "monopoly" as J. B. D. calls it, and never has been so considered, is proved by the fact, that in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., when the most bitter and unsparing war was made upon all "monopolies," "copies" of literary works

were protected, and were not viewed in the same light as a trade, manufacture, or mechanical inventions.

I have been thus minute, I fear tediously so, as to the true nature of Copyright, because it is a matter of vital importance to the interests and the dignity of authors, that it should be placed upon the proper ground of right and justice ; and not be deemed as a "bounty or gratuity," when in fact it is their own by right and law, in the enjoyment of which, so far from having been fostered by legislation, they have been wronged and despoiled ; and like Sampson of old, made the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the benefit of their legal Philistines, who have blinded their eyes and fettered their limbs. The act of 8 Ann was intended only as declaratory of the Common Law, having been passed upon the prayer of the publishers and proprietors of Copyright, who wished for a more summary and full remedy than was attainable at Common Law, and in 1710 that act was passed, which for a long time was regarded only as declaratory of the Common Law, but which finally was adjudged to have superseded it, though this decision was in opposition to the opinion of two of the most famous English lawyers, Mansfield and Blackstone.

In our own country, under the Federal Constitution, the right of literary property was recognized by the several States in their legislation on the subject of Copyright ; most, if not all of them having passed acts to secure their Copyrights to authors and publishers, thus pre-supposing the existence of a right which they wished to secure. But the matter is not left to conjecture. Mr. Madison, who introduced a resolution, as chairman of a committee to Congress, on the 27th May, 1783, by which the several States were recommended "to secure to authors, their executors, administrators and assigns, the Copyright of their books," thus expresses his own opinion in the 43rd No. of the Federalist. "The Copyright of authors has been solemnly adjudged in Great Britain, to be a right at Common Law."

Judge Story in his Commentaries, expressly admits the Common Law right of authors. (3d Story, 481.) Chancellor Kent gives no positive opinion. But the most important recognition of this right of property in authors, independent of legislation, is to be found in the report of the committee of Congress, which accompanied the presentation of the Copyright Law of 1831, (our present law on the subject.) The chairman of the judiciary committee, Mr. Ellsworth, made a report, a portion of which I will quote, as showing the basis of our Copyright Law and the conclusions to which a thorough examination of the subject unavoidably led them.

"Upon the first principles of proprietorship in property an author has an exclusive and perpetual right in preference to

any other to the fruits of his labor. Though the nature of literary property is peculiar, it is not the less real and valuable. If labor and effort in producing what before was not possessed or known, will give title, then the literary man has title, perfect and absolute, and should have his reward; he writes and he labors as assiduously, as does the mechanic, or husbandman. 'The scholar who secludes himself and wastes his life, and often his property, to enlighten world, has the best right to the profits of those labors—the planter, the mechanic, the professional man, can not prefer a better title to what is admitted to be his own. It can not be for the interest or honor of our country, that intellectual labor should be depreciated, and laborious study terminate in disappointment and poverty.'

That the committee did not report a bill for perpetual Copyright in consonance with the views expressed in the report, is easily accounted for, from the fact of the public mind not being sufficiently prepared for it; from want of due consideration of the subject, which is only brought home to the minds of the authors, who feel the injustice of being deprived of their rightful property; and of a few literary dabblers, like myself, who have no interest in it, further than that which every honest man and good citizen should feel in promoting the cause of truth and justice.

From hence it appears, that although J. B. D. has never "heard of this principle having ever been adopted by any government in practice," it was in fact at the bottom of the English Law of Copyright, and was made the inducement, and motive cause of the passage of our act of 1831; and if this was considered as an act of simple justice to our authors, it should apply equally to those of other countries who reciprocate with us; unless our government is disposed to adopt the Roman policy, with whom the same word was used to signify a stranger and an enemy.

But "J. B. D." goes still further, and proceeds to say,

"No where has it been admitted as a claim of right, or put upon the same footing in point of character, or extent with other possessions."

The fallacy of this statement has been already proved; but he continues as follows:

"Even in England, where his claim of right has been first set up, it was solemnly adjudged as far back as 1774, by the highest legal tribunal of that country, in the case of *Donaldson vs. Becket*, that at Common Law, an author has no exclusive Copyright in his writings, and holds only a temporary interest in them, under the authority of statutes. Here, an opposite principle been decided in that memorable case, it would have followed that by the Common Law of England and of this country, which is essentially the same system, Copyright was perpetual; that it must be subject to the same rules, and guarded by the same sanctions with other property."

The conclusion he arrives at in the last sentences, is precisely similar to that which I have been laboring to establish; though the case, he has quoted would seem conclusive on the opposite side. But unfortunately for his cause, J. B. D. has been misled by the marginal note to that case, in which the real point of

the decision is misstated, no uncommon occurrence, as any one in the habit of consulting Law Reports must have had frequent occasion to observe. The real point decided in that very case is this, that by Common Law and universal usage, an author was entitled to his Copyright in perpetuity, but that the statute of 8 Ann had limited and restricted the exercise of that Common Law right to a certain fixed and definite time; and even this latter point was decided, contrary to the opinions of Lord Mansfield and Sir W. Blackstone, the two greatest lawyers England has ever known, who regarded that statute only as declaratory of the old and established Common Law right.

As the whole question of literary property was fully discussed in these English cases by the most learned and acute lawyers in the realm, I trust that courteous individual, the general reader, will forgive me, if following in the footsteps of J. B. D., I should lead him for a time from the pleasant fields of literature, into the thorny paths of law; and request his presence at the celebrated case of *Millar and Taylor*, (4 Burr. Rep. 2302), tried in the Court of K. B. in 1769, at which Lord Mansfield presided, with three assistant Judges; and which was argued by such lawyers as Dunning, Thurlow and Blackstone.

So far from the question being even then considered a novel one, the reporter commences with the following remarks:

"This case was a revival of the old and often litigated question concerning literary property, and it was the first determination which the question ever received in this Court of King's Bench."

That is, the first time it was contested, the previous proceedings being by injunction in chancery; for as early as 1680, an injunction was had, to restrain the publication of "*Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*," whereby the proprietor lost the profit and benefit of his "copy." In this case of *Millar and Taylor*, the subject matter of which was the publication of "*Thomson's Seasons*," Lord Mansfield and two of the assistant Judges declared in the strongest terms, the Common Law right of an author to the Copyright of his own work in perpetuity, after as well as before publication; and Justice Yeates alone dissenting, delivered an opinion which contains all that could be, or has since been urged against this right; the arguments in which have since been reiterated by M. A. C. Renouard in France; the Austrian publishers in their country, by the cheap ones here, and recently by J. B. D. in the columns of the *Messenger*. The leading argument is simply this, that property can not be predicated of thought, and that the term Literary Property, ought to be banished from the language of the law; but that, nevertheless, the sole right of multiplication ought to be bestowed upon the author for a limited time, on account of his merit and the benefits he confers upon society! "But," as it has

been well remarked in reply, "although property can not be predicated of *thought*, yet it can be of *composition*, of work, and so far from the author's abandoning his right on publication, he only then first avails himself of the value of his property by publishing his work. And for all civil intercourse property is as though it had no existence, so long as the owner can not affix exchangeable value to it. To say then, that a composition is the property of the author, so long as he chooses to keep it in his desk, but that he forfeits the ownership as soon as he publishes the composition, is saying, 'this is your property, but the act itself of availing yourself of this property, deprives you of it!' which is absurd!" (Lieber.) This argument appears to me unanswerable, and is very similar to that urged by Lord Mansfield in the case above referred to, to which we will now return; keeping in mind the technical meaning of the word "copy," as defined by Lord Mansfield, quoted in a previous part of this letter.

After a full hearing of the arguments on both sides, and when the inferior Judges had delivered their opinions, two being in favor of "copy" and one opposed to it, Lord Mansfield proceeded to deliver the opinion of the court, on the following questions, giving at the same time his reasons for such decision:

"1st. Whether an author's property in his own literary compositions is such as will entitle him, at Common Law, to the sole right of multiplying the copies of it.

"2ndly. Whether the Copyright by his own publication of the work is necessarily given away, and his consent to such gift implied by operation of law.

"3rdly. Whether it is taken away from him, or restrained by the statute of 8 Queen Ann?"

These are his words,

"From premises either expressly admitted, or what can not be, and therefore never have been denied, conclusions follow, in my apprehension, *decisive* upon all the objections raised to the *property* of an author in the *copy* of his own work by the Common Law." "This property is equally detached from the MS. or any other *physical existence* whatsoever." "The property of the 'copy' thus narrowed, may equally go down from generation to generation and possibly continue forever, though neither the author nor his representatives should have any MS. whatsoever of the work, original, duplicate, or transcript."

He then proceeds to consider the second question; of course my limits compel me to give only extracts; but none have been garbled, or their meaning perverted:

"All objections which hold as much to the kind of property *before*, as to the kind of property *after* publication, go for nothing; they prove *too much*; from what source, then, is the Common Law drawn which is admitted to be so clear in respect of the 'copy' *before* publication? From this argument, because it is *just* that an author should reap the pecuniary profits of his own ingenuity and labor: it is *just* that another should not use his name without his consent. It is *fit* that he should judge when he will publish, or if he ever will publish. It is *fit* that he should not only choose the time, but the manner of publication. But the same reasons hold *after* the author has published."

And after giving a long list of reasons, thus concludes:

"For these and many more reasons, it seems to me just and fit to protect the 'copy' *after*, as well as before publication. There is no peculiar objection to the property *after*, except that the property is necessarily made *common* after the book is once published. The argument turns in a circle, 'the copy is made common because the law does not protect it, and the law cannot protect it because it is made common?' The whole then must finally resolve into this question, whether it is agreeable to natural principles of moral justice, and fitness, to allow him the 'copy' *after* publication, as well as before?"

"The general consent of this kingdom for ages is on the affirmative side. The legislative authority has taken it for granted; and interposed penalties to protect it for a time. The single opinion of such a man as Milton, speaking after much consideration, on the very point, is stronger than any inferences from gathering acorns, and seizing a vacant piece of ground, &c." "The *judicial opinions* of those eminent lawyers and great men, who granted or continued injunctions in cases after publication, not within 8 Queen Ann, uncontradicted by any book, judgment or saying, must weigh in any question of law."

On the third question, he says, in relation to the statute of 8 Ann,

"The bill was brought in on the petition of the proprietors to secure their property *forever* by penalties, and the alteration was made in committee to restrain the *perpetual* into a temporary security. Had there been the least intention to *take or declare away* every pretence of right at the Common Law, it would have been expressly enacted, and a different preamble from the one as it now stands."

He concludes his opinion with the following impressive words:

"The subject at large is exhausted, and therefore I have not gone into it. I have had frequent opportunities to consider of it. I have travelled in it for many years. Many of the precedents were tried by my advice. The accurate and elaborate investigation of the matter in this cause, and in the former case of Tonson and Collins, has confirmed me in what I always inclined to think, that the Court of Chancery did right in giving relief upon the foundation of a *legal property* in authors, independent of the entry, the term for years, and the other provisions annexed to the act."

Judgment was accordingly given for the Plaintiff, and an injunction issued. This was in 1774; four years afterwards the matter came before the House of Lords upon an appeal from a Decree of the Court of Chancery founded upon this judgment, in the case of Donaldson vs. Becket, quoted by J. B. D. Upon this appeal certain questions were propounded to the 12 Judges, to which 11 responded, Lord Mansfield giving no opinion, "it being unusual," says the reporter, "for a Peer to support his own judgment on an appeal to the House of Lords, although it was known his opinions had *not* changed."

These questions were the same as set forth above in the case of Millar and Taylor; and on the first question 8 Judges voted in the affirmative, and but 3 in the negative.

On the 2nd, 7 to 4; and, on the 3rd, 5 to 6. So that had Lord Mansfield voted, they would have

been equally balanced upon the 3rd question, upon which the case was decided; the majority on the other question being decisive of their opinions, that literary property did exist under the Common Law both *before* and *after* publication. On these answers the *House of Lords* reversed the decree; although the highest *legal authority* in the realm was in its favor.

The reporter goes on to say, that

"The Universities were so much alarmed at the consequences of this determination that they applied for and obtained an Act of Parliament, establishing in perpetuity their right to all the copies given them heretofore, or which might hereafter be given to or acquired by them."

In commenting on this decision, the late Judge Thompson, of the Supreme Court, remarks,

"That the law of England has not been considered as settled in conformity with the vote on this last question is very certain; for it is the constant practice in Chancery to grant injunctions to restrain printers from publishing the works of others; which practice can only be sustained on the ground that the penalties given by the statute, are not the only remedy that can be resorted to."

At the risk of being tedious, I have quoted largely from these old cases, because they contain the true doctrine of literary property, and are the fountain heads from whence correct ideas of the rights of authors are to be drawn. I do not think that I owe any apology to the reader, for giving him the lucid and powerful arguments of Lord Mansfield, in lieu of my own crude conceptions, since I am more than willing, that the advocate should be entirely overlooked, so that the glorious cause can only enlist that attention, which its importance and justice challenge at the hands of the American people, a people who need only know the right, to pursue and embrace it.

There are many plausible but specious arguments adduced by J. B. D. in support of his view of the case, which I should take pleasure in answering; but being well aware that most controversies, whether laical or polemical, are far more interesting to the parties concerned than to the public at large, I fear to prolong this letter which has already far exceeded the limits to which I had intended to restrict it.

As, however, the whole argument of J. B. D. is predicated upon the assumption that there is no such thing as literary property independent of positive legislation, which position, I trust, has been proved fallacious, it follows that the rest of his argument must go for nothing, since the superstructure can not stand after the foundation on which it rested has been removed.

So skilfully has he argued the question of expediency, that I would have devoted a few words to an answer, had J. B. D. not enlisted in this quarrel, my accomplished friend, Mr. Simms, whose superior abilities will do more justice to the subject than could have been effected by my feeble pen.

There are, nevertheless, one or two positions

laid down by J. B. D. which I can not refrain from briefly commenting on. In an early part of his elegant Essay, he "defies the most subtle and ingenious advocate of Copyright to distinguish on the principles of natural justice between property in thoughts promulgated in books, and thoughts orally communicated;" and dexterously applying the "*reductio ad absurdum*," extends it to common conversation. Now really it seems to me that the distinction to be drawn between a careless conversation and an elaborate composition is so obvious as to strike the meanest capacity; and although laying claim neither to "subtlety nor ingenuity," I can explain the difference between them in a few words. The distinction is simply this: into the one, *labor* enters and gives it a value; into the other it does not; the manifest design in the one case, is to attach a value and to make it permanent; in the other to give it away. The latter is the peel of the orange which is carelessly thrown away; the former, the fruit itself carefully retained for the use and benefit of the owner. And that property may be predicated of composition even orally communicated, has been established beyond doubt by the injunctions which, have been issued to restrain the publication of lectures orally delivered; an instance of which occurred in New York but a few years since, in the case of a publication of the lectures of a celebrated Surgeon from the notes taken by a student.

As to the fear expressed by J. B. D., that "insuperable barriers will be opposed to the diffusion of knowledge" by according to every author the exclusive property in his own works: besides being a waiver of the question of right, it is refuted by the very nature of the property itself, since the only profitable use an author can make of his works, is by diffusing and multiplying the copies of them; for if shut up in his desk, they are perfectly valueless.

The analogy which J. B. D. attempts to establish between the enjoyment of light and air, and of thought, is too subtle and ingenious to be allowed to pass without comment. A moment's reflection will suffice to show that it is far more plausible than solid, since the enjoyment of the former is restricted to no one place or people, but by the gift of a benevolent Creator is diffused throughout all space, and is not created by human labor, but received as a boon from on high. While the other owes its very existence to human effort and human toil, and may be either promulgated or suppressed at the will of the individual within whose brain it is generated and brought to light; and to say that his right is alienated by the only means he can adopt to avail himself of its use, would be to advocate a glaring and palpable injustice.

I have but a single word more to add, and it is of regret, that one so acute as J. B. D. has proved himself to be, should be driven by the weakness of

his cause to adopt the miserable, turgid fallacy of Lord Camden, "that glory alone should be the reward of science, and those who deserve it should scorn all meaner views," making the very merits of authors "the whip to scourge them with," advocating their starvation, because no reward could be given adequate to their deserts; for such is the sentiment he expresses in the following paragraph:

"They felt like Milton when he sold the Copyright of *Paradise Lost* for the paltry sum of twenty pounds, that fame was not to be weighed against pecuniary emolument; that the noblest recompense of intellectual effort consists in the contemplation of its beneficent effects, and in the grateful applauses of mankind."

True! such is the noblest, but should it be the *only* recompense? because it is *beyond price*, shall it therefore command *no price at all*? The illustration he has chosen is a most unhappy one for his cause, for never was the world's injustice to literary men more signally displayed than in the case of Milton! Was the sale of the Copyright alluded to a voluntary thing on his part, when "old, blind and poor, with darkness and with dangers compassed round;" or was that "paltry sum" the greatest he could wring from a niggard publisher, and necessary to keep him and his household from starvation?

It is a sad subject to be merry on, but reasoning of this kind always reminds me of Falstaff's "soliloquy on honor," "will it set an arm or a leg?" So might I ask, will the shadow of a distant fame answer the poor author as a substitute for the comforts or the necessities of life? It did not in the case of Camoens who perished miserably in a hospital; it did not save Cervantes from the knowing agonies of hunger; nor the thousand other martyrs of mind, to number whom would be as endless as to count the sands upon the sea-shore. Was it for glory or for bread that Shakspeare wrote his undying plays? They were written to fill the Globe Playhouse. What induced Johnson to write his *Rasselas*? To defray the funeral expenses of a dying mother. A thousand other instances might be cited to show that the stimulus of fame great and powerful as it is, and ever has been, has not been the sole inducement to literary production, nor its contemplated reward; and that minds of the most ethereal temper chained to gross, earthly bodies, must act with reference to their wants and cravings. Even Samuel Johnson, one of the mightiest intellects England has ever known, when in squalid poverty he wandered at midnight through the streets of London, with a friend as wretched and poverty-stricken as himself, gnawed by the fierce cravings of hunger and despairing wretchedness,—had the choice been then presented him, would have chosen one good substantial meal, and a happy home, instead of the loudest blast that ever echoed from the trumpet of fame.

And now, having I fear sorely taxed the reader's

patience, I will bid him farewell, with the promise that on this subject I shall not trouble him again; and in concluding, I can not avoid doing justice to the great ability and courtesy, manifested by my respected opponent, J. B. D., who, if he has "lost his cause, has gained his end," by proving, how much talent can strengthen a weak argument, and lend dignity to a feeble cause. With an apology to yourself and readers for occupying so much of your time and attention,

I remain, &c.

E. D.

Columbia, S. C., May 12, 1844,

GROUPED THOUGHTS AND SCATTERED FANCIES.

A COLLECTION OF SONNETS.

By the author of "*Atalantis*," "*Southern Passages and Pictures*," &c.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I have entitled these little poems "Sonnets," for no better reason than that they contain fourteen lines. They better deserve the appellation in the English, than the Italian, sense. They have grown upon me in the progress of years. Some of them are of very early, and some of recent, composition. All of them have grown out of passing suggestions, and belong to that class of occasional productions, which naturally fall from the pen of a professional author in the intervals between his regular labors. The earlier poems have had the benefit of late revision.

I.

Spirit that dwellest in the opening flower,
And bathest in the morning's earliest dew,—
Thou that hast wings to hurry on the hour,
And makest that lovely which were else but true;
Yielding fresh odor for the hungering sense,
Teaching the zephyr mournful eloquence,
And, when he brings his worship to the rose,
That givest such heavenly sweetness to his tone,
That fancy straightway deems it music's own!
Come to me, spirit, from thy far domain—
Fain would I, with a tenderness like thine,
To her I love, of her I love, complain;
For she hath beckon'd me to seek her shrine,
Beholds me there, yet nothing heeds my pain.

II.

I will breathe music in the little bell
That cups this flower, until it takes a tone
For every feeling human heart has known:
Though hearts their secrets may not often tell,
Mine is the charm to win them: I will wake
Strains, which though new to men, they shall not
fail
To tremble as they hear,—as an old tale,
Will with new joy the absent wanderer take,

Moving his spirit with a strange delight !

Love will I win from friendship—the old lure
Will I make new, and all the new secure ;
And beauty never thence shall fade from sight !
Think not I mock thee—spells of higher power
Are gathered in the blue depths of this flower.

III.

Sweet Lady ! in the name of one no more,
Both of us loved and neither shall forget,
Make me thy brother,—though our hearts before,
Perchance, have never in communion met ;
Give me thy gentle memories, though there be,
Between our forms some thousand miles of sea,
Wild tract and wasted desert :—let me still,
Whate'er the joy that warms me, or the thrill,
That tortures, and from which I may not flee,
Hold ever a sweet place within thy breast !
Is this my spirit shall be more than bless'd—
And in my prayers,—if, haply, prayer of mine
Be not a wrong unto a soul like thine,—
There shall be blessings from the skies for thee.

IV.

They tell us—whom the Gods love, die in youth !
'Tis something to die innocent and pure ;
But death without performance, is most sure,
Ambition's martyrdom—worst death, in truth,
To the aspiring temper, fix'd in thought,
Of high achievement ! Happier far are they,
Who, as the Prophet of the Ancients taught,
Hail the bright finish of a perfect day !
With fullest consummation of each aim,
That wrought the hope of manhood—with the
crown,
Fix'd to their mighty brows, of amplest fame,
Who smile at death's approaches and lie down,
Calmly, as one beneath the shade tree yields,
Satisfied of the morrow and green fields.

V.

Let us escape ! This is our holiday—
God's day, devote to rest ; and, through the wood,
We'll wander, and, perchance, find heavenly food,
So, profitless it shall not pass away.
'Tis life, but with sweet difference, methinks,
Here, in the forest ;—from the crowd set free,
The spirit, like escaping song-bird drinks
Fresh sense of music from its liberty.
Thoughts crowd about us with the trees—the shade
Holds teachers that await us : in our ear,
Unwonted, but sweet voices do we hear,
But with rare excellence of tongue persuade :
They do not chide our idlesse,—were content,
All our wanderings were as innocent.

VI.

Arch is profuse in violets—at our feet
They cluster,—not in pride but modesty ;
The damsel pauses as she passes by,
Smiles at them with smiles, and calls them very sweet.

But such beguile me not ! The trees are mine,
These hoary headed masters ;—and I glide,
Humbled, beneath their unpresuming pride,
And wist not much what blossoms bud or shine.
I better love to see yon grandsire oak,
Old Druid, patriarch, lone among his race,—
With blessing, out-stretched arms, as giving
grace,

When solemn rites are said, or bread is broke :
Decay is at his roots,—the storm has been
Among his limbs,—but the old top is green.

VII.

The pine with its green honors ; cypress gray,
Bedded in waters ; crimsoning with bloom,
The maple, that's irreverently gay,
Too soon, methinks, throws off his winter gloom ;
The red bud, lavish in its every spray,
Glowing with promise of the exulting spring,
And over all the laurel, like some king,
Conscious of strength and stature, born for sway.
I care not for their species—never look
For class or order in pedantic book,—
Enough that I behold them—that they lead
To meek retreats of solitude and thought,
Declare me from the world's day-labors freed,
And bring me tidings books have never taught.

VIII.

Woods, waters, have a charm to soothe thine ear,
When common sounds have vex'd it. When the
day
Grows sultry, and the crowd is in thy way,
And working in thy soul much coil and care,—
Betake thee to the forests. In the shade
Of pines, and by the side of purling streams
That prattle all their secrets in their dreams,
Unconscious of a listener,—unafraid,—
Thy soul shall feel their freshening, and the truth
Of nature then, reviving in thy heart,
Shall bring thee the best feelings of thy youth,
When in all natural joys, thy joy had part,
Ere lucre and the narrowing toils of trade
Had turn'd thee to the thing thou wast not made.

IX.

The mighty and the massy of the wood
Compel my worship : satisfied I lie,
With nought in sight but forest, earth and sky,
And give sweet sustenance to precious mood !—
'Tis thus from visible but inanimate things,
We gather mortal reverence. They declare
In silence, a persuasion I must share,
Of hidden sources, far spiritual springs,
Fountains of deep intelligence, and powers,
That man himself pursues not ; and I grow
From wonder into worship, as the show,
Majestic, but unvoiced, through noteless hours,
Imposes on my soul, with musings high,
That, like Jacob's Ladder, lift me to the sky !

X.

These haunts are sacred,—for the vulgar mood
 Loves not seclusion. Here the very day
 Seems in a Sabbath dreaminess to brood,
 The groves breathe slumber—the great tree-tops
 sway
 Drowsily, with the idle-going wind;
 And sweetest images before my mind
 Persuade me into pleasure, with their play.
 Here, fancies of the present and the past
 Delight to mingle, 'till the palpable seems
 Inseparate from the glory in my dreams,
 And golden with the halo round it cast:
 Thus do I live with Rosalind, thus stray
 With Jacques; and churning o'er some native
 rhyme,
 Persuade myself it smacks of the old time.

XI.

There have been earnest fancies in my soul,
 A wilder summons,—deeper cares than these,
 That now possess my spirit and control,
 Subduing me to forests and green trees;
 Thoughts have assailed me in my solitude,
 Of human struggle!—and within mine ear,
 Still and anon as whispering voice I hear,
 That mocks me with my feebleness of mood;
 The puny toil of song—the idle dance
 Of metaphor, and shadows of romance!
 Points to superior struggle—paints the cares
 Of Empire,—the great nation in the toils
 Of impotence, that still in blindness dares,
 And what it cannot elevate despoils.

[To be continued.]

POEMS:

BY PROFESSOR S. H. DICKSON, OF SOUTH CAROLINA. 1844.

We scarcely do right, we of the South, in passing heedlessly by the occasional performances of our amateur writers. Suppose there has been a sort of aristocratic indifference on their part, to the honors of authorship, which makes them rather anxious to avoid publicity or notoriety, when they put their thoughts in print! It is for us not to suffer them to escape so easily. We have too few authors among us—we take too little part in the great concerns of literature—not to make us solicitous of all who contribute, in however slight a degree, in furnishing our quota to the national stock of *belles-lettres*. We must go out of the way, if needs be, to gather up the unconsidered trifles of our professional men—not forgetting how many of the favorite writers of England were of this class—men who turned aside, as if from graver labors, and loitered in the gardens of the muse.

Here now is a little volume, the author of which clearly comes under this classification. Professor Dickson, of the Medical College of South Carolina,

is too well known to the whole country to render it necessary that we should say what are his claims as a scientific man. He is also well known as a polished and skilful reviewer and a graceful essayist. There are few subjects of interest upon which his mind cannot throw light and to which his taste could not impart grace and beauty. As an orator, he has honored some of the most venerable desks in the Union. At home, he is deservedly recognized as the urbane and accomplished gentleman. It is not so well known, however, that he engages in frequent and fortunate dalliance with the muse. Our sister State of Carolina has produced several poets, of whom, in Virginia, we know little or nothing. Dickson is one of them. In Carolina, one of his songs has acquired a peculiar popularity. It has been adapted to music by a Southern composer, and is mormured by rosy lips on happy evenings. It is a Southern ditty, and we may claim the application of some of its images.

SONG:—"I SIGH FOR THE LAND."

I.

I sigh for the land of the cypress and pine
 Where the jessamine blooms and the gay woodbine;
 Where the moss droops low from the green oak tree—
 Oh! that sunbright land is the land for me.

II.

The snowy flow'r of the orange there,
 Sheds its sweet fragrance through the air;
 And the Indian rose delights to twine
 Its branches with the laughing vine.

III.

There the humming bird of rainbow plume,
 Hangs over the scarlet creeper's bloom,
 While midst the leaves his varying dyes
 Sparkle like half-seen fairy eyes.

IV.

There the deer leaps light through the open glade,
 Or hides him far in the forest shade,
 When the woods resound in the dewy morn
 With the clang of the merry hunter's horn.

V.

There the echoes ring through the live long day,
 With the mock-bird's changeful roundelay,
 And at night when the scene is calm and still,
 With the moan of the plaintive whip-poor-will.

VI.

Oh! I sigh for the land of the cypress and pine,
 Of the laurel, the rose and the gay woodbine;
 Where the long grey moss decks the rugged oak tree,
 That sunbright land is the land for me.

1830.

Here is something in a bolder and more enthusiastic spirit. The subject is one of a kind to demand a vigorous muse.

THE MOUNTAINS.

I.

The mountains! The mountains! Amidst them is my home.
 To their pure and sparkling fountains impatiently I come.
 Their bleak and towering summits invade the dark blue sky,
 But o'er their rudest ridges my fancy loves to fly.

II.

The mountains! the mountains! rock-ribb'd and firm they stand,
 Their sons a bold and hardy race, the bulwarks of the land;
 Freedom reluctant may be driven from vale and fertile plain,
 But here she finds unconquer'd hearts her banner to sustain.

III.

The mountains! the mountains! when summer strews her flow'rs,
 And bird and bee with hum and song enjoy the genial hours,
 How sweet to climb the gentle slope while glows the parting even,
 And watch each planet as it springs from forth the blackening heaven!

IV.

The mountains! the mountains! on their sides I love to roam,
 To listen to their dashing streams, to see their waters foam:
 The sunlight flows more radiant hence to gild the scenes afar,
 Brighter the silver moonbeams glance and fairer every star.

V.

The mountains! the mountains! when clouds the day deform,
 And through the air resistless sweeps the wild and wintry storm,
 Unmoved amid the fierce uproar their foreheads dare the sky,
 And the fury of the tempest in its maddest rage defy.

VI.

The mountains! the mountains! they lift the soul on high,
 And fill the mind with thoughts sublime of vast infinity,
 Frowning and massive as they stand, wide spreading all abroad,
 They show the strong majestic hand of their Creator—God!

1842.

Here is something on an old text. The inscription on a French sun-dial suggests the theme to the Poet.

"L'heure passe et nous aussi."

TO M ———.

I.

Fair girl! whose joyous morn of life shines brightly,
 Scarce with a cloud o'ercast;
 While onward still thy golden hours glide lightly
 List to the voice that bids t' employ them rightly:
 The cloudless dawn may bring a gloomy noon,
 Evening and night impend and follow soon,—
 The longest summer day is quickly past.

II.

Love, hope and joy pass swift—their every ray
 But for a moment gleams;
 It is man's doom—to pain and fear a prey—
 It is his doom to seek his devious way
 Through the vague shadows of a doubtful day,
 By Fancy's meteors often led astray,
 And vex'd with hideous dreams.

III.

Swift pass the hours, nor ever they return:
 And so we pass away.
 The glorious orbs hung o'er us high in heaven
 Roll through the paths of space, and glowing, burn,

With intermitted lustre, kindly given,
 To bless alternately our longing eyes:
 Though they subside awhile in western skies,
 As we revolve, again by night they rise,
 Again adorn the day.

IV.

But we pass hence forever; the deep grave
 No visitor gives back:
 We pass—as o'er the restless ocean-wave
 Plunges the fated vessel, idly brave;
 Resistless round her sides mad tempests rave,
 No eye to pity, and no hand to save—
 Moaning she sinks; wild waters sweep her deck,
 And while they merciless engulf the wreck
 Efface her foaming track.

1830.

Our author might have drawn a less gloomy moral from his inscription. If we pass with the hours, we are renewed with them. If we share the vicissitudes and suffer from the storms of time, we are also sure of eternity. Our shipwreck secures us the haven, and if we use the passing hour as we should, it is one which we should delight, even at the hazard of mortal shipwreck, to attain. But we are subsiding into common place.

The tone of Professor Dickson's verse is uniformly sad. His sentiments sometimes plaintive, sometimes mournful, is too frequently gloomy. We would not that this were so. Take the following cheerless, almost hopeless dirge for example.

I.

I seek the quiet of the tomb,
 There would I sleep;
 I love its silence and its gloom
 So dark and deep.

II.

I would forget the anxious cares
 That rend my breast;
 Life's joys and sorrows, hopes and fears—
 Here let me rest.

III.

Weep not for me, nor breathe one sigh
 Above my bier—
 Depart and leave me tranquilly,
 Repose is here.

IV.

Mock me not with the lofty mound
 Of sculptured stone;
 Lay me unmarked beneath the ground,
 All—all alone!

1842.

We do not know but that we have been overstepping the bounds of propriety in taking these liberties with this little volume, which is unpublished, and intended, by its amiable and accomplished author, only for his personal friends. But our apology must be found in the desire to extend this circle—and to treasure up in our pages, in successive issues, the amateur performances of the South. Our purpose is *acquisition*,—not criticism—from which, of course, an unpublished volume is always sacred.

THE PRIZE TALE.

STEPHANO COLONNA, OR LOVE AND LORE.

A TALE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER V.

St. Mark's clock had chimed the midnight hour, and Stephano lay on a luxurious couch dreaming of love and Leonore, when a rude hand shook him from that pleasant slumber.

"You are summoned to the tribunal of the State," said a harsh voice.

He started up, and after a moment said, "It must be a mistake, my good friend, I am a stranger in Venice, and but this last evening arrived."

"Aye, are you not Stephano Colonna of Rome?" "I am."

"Then follow; for you I was sent," was the stern reply.

"But what is my offence?"

"Your judges will tell you."

Stephano knew how vain the effort to elude the commands and officers of that fearful power which held Venice in chains, and he surrendered himself without farther questioning, whilst doubt and fear reigned in his mind. Without his door, he found twenty other officers in waiting. They immediately surrounded him, and silently and rapidly proceeded to the ducal palace. When they reached the foot of the "*Giant stairs*," the first officer only ascended with him, and through many a winding gallery, and lofty hall they entered that where the council of ten held their sittings. That room, the theatre of so many fearful scenes, was hung with black. With the same mournful hue the inquisitors, and the long table before them were clothed. Long waxen tapers burnt before them, casting but a dim light through the gloomy room. Behind them stretched the folds of a dark curtain. Every eye was bent on Stephano, as he fearlessly strode towards them and proudly said,

"I am here at your bidding, Signors, but why you have summoned me, am ignorant."

"The State has fitting cause, bold youth," said Count Gian, with a dark scowl. "First, you are accused of dealing with the forbidden arts of magic, a crime in itself punishable with death; next, with laying a spell of witchcraft on Leonore D'Este, Princess of Ferrara, depriving her of sleep: this was found to-night within the *Lion's mouth*."

"Know, Guardians of the State, that one Stephano Colonna, a Roman by birth, but now visiting your city, is in league with forbidden powers, and a week since was brought by one Antonio, a fisherman, from the accurst isle of *Triptolemus*, where he had passed the night; he is also charged with bewitching Leonore D'Este, of Ferrara, so

as to deprive her of sleep;—proofs of his guilt may be found on his person."

Stephano gazed around in mute astonishment, as Gian read these words:—he felt how cunning was the net in which his foes had enveloped him, but he also knew the injustice of the charges, and fiercely demanded.

"Who are mine accusers? Let them appear, and prove these charges."

Slowly the dark curtain behind the council was drawn back, and Azzo D'Este and Antonio, the fisherman, stepped forth.

"Let his person be searched," said the Prince.

The command was obeyed, and soon the ruby amulet and cabalistic scroll lay on the table before the ten.

"Whence are these, Signor Colonna?" said Gian.

"The amulet I purchased of the great Fabricio, and the scroll"—

"Aye, what of it?"

— "Was given me in the vision of a night, but what it contains I know not, as I was commanded to wait its interpretation; Count Gian himself wears an amulet!" said he, as he caught the glitter of a cross suspended to a chain, which had fallen from the Count's bosom, and was beaming against his dark robe,— "Is my offence greater?"

"The cross is a sacred emblem all may wear," said Gian with another scowl. "No magician uses its sacred form."

"Nay, but priestcraft does, and doubtless his holiness, the Pope, has blessed that bauble!"

"Beware, rash youth, how you speak lightly of the power of the church."

"Far be it from me, I mean but to show that I am not the only one who wears an amulet;—but of bewitching the most beautiful Princess Leonore, I am innocent; lay not this to my charge."

"Three nights ago, I heard your converse with my child, the Princess Leonore, as ye sat in the balcony behind the eastern tower of my palace in Ferrara. I heard thee tell her of the delights of forbidden lore, and urge her flight with thee to scenes, where undisturbed ye might together pursue your unhallowed studies," were the stern words which now fell on Stephano's ear from the haughty Prince of Ferrara.

"You left Venice a week since for Ferrara," said Gian, "and the night before, you spent on the island of *Triptolemus*, whence this fisherman brought thee."

Antonio stood trembling and devoutly crossed himself at these words. Stephano answered not, and Gian said, "The charges are proved, and according to the laws of Venice, Stephano Colonna is judged!"

"Beware," interrupted he, "how you inflict death thus summarily on a Colonna. Ye know well the power of my name, and though by *scabla*

arts ye have found cause to accuse me, if I fall, my death will not be unavenged."

Gian summoned the officer, and said, "Take Stephano to I Pozzi." Stephano was conducted down a dark and narrow stairway, through a long gloomy gallery to the covered bridge, which leads across the Rio Palazzo to the State Prison. Here the officer unlocked a low door, and bade him enter. All was darkness beyond, and Stephano found himself standing in water to the depth of two feet. The door was locked behind him, the receding footsteps of the officer died away in the distance, and the cavalier was alone in a cell dark, damp and silent as the grave. A faint light now glimmered through a narrow window barred with iron, cut near the top of this gloomy abode, and Stephano, after some moments, distinguished a wooden platform raised three feet from the floor. On it was a rude straw bed. This was all the cell contained, and Stephano seated himself and pondered over his strange situation. Hour after hour wore on, and he heard but the gurgling sound of the waters of the canal as they poured through the iron gratings of these dungeons of horror, and the shriek of madness, or groan of despair from some fellow prisoner, immured around, above, or below him. Anon, the light grew clearer through his narrow window, and a far-off hum of many voices and sounds betrayed that day had dawned. Presently, the jailer came, and putting down some water, and miserable broth and bread, left him again to solitude.

Gradually the light grew dimmer, night's darkness and silence were again around him, as he still sat on the wooden trestle in sorrow and gloom. He had not tasted his wretched food, but huge water-rats and reptiles were busy over the feast. Despair possessed his spirit and he laid down on his pallet of straw with a brain burning with madness. At last sleep threw her magic spell over him and he dreamed of Leonore and far-off isles of light and bliss. But dread his waking! A cold substance touched his hand, and as he opened his eyes a slimy snake crawled off and dropped into the water. A loathsome bloated toad clung to the damp wall, and fixed on him its still and shining eye. He longed for the meanest of human kind, for the music of the rudest speech; and now came the terrible thought that he was immured for life! What had he to hope? He knew the ruthlessness of his judges; and was not an enemy of his house his accuser, besides other foes unknown? What would the influence of his family avail? He was shut up in a dungeon and they in ignorance, and Leonore,—she might now be given up to the Count, and in ignorance of his fate, and he raved in madness. Another day passed slowly away like its predecessor, his food and again been silently set down by the grim jailer. Night again and with it deeper despair, was around him. But in its darkest hour he heard footsteps approaching. The harsh grating of a key in the

lock followed, and the officer again stood before him to conduct him to the tribunal. Stephano sprang up with a feeling of thankfulness, for death was preferable to that living tomb. Again he stood in the presence of his judges and calmly awaited his sentence—Gian said,

"For the crimes of which you were accused and found guilty, you deserve death, but in consideration of your youth, and the services of your illustrious house, it is transmuted to banishment for life. If after six days you are seen in any part of Italy, your life will be the forfeit."

Stephano's cheek grew pale as he heard these words, and thought of Leonore and his home; but a smile curled his lip at the craftiness of the sentence. "My youth, and services of my house! Nay, 'twas fear, ye dared not thus take the life of a Colonna," muttered he as he proudly left their presence and resought his lodgings. The morning hour found him far out at sea, in a vessel bound for Rome. On it he found Petro Trono, a young Roman, and a friend. To him he told his mournful story, and charged him to seek the Princess and tell her his fate.

"And what course will you take, Stephano?"

"I know not," was his melancholy response. "Heaven will guide me, oh! that I might once again behold Leonore, but I dare not, Ferrara belongs to Venice, and my greatest foe, the Prince, is there." Long before the slow-sailing caraval reached Rome the time had expired, and Stephano dared not land to bid his home farewell.

The world was then ringing with the intended expedition of the bold Genoese to discover a new kingdom for the sovereigns of Arragon and Castile. The enthusiastic spirit of Stephano hailed with joy the news of his speedy sailing. Banished from his home, and her he loved, he determined to seek a glorious name by attaching himself to this expedition. At Rome he found a caraval bound for Flanders, and the captain promised to land him at Palos. He embarked to join the bold adventurer. "Farewell, Pietro," said he to his friend, "remember to seek the Princess and tell her I go to seek a name with which Prince Azzo shall be proud to claim alliance; bid her be true, and we shall yet be happy."

He reached Palos the evening before Columbus sailed, and seeking that noble and benignant man, told him his mournful story, and asked permission to accompany him. Columbus had been the victim of disappointment for 18 years, during which time he had endeavored to interest various sovereigns in his plans without success, and his heart used to suffering, could sympathize with the sorrows of the disconsolate youth. He gladly received him, for few were the hearts that willingly accompanied him in his bold enterprise—the scoff of all save a few kind hearts and wise heads.

CHAPTER VI.

On the 3rd of August all was ready—the sun shone brightly on their ocean path—the sky was serene above. Gentle breezes filled their sails, and all nature promised them prosperity. But tears and lamentations alone met the ear. Those few men were gazed upon by friends and relatives as devoted victims to the wild and visionary schemes of a madman. No heartfelt joyous tones bade them “God speed,” but mournful cries and outstretched hands, as the wind bore gallantly on their fragile fleet. Stephano stood with folded arms on the deck of the *Santa Maria*, seemingly unconscious of life. He gazed on the crowded shore, none there wept for him, but in her splendid home, he knew that Leonore wept bitter tears, and he felt that he might trust in her pure and fervent prayers. But the thought of the months, years perhaps, that would pass ere he could again behold her! The agony of this separation, which might be eternal, filled his soul with sorrow. He felt that her heart would be true to him, but force might make her the wretched bride of Count Eccelino. Hope pointed to the enterprize in which he had engaged. His ardent mind exulted in the anticipation of penetrating into an unknown world. There was something in the mystery peculiarly attractive to him; he would win glory and Leonore might yet be his own! Then, the visions in the tower of Fabricio recurred to his mind, and he thought, perchance, love had been thus denied him, and he forced to seek the path of glory: yet he felt without Leonore’s love, how valueless it would be, and gloom again darkened his brow. The silent abstraction of his youthful companion was not unheeded by the Admiral, and he often joined him as he stood in mournful thought in the midnight watch. Stephano’s obedience and devotion to himself attached Columbus to him, and he unfolded to him his secret misgivings, or painted his glowing hopes, and he found the enthusiastic dreamer ever ready to lend a willing ear, and aid where it could avail. In their first trial in the calm which arrested them off the Azores, he animated the drooping spirits of the sailors with words of hope and his cheerful mien; and when, after many wearisome days and nights, still no land appeared, and eager eyes were dim and ached with straining, and longing hearts heavy and sick with repeated disappointment—when the tensely drawn chords of spirits in suspense were ready to snap and recoil upon their leader, Colonna put to shame the craven spirit of his shipmates by his cheerful obedience, and sustained the anxious soul of his noble commander, with words of hope and prophecies of success.

When the curiously carved staff and those tangled weeds came floating lazily and carelessly by, how eagerly were they snatched from the briny wave, and how anxious was every heart and eye of those despairing men! how hope and fancy awoke

with more than youthful vigor, in the breasts of those who a few days before meditated deeds of bloodshed and dishonor! But these cheering manifestations passed like sunbeams on an April sky, and again Columbus saw the cloud of discontent and heard the muttered thunder.

The 11th of October dawned clear and bright; the endless sea still stretched its glassy bosom before them; the shades of night closed around Columbus as he stood above the cabin of the *Santa Maria*, eagerly scanning the western horizon. What would that morning bring to him? The realization of his theory and proud hopes, or the humiliation of a dreaming fanatic! But though his noble countenance bore traces of sorest anxiety it was oftener lighted up with the pride of imagined success. He watched the free, pure waves dashing up their foam-wreaths around his vessel; those waters never before divided by a ship’s prow. Above him the bright watchers of the sky moved slowly to the west. Stephano placed himself beside Columbus, but did not break the silence his commander saw fit to preserve. His eyes were fixed on a star that blazed brightly in the western sky, but his heart was with Leonore. Love and glory filled those two hearts, and silence brooded over all.

“Look!” said Columbus suddenly. “at that light, it moves, now rising—now falling; it is a fisherman’s torch on the waves, or a light carried by some person walking on shore; see! Colonna, what think you?”

“It is certainly a light, and carried in one of the ways you have mentioned.”

Columbus called Pedro Gutierrez, “Signor, do you see a light out to the west?”

“Yes, my Lord Admiral.”

“We may still be deceived by excited imaginations, call Rodrigo Sanchez.”

When he ascended, the light had disappeared: after a few moments Columbus said, “There! look out towards the west, do you not see a light, Rodrigo?”

“Yes, my lord, what do you take it to be?”

“We must be near land.”

“I fear not, my lord.”

“Nay! have we not in the last three days received many strong proofs? Remember the flocks of field-birds; they were too feeble of wing to fly far, and the green fish, and the wreaths of plants: trust me, good gentlemen, our hopes will soon be realized.”

“Our commander is right,” said Colonna, “see! there is the light again!”—but the other gentlemen were incredulous and soon retired, leaving Columbus and Stephano alone.

“Now,” thought the Admiral, “shall my hopes and wishes be realized. The balmy odors which load these western breezes betray their wandering in the spicy groves of Cipango, where gold and gems are

profane, and wealth and splendor reign. Now, shall I be able to recover the Holy Sepulchre from the impious hands which have profaned it. I shall have wealth enough to fit out an invincible crusade—but perhaps I approach a land of frightful monsters and awful scenes; all is unknown and mystic before me—yet I will give a *world* to mankind; those cold scoffers shall yet worship the visionary and feel the humiliation that burns the cheek with blushes of shame, when the boasted wisdom of presumptuous ignorance is refuted and proved false; whilst the trusting and wise will receive a world new and strange, as a recompense for their consideration of the despised Columbus. Nations yet unborn shall bless my name. Holy Mother, who hast thus far guided me, grant the fulfilment of my desires."

And Stephano, what were his thoughts? of the glory of this enterprise in which he would be a sharer! Doubtless these things were present with him, but there was an eye that beamed afar, which was the pole-star of his trembling heart; a gentle being whose slightest word was life or death to him. Her approving smile, his wreath of glory; her censure crushing shame.

Morning dawned, and the fast sailing Pinta gave the joyful signal of land! Land! how was that word echoed by every tongue! what rapture filled each breast! Nearer and nearer they approach the shore; nature beautiful and glorious bursts upon them, a realm of verdure, fragrance, bloom and fruit. A brilliant sun lights up the new and gorgeous scene. The boats leave the ships. In the Admiral's is the green-cross flag. That banner has waved over Moslem and Saracen fields wet with gore and ghastly with death—what does it, midst these pure and peaceful shades?

Columbus has reached the land. Well might the natives and his crew regard him with reverence, as he kneels on the long-sought shore, his rich scarlet robe sweeping the wet sands, his noble face now turned to Heaven with words of thanksgiving and praise on his lips, now bent to earth as he kisses the virgin soil. His example is followed by the crews, and he takes possession of the country in the names of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The timid natives had fled at the first sight of the fast coming ships. When the boats landed with strange beings of a "marvellous whiteness," clad in gaudy robes, or glittering steel armor, awe-stricken and wondering, they sought refuge in their thick groves. But soon emboldened by the gentle manners and kind tones of the Spaniards, they approach and reverently touch their white faces and hands, and handle their long beards, with many gesticulations of wonder.

Nor did the Spaniards marvel less at the strange complexion and beardless faces of the natives; they saw but one woman. The inhabitants of the old world knew not how completely the Indian is

"monarch of all he surveys," till they saw the women employed in all the labor, whilst the men hunted, or lay at ease in the shade of the beautiful trees that covered these islands.

The Spaniards spent several months in these delightful island homes, and the life there enjoyed of luxurious ease and plenty, made them contrast unfavorably the toil and care with which pleasure and comfort were purchased in the old world, with the innocent idleness of this paradisaean clime. Swiftly flew the days in that delicious land where the air was so fresh and buoyant, that it was joy but to breathe it, and sweet the siesta, that necessary luxury to the Spaniard, where the senses were lulled by singing birds, and the languid limbs fanned by gentlest breezes.

They had left San Salvador some months, and were coasting among the islands. One day they entered a fine harbor, which Columbus called St. Thomas, and were visited by a large canoe, bringing messengers and presents to Columbus from a grand cacique, who lived on the coast farther eastward. His name was Guacanagari, and he requested Columbus to visit him. Contrary winds prevented his compliance, but he sent an armed boat commanded by the notary of the squadron, who returned with so favorable an account of the country and the hospitality of the chieftain, that Columbus determined to visit him. He soon after set sail. One night the helmsman left the ship in charge of a boy, and retired to rest. Soon after the crew were awakened by a strong collision, and then came the rushing waters. Columbus was first on deck, and found that the ship had been carried by the strong current ashore, and lay rolling on a sand bank. The terrified crew refused to aid Columbus and sought the Nina. Pinzon would not suffer them to come on his vessel, but manned his own boat, and hastened to the Admiral's assistance. Every effort to save the Santa Maria proved vain, and Columbus finally abandoned her and took refuge in the Nina.

At daylight he sent messengers to Guacanagari, informing him of his misfortunes. The kind-hearted cacique shed tears, and assembling his people, sent off canoes to assist Columbus in bringing off stores from the wreck. When their effects were safely landed, he established a guard over them, and entertained Columbus and his crew with the most munificent hospitality. So enchanted were the Spaniards with this beautiful island, and the mode of life, that many entreated permission of Columbus to remain. He had thought of planting a colony in the new world, and gladly acceded to their proposition. Preparations were immediately made for building a fortress, and with the assistance of the natives it was soon completed. The simple hearted cacique and natives did not oppose this movement, but rejoiced in it; so much enamored were they of their strange visitors, and with so

deep an awe had the feats and arms of the Spaniards inspired them.*

"Stephano," said the Admiral, "you are banished from your country, will you remain here? You shall be first in command of the garrison."

"Accept my most grateful thanks, most noble Admiral, for the high honor you offer me, but permit me to decline it; I must see my home, my Leonore again. The fame of this discovery in which I am a *small* sharer, may cast in the shade my faults and I may be pardoned."

"But may not the Princess already be the bride of another?—Nay, be not angry Colonna," he continued, as the youth's brow became crimson, "I mean not to say the lady will be false, but the father might compel."

Deep gloom overspread the face of Colonna, as he said, "Then—I will return to these islands forever."

"Well, my young friend, we will hope for better things; and be assured, if needed, my influence shall not be wanting to aid you; you have oftentimes cheered and comforted my heart." Colonna silently and reverently bent before Columbus and kissed his hand.

A few hours later he stood in the deep shade of one of those beautiful groves. The sunbeams straggled through the thickly woven foliage and formed a golden net-work on the rich green turf beneath; a silver stream went splashing over the smooth pebbles in its bed; fragrant flowers bent from its enamelled banks, to kiss the fleeting wavelets which bore on a lovely freight of fragrant bloom, scattered from orange and myrtle trees above; midst their glossy leaves sweet birds, warbled and fluttered, and one seemed crazed with delight, as it poured forth its exulting and ever varied notes. Stephano threw himself on the turf entranced, and listened to the wild bird's song. He thought of his early dreams, and Fabricio's vision of Love. "Here," said he, "might we realize all our fondest, purest hopes. Oh! Leonore, Leonore! if thou wert here, midst these peaceful, enchanting shades, how blissfully life would pass! These gentle natives would love us and look to us for protection, and we would have a kingdom of love! I will seek my country and thee. Should the dark fate which threatened us pass away, we will be happy there; if not—and thou art free—we will fly to this land of freedom and bliss. Oh! for the hour, when I shall again feel that heart beating against mine own."

In his earnestness of passion, he had risen, and extending his arms, he then clasped them to his breast. A slight rustling startled him, and turning he saw a young and beautiful Indian girl. She stood looking earnestly on the youth, her bright dark eyes radiant with tenderness and awakened love. The language of passion is always under-

stood, and the gestures and tones of Stephano had strongly excited the maiden. What a vision of innocence and beauty stood before him! Her long silky hair was her only dress about the neck and bust, and a white cotton robe fell gracefully from the waist to the knee. Her slender and finely moulded form was elastic and agile as the wild deer of the forest. She gazed a few minutes longer on Colonna, and then her eye became humid; the animation on her face was subdued; she approached the astonished Colonna, folded her hands meekly over her breast, and kneeling before him, attempted to place his foot on her bowed head. Colonna now understood her actions, and raising her from the earth, placed her gently from him, laid his hand on his heart, and pointed to the east across the sea. The girl rose, looked earnestly, mournfully upon him a moment, and then with a look of despair bounded like a wounded deer far into the depths of the forest.

CHAPTER VII.

How had these months passed to Leonore!—In sorrow, amidst the pleasures and amusements of her splendid home. In vain her father endeavored to interest her in them, in vain did the sanguine Fidele strive to rouse her. She sat listless in her room, or wandered with a lingering step, that betrayed the weary heart, along the shore of the river. Prince Azzo knew not whither Colonna had gone, but Pietro Trono had faithfully though secretly delivered his message to Leonore, and not even to Fidele did she confide it. Thus her hopes, her fears, were borne alone; and who knows not how grievous a thing it is to bear sorrow and fear in silence!

At her earnest request Prince Azzo had obtained permission from the council to defer her marriage with Eccelino.

The last day of this allowed period had arrived, and Leonore sat in her chamber in the stillness of despair. Hitherto hope had whispered, though but faintly. "Stephano will return and save thee." But now, this star had gone down, and not a lingering beam remained to brighten the darkness of her gloom. Fidele had striven with gentle assiduity to cheer her hapless cousin. Now, even her hopeful spirit failed to brighten the falling shadow.

They sat by an open window. Leonore's cheek was white and cold as the marble sill on which she leaned; the full dark eyes beamed no more with lustrous light, but large tears gathered, and slowly swelled over their silken fringes. The beautiful mouth was painfully compressed, and the delicate hands were clasped and rested moveless before her. Fidele sat gazing silently and mournfully on her fair sad face. The door opened and Prince Azzo entered. Leonore closed her eyes and sank back in her chair.

* For these details, see Irving's *Life of Columbus*.

"Leonore! my child, you are free! Eccelino is dead!"

"My father!"—and as though an iron hand had loosened its grasp on her heart, she heaved a long sigh, and half rising, sank down again insensible.

Prince Azzo folded her to his bosom, and covering her brow with kisses, frantically besought her to live and bless him. Fidele's aid and apt appliances soon restored Leonore to consciousness, and when she saw her cousin quietly lying on her couch, whilst a soft smile wreathed her lips, she turned to the Prince and said,

"But how, my uncle, did the wicked Count meet his death?"

"Irritated by the compliance of the *ten*, with my request, that his marriage might be deferred, he uttered rash words against their justice, and threatened to betray the city to the Turks. The next morning when the palace doors opened, the headless body was seen with this proclamation, 'Eccelino Di Romagno, beheaded for crimes against the state.' He has expiated a life of bloody deeds and blackest crimes, by a frightful death."

"And you would have given your child to one you esteemed thus," said Fidele, with reproachful indignation.

"Knowest thou not, maiden, that magic arts and dealings with spirits are punished by death? Could I give my child, a Princess of D' Este, up to an ignominious death? Proofs of her guilt were in Eccelino's possession, and I could not refute them."

"My father, will not the council still enforce their fearful threat," said Leonore wildly.

"Fear not, my child, gold is their magic spell, Eccelino's threatened your life, mine has saved it."

CHAPTER VIII.

Gentle but steady breezes filled the sails of the homeward-bound adventurers. They had bidden adieu to their comrades who had chosen the new world for their home, and though heaviness endured for a moment, the bliss of again seeing friends and country soon filled every heart.

After a few days these favorable winds ceased. On the evening of the 13th of February, vivid flashes of lightning in the north north east foreboded a tempest. It soon burst upon them, and their fragile vessels drifted at the mercy of wind and wave.

For some time the ships kept together, but as the storm increased, the signal lights of the Pinta gradually disappeared, and the despairing crew in the ship of Columbus, left alone in an unknown and stormy ocean, gave way to clamorous grief and execrations of their commander. He bore a calm and self-possessed brow, whilst his heart was tortured by anxiety, deeper than that of those around him. Like them, he might never again see country or

friends, but mankind would pity them as victims, whilst they execrated his memory as a fanatic who had "perished in pursuit of a chimera." The object of his hope and toil for years, seemed about to elude his grasp when he had achieved his design and almost reaped his reward. The Pinta had gone, and on his frail vessel hung his only hope of proclaiming to the world the success of his bold enterprize. In the midst of these torturing reflections, a thought of consolation arose. Calling the still faithful Stephano, he prepared to write on parchment an account of his discovery and his taking possession of the country in the name of the Spanish Sovereigns. The furious tossings of the vessel rendered writing difficult, and Stephano held the parchment firmly outstretched upon the table whilst Columbus wrote. After writing a brief account of his discovery and taking possession, he sealed and directed it to the Sovereigns, superscribing in their name a promise of a thousand ducats to whomever should deliver the packet unopened to them. He wrapped this document in a waxed cloth, placed it in a cake of wax which he enclosed in a cask, and cast into the sea. A similar memorial thus preserved he placed on the poop of his vessel.*

Strange was the spectacle on that helpless tossed bark! The noble countenance of Columbus earnestly bending over the trembling parchment, perseveringly striving to wrest the precious knowledge of the success of his enterprize from the contemptuous oblivion that threatened it, and committing it to the treacherous waves of a tempestuous ocean; the face of his youthful friend expressing the sympathy he felt with the feelings of his commander, as he followed with anxious eye the wavering progress of the pen, and then, as some fiercer wave, or louder war-note of the storm burst over them, the shadowy fear of losing the cherished hope of his heart, passing across his upturned face:—and around them, the groans of despair, the wild appeals for mercy, the penitential promises and humiliating vows of the terrified crew!—Well might the storm-spirit poise on his wing and arrest the lightning arrow that threatened the devoted ship.

The hour of despair passed. A single beam of light in the western sky woke hope in their sinking hearts. Hope came from that west, so much dreaded and despised.

A few days after land was seen. Land! oh! what a shout of joy swelled every heart—but sorrow awaited them. The island was St. Mary's, one of the Azores, and belonged to Portugal. After acts of inhospitality, and several ineffectual attempts on the part of the Governor to secure the person of Columbus, the weather becoming favorable, they again made sail for Spain. Again tempests overwhelmed them. During the last fear-

* Irving's Columbus.

ful night the cry of land was heard; but fearing to strike a rock, Columbus kept to sea. Morning found them off the coast of Portugal opposite the mouth of the Tagus. Though rendered suspicious of this people by his treatment at St. Mary's, he was obliged by the shattered condition of his vessel, to run into the Tagus to make some repairs. He was joyfully and kindly welcomed by the Portuguese, and many nobles visited him. After receiving the honors and princely entertainment of King John, at Valparaiso, Columbus set out for Palos. Here his triumph was signal. To Palos he first came a despised wanderer on foot, begging bread and water for his child at the convent gate. Now the honors of a conqueror awaited him! The air was joyful with the sound of bells, and the rest of a Sabbath in all places of labor.

Learning that the Court was at Barcelona, he despatched a letter to the Sovereigns, and repaired to Seville to await their commands. In due time, he received a gratifying response and an invitation to proceed to Barcelona.

This discovery was matter for rejoicing throughout the world. Men of science and letters everywhere hailed it as presenting a new field for their labors. Among those who journeyed to Barcelona to see the discoverer and hear his wondrous account, were Prince Azzo and Leonore. The Prince was also led thither, by the to him mysterious entreaties of his daughter and the hope of making still brighter the fresh roses that had begun to bloom on her pale cheek. He wondered much at her animation as they neared their journey's end. But fear sometimes whitened Leonore's cheek, and silenced the joyful accents of her tongue. She knew not whether Stephano had returned with the victorious Columbus. That noble heart which had beat so warmly for her might be still forever, his head resting on its last low pillow, unwept, in a strange land, or in sunless cavern beneath the sea. Such thoughts haunted her, and when the spires and domes of the city glittered in the last rays of evening, her heart sickened with suspense and fear.

They arrived on the eve of Columbus' entrance into the city. Busy and crowding thoughts drove sleep from Leonore's pillow. With the gloom of night came shadows over her soul, but as morning's roseate pencil painted the sky, so revived Hope spread roses on the face and brightened the aspect of the trembling maiden. Its glorious light and free fresh air chased away night's cold shades, and the heart's despondency. All was bright and beautiful.

To receive the noble Admiral with greater honor, the sovereigns had the throne placed in the open air under a canopy of cloth of gold. Beneath this now sat Ferdinand and Isabella, with the youthful prince Juan; around were noble princes and ladies in rich attire. Columbus' progress to Bar-

celona had been that of a conqueror enjoying a Roman triumph. Every village poured forth its inhabitants to hail him, and nobles and proud biddings joined his cortège. Now, on it came to the city, with music and waving banners, and nodding plumes, the tramp of mettled steeds, the gleaming of rich and many colored robes, and the flashing of steel arms and armor.

Conspicuous among this splendid throng was Columbus, mounted on a white charger, whose proud step and arched neck almost persuaded the beholder that the spirited animal was conscious of the noble burden he bore. Columbus' white hair was uncovered and floated back from his high brow, and a smile of gratification dwelt on his benevolent countenance. In front of the procession, were the six Indians decorated with chains and coronets of gold, and the animals, birds, and other curiosities brought from the *new world*. But after the first rapid glance Leonore saw nothing of these. Her eyes were rivetted on a noble youth who rode on a jet black steed by the side of Columbus.

He saw her not. They came nearer and nearer, till she could see the very waving of his raven hair. Then his eagle eye glanced rapidly over the crowd and rested on the brilliant, joy-lit face of his Leonore. A flush of surprise and delight mounted to his brow, and with one earnest look on that loved one, he raised his eyes in mute thanksgiving to Heaven. Now, amidst that busy and gorgeous pageant, their eyes sought but each other; their hearts throbbed but with their own feelings. . . .

That day of glory and rejoicing was closing; the soft twilight of April, beneath a Castilian sky, had made the open air the favorite resort of most of the revellers. Here and there in grove and garden were groups, and couples, wandering 'neath the orange trees with lagging footsteps. Among these were Stephano and Leonore. They had wandered farther and farther from all around, till they stood alone in a little dingle, shut in by the thick foliage of old orange trees. A pebbled stream glided noiselessly along. The silvery beams of the "fair young moon" glimmered on the dewy blossoms and leaves. Here the lovers rested on a moss-grown stone, and as Fabricio had shown long before to Stephano, in the vision of trusting love, thus rested the maiden on his throbbing heart. But they had forgotten magic and magician now, beneath the potent spell of *Love*. Their bliss-intoxicated hearts beat wildly, and the overflowing happiness of confiding reciprocated affection nearly stopped the current of speech and thought. They but *existed*. But how priceless such *existence*! It is felt but once. When first the fond heart has borne separation, long and in silence, again to see the fervent light of unabated love burning in the eyes, to hear the tender words of cherished affection warm and true as at the parting hour, to see breathing and loving before us, the *one* in whose life our

own is bound,—oh! this is bliss! Earth has nothing—nothing that can approach it. Believe it, scoff at the power and happiness of love.

Such was the happiness of those moments of existence to the lovers.

At length Stephano said, “and you are still mine own, mine own, and mine only, sweet Leonore, oh! tell it me again and again.”

“We have nothing now to fear, dearest, no magic horrors torture us,” said the soft trembling voice, but the bedewed eyes answered better the enraptured youth.

“And Eccelino!—what of him—has he relinquished all claim to thee?”

“Death freed me,” said the maiden solemnly.

“Death! he seemed invulnerable in field and hall; the foeman’s sword and treachery’s poison were harmless to that fearful man of blood. He had antidotes and protectives innumerable; in what guise came death to him?”

“By the rashness of a hasty tongue he perished; he denounced the council for want of justice and threatened betrayal to the Turks, because they had granted my father’s prayer to defer his marriage.”

“And your father, Leonore?”

“Will make us happy, fear not. I reign again in his heart, and now let’s seek him, dear Stephano, and tell him all—fear not—he will surely grant our prayer,” and the lovers returned to the city.

CHAPTER IX.

Twas midnight and Prince Azzo stood at the window of his chamber, looking out on the beauty of the night. A soft hand was laid on his arm, and a sweet low voice murmured in faltering tones, “My Father, I have suffered much of late, would you heal my wounded heart?”

“With the price of my life, sweet child; I know thou hast suffered and borne much; what shall I do for thee, dear Leonore?”

“Colonna has returned and is here, oh! father, bless our love.”

“Colonna! bless thy love for a Colonna! a Ghibeline—usurper of the rights due my father’s house! Maiden, thou dreamest! Whence came this presumptuous youth again?”

“With Columbus from the new world; he is his valued friend and rode by his side to-day. Oh! my father, hear me, do not make me miserable,” and she sank weeping at his feet.

Prince Azzo gently raised her, and pressing her in his arms, said, “seek your couch Leonore; if I can grant your wish without tarnishing the honor of my house, I will.”

The next morning Columbus, having been told by his young friend of his meeting with Leonore, and his fears of her father’s refusal to grant their request, sought Prince Azzo; and the praise of the Admiral did more for the cause of the lovers, than the

tears of an idolized daughter. So do men bow their wills to the praise of one “whom the king delighteth to honor.” * * * * * The morning sun streamed brightly through the richly painted window of the royal chapel. The Sovereigns and a noble suite were there, and at the altar, Pedro de Gonzalez sat in his sacred canonicals. A slight rustling broke the impressive silence, and a bridal train swept down the broad aisle, and stood before the altar. Columbus stood by, and Prince Azzo placed the trembling hand of his only and cherished daughter, the pride of his house, in that of the son of the Ghibeline enemy of his fathers, but happiness alone found place in the hearts beneath that sacred roof, and congratulations flowed from every lip. Columbus made honorable mention of the obedience and love of Stephano to the Sovereigns, and he was munificently rewarded. The sympathy expressed for the youthful pair was universal, for their romantic story awoke an echo in every heart. The Prince thought it best that they should remain awhile in Spain. The influence of the Sovereigns and Columbus extended not to the nefarious council. Isabella gave to Leonore a beautiful castellated villa near Barcelona, in which the happy couple were soon domiciled, and Prince Azzo left for Italy.

Years passed—the pride and glory of beautiful Venice were laid low, and with her overthrow perished the infamous *ten*. Many were the deeds of horror laid open to the eye of day, when this fearful tribunal was destroyed.

From a few fishermen’s huts on marshy islands sprang Venice. Like the Queen of Beauty of old from the sea, thus rose she to be Queen over that element which once covered with slime and weeds, her infant foundation. A kingdom of Beauty, Elegance, Power and Terror.

“Thus did Venice rise,
Thus flourish, till the unwelcome tidings came,
That in the Tagus had arrived a fleet
From India, from the region of the sun,
Fragrant with spices; that a way was found,
A channel opened, and the golden stream
Turned to enrich another. Then she felt
Her strength departing, and at last she fell,
Fell in an instant, blotted out and razed.”

Peace for a little while brooded over distracted Italy; and in the midst of the refinement and cultivation of Ferrara often found an asylum, yea, a cherished home.

In a hall of a noble castle, one of these homes of peace, one sweet summer eve, sat a cavalier past the prime of life, but with its beauty and dignity still resting on his brow. On his shoulder leaned a noble looking matron, but her thoughts and eyes were given more to a beautiful young girl, who sang to a harp with all the gushing joy of early youth, a gleeful air, than to the book with which her husband’s mind was engaged. The

song ceased—the golden strings no longer vibrated to her fairy fingers. She leaned her head for a moment thoughtfully against her harp, then suddenly raising it, looked on the cavalier. Presently she rose, and gently put aside the book. "Dear father, read no more now, but tell me some legend of old."

"What shall it be, my Leonore? Of your mother's magic spell, in early life?"

"No, no, something fresh and joyous, a tale of the new world, or the villa in Spain, or some such glowing picture of happy life and love."

And Stephano sat in the soft twilight and wove legends for his daughter, whilst Leonore listened with a face lighted by gentlest smiles. Years dimmed not the bright jewel of love they wore in their hearts, and the *faith and love of Stephano and Leonore* was the oath by which lovers swore and the *pledge* which maidens gave.

ms. B. 3. v. 10. p. 100

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIX DAYS' JOURNEY IN THE MOON.

BY AN AERIO-NAUTICAL MAN.

Inasmuch as this terrestrial world of ours has lately been so thoroughly explored by all sorts of ingenious and inquisitive travellers, who have left nothing for those that may come after them either to describe or invent, it has happened that those who, like myself, are fond of new sights and new sensations, can find little or nothing here below to awaken their wonder or produce any excitement. Even the remotest regions of the earth have been so thoroughly explored, that it may be said with perfect truth, of my countrymen most especially, that they are more intimately acquainted with the interior of Asia and Africa than the land of their birth, and know a great deal more about Paris, London, Florence and Rome, than any of our great emporiums.

Being a devoted lover of travelling, partly on account of the agreeable dissipation of mind it produces, but more especially the dignity and consequence derived from breathing the air of foreign lands, I have been seriously aggrieved at this lamentable exhaustion of novelty, and more than once, like Alexander, sat down and wept that there were no more worlds to explore. The planets and other heavenly bodies most especially attracted my attention, and of these the Moon, which is at the bottom of so many sublunary influences, and without whose aid the adepts of Natural Philosophy would be so often at a loss to account for various phenomena, appeared to me the most interesting. I wished, if possible, to ascertain the fact of such influence, and the mode in which it is exercised on

the tides, the growth of grain and vegetables, and above all, the wits of mankind; and I was anxious for an intercourse with the Man in the Moon, who from his great age, and other collateral circumstances must, notwithstanding the perpetual insinuations about his ignorance, have acquired a prodigious mass of knowledge and experience. In short, I became exceedingly unhappy at that mysterious non-intercourse which it would seem had been rendered eternal between the different planets, and to tell the honest truth, nearly lost my wits in devising expedients to surmount it, by applying some of the new principles of science to this interesting object.

While in this painful state of mind, I accidentally saw in one of the public papers a notice of some ingenious experiments in a new and hitherto unknown science, called Aeriostism, or the faculty of self-suspension in the air. It immediately occurred to me that I might convert this interesting discovery to my purpose, and pursuing the hint, I instituted a series of experiments which finally resulted in complete success, and enabled me to accomplish my long cherished object of a visit to the Moon, from which I have just returned, after a most refreshing tour of six days, five hours, and forty-seven minutes. No time has been lost in laying the results of this journey before the enlightened public, of late so surfeited with all kinds of fictions, that it must needs feel a desire for a little wholesome truth, if only for the sake of novelty. I can not but flatter myself the information communicated will be entirely new, as hitherto we have known nothing of this planet, except from Astronomers and anonymous scribblers; of the former of whom I wish to speak with all possible respect, but who, I must be permitted to say, have told some strange stories about volcanoes and what not. As to the latter, I pledge my word to my readers I am the first native of this world who ever visited that planet, without losing his wits irrevocably; and that these egregious romancers know no more of the subject, than divers of those English travellers who have deluded mankind with pretended accounts of their discoveries and inventions, know of this country.

It is not my intention to disclose the progress and final success of my experiments in Aeriostism, inasmuch as I contemplate extending my visits to all the other planets in succession, and do not wish to be forestalled by others, since it can not be doubted that were I to divulge the secret, they would all in a short time be overrun by inquisitive Englishmen, who, according to custom, would leave the poor people scarcely a remnant of character, especially, as judging by those of the moon, they are far more refined, polite, moral and intelligent than those of that country, and withal better fed and more comfortable. It will be sufficient, I trust, to insure the utmost confidence in my veracity, merely to state, as the basis of my process, that I

followed the example of the aforesaid travellers, more especially the renowned "Boz," in procuring through the exertions of my numerous friends and admirers, divers public demonstrations of admiration, and a prodigious number of complimentary notices, whereby I at length became so puffed up with self-conceit, that I grew specifically lighter than the air, and felt just as I have sometimes done in my sleep, when dreaming of flying over the heads of my fellow creatures with a pair of imaginary wings. I became so light and airy, that I could not keep my feet to the ground without great difficulty, and was once blown across Cayuga Lake by a sudden gust of wind. I was fain to wear heavy leaden soles to my boots, by means of which, though sometimes blown down, like the little witches bought by children at the toy-shops, I always popt up again in an instant, my head being so much lighter than my heels. Having thus surmounted the great obstacle of specific gravity, the next difficulty was to propel myself forward, and above all govern my motions while in progress through the air. I succeeded beyond my most sanguine anticipations, by an ingenious application of machinery and mesmerism, which I shall keep a profound secret, lest future travellers should follow in my track, and contradict all I say, as they are too apt to do, in order to appear wiser than their betters.

Having perfected my machinery, and furnished myself with a bladder bag of a whip-syllabub, the *lightest* food I could think of, together with a map of the Moon, and some cheap publications to supply me with *light* reading by the way, I left this world, on the night of the sixth full Moon, in the year 1844, when there was not a cloud in the sky and the air was calm, and commenced my daring undertaking. The first step, I found was every thing; I rose slowly and with great difficulty, until gradually receding from the attraction of the earth, I was borne along with such inconceivable swiftness, that had I not provided against the contingency, by an ingenious process of shortening sail, I should soon have left my breath behind me. As I rose in the air, I also found the great advantage of the Bozzian process I had undergone, for had not my head been already as light as a feather, I should inevitably have become so dizzy in looking down from such a fearful height, that I might probably have lost all consciousness, or at least become totally incapable of distinguishing truth from falsehood.

For the same reason that I have not explained the minutæ of my machinery, I shall refrain from all detail of the particulars of my journey through the air, the dangers I encountered and my expedients for avoiding them. It is sufficient to my purpose at present, merely to state, that after having encountered a vast deal of difficulty in crossing the milky way, where the stars are as close together

as the thousand islands in the St. Lawrence, and having my whiskers scorched by too near an approach to the Dog star, I proceeded on at a great rate, but was much alarmed to find that the Moon sailed much faster than I did, and seriously contemplated lying to in her track and awaiting her coming round again. Fortunately however, while debating the subject, I suddenly found myself rapidly approaching the land, and just at the dawn of day distinctly heard the cocks crowing. In a few minutes I was so near, as to be obliged to shorten sail, and immediately after landed, where I found the Moon, like a fly in a spider web, so entangled in the beard of the comet which was marauding through the skies about this time, that she could not budge an inch. Had it not been for this providential circumstance, I verily believe I should never have overtaken her. I had almost forgot to mention having been nearly demolished by a falling star which just grazed my head, and gave a great light, but no heat that I could discover. It may be proper also to state that I reached the Moon in two days and ten hours, in consequence of its being caught by the beard of the comet, being exactly half the time it would take, according to the calculations of Astronomers, for the planet to fall to the earth, if let go suddenly. Admitting then, that the Moon was thus arrested half way on her nightly course, I must have travelled at a pretty good rate, to overtake her in so short a period. As this planet is said to be unequal in its motions, it is possible however it did not travel at this time as fast as usual.

Having a great deal of business on hand, as I contemplated a visit to the other planets, and had but little time to do it in, I determined to proceed in my inquiries into the state of the country and the character of its inhabitants without delay. Accordingly, availing myself of that facility of locomotion, I had acquired by applying the principles of Aeriotism to practical purposes, I managed in the course of six days, to distance all previous travellers, even those who have heretofore visited my own country, and become miraculously acquainted with its morals, manners, institutions and government, as it were by intuition.

Beginning with the geography of the country, I shall content myself with stating that the map of the Moon I carried with me, and which exhibited all the latest discoveries in the science of astronomy, is extremely inaccurate in many essential particulars. The physiognomy of this planet strikingly resembles the human face on a great scale, and hence doubtless the vulgar error of the Man in the Moon, who I assure my readers is only a creature of the imagination. The sockets of the eyes are two large seas, and the protuberances of the cheek bones and nose, nothing more than high mountains, one of the latter of which, having a redish appearance, has doubtless been mistaken for a volcano by

the astronomers. I pledge my word, however, there is no such thing as a volcano in the whole planet. I had also occasion to notice that the portion of the moon which astronomers call the land is water, and their water good solid terra firma. Numerous other blunders have been committed, which I forbear to notice out of respect for the learned.

The Moon comprises several states and kingdoms, the former republican, the latter generally, though not always despotic. These mutually abhor each other, and are perpetually quarrelling, and not unfrequently falling together by the ears, about which is the most enlightened and happy, or other matters still more difficult to decide, or still more insignificant. On one occasion, I found two nations cutting each other's throats most valiantly, and mutually desolating fields and habitations without mercy. On inquiring the occasion of this violent animosity, I found the people knew nothing at all about it, except that they were ordered to do so by their respective sovereigns, one of whom was an infant, the other a madman. In another part of the Moon, I found them at loggerheads about the honor and interests of the country, concerning which scarcely any two agreed in opinion; or rather there were two parties who differed altogether on the subject, one maintaining that the honor of the nation consisted altogether in its interests, the other that the interests of the nation consisted entirely in its honor. I was not a little struck with the resemblance I observed in these and many other particulars between the inhabitants of the earth and those of the Moon, which at first I ascribed to that family likeness which is found in all creatures of the same species. Further inquiries have however satisfied me, that the people of the Moon are the genuine descendants of Adam and Eve, and that their ancestors were certainly accomplices in erecting the Tower of Babel. The proofs and deductions through which I arrived at this conclusion, I shall, however, reserve for a separate dissertation.

The most remarkable kingdom is this planet, I found to be an island, called the Isle of Engines, in what is vulgarly supposed to be the left eye of the Man in the Moon, which, as I observed before, is a great sea of salt water. It is not so large as some of the other states, but has extended its dependencies to the utmost bounds of the great ocean in which it lies. I heard so much of it, at every step in my progress, that I became extremely anxious to pay it a visit, and accordingly took the first opportunity that offered, embarking on a magnetic steamboat, which progressed at the rate of an hundred miles an hour, against winds and currents. Touching this word, Progressed, I would observe that it is in general use among all classes, is incorporated with all their dictionaries, and recognized as legitimate by the most learned and illustrious of all their academies, which is exclusively composed of per-

sons who have lost their wits in searching for the Philosopher's Stone, Perpetual Motion, the wisdom of Congress, and the first principles of Political Economy.

This island which is called by its inhabitants the most free, happy, and enlightened of all the countries of the Moon, I found not a little worthy the study of an enlightened traveller. Every thing is done there by machinery; and the men themselves, if not machines, are as much their slaves, as the genius of Aladdin's lamp. These machines have in a great measure taken the place of men, and snatched the bread from their mouths, because they work so much cheaper and faster. I saw several which I was assured by the proprietor of a manufactory who was reckoned worth millions, could do the work of a thousand men. I asked what became of the thousand men in the meantime; upon which he entered into a long dissertation to prove, that they were infinitely benefitted by the cheapness of every thing occasioned by these labor-saving machines. I took the liberty of observing that the capital of a large portion of mankind was labor; and that if they could get no work, or were deprived of its adequate rewards, it was of little consequence to them that things were cheap, as they would have no money to purchase them. The millionaire looked at me with surprise, mingled as I thought with contempt, and answered rather superciliously, "my good friend, I perceive you don't understand the first principles of Political Economy." I acknowledged my ignorance, and begged him to enlighten me: whereupon, he went on to entangle himself in a web of knotty arguments, sufficient to confound the whole universe, but by which he imagined that he had demonstrated his whole theory. "You see," concluded he, "the thing is as clear—as clear as"—"mud," said I, perceiving he halted for a comparison.

Believing, however, in the truth of the old proverb, "that the proof of the pudding is in the eating," I determined to see a little further into this matter; so I left the Political Economist, and proceeded through the various departments of his immense establishment, where I found hundreds, I might almost say, thousands of men, women and children, male and female, employed in tending the machinery. They could not be said to govern, but to be directed by it; and it seemed that their very souls had transmigrated into the Steam Engines and Spinning Jennies. There were a great many female children, not more than seven or eight years old, half-clothed, and, if I might judge from their wretched squalid appearance, less than half-fed, but who, as I understood, labored sixteen or eighteen hours of the day, at this monotonous employment, which seemed to consist in perpetual watchfulness, and all for a pittance which I am afraid to name, lest no one should believe me. As I stood contemplating the scene,

the millionaire came suddenly behind me, and said, "ah!—Mr.—Mr.—I forget your name—I think you said you came from the United States. I think I have heard of such a place some where or other, though I can't tell where. They say it is a large country almost as big as this; but it is a great pity they tolerate slavery there. Now, in this free and happy land, there is no such thing as a slave. The moment a man, woman, or child touches this sacred soil of freedom, the chains fall from their limbs, and they stand redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation." At this moment of sublime exultation, it happened that a little pale, emaciated girl, apparently worn out with toil and hunger, or both, was observed to fall asleep, as she was standing watching the evolutions of a Spinning Jenny. Upon this a fellow came up and pinched her until she awoke with a scream, and the millionaire directed that a deduction of three pence should be made from her wages, which, on inquiry, I found amounted to two shillings a week.

I had the curiosity to follow a family to their home. It consisted of the husband, his wife, and three children, two of them girls, neither apparently over ten years of age. They had labored eighteen hours a day for months past. Yet returned to a wretched home, where two other families beside themselves lived in the same room. The weather was cold, yet they were without fire and almost destitute of any other clothing than dirty rags; their food was of the most miserable kind, and entirely insufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger; a wretched straw bed lay in one corner, when they had eaten their scanty meal, they laid themselves down altogether, supplying the want of covering by a mutual communication of animal heat. Turning from the scene in sickening disgust, mingled with indignation, I proceeded towards my lodgings, when I was attracted by a concourse of splendid equipages, before the doors of a great public building, into which a considerable number of people were entering. Prompted by curiosity, I followed the crowd into a splendid hall, where I found a large assemblage of distinguished persons, who, as I soon learned, were holding a meeting to raise funds for some philanthropic society, whose name I forget, but whose object was enlightening the minds or relieving the necessities of people some where at the antipodes. A Royal Duke, as I afterwards learned, presided on the occasion, and a most eloquent address was delivered, in which the orator lauded the philanthropy of his country to the skies, and praised the illustrious individuals there met together, for their munificent liberality. After this, several thousand pounds were subscribed; the meeting broke up, and I observed that as his Royal Highness came forth, a family similar in wretchedness, ignorance and poverty to that I have described, begged his

charity. But he had done enough for one day; he had got his name before the public as a Prince of unparalleled humanity, and passed on muttering something about the poor rates. For my part, I honestly confess, that I went away with my respect for that much calumniated maxim, about charity beginning at home, greatly increased.

I look upon this island to be the best study in the Moon, for a politician, a philosopher, and a philanthropist; but the desire to anticipate other travellers who may possibly find their way to that planet and forestall my work, obliges me to curtail it in many interesting particulars, which I may probably supply in a future edition. At present I shall only say, that while this nation pretends to be the freest under the sun, it abounds in a species of slaves more abjectly wretched by far than those of any other country; that while it affects to take precedence of the rest of the world in learning, science and knowledge, a large portion of the people of all ages are in a state of most unparalleled ignorance; that while its power and glory are said to have reached far above all that have gone before it, such are the discontents of the people that the laws can only be executed by a military force; and that finally while boasting of its happiness, it comprises a portion of actual misery, greater than that of any other nation of the Moon or the Earth.*

[To be continued.]

* The Aeronaut next visits a certain Republic in the Moon.

SONG.

Inscribed to one about to form "a Marriage of Convenience."

BY L. J. CIST.

Lady! Why seek troth to plight
Where not, too, Love is sought?
Never should cold hands unite,
Where hearts are wedded not!
They who join, without Love's flame,
Mock the sacred rite;
They are wedded but in name—
Words will not hearts unite!

Lady! Why thyself wouldst bind
To one, in Hymen's chain,
In whom thou dost not look, to find
Thyself giv'n back again?
Fearest thou, perchance, that none
Else thy hand may sue?—
Doubt not Lady! many an one
Yet shall come to woo!

Lady! thou hadst better far,
With the peaceful dead
Who forever quiet are,
Make thy lonely bed,
Than invoke that fearful curse—
Thine to bind alone—
Promethean-like, but worse,
Chained to living stone!

Cincinnati, Ohio.

PROFANE GENESIS.

BY C. B. HAYDEN.

CHAPTER I.

(Continued.)

Origin of Idolatry.—We thus find that the nations of antiquity, though ignorant of the Bible, were acquainted with the truths which it reveals, and in their *primitive* creeds agree with it in acknowledging the existence of *one God*, possessing the attributes ascribed to him by Christians, and recognizing him as the object of that reverence and worship which the Bible enjoins.

"Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord."

But how, it will naturally be inquired, did these creeds degenerate from their original pure monotheism, to a corrupt and complicated system of polytheism? To answer this question in all its details, to trace the corrupt stream up to its fountain head, and show each successive source of impurity, may not be practicable. But it will be easy to point out the general source of this fatal change and apostacy, and by showing many of these sources of corruption, throw a collateral light on others. We have seen that the primitive creeds recognized the overruling and superintending agency of God; it was therefore natural to associate with him those secondary agents through which this controlling power was affected, and by which it was manifested. Deity was regarded not merely as "the source and ruler of creation, but also the warm and vivifying essence that became life in the animal and vegetation in the plant; that infused into *matter* itself the properties of *spirit*, and gave to *spirit*, at the same time, the properties of *matter*, as though neither could exist without the other; and as it bestowed feelings on the soul of man, it lent also, and equally, lustre to the flower at his feet. Every part of existence became an actual ray of divinity." The material objects connected with man, the elements and all natural phenomena influencing his happiness, would be regarded as the material representatives of Him of whose power they were considered the manifestations. Those great elementary powers which under God govern the world, whether the moon and stars, the lesser lights that rule by night, or the sun dispensing light and life by day, or the rain-giving cloud, or the food-producing earth,—all would be considered as typical of their author, and as through them the blessings were sent, so through them thanks were returned to the Divine Giver. But in process of time, the representative character of the emblem was forgotten, and adoration was no longer offered to it as

the visible symbol of God, but as God himself; just as the brazen serpent originally preserved in commemoration of the miraculous cures in the wilderness, was afterwards worshipped by the Israelites. In the language of the Book of Wisdom "either fire, or wind, or the swift air, or the circle of the stars, or the violent water, or the lights of heaven," were considered as "the Gods which govern the world." The thing formed was worshipped for Him who formed it. They changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator. The change once commenced would spread with fearful rapidity—every object, animate and inanimate, having any real or fancied influence over man would become the object of his prayers. Not only would every natural phenomenon and physical object be erected into an independent existence, and be regarded as Gods, but every pain that racked his body, every fear that haunted his imagination would be personified and erected into a Deity. This perversion of symbols and personification of natural objects and events is undoubtedly the most prolific source of paganism in all its protean forms. Accordingly, the heavenly bodies, the elements, and the most prominent natural phenomena and objects known in *common* to all nations, are *common* objects of worship to idolatrous nations, while those phenomena and objects confined to particular countries, are locally worshipped in the regions to which they are peculiar. Thus the sun and moon are almost universal subjects of adoration among idolatrous nations. The *sun* was worshipped as *Mithras* by the Persians, as *Belus* by the Assyrians, as *Moloch* in the form of a calf, typifying the sun or fire, by the Phenecians, as *Phré* by the Egyptians, as *Surya* by the Hindoos, as *Nahuatzin* by the Mexicans and as *Sol* and *Apollo* by the classics. The Peruvians also, as is well known, worshipped the sun. The moon was worshipped by the Egyptians as *Ioh* and *Isis*, as *Chandra* by the Hindoos, as *Astarte* by the Phenecians, and as *Luna*, *Diana* and *Astarte* by the classics. Of the elements, the earth was adored by the classics as *Gaia*, *Ceres* and *Terra*, by the ancient Germans as *Hertha*, and as *Prithivi* by the Hindoos. Fire was represented in the classic mythology as *Vulcan*, in the Egyptian as *Phtha*, and in the Hindoo as *Agni*. Neptune, the classic symbol of the sea, was represented by *Varuna* among the Hindoos, by *Hai-Vang* among the Chinese. In the east, *Kartikeya* presides over war, in the west *Mars*; there the winds are under the dominion of *Vayu*, here of *Eurus*; there the thief invokes the aid of *Ganesa*, here of *Mercury*; there *Cama* sways the heart, here the love-inspiring *Venus*. This parallelism might be carried further between these creeds as well as extended to others, had not the source of the introduction of "strange gods" been sufficiently illustrated. The general adoption of the great elemen-

tary powers, and the more prominent natural phenomena by the primitive idolatrous nations, and their subsequent introduction into the derivative creeds show the operation of a common influence. To the deities thus derived common to all, each nation would add others peculiar to itself, originating in its local customs or situation. Thus, from the influence of the Nile upon the agriculture of Egypt, this river plays a prominent part in the mythology of that nation. Similar causes modified the creed of other nations, impressing peculiar characters upon each. Benevolence and gratitude, so natural to the uncorrupted human heart, would see in every favor the gift of some presiding genius. The benefactor, if national, would be placed among the *public Penates* in the temple; if private, among the guardian *Lares* of the domestic hearth. Each nation's traditions and national history would thus furnish its creed with its peculiar heroes and demigods. Those animals beneficial to man would, in their symbolical character, be gratefully advanced to a niche in the temple, laying the foundation of that wide-spread animal worship which tainted the creed of so many nations, and which subsequent causes so widely extended. Animals were also worshipped from other causes; thus the Bull, deified among so many nations, from its connection with agriculture was typical of it, and was hence, in different countries, consecrated to those deities believed to preside over this art. Thus, in Egypt, the bull *Apis* as well as *Mnevis* was dedicated to Osiris, who, according to their mythology, taught them husbandry. Osiris was emblematical of "the active generating and beneficent force of nature and the elements." The Ram and Serpent were respectively the symbols of Ammon, the great Demiurgos of the Egyptians.

From some fancied resemblance, or as arbitrary symbols, both animals and plants were frequently regarded as typical of natural objects, or consecrated to some national benefactor, frequently regarded, as we have seen, as the representatives of Deity, and hence, in this secondary symbolical character, these animals and plants became the subjects of adoration. The Lotus, from its peculiar method of fructification, was, throughout the east, adopted as emblematical of the "productive power of the waters which spread life and vegetation over the earth." "The Egyptians are said to have represented the pervading spirit or the ruling Providence of the Deity by the black beetle, which frequents the shores of the Mediterranean sea." "It is of the Anchogynous class, and lays its eggs in a ball of dung or other fermentable matter, which it buries in the sand, where the joint operation of heat and moisture matures and vivifies the germs into new insects." The butterfly, from the series of gradations it undergoes, was assumed as the symbol of the soul, "The butterfly, breaking from its torpid chrysalis and mounting in the air, afforded a natural

image of the celestial soul bursting from the restraints of matter, and mixing again with its native ether."* This personification and spiritualization of nature would be aided by that warm imaginative character so natural to man in his early stage of civilization. The bards and poets, the first historians and teachers, would introduce into their poems and sagas the national deities in that allegorical dress so natural to the poet, and thus would be gradually formed a system of mythology. In subsequent ages the allegorical and poetical character of these mythic fables would be forgotten, and they would be literally interpreted. Schlegel in his *Philosophy of History*, ascribes the strong condemnation of Homer and Hesiod by the Greek Philosophers, to their literal interpretation of the mythic theology, which, when thus understood, had a tendency to corrupt and materialize the national religion. Many of these myths, when viewed in their proper signification and apart from their mystic or allegorical character, lose their wild absurdity and revolting cruelty, and become beautiful personifications symbolic of nature. Thus the fable of Chronos or Saturn devouring his children merely signified the consuming power of Time, of which this deity was typical. Adonis is represented in the myth as beloved of Venus, but preferring the pleasures of the chase he was killed by a wild boar. Venus inconsolable for his loss gained the consent of Proserpine, (who, according to Knight, symbolized the heat which, pervading the earth, was the source of its fecundating power,) that Adonis should spend alternately six months with her on earth, and the remaining six in the shades. "Adonis was an oriental title of the Sun, signifying Lord: and the boar supposed to have killed him was the emblem of winter; during which the productive powers of nature being suspended, Venus was said to lament the loss of Adonis until he was again restored to life." The fable "merely signifying the decrease and increase of the productive powers of nature as the Sun retires and advances."† Zeus or Jove was typical of the air or ether. To live under Jove, *Sub Jove*, is to live exposed to the elements or in the open air. "What is Zeus doing," is the same as "what kind of weather is it." This Deity was regarded as superior to the others, and, as we have seen, it was to him they ascribed the attributes of God.—As frequent occasion will hereafter occur, it is unnecessary here to enlarge upon the allegorical and symbolical character of the ancient Mythologies. ‡Schlegel says, "the old Heathenism had a foundation in truth, and thoroughly examined and rightly understood, would serve for a confirmation of the same:—were it possible, or could we succeed in separating the pure intuition into nature and the simple symbols of nature that constituted the basis of all Heathenism, from the

* Knight. † Knight, quoted by Anthon.

‡ *Philosophy of History*.

alloy of error, and the incumbrances of fiction, those first hieroglyphical traits of the instinctive science of the first men would not be repugnant to truth and to a true knowledge of nature; but on the contrary, an instinctive image of a freer, purer, more comprehensive and more finished philosophy of life."

From the importance and interest which all nations attach to their early history, the individuals conspicuous in the Nation's annals, the events marking eras in its progress, would stand forth prominently in its Mythology. As Genesis professes to give an account of the origin and early history of the human family, it, if true, must correspond with the traditions and mythic history of the primitive nations. These coincidences, in relation to the belief in one God and his attributes, have been already pointed out: the correspondence in reference to the other subjects treated of in Genesis will be alluded to under their respective heads. So striking is the parallelism, that some have advanced the opinion that ancient Mythology was founded on Scriptural history, of which it was a corruption, disguised and mystified by its allegorical dress.—Crœsius in his "*Hebrew Homer*," and Williams in his "*Homerus*," contend that the *Illiad* is a fabulous and allegorical representation of Scriptural events: that Troy is Jericho, Agamemnon and the Greeks, Joshua and the Israelites, and Nestor is Abraham. Scriptural events have undoubtedly contributed extensively to the formation of the ancient systems of Mythology, but they are probably but secondary sources subsidiary to the primary one, a perversion of symbols, giving rise to a spiritualizing and personifying of nature, which *nature-worship* is probably the foundation of idolatry. The passage last quoted from Schlegel shows that this opinion has the support of this celebrated German scholar. Sabiism, or the worship of the host of heaven so frequently alluded to in the Scriptures, was most probably the first form of idolatry. It has, with much plausibility, been suggested that fire was originally worshipped as symbolical of the planets, thus laying the foundation of the fire-worship so extensively practised in the East. Calmet quotes from the *Desatir*, an ancient Persian work, the following passage—"Make figures of all the planets, and deem them proper objects to turn to in worship—that they may convey thy prayers to Mezdam." It will be seen that the planets are not recommended as the direct objects of worship, but merely as the medium of prayer, corresponding to the view already taken. Moses frequently cautions the Israelites against the worship of the host of heaven, and it was probably with the same view that he alluded so frequently to God as the creator of the planetary host, that they might worship the Creator and not the creature. Frequent allusion is made in the Scriptures to the worship of the true God under the form of an image; thus the golden

calf made by Aaron at the request of the Israelites, was symbolical of the God who brought them out of the land of Egypt. How natural the identification of the symbol with the object itself, we have lamentable proof in the Romish church, whose image worship, originally merely typical, has degenerated into gross and sensual idolatry. This attempt to show the origin of the ancient systems of Mythology in a common primitive creed corresponding with that of Genesis, may appropriately be concluded with the following confirming quotation from Schlegel's introduction to Prichard's Egyptian Mythology. "In contemplating the religions of the ancient world, so many points of resemblance press upon the observer as immediately to suggest the idea that this agreement of Nations, who in part were far separated and estranged from one another, or who have been strangers time out of mind, may be best attributed to a common origin of their faith or superstition, their sacred customs and laws, in some unknown home and remote antiquity." "The more I search into the ancient history of the world, the more am I convinced that the cultivated nations commenced with a purer worship of the Supreme Being; that the magic influence of Nature upon the imaginations of the human race afterwards produced polytheism, and at length entirely obscured the spiritual conceptions of religion in the belief of the people, whilst the wise men alone preserved the primitive secrets in the sanctuary."

[To be continued.]

ENDYMION.

BY HENRY B. HIRST,

AUTHOR OF "ISABELLE," "THE BURIAL OF BEOS," &c.

(Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1844, by Henry B. Hirst, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

Love gives itself, but is not bought.

Longfellow's Endymion.

I.

Through a deep dell with mossy hemlocks girded—
A dell by many a light-heeled Dryad prest,
Which Latmos' lofty crest
Flung half in shadow—where the red deer herded—
While mellow murmurs shook the forests grey—
Endymion took his way.

II.

Like clustering sunlight fell his yellow tresses,
A purple fillet, scarce confining, bound,
Winding their flow around
A swan-like throat that thrilled to their caresses,
And trembling on a breast that beamed as white
As sea foam in the night.

III.

His fluted tunic swelling, yielding, floated,
Moulded to every motion of his form,
And with the contact warm
Round charms on which the Satyrs might have gloated,
Had he been buskined Nymph; but being man,
They loved him like to Pan.

IV.

His girdle held his pipes—those pipes that clearly
Through Carian meadows mocked the nightingale
When Hesper lit the vale:
And now the youth was faint, though stepping cheerily,
Supported by his shepherd's crook, he strode
Toward his far abode.

V.

Mount Latmos lay before him. Faintly gleaming
A roseate halo from the twilight dim
Hung round its crown. To him
The rough ascent was light, for, far off, beaming,
Orion rose, and Sirius, like a shield,
Shone on the azure field.

VI.

Yet was he faint—faint with fatigue and drooping:
Through the long day unwearied he had kept
Watch, while his cattle slept;
And now the sun was like a falcon stooping
Down the red West, and Night from out her caves
Walked, Christ-like! o'er the waves.

VII.

And from the South—the yellow South! all glowing
With blindest beauty, came a gentle wind
Breathed from the lips of Iod,
Which, like an unseen vapor, lightly flowing
Athwart his brow, cooled his hot brain and stole
Like nectar to his soul.

VIII.

Endymion blessed the breeze! his bosom swelling
While his parched lips drank in the luscious draught;
His eyes even as he quaffed
Brightening; his stagnant blood again upwelling
From his warm heart, and freshened, as with sleep,
He trod the rocky steep.

IX.

At last he gained the top, and crowned with splendor,
The Moon, arising from the Latmian sea,
Steps over the heavenly lea,
Tinging her misty glances, meek and tender
As a young virgin's, o'er his marble brow
That glistened with their glow.

X.

Beside him gushed a spring that in a hollow
Had made a crystal lake, by which he stood
To cool his heated blood—
His blood yet fevered, for the fierce Apollo
Throughout the long, the hot, the Tropic day,
Had kissed him with his ray.

XI.

Beside the water, like a mirror gleaming,
A willow stood in Dian's rising rays,
And from the woodland ways,
Feathered, lance-like leaves were gently streaming
Along the lakelet's face, their emerald tips
Kissing its silver lips.

XII.

And still the moon arose, her lustre hovering,
Dove-like, above t' horizon. Like a queen
She walked in light between
The stars, her lovely hand-maids, gently covering
The vale, the world, the mountain and the plain
With glory showered like rain.

XIII.

Endymion watched her rise, his bosom burning
With princely thoughts, for though a shepherd's son,*
He knew that Fame is won
By high aspirings, and a lofty yearning
From the green verdure of his boyish days,
Made his deeds those of praise.

XIV.

Like her's, his course was tranquil: he had gathered
By slow degrees the glorious, golden lore
Hallowing his native shore;
And when at dewy even his flock was tethered,
He read the stars, and drank, as from a stream,
Great knowledge from their gleam.

XV.

And still the moon arose, and now the water
Gleamed, like the golden Galaxy, star on star,
And down, deep down, afar
In the Lasulian lake Latona's daughter
Imaged, reclined, breathing forth light that rose,
Like mists at evening close.

XVI.

Endymion yet was heated: sudden turning,
He loosed the clusters of his hyacinth hair
And shook them on the air;
Laid down his pipes; unbound his girdle, burning
The while with August heat; his tunic now
He drew above his brow.

XVII.

There, in the moonlight radiantly gleaming,
Lovely as morn he stood; the swelling veins
Seeming like purple stains
Along his limbs, which, like a God's, were streaming
Serenest light; for Dian's glances fell
Around him like a spell.

XVIII.

And now her purple zenith reaching, brighter—
Lovelier than ever shone the Queen of Night
Where, trembling at the sight
Of one whose perfect limbs were rosier, whiter
Than Indian pearl, or even her bosom's snow,
She paused and gazed below.

XIX.

Slowly Endymion bent, the light Elysian
Flooding his figure. Kneeling on one knee
He loosed his sandals, lea
And lake and woodland glittering on his vision,
A fairy land, all bright and beautiful
With Venus at her full.

XX.

His pearly feet gleaming in emerald grasses;
The moon-ray's trembling on his whiter neck;
His breast without a speck;
While the dim woods around, the mossy masses
Of rudest rock, the bronzed and Titan trees
Looking on Latmian leas,

* Keats makes him a Prince, when he was a peasant.

XXI.

Took from his light a darkness dim and holy;
 For like a marbled God, the shepherd youth
 Stood in his simple ruth!
 At last, with gentle steps retiring slowly,
 He paused beside a rude, rough, laurel brake
 A bow-shot from the lake.

XXII.

White-footed, then he passed the crimson clover,
 Like a swift meteor gleaming on the night,
 Streaming in silver light,
 His arms uplifted and his hands flung over
 His noble head;—a single spring he gave,
 Then flashed beneath the wave.

XXIII.

Down as he sank, a flood of yellow glory
 Shot from the moon, as if the moon had dropped,
 And on the mountain stopped;
 And then the moon itself grown grey and hoary
 As though with age, slid slowly 'neath a cloud
 That wrapped it like a shroud.

XXIV.

Then, like a ghost of some unwedded maiden
 On whose pale lips life seemed to strive with death,
 Hushing, as 'twere her breath,
 A glorious figure wreathed with vapor laden
 With delicate odors, stood with yearning eyes,
 To see Endymion rise.

XXV.

A crescent on her brow—a brow whose brightness
 Darkened the crescent; and a neck and breast
 On which young Love might rest:
 Breathless with passion; and an arm whose whiteness
 Shadowed the lily's snow; a lip the bee
 Might dream in, and a knee

XXVI.

Round as a period; while her white feet glancing
 Between her sandals shed a twilight light
 Athwart the purple night.
 Cycling her waist a zone, whose gems were dancing
 With rainbow rays, pressed with a perfect grace,
 Her bosom's ivory space.

XXVII.

Endymion rose and on the lakelet lying
 Flung out his arms, sank, rose and sank again;
 Pale Dian in her pain
 (For it was Dian's self who watched him,) sighing
 Gazing upon him, and her breath came short
 And heavy from her heart.

XXVIII.

She saw not Eros, who on rosy pinion
 Hung 'neath the willow's shadow—did not feel
 His subtle, searching steel
 Threading her very soul; the youth's dominion
 Circled her breast, and what to her was heaven
 If from Endymion riven?

XXIX.

Nothing; for love flowed in her, like a river,
 Flooding the banks of Wisdom; and her soul,
 Losing its self-control,
 Waved with a vague, uncertain, tremulous quiver;
 And like a lily in the storm, at last
 She bent to passion's blast.

XXX.

She knelt; and thus to awful Jove complaining,
 Poured her deep voice upon the night's still ear;—
 "Father, dread Father, hear!
 Look down upon thy daughter; see her waning
 And fading as the night before the day—
 Let not thy child decay!

XXXI.

"Hear me, O! hear me, Thou, Who swayest the thunder!
 I must possess Endymion or I die.
 O! hearken to my cry—
 Harken, or I shall perish!—Never was wonder
 So great as he; white-breasted, like a God,
 He treads the emerald sod!"

XXXII.

A star shot from the cope of heaven, weaving
 A myriad rubies through the azure air,—
 The answer to her prayer!
 Then rising from her knees, her bosom heaving,
 Her lips adamp with dew, while through her frame
 Discoursed a tingling flame.

XXXIII.

She gazed again upon Endymion, bending
 Toward him from the willow's lowest limb;
 Her radiant eyes as dim
 As twilight when the night is slowly blending
 Shadow with shadow, and her heaving breast
 Throbby with sweet unrest.

XXXIV.

She waved her hand, and straightway leaped a fountain
 Showering dissolving pearls, and round the hill,
 Beside the murmuring rill,
 About the lake—the lawn that crowned the mountain,
 From the cleft rocks and in the waving bowers,
 Arose a myriad flowers.

XXXV.

First sprang a leaf, then, stems and limbs succeeding
 Each upon each around the grassy ways;
 Then, bursting in a blaze,
 Budded the ruby rose and amaranth bleeding;
 While tressed hyacinths and violets blue,
 Sparkled with crystal dew.

XXXVI.

And there were lilies, white and crimson-spotted;
 Tube-roses snowy as a moon-lit cloud;
 Blue-bells that tolled aloud,
 With fragrant voices, music; poppies dotted
 And flaked with fiery gold, and acronite
 Alive with purple light.

XXXVII.

And there were vines rose clustering o'er the bushes,
 Circling the lawn with interwoven green,
 Which, with a shining sheen
 From blossoms roseate as Aurora's blushes,
 Filled up the picture, forming from the spot
 A kind of flowering grot.

XXXVIII.

There was the vault above, the breathless azure,
 Dispersed and dotted with its countless lights;
 The lawn, a sight of sights!
 Whose mossy carpets seemed a monarch's treasure
 Glowing with blossoming fires; the sleeping lake:
 The vined and laurelled brake;

XXXIX.

All standing, like a crown upon the giant,
Titanic hill; the Goddess like a gleam
Of light in Poet's dream;
The swimming youth, whose beauty seemed defiant
Of Saturn's touch, floating like one asleep,
Along the rippling deep.

XL.

The shepherd sought the shore, Dian retreating
Deeper in shadow as he neared the strand.
He touched the mossy land
And stood erect, when, with a heavenly greeting,
The flowers unclosed their buds, and fragrance meet
For Gods rose at his feet.

XLI.

Around the mount it rose, an odor fairer
Than ever mortal flowers had known before—
From the lake's lillied shore—
From the thick grass—diviner, richer, rarer
Than even the mellow light, its vapory chains
Feathering his throbbing veins

XLII.

With bliss so sweet, 'twas pain. He dreamed him dying,
Feeling a God was nigh, yet could not see
Bright Dian, for the tree
Shadowed her still, nor could he hear her sighing
For the low ripple of the lake that played
Adown the grassy glade.

XLIII.

Then, like the music of a pipe low uttered
When the dim-day is drawing to its close,
Floating around him, flows
A cadence, gentle as though it were muttered
A mile or more away,—“Endymion, why—
Why hast thou sought mine eye?”

XLIV.

He turned amazed and saw the fountain leaping,
The myriad flowers, but Dian saw he not,
For darkness veiled the spot;
While all the while the fragrant scent was steeping
His brain in luscious languor, leaching him
Toward Lethe dark and dim.

XLV.

Then sheeted shadows of old stories, buried
Long in his memory, weird, and wan, and pale,
Rose, and with solemn wail
Told how of Old were demons, who had hurried
At night from blackest caves, with spells to win
Man's erring soul to sin.

XLVI.

He turned to fly, but feared the demon's anger
And paused; then knelt, and murmuring a prayer,
Rose with a trembling air
And turned to fly again; but now the languor
That bound his limbs had so oppressive grown,
He stood like rooted stone.

XLVII.

Well over swell it rose as though the blossoms
Breathed out their very lives—swell over swell
In mist along the dell,
Sphered, like odorous sighs from maidens' bosoms;
While, like a bark, Endymion stood embayed
In fragrance fairy made.

XLVIII.

Dian looked on: she saw her spells completing,
And sighing, bade the sweetest nightingale
That ever in Carian vale
Sang to her charms, rise and with softest greeting,
Woo from its mortal dreams and thoughts of clay
Endymion's soul away.

XLIX.

Endymion wondering, struggled; never dreaming
What hushed his senses—when a burst of song
Swept like a stream, along
The enchanted air, flooding the lakelet gleaming
With liquid light, and sinking in his ears
Till his eyes swam with tears.

L.

He saw no more; those bright orbs shut: entrancing,
Dim, indistinct, but loveliest shadows slid
Beneath each fringed lid!
Music was in his heart, his pulses dancing,
Like Nereids to a shell; and violet sleep
Took him in gentlest keep.

LI.

A moment pausing, in its passing sinking,
He lay in dreams along the odorous blooms,
When, from the willow's glooms,
Her rosy zone unbound, her large eyes drinking
Rapturous joy, with softest love entranced,
Dian in light advanced.

LII.

Like the freed soul when death's last pang is over,
Standing contemplating the breathless clay
Before she soars away
Through starry spheres, so Dian o'er her lover,
Wreathed with the mist, purpureally bright,
Stood, trembling with delight.

LIII.

Endymion stirred; his bosom swelled, for near it
His heaving heart averred there stood the one
He thence should love alone;
And though his lips were moveless, still his spirit
Spoke with a lute-like voice ringing and clear
To her secretest ear.

LIV.

“Divinest Dian, lily-breasted Dian!
Look down on me and bless me with thy love,
Thou! that hast round me wove
Such heavenly dreams, that though a simple scion
Of one thy radiant peers may deem a clod,
I seem to grow a God!”

LV.

She glanced above; the curious stars seemed brighter,
Peering with laughing eyes; and whispers crept
From where the wood-lands slept;
The flowrets shook; the very night grew lighter;
The lake seemed smiling at her, 'till her frame
Tingled and blushed with shame.

LVI.

She waved her rosy fingers; gently welling
Rose from the lake, the fountain and the ground,
A mist which soared around,
Shrouding the scene, flowing and floating, swelling
In fitful forms, wave over wave, on high
Spirally to the sky.

LVII.

Orange and amethyst, emerald and yellow,
 Crimson and violet, deep and dimly blue
 As heaven's delicious hue,
 It rose; and then a cadence sweet and mellow
 Swept from it like a lark,—“unveil thine eyes,
 Endymion—love, arise!”

* * * *

Philadelphia, April, 1844.

LETTERS OF PLINY THE YOUNGER.

FISH STORY; CHRISTIANS, &c.

(Translated for the Soc. Lit. Mass.)

Phil. Howard

TO CANINIUS.

I lately chanced to hear a true story, which is very like a fiction, and worthy of your own playful and romantic imagination. I heard it at the supper table, when many wonderful tales were told by various persons present. The story is well attested—but what cares a poet for authority! yet my informant's word is a sufficient voucher even for the most scrupulous historian. There is on the coast of Africa a colony called Hippos; and near it a small navigable lake, with an estuary proceeding from it like a river, through which the sea advances, or recedes with the advancing or receding tide. To this lake persons of every age resort to fish, sail or swim, as gain or pleasure urges; and especially boys, who come to seek diversion here in play time. Among these, emulation in swimming runs high; and he is victor who leaves both the shore and his competitors far behind. In one such contest, a certain boy, more intrepid than the rest, ventured forth far in advance of his comrades. Here he was met by a dolphin, which played round him in every direction, swimming sometimes before, sometimes behind, and sometimes on either side. At length the fish passed under and took him on his back, then replaced him in the water, and then taking him up again, first carried the trembling boy out into the deep, but afterwards returning, restored him to the land and to his wondering companions. The fame of this incident spreads through the colony; and crowds assembling, gaze at the boy as a prodigy, and inquire, hear, and in turn, relate his wondrous adventure. Next day they blockade the shore, watching anxiously the sea or whatever resembled it.* The boys swim as usual, and among them

* “Prospectant mare et si quid est mare simile”—an affected phrase, referring doubtless to the lake.

our hero, but less boldly than before. The dolphin re-appears at his previous hour, and again approaches the boy, who, with his comrades, scampers to the shore in great alarm. The dolphin, as if inviting their return, leaps from the water, dives, rolls over and displays various amusing gambols and fantastic evolutions. A similar scene was exhibited the next and the third and many successive days, till these hardy sea-bred boys began to be ashamed of their fears. They approach him therefore, swim round him, and speak to him. At length they venture to touch him, and then, emboldened by his gentleness, play with him familiarly. Foremost among these is our hero, who swimming up to him, scrambles on his back, and is borne about over the lake by his sea friend, who he thinks has learned to recognize and love him, and whom he loves warmly in return. Neither fears or is feared, and confidence and kindness increase on both sides. Other boys accompany them, swimming on either hand, giving advice and encouragement. And strange to tell, another dolphin attended the first, but as a companion and spectator merely, for he neither acted like him, nor permitted such familiarities, but came and went with his companion as the boys did with theirs. It appears farther (what is hardly credible, but as true as the rest) that this dolphin, the boys' playmate and friend, suffered himself to be drawn out upon the beach,* and waxing hot and dry on the sand, would roll back into the water. It also appears that Octavius Avitus, the proconsul's legate, moved by some weak superstition, poured ointment over him as he lay; on which the dolphin, not used to such civilities, and disliking the strange odor, bolted hastily into the deep; nor re-appeared for many days, when he came back apparently sick and dispirited. His health and strength returned however, and with them his frolicsome mood and wonted kind offices. Meanwhile, governors from the neighboring provinces, attended by their suites, came to see the wondrous sight; and their protracted visits seriously impaired the means of this small commonwealth: and at length the place itself, once quiet and sequestered, became the scene of crowds and tumults. To remedy these evils, secret orders were given that the dolphin should be killed. In what a sublime and pathetic elegy will you celebrate his death! Yet the tale needs no addition or embellishment, but requires merely that the truth be fully told.

Farewell.

* The dolphin of the ancients appears to have been what we call a porpoise,—an animal belonging not properly to the fishes, but to the mammalia, all which have lungs constructed for breathing atmospheric air; and therefore the story of this dolphin's having lain upon the beach without inconvenience is not absolutely impossible, however improbable it may be deemed.

TO THE EMPEROR.

It is part of my religion, my lord, to refer all questions of difficulty to you; for who can better resolve my doubts or instruct my ignorance? I have never been present when christians were tried, and therefore know neither the character of the offence nor the proper measure of punishment. I have deliberated much whether to make any distinction of ages, or to deal with those of tenderest years, as with the more robust; whether pardon should be offered to repentance, or whether return from error should profit him nothing who has once been a christian; whether the name itself detached from guilt, or guilt cohering with the name, is to be punished. Meantime, with respect to those brought before me as christians, I have pursued the following method. I inquired of them whether they were christians; if they confessed it, I repeated the question a second and a third time, threatening punishment; and if they persisted, I ordered them to be led forth. For I did not doubt that, whatever such confession might imply, their perverse and inflexible obstinacy certainly merited punishment. There were others possessed with the same madness, whom, because they are Roman citizens, I have determined to send to the capitol. Meantime, many classes of men have incurred the same guilt, for in this, as in other cases, the vice is diffused by opposition and debate. A bill of accusations has been preferred anonymously, containing the names of many who denied that they were or had ever been christians, to prove which, repeating after me, they invoked the gods, and kneeling before your image, which, for that purpose I had ordered to be placed among the statues of the deities, they worshipped with wine and frankincense, and, moreover, blasphemed Christ;—none of which things, it is said, can they ever be compelled to do who are christians in reality. I therefore thought it proper to discharge them. Some of those designated by the informer first confessed themselves christians and then denied it; others said that they had been formerly, but had since ceased to be, some three years before, others still earlier, and a few as much as twenty years back. All these worshipped your image and the statues of the gods, and also cursed Christ. They affirmed, however, that their crime or error consisted solely in this, that they were accustomed to assemble on a stated day before light, and among themselves alternately, to chant a hymn to Christ as to a god,* obliging themselves by oath, not to any crime, but to avoid theft, robbery and adultery, and never to break their faith, or fail to restore a pledge when demanded. These rites ended, they would disperse, and afterwards reassemble to take food, promiscuously indeed, but inoffensively; and even this they have ceased to do since my edict, in which, by your

* "Carmenque Christo quasi deo dicere secum invicem."

direction, their conventicles were prohibited. In this uncertainty, I deemed it necessary to force the truth even by tortures from two maids called *deaconesses*;* but I discovered nothing but a depraved and excessive superstition, and therefore, delaying the prosecution, I hastened to consult you. The subject indeed appears worthy of consultation, especially when the number of persons accused is considered; for many of every rank and of both sexes have already been and will be endangered by such accusations. Nor has the distemper pervaded cities alone, but villages and even country neighborhoods have been infected. Yet it would seem that the evil is not irremediable, since it appears that the temples, once almost desolate, begin to be frequented again, and their solemn-services resumed though long disused, and victims every where sold, of which, till recently, scarce a purchaser could be found. And hence it is easy to conceive what a multitude might be reclaimed if a place were given to repentance.

THE REPLY.

You have pursued the proper course, my Secundus, in declining the cases of those brought before you as christians; for no judicial rule can be given having a certain definite scope and applicable universally. Make no inquisition for them: if brought before you and convicted, let them be punished; provided, however, that if any deny themselves christians, and make it manifest in actual deed, that is, by offering prayers to our gods, they shall obtain pardon by repentance, whatever their forepast conduct may have been. For the nameless informer, let no charges made anonymously be heard in any criminal trial; for the precedent is most pernicious, and belongs not to our age.†

* — "ex duabus ancillis quæ ministræ dicebantur."

† In the first book of Tertullian's Apology, amid much stern and bitter declamation, he thus comments on this rescript of Trajan.—"But we find inquisition against us forbidden; for when Pliny governed a province, he condemned certain christians to death and attainted others of rank, and then, alarmed by the number, inquired of the emperor what he should do with the rest; declaring that, besides their obstinate refusal to sacrifice, he had discovered nothing in regard to their religion, except that they held meetings before day, at which they sung to Christ as to a god, and bound themselves to observe a discipline forbidding murder, adultery, fraud, falsehood and other crimes. Then Trajan wrote back that this sect should not be searched out, yet punished if brought before him. What a sentence! contradictory by a sort of necessity! He forbids inquisition, as against innocent men, yet directs them to be punished as if guilty. He is both clement and cruel, at once spares and persecutes. Why incur inevitable blame by such a dilemma! If guilty, why not search them out? If innocent, why not discharge them?"

Notices of New Works.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WINTHROP MACKWORTH
 PRAED: now first collected; By Rufus W. Griswold—
 H. G. Langley, N. York, pp. 187, 12mo.

We confess to a partiality for what in Charles the Second's reign, were called "copies of verses." It often happens that in poetry, as in affairs, the "attempt confounds the deed;" in other words, the more effort the less success, the greater the design the more ineffective the execution. Some of the most clever stanzas in English Literature have been the least premeditated. We are not advocating that easy writing which has been justly called the hardest reading; but simply maintain that when by culture and native powers, a bard is fitted for his vocation, the more freely he yields his mind to the inspiration of scenes and events, the happier often will be the result. There has been enough of formal and artistical verve of late, to make a volume of off-hand rhyme very acceptable. This is the characteristic of Præd, whose numerous occasional poems have just been collected and arranged by that indefatigable literary purveyor, Rufus W. Griswold, and published in an elegant volume, by Henry G. Langley of New York. Every one is familiar with Præd's vivacious epistles, half-friivolity, and half-sentiment, yet withal so very natural. To these are added "Lillian" and three or four other fanciful poems, remarkable for curious invention, and overflowing both with humor and pathos. It is not requisite for a reader to be either imaginative or enthusiastic, to admire Præd. He appeals to our every-day capacities, and entertains the man of the world not less than the romantic school girl. Of this work, the New York Tribune, whose feuilleton, as it were, often contains what is well worth adopting, thus highly speaks:

"The Editor and Publisher have here done the public a real service. Especially those who with us were boys fifteen to twenty years ago and in their leisure hours, hung enraptured over the pages of the British Reviews and Magazines, then radiant with the scintillations of Genius from the pens of MACAULAY, JEFFREY, LAMB, HUNT, HOOD, HAZLITT, PRAED, MAGINN, Mrs. HEMANS, Miss LONDON, &c. and whose memory still treasures the delight with which they first quaffed the sparkling wit of 'Lillian,' the 'Every-Day Character,' 'Palinodia,' 'Twenty-Eight and Twenty-Nine,' &c., &c., will thank them fervently. In the way of epigrammatic point and richness, pleasant satire, and quiet humor, varied by occasional flashes of true poetic feeling, English Literature has scarcely a superior to Præd.

"Of Præd personally little can be added to what his readers will have inferred from his Poems. He was born in or near London, of an opulent and respectable family; he was first educated at Eton, with John Moultrie, H. N. Coleridge, and other boys of future eminence, where he was principal editor of 'The Etonian,' one of the best College Magazines ever published. From Eton he went to Cambridge, where he ran a brilliant career, winning many of the honors of that renowned University. On leaving Trinity College he was connected with Macaulay and other young men of rare talent in the conduct of 'Knight's Quarterly Magazine.' After the discontinuance of that work, he wrote for the New Monthly and the Annuals, and was in Parliament, and deemed a rising member for some years before his death, which occurred July 15th, 1839. His age was about 40, and he died a bachelor. No collection of his works has ever been made in England, owing, we understand, to some dispute respecting the copy-right; and to the industry and taste of Mr. Griswold is the public indebted for a most delightful book, of which the materials were widely scattered, and only to be obtained with diffi-

culty. Even now he informs us that there are probably as many Poems circulating privately among his friends as he has been able to glean from all the periodicals in which they, from time to time, appeared."

After quoting "School and School Fellows," "Eutopia" and "Palinodia," the writer adds:

"And now an old favorite in a different vein, to show that Præd could write otherwise than in epigrams. We think the following are not generally understood to be his by those who admire them:

TIME'S CHANGES.

"I saw her once—so freshly fair
 That, like a blossom just unfolding,
 She opened to Life's cloudless air;
 And Nature joyed to view its moulding:
 Her smile, it haunts my memory yet—
 Her cheek's fine hue divinely glowing—
 Her rosebud mouth—her eyes of jet—
 Around on all their light bestowing:
 Oh! who could look on such a form,
 So nobly free, so softly tender,
 And darkly dream that earthly storm
 Should dim such sweet, delicious splendor!
 For in her mien, and in her face,
 And in her young step's fairy lightness,
 Nought could the raptured gazer trace
 But Beauty's glow, and Pleasure's brightness.

"I saw her twice—an altered charm—
 But still of magic, richest, rarest,
 Than girlhood's talisman less warm,
 Though yet of earthly sights the fairest:
 Upon her breast she held a child,
 The very image of its mother;
 Which ever to her smiling smiled—
 They seemed to live but in each other:—
 But matron cares, or lurking woe,
 Her thoughtless, sinless look had banished,
 And from her cheek the roseate glow
 Of girlhood's balmy morn had vanished;
 Within her eyes, upon her brow,
 Lay something softer, fonder, deeper,
 As if in dreams some visioned woe
 Had broke the Elysium of the sleeper.

"I saw her thrice—Fate's dark decree
 In widow's garments had arrayed her,
 Yet beautiful she seemed to be,
 As even my reveries portrayed her;
 The glow, the glance had passed away,
 The sunshine, and the sparkling glitter;
 Still, though I noted pale decay,
 The retrospect was scarcely bitter;
 For, in their place a calmness dwelt,
 Serene, subduing, soothing, holy;
 In feeling which, the bosom felt
 That every louder mirth is folly—
 A pensiveness, which is not grief,
 A stillness—as of sunset streaming—
 A fairy glow on flower and leaf,
 Till earth looks like a landscape dreaming.

"A last time—and unmoved she lay,
 Beyond Life's dim, uncertain river,
 A glorious mould of fading clay,
 From whence the spark had fled for ever!
 I gazed—my breast was like to burst—
 And, as I thought of years departed,
 The years wherein I saw her first,
 When she, a girl, was tender-hearted—
 And, when I mused on later days,
 As moved she in her matron duty,
 A happy mother, in the blaze
 Of ripened hope, and sunny beauty—
 I felt the chill—I turned aside—
 Bleak Desolation's cloud came o'er me,
 And Being seemed a troubled tide,
 Whose wrecks in darkness swam before me!"

The general resemblance between this and a much and deservedly admired song of Haynes Bayly is almost too striking to be a mere coincidence.

dence. That great Lyrist, however, deserves no little praise for his exquisite condensation and embodiment of these lines of Præd. Besides the general similarity, there are some features of special resemblance.*

Another work issued by the same publishers, commends itself on different grounds from Præd's. We allude to the Poems of Mrs. Ellis. The Prose works of this lady are very popular, and among the most useful of the day. The present and last volume comprises her fugitive poetry. Her muse is neither bold nor original, but pure, religious and calm. Her admirers will greet these effusions with cordiality.

SEATSFIELD.

"Life in the New World," translated from the German, by Hebbe and Mackay. New-York, J. Winchester & Co. 1844.

Since the notice of this Germanico-American author in our last number, we have had a better opportunity of forming a correct estimate of his merits. They seem to have been greatly overrated; and some of our journals have misled the public taste. It requires considerable patience to read some portions of his American sketches; there is a general indistinctness in his narrations, and a confusion in his dialogues. We have already stated, that there was consistency in his characters; but he is almost entirely destitute of the high but necessary faculty of grouping the various parts and personages of the scenes which he undertakes to portray. Many of the incidents which he uses as characteristic of American Society, are not only not new to us, but have been told and retold, in prose and verse, and only; often in far better style. This is particularly the case with some of his hits at the Yankees. Who has not heard of the impossibility of getting a direct answer from Jonathan? Many a better illustration of this has been given than in Seatsfield; and yet the evasions of the Yankee, whom Howard and Richards met one night, in the West, have been quoted as something superior. There is a story of a Yankee pedler, who hired a negro to let a box fall on his leg, that the pedler might recommend his unrivalled salve, by instantly curing it. The pretended groans of cuffie and the whole scene are *ridiculous*, not ludicrous. This same pedler is to be found in one of the works of the distinguished Southern Novelist, Mr. Simms. In "Guy Rivers," he is called Jared Bunce; in Seatsfield, Jared Buxell—scarcely a change of name. Besides, Bunce and Buxell both cheated the good people with their worthless coffee-pots, and, by a strange coincidence, assign the same reason for their worthlessness. (*Life in New World*, part 2, p. 64-5. *Guy Rivers*, vol. 1, 3rd edition, p. 71.)

Seatsfield is said to be a "native American." He is certainly much indebted to our native writers, and a greater part of his skill is shown in destroying the traces of those upon whom he has laid his hands. He borrows the general air of his sketches of the early French settlers in the S. West, from Judge Hall's popular writings. He is essentially light and sketchy, not creative. There is some forced impersonation in his descriptions. But they remind us of the liberty which former European writers have taken in the wild forests of America, when they wished to indulge their imaginations in their Rousseau-like admiration of Nature.

Our public have never been so favorably prepared for the present of any Literary worthy, as that of Seatsfield; except *à propos* reception of the "American Notes," the public admiration of the former is likely to be checked, if it was in the case of the latter, though from far different

reasons; unless the remaining works of Seatsfield should greatly enhance his claims.

"North and South," by the same author, has been translated by J. T. Headley, Esq., and either has been, or soon will be issued. From what we know of Mr. H., we are prepared for a better translation than that of "Life in the New World," which a friend of ours denied that it was ever written in German.

YOUNG KATE; OR THE RESCUE.

By a Kentuckian. Harper and Brothers. 1844.

We do not pretend to judge of this work solely upon its abstract merits; for we would not, if we could, destroy that medium of State pride and respect for its excellent author, through which we view it. The scene is laid principally in Western Virginia, which was then comparatively unsettled. The various classes of its inhabitants are well depicted, and the romantic and sublime scenery of the New River graphically described. The wild hunter, the Virginia gentleman, the land-shark, the murderous squatter, the counterfeiter, the delicate maiden, the daring youth, are all portrayed and linked together by chains of pleasing fiction. The work by no means lacks incident, but there is great want of artistical skill in interweaving and combining—in plot and counterplot.

Mr. Ballenger, a broken merchant of Alexandria, retires to his wild lands in Kanawha, which his debtors have given him as his security. Of their value he is entirely ignorant; and Isaac Foster, a general land agent, much confided in, forms a deep plot to defraud him of them, and at the same time, pays his addresses to an only daughter, betrothed to a young Virginian, then in Europe. Foster is in league with a gang of counterfeiters, who greatly annoy an honest pedler, that sold his wares in that section. The faithful Ben Bramble, a hunter, tries to excite Mr. B.'s suspicions of Foster, but Foster's insinuating address in great measure allays them. Before Mr. B., however, closes the desired contract with Foster, he despatches his son into the neighboring State of Kentucky, with letters to some of his friends, to inquire into the value of his extensive lands. He is hospitably entertained by a Mr. Hugh Terrell, (who, we learn from the Louisville Journal, is Hubbard Taylor, one of our own ancestry,) from whom he obtains much valuable information. He ascertains that the value of the lands is enormous, makes sales, which greatly relieve the pressing necessities of his father, and elate with joy, returns to his home, unconscious of the danger that had threatened his life, from one of Foster's baffled emissaries. In the mean time Foster's suit is rejected; the pedler becomes still more troublesome, is suddenly slain near the residence of Mr. Ballenger, and the circumstances are so strong that Mr. B. is arrested and imprisoned for trial, at Lewisburg. His daughter left alone and disconsolate, wanders on the brink of the river, where her shoe is found, and at the same time her bonnet seen floating on the stream. The faithful negro, old Tom, a favorite with the reader, is almost crazed with grief. He dives in the relentless waters until he is exhausted, but finds no body. William returns, learns this dread intelligence, hastens to the arms of his father. He is soon on his way to old Virginia, where he employs Mr. Wickham and other eminent counsel. The time for the trial arrives; and the prisoner is arraigned. The witnesses are sworn and examined and the fate of the accused seems sealed. Just then, the lost daughter rushes into the arms of her father; and soon after, she is folded in the embrace of her constant lover. The character and designs of Foster are exposed—he is branded as the murderer. He had instigated a reckless, but not abandoned youth, to strike the honest pedler, for charging him with circulating counterfeit money. The young man was drunk; Foster killed the

* "She wore a wreath of roses."

pedler and imputing it to the blows of this youth, drove him by his fears to take refuge across the Atlantic. He there meets with Victor Carrington—but has first discovered his own innocence. His tale is told, the two hasten back together and arrive just in time to rescue the prisoner. Ben Brumby was one of the witnesses and resolved to hunt, with his companion, on their way to Lewisburg. His favorite hound, young Kate, much devoted to Miss Ballenger, discovers the opening to a den. Attracting the attention of her master, he peeps in and descries the long lost maiden. Foster had seized and dragged her to this den of infamy; but all his efforts to bend her to his will proved abortive. Firm as virtue she defied his arts and his threats, and his promises to save her father. Measures are taken to secure the gang of counterfeiters; but the true hearted hunter is killed in the conflict. Matilda now rescued flies to her father. He is saved. Foster hangs himself. William marries the daughter of an excellent neighbor to whom he has been long devoted. Young Kate is fondly caressed and a monument erected to the memory of her master, which is daily wept over by the blooming bride of Victor Carrington.

The wild lands rapidly appreciate in value and they are enabled to enjoy all the pleasures and comforts of well-applied wealth.

The author is a man of great sincerity, which is displayed in his work; his style is not particularly adapted to novel writing; but it is free from affectation and pretension. For us to notice at any length the multitude of novels issuing from the press would be endless—and we can only make an exception, when something particularly claims our attention, as in the one before us. Its merits will be appreciated by the reader; its faults we will leave to the blank page upon which we noted them.

LETTERS ON THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE, the Smithsonian Legacy, the Fine Arts, &c. By John Carroll Breat. Washington, J. & G. S. Gideon, 1844.

The subjects of these letters are exceedingly interesting and important, and we are glad to find them taken up by one who has treated them so well. The letters first appeared in the *National Intelligencer*, but are now collected in a neat pamphlet, for which the author will please accept our thanks.

HARPER & BROTHERS: New-York, 1844.

OBSERVATIONS IN EUROPE, principally in France and Great Britain. By JOHN P. DURBIN, D.D., President of Dickinson College—2 vols.

Some one has said of this work, "what's new in it is not good; and what's good is not new." Whilst we may not go thus far, and are willing to say that much entertaining reading may be found in it, yet we do greatly distrust the observations of any man, who can pursue the blind and intolerant course lately persisted in and defended by Dr. Durbin, in the General Conference of the Methodist Church. Such men see but one way, and very often through an entirely perverted medium. To show how far his prejudices and pre-conceived ideas have swayed his mind, would require an intimate acquaintance abroad and a close comparison with other travellers; but we utterly discard "the spectacles" of any traveller who makes before our eyes the exhibition that this one has done so recently. Dr. Durbin, unassisted even by a father's benediction, has educated and elevated himself to his present position. This we can appreciate and commend. But we certainly urge him to a little more Christian sense and worldly wisdom. Among the contents of the volumes are a description of the fortifications of Paris, with a plan; and a curious French love-letter of the Great Franklin. There are also views of Public Edifices, and other embellishments.

THE POEMS AND BALLADS OF SCHILLER. Translated from the German: with a life.

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

Our Public are greatly indebted to the translator and to the enterprising publishers, for this very neat and attractive volume. The obligation to Sir Edward rests principally upon the fact of making a translation. His style is not the poetical, though so rich and flowing in the general estimation. How little does it suit Lyrics and Ballads! Not but that he can write, and has written some very pretty lines, and might even perpetrate a fair Lyric or Ballad; but the characteristics of his style are not adapted to such compositions. There is a certain kind of swelling, declamatory poetry which it suits, and there is some such in Schiller;—

but he can not catch and translate the dreamy and subtle spirituality of the German, and make it speak as Schiller did. To sympathise with an author—even to feel as he does—will not enable one to translate him. That sympathy and feeling must have a similar vent and be able to assume a similar poetical garb. Merivale, without the taste and smoothness of Bulwer, has far surpassed him in the truth and nature of his translations. Every specimen of Merivale that we have seen is superior to the corresponding one of Sir Edward. But the former has only translated a part; the latter the whole.

The Life is and must be interesting; for Schiller's life was Poetry and Romance. But the one before us is written in a half novel, half biographical style, which it may have been difficult for the author to avoid; but which is by no means commendable.

For a just appreciation of Schiller's scepticism and philosophy, we would rather take Schlegel than Sir Edward, whose mode of talking about "Destiny" and other matters, is by no means after the true spirit.

The translator has placed the latter poems first, because he did not wish to give to the productions of the undeveloped poet the place of distinction. We wonder he didn't commence the memoir with his Death and come on down to his boyhood and birth. Had we space we would make extracts and compare them with Merivale's.

GIBBON'S ROME, No.'s 13 and 14.

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THE PICTORIAL BIBLE, No. 5, is out with all its wondrous beauty and attraction. Drinker and Morris supply these at 25 cents each.

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Have sent us through Drinker and Morris, No.'s 4 and 5 of their very valuable "CYCLOPEDIA OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE." Edited in England by three distinguished physicians, Forbes, Tweedie and Conolly. The republication edited by Dr. Dunglison, who will introduce many additions and improvements. The whole will be finished in 24 parts, at 50 cents each. Then every man can look up his Doctor in a Dictionary.

Also Martin Chuzzlewit, No.'s 15, 16 and 17. By the "American notes." That's enough to recommend them.

D. APPLETON & Co., New-York, 1844.

GEORGE S. APPLETON, Philadelphia.

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LECTURES ON THE CHURCH. I. The Church in England and America, Apostolic and Catholic. II. The Causes of the English Reformation. III. Its character and results. By John D. Ogilby, D.D. Prof. General Theological Seminary, New York.

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REPORTS OF THE VIRGINIA INSANE ASYLUMS. We have failed to acknowledge the receipt of the Reports of these institutions. Our thanks to the donors respectively. We may take occasion hereafter to compare them.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

AUGUST, 1844.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

LETTER IV.

Views in regard to an extension of the privileges of Copyright in the United States, to the citizens of other countries, in a Letter to the Hon. Isaac E. Holmes, of South Carolina, member of Congress. By the author of "The Yemassee," "The Kinsmen," "Richard Hurdia," "Damsel of Darien," &c.

HON. I. E. HOLMES:

House of Representatives, Washington.

The discovery of printing took the world by surprise and authors not less than all the rest. Its wondrous effects were not so obvious. In the infancy of the art it was necessarily cumbered with imperfections. Its agents were rude, its appliances were ill-fashioned. Its performances were comparatively slow. Printing was expensive, and its benefits were not universal at first, for the sufficient reason that readers were still few, when compared with the immense numbers who remained in a condition of almost primitive ignorance. The first publications were of works with which the public were already partially familiar, the authors of which were generally dead—Froissart for example. The living authors saw nothing in the new invention to alarm, and, commonly more heedless of their selfish interests than other men, might be supposed very naturally to have slept somewhat upon their securities. But, in truth, their rights were not invaded for a long while after the discovery of printing. The printers had quite enough to do to appropriate the waste literature of preceding ages. The ancient classics and histories—the contemporary productions of France and Italy, in particular—gave long and constant employment to the English press; and, in truth, the great protection of the author was found in the fact that, because of reasons already given, the press of the country did not so much address its labors to the great body of the people. The teachers of the multitude were properly the dramatists. Frequent reference has been made in the discussion of this subject of Copyright, to authorities drawn from the supposed practice of the dramatic writers of Great Britain. Their prodigality—their want of caution in all

things—their desultory modes of life—the slipshod manner in which they wore their reputation—might well make us chary of any reference to the customs of business supposed to prevail among them. But, even these seem to me to have been very much misunderstood. Let us look a little more closely into this history. It has been frequently, and, perhaps unnecessarily, a subject of wonder and remark with critics, that such great writers as Shakspeare, should have shown so little seeming solicitude about the proper publication of their writings. They argue from this that they were equally heedless of fame and money. But a nearer examination shows the error of all this. The first mistake of these persons is in confounding publication with mere printing. Undoubtedly, the printing of a play is calculated, in the end, to give it more extensive circulation, but of this the dramatist was yet to be aware, and to this his necessities made him indifferent. The only publication which he or the managers regarded was that from the stage. They bought his manuscripts from him for the theatre, and they remained the property of the theatre forever after. The stage publication in that day was more thorough than that of books, and far less expensive. A thousand *hearers* were gratified at the same moment with a work, where a printed edition of five hundred copies would perhaps linger for years in its progress through the hands of the booksellers. The mode of publication, from the stage, was the legitimate result of the primitive custom of diffusing knowledge or amusement by popular lecture or recitation. The orator was the parent of the actor. His vivid and varied declamation originated histrionic display. From the performance of one person, whose action and utterance were made to harmonize with the particular tenor of the thing spoken, the transition was equally easy

and natural to an entire group of speakers, each taking his part, particularly when the story of the poet, as in the case of the *Iliad*, frequently presented to the spectator all the essentials of compact dramatic action. Unquestionably, at such times, the declaimer labored to give to each particular speech, threat, entreaty, interrogation or reply, the appropriate tone and gesture, look and emphasis, which the language seemed to require, and this naturally suggested the division of the story into parts; and hence—the drama. The peculiar mode of publication, therefore, was from the boards; it is only in modern times that the absurdity occurs of writing tragedies and comedies, not to be acted—and the author, even after the Elizabethan period, very frequently took one of the parts of the *dramatis personæ*. That Shakspeare did so, we are told, and we have every reason to recognize the truth of the assurance. The dramatic author never printed his play if he could help it. Its chief value accrued to him only while it remained in an unprinted state. If it were damned by the audience, he then hurried with it to the printers, by way of making appeal to the more deliberate judgment, not of the people, but of the educated classes. Shakspeare collected and printed his poems and not his plays. The value of a dedication (which originally meant the presentation of the manuscript) as shown in his case, with reference to these poems, may afford sufficient reasons why the author should not care about Copyright. For this dedication, we are told, that he received £1000 from the Earl of Southampton. Most probably the poet, in such a case, would deem it unworthy on his part to seek for more compensation, and the Earl, by such a purchase, may be assumed to have given the copy to the public. It was not the policy of the dramatist to suffer his play to reach the hands of the printer so long as it kept its place upon the stage. In a late narrative, Mr. Cowell gives us an amusing anecdote, within his own experience, which will tend to illustrate, in some measure, the correctness of this policy. There was a play to be acted in New-York, the author of which, (M. M. Noah,) determining to have fair play for his play, had it printed and distributed among the audience. The effect was fatal to the piece and the performance. Each reader became a critic, and when the curtain rose, the eyes of the spectators were divided between the book and the stage. It was to the imminent peril of the actor, who, on that occasion, departed from his text. There were other reasons against the practice.

The sale of the piece to the manager precluded all publication by the author, and printing was of little consequence to the former as long as the piece brought a house. For one purchaser of the book, there were hundreds who preferred to see it in living letters, done to the life, for a sixpence, at

the Globe, with all the glitter and glory which the judicious use of theatrical properties could produce. The author, in selling his manuscript, contemplated no other form of publication than the stage. He would not have done so had book publication been as profitable then as it has become since. In destroying theatres, bull-rings, cock-pits and all the ordinary resources of popular taste, books have risen into a degree of importance, and acquired an interest, which make it necessary that we should inquire anew, as to what shall be the means of securing to him who makes them, some portion of the profits which they bring. The decline of the drama in modern periods, is referrible chiefly to the almost universal capacity of the people to read. The excellence and superiority of the drama, in those days, was really due to the ignorance of the people. They craved knowledge, and there was but one way in which it could be bestowed by genius and talent. They constituted the great majority, and hence the willingness to teach and to amuse them on the part of men of genius. Hence, too, the confidence, the freedom, the audacity, with which the latter spake and wrote. To have addressed an audience of their equals, might have chilled their enthusiasm, as certainly as it must have disarmed their confidence, and this is the misfortune of an age of mediocrity. The author who knows his reader to be his equal, is always rather less solicitous of the thing which he says than of the manner in which he says it.

The reserves of dramatists with regard to the press, which have been argued to betray their indifference to fame and fortune, was simply due to their preference of the primitive mode of publication as that which was the most profitable. Indeed, with their hands full of foreign and ancient literature—the first Anglo-Saxon writers—the rhyming chroniclers—the metrical romances—the contemporaneous French and Italian legends and fictions—the wars of Chivalry—Froissart—which Lord Berners had already translated—and the writings of famous travellers, of whom Sir John Maundeville may be considered a sufficient specimen—the printers had no desire, as they had no motive, to trespass upon the domain of the native author. When his writings became desirable, we shall see that, not only was the author prepared to insist upon their value, but that the publishers were not indisposed to admit his claims. At all events, it will be seen that no one at that time disputed the right to be in himself—in him only—and it was bought, as a right in perpetuity, from him by the publisher.

The true reason why the writings of the dramatic authors have reached us in such wretched condition is that their property was no longer in themselves. When the increasing tastes for letters, on the part of the public, rendered it a profitable speculation that their works should be printed, the power of revision was no longer in their hands.

Most of them were dead; their manuscripts were swept by hungry printers from the desks of defunct managers, and, full of copy marks, alterations, interpolations, stage directions and marginal improvements, with all their imperfections on their heads, were hurried to the press. When the authors themselves printed, they commonly revised their writings carefully, and were quite as solicitous of the regards of immortality as the merest pretender of modern times. On this head there is a great deal of bald, disjointed chat, which should go for nothing, though from the hands and under the sanction of certain of the bigwigged gentry. Shakspeare, for example, has shown as much anxiety for fame as Milton, and has expressed this anxiety in language almost equally emphatic. His poems are full of those yearnings, claiming and impatient to be heard, which may naturally be supposed to fill the bosom of the great genius, conscious of his endowments, and striving, in obedience to his destiny, to make others conscious of them also. These poems are highly polished compositions, as elaborate in the artifices of verse, as full of proofs of the *labor lima*, as any thing now issued from the press; and the ordinary reader would be confounded could he see one of the original copies of the "Hamlet" as submitted to the players—how inferior in all respects to that which we have—how crude in its first conception—how wanting in that exquisite finish which marks, at this time, its expanded soliloquies and favorite dialogues. Even when printing his productions, the author adhered to the practice of preceding times, of choosing a patron for his volume; and the printed, in place of the manuscript copy, graced with the name of lord or lady, secured for him a gift from the individual thus honored, which probably surpassed in value the profits of the whole edition. The profits arising from the printed plays—which were not intended for the reader—were very small almost to the days of Dryden, in comparison with those which followed the successful performance. But even these sources of income were not overlooked or neglected. Copyrights were sold at a very early period to the publishers, who continued to use them as a perpetual property, and transmitted them to their assigns accordingly. It has been argued against the right of the author, that the claim to protection was usually urged on the behalf of the bookseller, or publisher; but this has no bearing on the case, unless it can be shown that the purchaser bought only a limited right from the author. This we know was not the fact. The author sold his right as if it were a perfect one; and if he got little for it, as in the case of Milton, this proves only that his necessities were great, and that the publishers, in those days, were not as liberal as they are said to be in ours. They took advantage of necessities, as tradesmen, which they had not the soul to sympathize with as men. If, after a certain period of

use, the copy was abandoned to the public, either by author or publisher, it was in consequence of its own diminished value in public estimation, and not because of any patriotic desire to make it common on the part of the proprietor. Such liberality is seldom shown where the work will pay. For that matter, hundreds of copyrights may be procured now, for which the authors expect nothing; but shall we argue from this against the rights of those who, as their productions still command a price in the market, prefer that the money should find its way into their pockets rather than into those of persons who have as few claims upon the public as upon them? Authors who happened to be noblemen, or persons of great wealth, generally wrote as amateurs, without expecting compensation for their works; not unfrequently incurring even the expense of publication themselves, and, if not, bestowing the entire Copyright upon the publisher who did so. The Surry's and the Wyatt's published after this fashion. Milton and Lord Bacon have been frequently referred to. A word with regard to these writers, which will have its application to hundreds more. Milton did sell his poems, though he got little for them. His emphatic testimony in favor of the right of the author to his works is on record. "God forbid," he says, "that it should ever be questioned;" and this was said in his areopagitica, a speech expressly uttered in behalf of the liberty of the press. It never occurred to him that the liberty of the press could be construed to mean the appropriation, by a bookseller, of an author's writings to his own use, and this, too, on the impudent plea of the common benefit. Milton was never a professional author. If he derived a living from his writings, they were those that fell from him in a political character, as Secretary to Cromwell and as defender of the commonwealth. His poetry was little known and less valued among the Puritans. His great poem was written late in life, and the returns from it were so pitiable that it must be evident they were not regarded as a means of subsistence. That the trifle which he received for the *Paradise Lost*, may have helped him in a moment of emergency, is a point which, if it affects the question at all, supports our view of it, since, however trifling, it was demanded and obtained.

The labors of Lord Bacon rank in the same relation. He was a public servant. His resources were not derived from his writings in any degree. They were gathered in other ways, some of which, unhappily, were not quite so legitimate. Nothing can be drawn from such examples. These were men, independent of letters, who wrote in the intervals of leisure from those vocations, from which their means of life were drawn. They could well afford to bestow their writings as they pleased, and their doing so, without charge upon the public, should not be suffered to affect the claims of those

who live only by their productions and had no other means of subsistence.

It did not in ancient times. The right of the author to his copy was not denied,—was entertained beyond dispute. The common sense of mankind, their sense of right, justice and common honesty, settled the matter; and, as before printing they recognized in the author an exclusive right to multiply his copy, *in writing*, so they recognized the same right, when, by a fortunate discovery of science, he was enabled to multiply his copies by machinery, *in printing*, and without being subject to the former painful manipulations. The principle controlling the subject remained essentially the same. Printing only furnished an additional facility to him for doing that which he before confessedly held an exclusive right to do. To yield thus much to him did not in any way impair any public privilege. On the contrary, as it enabled the people to obtain his labors at more moderate expense, which before were so costly as to be wholly beyond common reach, it was clearly within their policy to recognize his right, else he might have been compelled to continue the old practice, and, like the ancient orator, or the modern dramatist, prefer keeping his work in manuscript to be delivered by himself, orally, to the people, whenever occasion offered. The policy went with the morality and propriety of the admission; and it does not appear that the right of the author was disturbed until the reign of the first Charles. The turbulence of that reign, and of the dynasty which followed, might have been supposed as unfavorable to literary securities as it was to that repose of society which the arts are said to love; but this was not the case. The right of the author was maintained even in the most stormy periods of British History, insisted upon in the time of Charles I. and frankly admitted during the protectorate.

The Common Law Right is asserted in the strongest language by Mr. Justice Willes and Lord Mansfield. "It is certain," says the former, "that, down to the year 1640, (printing was introduced into England by Caxton in 1474,) copies were protected and secured from piracy by a much speedier and more effectual remedy than actions at law and bills in equity. No license could be obtained "to print another man's 'copy'—not from any prohibition, but because the thing was *immoral, dishonest and unjust*. And he who printed without a license was liable to great penalties." From the erection of the Stationer's Company in 1556, copies were entered as property and pirating punished. Sometimes the license was qualified specially, as "if it be found that any other has right to any of the copies then the license, &c., shall be void." "It is remarkable," says Mr. Justice Willes, "that the decree of the Star Chamber in 1637 expressly supposes a Copyright to exist otherwise than by patent, order or entry in the register of the Stationer's

Company: which could be only by common law."

In 1640, both houses of parliament, abolishing the proceedings of the Star Chamber, expressly take for granted that Copyrights could only stand upon the Common Law. The ordinance, therefore, prohibits printing without consent of the owner; or importing, (if printed abroad) upon pain of forfeiting the same to the owner. All parties, in 1644, whether for or against unlicensed printing, concurred in the conviction that "*literary property was not the effect of arbitrary power, but of law and justice, and therefore ought to be safe.*" In 1449, the Long Parliament made an ordinance which forbids printing any book *legally granted*, or any book *entered, without consent of the owner*, on pain of forfeiture, &c. In 1662, the licensing act repeats the prohibition in the same terms, the penalties being forfeiture of the book and 6s. 8d. on each copy. The act supposes ownership at Common Law, and the right itself is recognized in a clause which forbids the Chancellor and Vice Chancellor of the Universities to "meddle with any book or books, the right of printing whereof doth *solely and properly belong* to any particular person or persons." The *sole property* is acknowledged in express words as a Common Law Right, "and," says Mr. Justice Willes, "the Legislature who passed that act could never have entertained the most distant idea that the productions of the brain were not a subject matter of property." We are wiser, however, in our generation, than the children of light.

Lord Mansfield says, "From premises either expressly admitted, or which cannot, and therefore never have been denied, conclusions follow, in my apprehension, *decisive upon all of the objections raised to the property of an author in the copy of his own work by the Common Law*. I use the word 'copy' in the technical sense in which that name or term *has been used for ages, to signify an incorporeal right to the sole printing and publishing of somewhat intellectual, communicated by letters.*"

Copyright, in short, means neither more nor less than the right to make and sell copies, and thus, in three syllables, embodies the substance of the claim more compactly, perhaps, than in almost any other property-definition. Mr. Justice Aston says, "This idea of an author's property has been so long entertained, that the *copy of a book seems to have been not familiarly only but legally used as a technical expression of the author's sole right of printing and publishing that work*; and that these expressions, in a variety of instruments, are not to be considered as the creators and origin of that right or property; but as speaking the language of a known and acknowledged right," &c. The truth is, the phrase came from the earliest periods, from the original practice of the author of selling copies in manuscript long before printing

was discovered. The discovery of printing only increased his facilities for doing so, not so much for his own as for the popular benefit, and his right could not be impaired by the discovery. The authorities quoted by Lord Mansfield and the two Justices, Willes and Aston, are numerous and would seem to be conclusive in favor of the right of the author at Common Law, and because of the common usage.

It is but fair to say that Mr. Justice Yates disagreed with his learned associates. His views and arguments strike us as being rather sophistical and subtle than profound or true. He speaks rather as the advocate of a side than a judge—is more solicitous to make out a case, than determine rightly the one before him. We have seen, at an early passage in this letter, reference made to one of the arguments by which he attempts to show that there is no Common Law Right—namely, that where he reasons against the immemorial usage, on the ground that the introduction of printing itself was not, at that period, immemorial. This point has, I trust, been sufficiently answered in the hurried history which I have endeavored to make of the several known kinds of publication. The strongest argument of Mr. Yates is derived from the fact that publishers applied to the Legislature for a statutory provision in their favor, and for the further protection of their rights. "Why," is the question of the Justice, "if they had protection at Common Law should they seek it from statute?" To this the answer is easy. The protection at Common Law was inadequate. The object of the application was two fold, and the reasons of the Legislature in the enactment of the statute, are, upon a little examination, sufficiently apparent. At Common Law the proprietor of Copyright could recover no more costs against the piratical publisher than he could prove damage, and thousands of illegitimate copies might be sold where he could only prove the sale of ten or twenty; and in the next place, the person in those days guilty of such piracy was seldom as respectable person as now*—he was most usually a pauper from whom no damages could be obtained—he could continue his evil practices even in prison, and, so far from the plaintiff obtaining a remedy at Common Law, he was subjected to all the costs of prosecution. The true remedy was in making the pirated copies themselves liable, and this remedy could be afforded by statute only. These arguments are urged by the Copyright proprietors themselves in 1703. "We therefore pray," say the applicants for a Bill, "that confiscation of counterfeit copies be one of the penalties to be inflicted on offenders." The reasons for "entering Copyrights" as required by the statute should be equally apparent. It was

to prevent mistake. There were, by this time, thousands of works, the printing and publishing of which were common in England—works, as we have seen, translated from the writings of foreigners, works taken from the stage, when there were neither authors nor managers to claim them—for the protectorate period was particularly fatal to dramatic interests—works of amateur and noble authors, who, superior to want, had never been at the pains to assert a right to their productions—and ancient writings, from the earliest periods of Literary History, in Europe, the very authorship of which was doubtful, and for none of which did there remain a claimant. It was important that there should be certain legal indicia by which the innocent publisher should be warned to forbearance. The reason of Copyright entry, in an office assigned for the purpose, was the same with that which requires similar record of all other proceedings which relate to the acquisition of other kinds of property, whether held by grant, gift, sale, bequest or inheritance—simply that the proof of property should be easy—that any transfer of it should be soon made known—that nobody should be misled—nobody taken by surprise through ignorance,—the dishonest kept from evil practice,—the innocent from being overreached. So far from its being held to impair the original right of the author, by showing that the right was unoriginal, it was simply a mode by which his property was put upon an equal footing of security with that of all other persons. The fact that this security was for a limited period did not impair any rights which the statute itself did not affect. Such limitations are consistent with the general, and I may add the proper, policy and practice of Legislators, who are naturally reluctant to enact laws which shall bind too remotely their successors. The reasons upon which a law is based may change—the circumstances vary—the necessities of the case may render new and very different proceedings necessary;—and hence the wisdom and propriety of caution in a particular, where much evil may be the result of a too imperative and precipitate legislation. These principles, however, affect the general practice only. That they apply to the present case is not apparent, nor should we consider them farther in this connection.

But the right of the author to the sole profit arising from the sale of his productions, is fortunately grounded upon principles which are very far superior in authority to any which may be drawn from the practice of a nation at any period, and particularly of nations and periods which have been distinguished in history by frequent violations of all right—by equal uncertainties of principle and practice—by the caprices and commotions of war—by the infancy of civilization and by the most tyrannous stretch of royal prerogative. It is well and wise to regard the Common Law of a country, for the

*The petitioners say, "no man of substance has been known to offend in this particular; nor will any ever appear as such." It seems they were mistaken in this prediction!

sufficient reason that Common Law, in its choicest signification, is, in reality, nothing less than common justice. It is the common sense and the moral sense of a people conjoined—the matured fruits of the thought and experience, the received convictions of successive generations, rendered venerable by time, and forming the great and inestimable basis of a national character. Verily, it is of vast importance to a country, that this common sense and common law should lead to common justice—should rise superior to fictions and self-delusions—should have regard to something more than the momentary profit and performance—should discard with scorn and indignation all mean and slavish suggestions, whether these appeal to its miserable appetites, or more miserable vanities,—and, steadfastly stretching forward to the good, the true and the immutable, should regard, as of the highest value and importance, the transmission to the infant generations of a capital, in conscience, superior to any in trade, which shall stand them in stead equally in the sight of God, as in that of his frail and erring creature, man! It is well that the Legislature should have an eye to the doings and the convictions of the past, but he must not be satisfied to confine himself to this survey alone. Man is an ascending, uplooking animal. The only true proof of his civilization is in his progress. He cannot bind himself entirely to the past. He builds upon the foundations of his fathers precisely as he builds above their heads. To be satisfied with what they have been, is to forfeit what they have left. To hold merely to what they were, is to sink from what we are. We must go forward, not to lose ground,—upward, not to descend. To remain stationary is to lose our hold upon present possessions. To set a God Terminus to our moral boundaries is to invite the arms of the “outer-barbarians,” as in the case of modern China. There is a part in the history of every civilized nation which is necessarily great and glorious. It consists of that period when its own labors wrought out its civilization. Such a period is one, certainly, of great authority, so far as it stimulates its successors to like exertions. But the present must always arbitrate for itself, if it would assert its own individuality. To be content with this part, however grand or glorious, is to forego the exercise of the very qualities which rendered it memorable. The legislator has always before him much higher standards, as well of sense as of morality, than his ancestor ever possessed. They are furnished by the labors of his predecessor. To reject the use of these advantages, and stubbornly to look back upon their progress, to the guide stones which they have left behind them, is to retrace the axe marks in the wilderness of the very implement which we carry on our shoulders. The proper question for the lawgiver is not so much what has been, but what should be—not what is done, but what ought to be

done—what, in brief, is right, fit, becoming, in him to do. And these questions are not of temporary interest. They affect concerns by which successive races are to be influenced—by which they are to triumph or be overthrown—stand or fall—live and grow, great and glorious, or sink, mean and infamous, the loathing and reproach of other nations.

This question of literary property must be examined on intrinsic grounds. It is a question, from its peculiar nature, very much by itself. It is one from which any attempt at analogous cases would only serve to mislead us. It is absurd to regard it with a constant reference to old definitions and ancient practices—definitions conceived when man was a savage and knew nothing of letters—and practices adopted and pursued when might was every where triumphant over right—when the strong arm was an abler pleader than the eloquent tongue—when the bribe outweighed the principle—and when merit, literally in the court of “dusty feet,” begged from power as a privilege, that which had been denied to any prayer of the petitioner in the character of justice. We are not to ask what certain lords and lawyers may have said at such periods, though some of these, the very noblest of their order, have spoken as they should, in consonance and strict agreement with the common laws of sense and justice. What is the truth, is our only question, and if, unlike Pilate, we have only the patience to wait, it is possible we may procure an answer.

It is an error to say, or to suppose that the object of Government is the greatest good of the greatest number. Were this so, no man would enter society at all. Society would be fatal to his individuality. The greatest number can take care of itself—will take care of itself—and asks nothing from society. If numbers were the object of Government, the smallest would be the creature of its consideration. Its true object is the security of the individual man. Let the other principle prevail, and there would be no freedom, since there would be no safety in a minority. Such a doctrine, in our federal relations, would surrender the small states to the tender mercies of the large. We can very well conjecture, from what we know, what might be expected from these. The political jealousies and constant watchfulness of the smaller communities does not suffice to save them now, with all their safeguards and checks, as devised by the federal compact. Under the social contract—I have no reference to Rousseau in the employment of this phrase—laws are framed, not for the mass, but for the individual. It is individual life and property which needs and claims protection. In the United States, we also guarantee to the individual the pursuit of happiness.—A guaranty which, generalizing too largely, has scarcely any practical application in our policy. These objects constitute the substance of all the duties which society is re-

quired to perform. It is to protect the life, and secure the possessions of the citizen and to give a sanction to his labors, and guard him in their fruits. It matters not what may be the character of those labors,—whether they consist of brick-making or book-making. The free choice of pursuit, according to the endowment of the individual, is guaranteed, we may presume, by every Government under the rather vague phrase, “the pursuit of happiness.” All that society has a right to require is, that this pursuit shall not conflict with the happiness of any other of its children—shall impair the rights of none other, shall hurt no man in his life, his limbs or his possessions.

The definition of property, however various its forms and objects, is as simple and perspicuous as that of life. Ordinarily, it is one of those practical subjects which demand no definition. What is peculiar to one's self is one's own, whether it be the creature of one's ingenuity, or industry. It does not matter that the object should be one of market value, or of general utility. It is enough that it is susceptible of claim and identity—that it was gotten without detriment to the right of another—that the claimant establishes in behalf of his right a better title than any other can assert. In primitive periods this, with some exceptions, was the case. The vulgar sense of the useful limited the definition of property to such objects only as came under the narrowest meaning of that term. Objects of taste and fancy, were not considered worthy of protection. Land, cattle, horses, sheep, the implements of husbandry and the chase, constituted, at such periods, the only objects of social protection. And even these were only secured to the owner while he was in their actual possession. The moment he vacated the land, or the dwelling, that moment it might be seized on by another. The moment his cattle, or sheep, strayed from the fold, they were counted wild, in *fera natura*, and might be taken by the first comer. Hence, in Jewish history, the immediate pursuit of the stray lamb—the constant watch of the shepherd and the watch dog, and the nightly tale by which the missing were to be detected. The truth is, at such periods, the right of property, depended for half of its virtue upon the constant vigilance of the proprietor, and the strength of arm with which his possessions were maintained. It was a step towards security, and so to civilization, when the branding of cattle was introduced as a practice; when the slit in the ears of dog, hog, sheep or cattle, determined their ownership, and left no roguish appropriator any pretext that the property was abandoned. Civilization made another progress, when beauty, forming an alliance with taste, won to her lures, and tamed to her hand, the favorite bird of the forest, whose song and plumage made it an object of delight to fancy;—when the young hunter, laid at her feet the petted fawn which he had

snared in the distant thickets. These, as they became desirable objects of possession, were recognized as objects of property also. Where they escaped, and were held by others, the failure of the owner to recover them, was not owing to any reluctance of the laws to regard them as such, but simply because they were of that class of objects which were not easily distinguishable one from another. The proof and identification were next to impossible. The owner could not show that they were peculiar to himself. To remedy this defect, the same, or a similar process, was adopted in the case of the bird, the deer, the dog, which was employed for the proof and security of cattle. Some badge, proper to the owner, was fastened about them; and in this way, little by little, society proceeded to confirm the rights of the individual to all objects of sight, upon which, without infringing the previous rights of another, he had laid his hands and impressed his peculiar signet.

Now, whether the right of the author to his book is less valid than that of him who first enters upon lands, who first tames the wild cow or the horse, who first takes the deer, who first snares the bird? His right is based upon the peculiar and personal labor and skill by which his books have been made. They are emphatically *his* works. They are not *yours*. The very terms which we are compelled to employ in stating the simple fact of authorship embodies the very clearest notion of property. Nay, it is as *his* works, and not as their own, that they are valuable to the publishers who appropriate them against his will. Unlike other stolen goods, the marks of the owner, so far from being obliterated and erased, are preserved with care, and earnestly insisted upon, as constituting the highest recommendation to the purchaser. When, therefore, with this fact before their eyes, it is insisted by the appropriator that the work which he reprints is not peculiar—that the ideas are common—might have occurred to any man—we are prepared to acknowledge instantly that such base ingenuity deserves nothing better than the horsewhip. “I confess,” says Mr. Justice Aston, “I do not know, nor can I comprehend any property being more emphatically a man's own—nay, more incapable of being mistaken than his literary works.” And this is the language of every honest mind—of every man not selfishly interested to prefer falsehood to truth, or simply anxious, as in the case of all new fledged sophists, to exercise ingenuity, in making out a case, at the expense of conscience. What author's works have ever been mistaken in this manner. What bookseller confounds Ben Johnson with Shakspeare, Marlowe with Fletcher, Dekkar with Rowe, Tickell with Addison, Dryden with Pope? Which of them, simple as he pretends himself, ever put forth an edition of Dryden, with the title page of Settle? or the writings of Milton with the name, as author, of Sir Richard Black-

more. What purchaser is it that buys a book and avows a total indifference to the name of the author, being satisfied that ideas are things in common, and those of one man quite as proper for the market as another? Both parties take precious good care of this. The right of the author to his book is never denied when the chapman is about to sell it to his customer—only when the author himself appears to urge his demands for a small portion of the profits growing out of his labors and his fame.

The right of the author to the property in his productions, so far from being questionable, is really superior to that of all other producers. His works depend less upon extraneous assistance. They do not result from the application of his industry to physical substances—such as ores, lands, clay or lumber—things, which, in the possession of any artist, may be fashioned into peculiar forms, showing the hands of the maker, and which he thus converts into a means of profit. He is, under God, their sole creator, almost without agent or implement of any sort. They spring at his bidding from sources of which no man may obtain the control—of which no man suspects the abundance. The fountain of their being is in himself—never was, and never could be, in the possession of any but himself, of which no man can have been depossessed—of the very existence of which none but himself has any knowledge. He is as peculiarly the thing he makes as the spider is of his web of gossamer; spinning from his brains and his sensibilities, as the latter from his bowels, the structure which he endows and inhabits. Thus then, *above*, we find him the sole proprietor. The technical language of the law, which, of old, according to Verulam, recognized theft as one of the modes for acquiring property (a recognition, by the way, which the age, entitled, *par excellence*, that of chivalry,—which Burke deplored and which Bayard did *not* represent—certainly did much to sanction)—has none more legitimate than that of the author. In his claim lie all the essential elements of a just definition of property. His work is the fruit of his sole industry—made out of materials entirely his own—wrought into shapes, devised and designed by himself; its appropriation to his own use, hurts no man—takes from no man's right. It is a thing of value—a thing of eager desire among men,—and yields a profit in the market, to which no man but himself pretends a right. It is a thing of public use and benefit, and furnishes means of knowledge and happiness to thousands. Indeed, it is only because of the immense value of his labors that the effort is made to deprive him of them entirely—to bestow upon him as a gratuity a temporary use in them which wresting the right from his possession, and when he would desire to have this better understood, in order to the ends of justice—when, like the house-builder and house-holder,

he would be made secure in his property so long as it shall last,—he is visited with all sorts of opprobrious censure by the very persons that fatten on his fruits. He is called a monopolist—that vulgar catch word of the cunning, meant to prejudice in the ears of the selfish and the ignorant those rights which are otherwise unassailable. The author, a monopolist—the author a selfish, grasping, mercenary creature—he who has grown into a proverb from the recklessness of his career, his notorious inattention to his own interests, and the looseness with which he squanders the pittance, which his necessities receive from those who roll in luxuries solely gathered from his improvident but prolific genius. The very pages in which his claims are denounced and derided, are crowded with the usual drivel about his distresses; yet they do not see that these very distresses are mainly due to that denial of justice, which now, for the first time in America, he is beginning impatiently to demand.

But suppose he is a monopolist? If the property be his, as I hope has been sufficiently shown, why should he not enjoy it, as all other property is enjoyed by other men? Why should not his books yield him an annual income, as well as his money or his lands? They have an annual demand in the market. There are persons ready to buy who do not complain of his prices. It is by multiplying the copies of his works that the author's returns are derived; and this fact is all-important to a just comprehension of what is due by the government of a country to the proper protection of his property. The country takes the life of the offender who forges the name of the merchant—the same country is pledged to secure to her citizens who pursue any form of business, an adequate protection, though, in doing so, she employs new agents for the purpose. This is the vital principle upon which the author relies in the assertion of his claim. His property is a peculiar one. It would be valueless if he were not permitted to use it in the only way in which it will yield him profit. When his writings were delivered by recitation, the very mode of publication, as we have seen, secured him against spoliation. Perfect copies could not be taken from his lips, and the partial appropriations only served to whet the appetite of the hearer, for all the rest. When written copies were furnished to individuals, prior to the discovery of printing, he had like securities in the ignorance of the community, and the extreme costliness of the labor by which copies only could be made. This latter fact, by the way, is the one which answers all analogies addressed to the case, drawn from the inventors of orreries and other expensive efforts in machinery;—the cost entering into the mere physical structure, being the chief expense to the purchaser. We contend that printing the book in copies, does not alter the case, or lessen the exclusive right of the author to the multiplica-

tion of his copies in that way, any more than by writing them with his own hands—that the putting of these individual copies on sale, is not, by this act, an abandonment of the work to any person who may think proper to appropriate it. And such was the understanding of the British public. To this day, the decision of the British judges, is of prime authority, which determined the ownership of the MS. to be in the writer, though actually sent by him, in the form of letter, to another; a decision which controls manuscript compositions as well as private correspondence. Among the judges so deciding, we are able to recall at this moment Lord Hardwicke, Lord Mansfield, and more recently, Lord Eldon. But the principle is not denied by any. On this point it is ruled by Lord Mansfield, that “*no disposition, no transfer of paper upon which the composition is written (though it gives the power to print and publish) can be construed a conveyance of the copy, without the author's express consent 'to print and publish,' much less against his will.*” Now, printing does not substantially affect this principle. Printing is nothing more than a more rapid means of multiplying copies. To employ this agent, instead of his pen, certainly changes none of the author's relations with the public, affects none of his rights in his labors. But, according to Mr. Justice Yates, and others of his creed, publication, through the medium of the press, implied an abandonment of his right, by the author, to the public. But by what reasoning is this conclusion reached? By what implication is it made? The point involves a fact to be established. The *onus probandi* is upon the defendant in this issue. The author denies any abandonment! The consent cannot be implied. An express showing of the abandonment must be made. It cannot be inferred from publication, since copies in writing were publications, and recitations from the stage, are publications, and neither of these words was ever supposed to indicate such an abandonment. The several modes, declaiming recitation first, manuscript copies next, and printing last, were employed by the author in realizing from his production whatever profit it would bring. “Without publication,” says Mr. Justice Aston, “’tis useless to the owner, because without profit. Property without the power of use and disposal, is an empty sound. In that state ’tis lost to the society in point of improvement, as well as to the author in point of interest. Publication, therefore, is the necessary act, and only means to render this confessed property useful to mankind and profitable to the owner. In this they are jointly concerned.” “But,” said the opposite counsel, “when a man buys a book it is his own.” Reasoning, from common analogies, such would be the case. It is certainly the case where a man buys horse, or house, or farmstead. But the cases are without proper parallelism. The application

of the law depends somewhat upon the nature of the property. The objects must be the same in character which you place under the same rules and definitions. The definition must be adapted to suit the interest, and not the interest the definition. The intention of the seller, as to the object sold, and the extent of interest which he conveys at sale, is a condition declared or understood at that time between the parties. This must be taken into consideration here. What is it that the author sells? Not his book, but a copy of it. Hence the peculiar term “Copyright,” or the right of making and multiplying copies—a right which he keeps,—which he refuses to sell,—a right peculiar to him who owns the original, as first maker, first finder, first worker, first discoverer! Not to recognize this right, would be fatal to all authorship—would put an end to all publication,—it would impose upon the author the necessity of some legal stipulation, specially made, with every purchaser, at the very moment of sale,—a proceeding which would very greatly enhance the cost of the publication. “What,” says Mr. Justice Aston, “is there no difference between selling the property in the work and only one of the copies? To say ‘selling the book conveys all the right,’ begs the question. For, if the law protects the book, the sale does not convey away the right from the nature of the thing, any more than the sale conveys it where the statute protects the book.” “Can it be conceived, that, in purchasing a literary composition at a shop, the purchaser ever thought he bought the right to be the printer and seller of that specific work? The improvements, knowledge or amusement, which he can derive from the performance, are all his own, but the right to the work—the Copyright—remains in him whose industry composed it. The buyer might as truly claim the merit of the composition by his purchase, as the right of multiplying the copies and reaping the profits.”

Another passage from Justice Aston requires to be particularly read by all that class of publishers who claim still to defer to something of a moral law. It may be also, in some degree, useful to that class of sophists, who, in their passion for ingenious argument, are but too apt, in the exercise of an exquisite mental, to forget the uses of a moral, sense. “The invasion of this sort of property is as much against every man's sense of it, as it is against natural reason and moral rectitude. It is against the convictions of every man's own breast who attempts it. *He knows it not to be his own. He knows he injures another, and he does it, not for the sake of the public,*” (of which, by the way, how wondrous, patriotic, and earnest are the considerations of printers and paper makers,) “*but mala fide et animo lucrandi.*” A truly conscientious publisher, reading this language of some of the first minds in Europe—if there be any modesty in his composition—will rather pause

in his career, whatever may be his own convictions, and ask himself, seriously, if it may not be the case, that the love of gain blinds him to the strict requisitions of honesty; whether his powers of reasoning are not somewhat impaired by his cupidity, and, whether it would not be more prudent, in a matter in which his interest is too great to allow him an unprejudiced judgment, to give heed to the counsels of those, equally renowned for wisdom and morality, who, at the same time, are totally uninfluenced by the results of their own decision.

However peculiar may be the nature of the property—however differing in its characteristics, and the securities which it asks, from every other kind of property, it is only necessary to show it to be such, and to show where the right lies, to compel a new definition so as to compass the interest. The legislator has this peculiar province committed to his care; and it is to meet the constant variations in the condition of society, its interests and securities, that the business of legislation is required to go on *pari passu*, with all other social employments. The mode in which an interest is to be employed arises from the necessity of its peculiar case; and from the recognized right of every man to sell just as much, or little of his property as he pleases, and to couple the sale with whatever limitations he may think proper to impose upon it. Were this not conceded in the case before us, there could be no sale from the author in the first instance, for no publisher would buy, and no books would be printed, except those of the amateur. The author, or publisher, in the words of Lord Mansfield, could "reap no pecuniary profit, if, the next moment after his work comes out, it may be pirated upon worse paper, and in worse print, and in a cheaper volume"—and farther, from the same great legal and moral authority: "The author may not only be deprived of any profit, but lose the expense he has been at. He is no more master of the use of his own name. He has no control over the correctness of his own work. He cannot prevent additions. He cannot retract errors. He cannot amend or cancel a faulty edition. Any one may print, pirate and perpetuate the imperfections to the disgrace, and against the will of the author; may propagate sentiments under his name, which he disapproves, rejects and is ashamed of. He can exercise no discretion as to the manner in which, or the persons by whom his work shall be published." I must make a few more extracts from Lord Mansfield. "If," says he, "the copy belongs to an author, *after publication*; it certainly belonged to him before. *But if it does not belong to him after publication*, where is the Common Law to be found, which says, 'there is such a property before?' All the metaphysical subtleties from the nature of the thing may be equally objected to the property before. It is *incorporeal*—it relates to

ideas detached from any *physical* existence. There are no *indicia*: another may have had the same thoughts upon the same subject, and expressed them in the same language, *verbatim*. At what time, and, by what act, does the property commence? The same string of questions may be asked, upon the copy before publication: is it *real* or *personal*? Does it go to the *heir* or to the *executor*? Being a right which can only be defended by action, is it, as a chose in action, *assignable* or *not*? Can it be *forfeited*? Can it be taken in *execution*? Can it be vested in the assignees under a commission of *bankruptcy*?" It was with difficulties such as these that the mere technical lawyer environed the subject with difficulties, which grew out of his slavish deference to arbitrary dicta in cases no ways analogous. The mind of Mansfield, grasping the subject itself, rejected with scorn the employment of mere supposititious cases, of imperfect parallels, and sophistical problems which never pierced the core of the difficulty. "*From what source then*," he asks, "is the Common Law drawn, which is admitted to be so clear, in respect of the copy before publication?" His answer to this question might fitly conclude these papers. "*From this argument*,—because it is *just* that an author should reap the pecuniary profits of his own ingenuity and labor. It is *just* that another should not use his name without his consent. It is *fit* that he should judge when to publish, or whether he ever will publish. It is *fit* he should not only choose the time, but the manner of publication; how many; what volume; what print. It is *fit* he should choose to whose care he will trust the accuracy and correctness of the impressions; in whose honesty he will confide, not to foist in additions: with other reasonings to the same effect. I allow them sufficient to show '*it is agreeable to the principles of right and wrong, the fitness of things, convenience, policy, and therefore to the Common Law*, to protect the copy *before* publication. *But the same reasons hold after the publication.*' "For these, and many more reasons, it seems to me *just* and *fit*, to protect the copy *after* publication." "All objections which hold as much to the kind of property *before*, as to the kind of property *after* publication go for nothing. *They prove too much*. There is no peculiar objection to the property *after*, except 'that the copy is *necessarily* made common, after the book is once published.' Does a transfer of paper upon which it is *printed*, necessarily transfer the copy, more than the transfer of paper upon which the book is *written*? The argument turns in a circle. 'The copy is made common because the law does not protect it; and the law cannot protect it because it is made common.' The author does not mean to make it common; and if the law says, 'he ought to have the copy *after* publication'—it is a several property, easily protected, ascertained and secured. The

whole then must finally resolve in this question,—‘whether it is agreeable to *natural principles, moral justice and fitness to allow him the copy, after publication as well as before.* The *general consent of this kingdom, for ages, is on the affirmative side.* The *legislative authority has taken it for granted*; and interposed penalties to protect it for a time! The single opinion of such a man as Milton, speaking after much consideration, upon the very point, is stronger than any inferences from gathering acorns and seizing upon a vacant piece of ground, when the writers, *so far from thinking of the very point, speak of an imaginary state of nature before the invention of letters.* The *judicial opinions* of those eminent lawyers and great men, who granted or continued injunctions, in cases *after publication, not within 8 Queen Ann, uncontradicted by any book, judgment or saying, must weigh in any question of law*; much more in a question of theory and speculation as to what is agreeable or repugnant to *natural principles.* I look upon these injunctions as equal to any final decree.”

Yet, thus regarding them, with the natural veneration which one great mind unhesitatingly yields to another, we find no surrender of private judgment and original inquiry on the part of Lord Mansfield. It would please me to give the whole of his opinion. I commend it to the reader. It will do him good to see the ease, the strength, the dignity, with which the direct and analytic mind disperses the flimsy sophistries which the merely ingenious and the tortuous have thrown around the subject. You see at a glance that, while the one obscures, the other simplifies the problem,—strips it of unnecessary details, and referring it to the just principles by which it is governed, subjects it to the application of tests by which its claims, necessities, and laws, are made apparent to the simplest understanding. I shall now, without loss of time, hurry to the closing considerations which our analysis involves.

Having reached one of the natural divisions of my subject, I propose, at some hazard of repeating myself, to advert to the several points which it has been the aim of the preceding pages to establish. I have shown, I trust conclusively, that, agreeable to all the laws of justice, common right, common reason, and, consequently, Common Law, the original author or composer of a book, has an inherent right in the property thereof—that this right is totally exclusive of the claims of any other—and, that, according to all the rules of common honesty and common sense, it should be as little obnoxious to alienation, by the operation of law, as that which the citizen maintains in any other property,—that it demands equally the protection of law,—that the law-giver is equally bound to afford it—that no question of the expedient

should enter into the inquiry as between the author and the community in which he lives; but that the latter is quite as much bound to recognize his claims as those of any other citizen—nay, the very fact that his profession requires *peculiar securities, establishes in him, peculiarly, the exclusive right to his labors*—since, what is peculiar to him is, for that very reason, secure against any opposing interest or right of any other person. I have also endeavored to show that it is no less the policy than the duty of the community to yield this recognition; and, by a brief history of the career of American letters, the surprising rapidity of their growth, and their almost equally rapid rise to a comparative perfection,—have shown their absolute importance to the independence of the national mind. It has also been my purpose to prove, as will be seen by a reference to the second letter of this series, that even the minor considerations of public interest and economy would not be unfavorably affected by a recognition of the leading principles and the policy urged in the extension of the privileges of Copyright. But the important matter lies in the question of the author's inherent right to the productions of his own pen and intellect. If this right be conceded, as, indeed, we can not well see how it can be denied, by any but the sophistical and basely interested, it follows, as matter of course, that the whole question is concluded; since, I take it, that no member of the American Congress will pretend that the public may discriminate between the absolute rights of the citizen, and while fully acknowledging those of one class, subject the other to wholesale privation and denial. This concession made, we are naturally brought to the demand made by the stranger without our gates, to equal security for this property with the citizen within. Copyright—the entering of the title of one's book in an office set aside by law for the purpose, does not, as we have seen, confer a right but a security. The office, thus established by law, is precisely in the nature of an office of ordinary, of mean conveyance, of the Secretary of State,—or any other department, through which a private act, legal in itself, is made known to the public. It is in not perceiving this point that our opponents have made all their blunders. Assuming that the statute for the *protection* of authors conferred rights which did not otherwise exist, they have ascribed to the benevolence of a community, what was the result of its convictions of right. Convention confers no such benevolences at its own expense; and if the rights of the author had not been felt and acknowledged, the security would never have been accorded. The statute, as already shown, was only an additional remedy against a wrong which existing laws could reach in no other efficient manner; and did not, and could not be construed to take away, or lessen a right, which, as such, was wholly independent of it before. As-

suming, on the other hand, that the whole right of the author—in his own works, made by his hands, and branded with his peculiar name—came from the benevolence of the community, nothing would be more natural than that the American publishers should question the propriety of conferring this benevolence upon the foreigner. "But," says the writer of a pamphlet before me, "a British writer is no citizen of the world; he has become a component part of a body politic, and thereby surrendered no small portion of his original rights; and, what is more to the purpose, he has, so far as foreigners are concerned, merged his private property in the general stock." This proves a little too much if it proves any thing. The same argument will justify you in taking any other property of the foreign citizen that you can lay hands on. This very moral proposition only proves the laxity of our modes of thinking, since it is clear that the person who thinks in this manner would not scruple to possess himself of any foreign property. That he confines himself to that of the author rather than the iron-monger, only results from the facility with which he can steal and the safety with which he can carry off the stolen goods. But, to apply the general principle thus alleged, more directly to our case. The British author surrenders something of his rights to the British government as a condition for the protection of the rest. What he surrenders then may be safely appropriated; but not that which he retains! He reserves a privilege of Copyright, according to the British Law, and this proves none of the common property of that country. This is the property of the individual, as much so as his horse or his lands. The argument, according to the principle laid down by our opponent, is decidedly against his appropriation of the property while the author has an interest in it. It is urged as an objection also, that this privilege should not be conferred upon one who incurs none of the responsibilities of citizenship—who contributes nothing to the country which yields the privilege. As if the books themselves, the wisdom and science which they afford, the enjoyment which they bring, are not compensation fully equal to the protection which we are required to bestow. But these are really inferior points. The question must be argued from first principles. If there be a natural right of property in the English author, we are as certainly guilty of violating the laws of God and Justice, in divesting him of the actual profits of his writings, as we should be in divesting him of any other property. The proposition is not to be gainsayed. All depends upon the simple inquiry—does the author, whether English or American, who, by his industry, ingenuity, skill or genius, composes and invents a book, poem or history, acquire such a peculiar right therein—in the values, profits and results of such a performance—as similar labor, industry and ingenuity, exercised in other

ways, and upon other productions, confer upon other persons by the common consent of mankind! This is the simple, but at the same time, the highest and noblest principle by which we recognize a right to property. The work of one's hands confers a more sacred right to one's possessions, legitimate, by the very first law of God to man, than any other mode of acquisition. We say that society every where admits this—that nobody has ever yet questioned the peculiar property of the book to be in the maker of it, and that the very statutes in every country, by which its fruits are secured to him, though for a limited period, are yet conclusive proofs of a general recognition of his claim, as superior to that of all other persons. The idea that the Copyright confers a benevolence—a charity—in giving the maker a privilege to use the very thing he makes, is a pure impertinence, the very terms of which are as offensive to the common sense, as to the moral sense, of every just-minded person. We, in America, concede this right to the author for *twenty-eight years*, and a further term of fourteen years, if either he, his wife or children survive that period. In France, the property in a work is secured to the author for his life, to his widow for her life, and after their death to their children for twenty years. In Holland and Belgium, Copyright is secured to the author for life, and to his heir for twenty years after his death. In Prussia, he enjoys the right for life, and his successors for *thirty years* from his death. In the greater part of Germany the Copyright extends the property in a work for a certain period beyond the death of an author for the benefit of his heirs. In Denmark, the Copyright is perpetual. In Spain it is perpetual. In the two Sicilies the law is believed to be the same as that of France. In Russia, it is during the author's lifetime,—for twenty-five years after.—and a farther term of ten years, if an edition shall be published within five years before the expiration of the first term. In the Russian code, we also find an enactment confirming certain titles of rank and honor, on corresponding degrees of success in literature. The English Law confers the right for twenty-eight years. The "International Copyright Bill" of Mr. Talfourd, secures to "foreigners Copyright in their works there [in England] where the government to which these foreigners belong, allows to British subjects printing in their dominions, similar rights." But the British Law is still unsettled, and the public mind, like our own, very much unsettled in regard to it.

In all countries which have made any advances to civilization, an author's *right of property* has been recognized in his productions. Indeed, such a recognition, and the degree of security which it confers, may be regarded as a very fair comparative test of the moral progress of the several nations. If, then, this be a property in all countries,

it is a property apart from convention. The universality of the acceptance declares it to be such; and as such, it is imperative upon the moral sense of every nation to put it on a like footing of security with every other species of property. There can be no evasion of this simple requisition of justice. There can be no plea to the effect that it is a property easily appropriated, not easily protected, and very profitable to the appropriator. The language of the moral law is imperative:—"Fiat justitia, ruat cælum."

I have endeavored to show that the "right of copy" should be conceded to the *foreign* author, as a matter of policy for the protection of the *native*. This word "protection" has been made something of a bugbear, and as few modern philosophers go more than skin deep in the dissection of their subjects, it has been found sufficient to terrify some of the advocates of the free-trade doctrines. I use the word now with some reluctance. I am too much of a free-trader myself, not to avoid any seeming sanction given to principles and a practice, which I regard with antipathy. But the word "protection" here, is not that sort of protection which the manufacturer desires. While the latter would exclude foreign goods, or only admit of their entry upon hard conditions, it is the prayer of the American author, that his foreign competitor should be put upon the very same footing with himself—should come into the market free of duty—on the same terms with the native,—the latter asking nothing more than a fair field and no favor. The peculiar working of the existing system, by which he is moved to this prayer, is sufficiently developed in my first and second letters. This concession is demanded by what is due to native authority—by the kindred character and language of the applicant, and by the requisitions of natural justice. If, thus admitted, the superior ability of the British can drive the native author entirely from the shops of the publisher,—be it so! we shall have no reason to complain, and certainly no right to do so. But such a fear is entertained only by those who oppose the objects of our application. It is an argument due to their excessive, and, as we believe, overstrained sympathies for an interest, to which, in our thinking, there are no worse foes than themselves.

The arguments against the measure are chiefly drawn from expediency. They are sometimes slender enough, and, not unfrequently, inconsistent with each other. Among others which lie before me now, are those of Mr. John Campbell, who is understood to be a manufacturer of paper;—we trust that his reasons are more fair and much stronger than his arguments. Something he says against the right of the author to his own wares, but nothing much,—his chief force lying in the *argumentum ad crumenam*—certainly the very best mode of influencing the Anglo-Saxon nature whether in

Great Britain or America. I should much prefer to deal with the uncommitted report of Mr. Berrien, to which this writer refers with some earnestness, since it is always more grateful to encounter those who take the higher and more permanent views of a subject; and I object, *in limine*, to the attempt to prejudice a case by any reference to the *supposed* opinions and arguments of any distinguished individual, from whom we have nothing tangible. I am not sure that Mr. Berrien would be such an authority on the subject of the literary interests of this country, as to justify his acceptance, by the popular mind, in preference to that of its domestic writers. The truth is, the quarrel of the latter with the members of Congress, is that so little consideration has been yielded to the subject. A farther reproach is, that when they did attempt its examination, they suffered themselves to be surrounded and influenced by the active partisanship of persons, who, by their own showing, were deeply interested in opposition to the measure. Such persons as the writer of the pamphlet before us, were not adequate authorities. I must confess, I see not why they should have been referred to at all. Were the subject that of paper-making instead of book-making, the reference might be legitimate enough,—but there ends. Congress might well be distrustful of opinions volunteered with so much pains-taking and at some expense, by parties not themselves engaged in the business of authorship. They might well distrust those persons of whom the authors of the country distinctly allege that they are interested to maintain things in their present condition. The latter have rather forborne pressing their arguments upon the law-giver, simply because it might naturally be assumed that governing considerations of duty would, of themselves, have led the representative mind of the country to every inquiry, in every quarter, which was requisite to a just comprehension of the interest under adjudication. They might naturally take for granted that, of all persons, they were the very first who should have been applied to in preference to paper manufacturers and publishers;—and this for reasons, some of which have become proverbial;—the sufficient one being, that they constitute a liberal profession. It does not need to show, since the whole history of literature declares it, that they have worked liberally and have generally remained poor. It seems they were mistaken in this calculation. Senators seem to have expected that the literary men of the nation should throng the lobbies, cheek by jowl, and cap in hand, with the busy crowd of interested expectants which ordinarily inhabit there in deference to place. The policy or propriety of this forbearance—shall we call it pride? may well be questioned, when it is found that such performances as the one before us are suffered to prejudice and impair their rights. But that I am told that this pam-

phlet has had some sway with members of Congress, I should scarcely suppose that it needed any answer, since a moderate amount of thought and inquiry would soon lay bare its deficiencies, as an argument to any understanding. Mr. Campbell is one of those persons who work in figures,—a mode of discussion, which, in spite of the commercial proverb, is, of all others, the most likely to be disingenuous and dishonest. His figures have this character. To much of his opinions and statements, a sufficient answer will be found in the preceding papers. But, it may not be amiss, at the risk of saying things a second time, to consider them once more, *seriatim*.

"Surely," says Mr. Campbell, "an act which would greatly and injuriously affect the current literature of an entire community, and a community so numerous, and so generally capable of reading, as are the inhabitants of these United States, will not be passed unadvisedly by their representatives!"

I hope not. We concur in this aspiration of Mr. Campbell;—for really, the complaint of the American author is that, what has been done by Congress, in the present interest, has been done under very bad advice. But what is meant by the "current literature of an entire community?" Current prices of books is probably the thing intended to be said, for the current literature of a community must be its own, unborrowed; and that, as I have sufficiently shown, and as every body knows, has been injuriously affected,—nay, destroyed, by the existing condition of things among us;—as we assert, by the absence of a proper law of Copyright. Be as ingenious as you will, argue as profoundly,—yet, at the close, the truth stares you still in the face—native authorship is very fairly at an end. The native writer no longer finds entrance to the office of the publisher, and the very best among us, are now compelled to publish for themselves, remain in abeyance, or turn to some other branch of business. There must be something terribly wrong, and needing prompt remedy, in a condition of things which drives a whole profession from a department of industry, to which they have hitherto addressed their lives. Their books are no longer published, and what have we in their place? Let the Representatives of the country ask themselves that question, and ask, further, in what degree the national mind and morals would be the worse for its total exclusion from the national press? But this writer argues improperly in another respect, indeed, the whole sentence is a begging of the question. He argues as if books were not to be published again—as if we were to deprive the people, at one fell swoop, of all their literary aliment—as if we were not only to exclude all modern British authors, but, as if no American were to take their place;—and as if the whole world and wealth of past British Literature—myriads of vol-

umes, than which none better could be furnished to any people, were no longer attainable by the domestic publisher.

"Can, then, reasons be adduced which are sufficient to warrant such a procedure? It is thought not: the more particularly when it is recollected that in an arrangement between government and government, where much is conceded, something approximating at least to an equivalent is always expected in return."

Thus Mr. Campbell: In answer, we have to say, *first*, that we have no right to expect any thing in return for an act of simple justice. *Next*: we concede nothing to the British Government at all. That Government simply proposes to treat with us, on behalf of certain individuals of her community—as every good Government, considerate of the interests of its citizens should—and these individuals alone reap the benefits of the treaty. *Thirdly*. It is not true that there is to be no equivalent. It is an assumption in the face of the fact. The equivalents are twofold. In the first place, the books are themselves an equivalent, in the lessons which they teach, the knowledge which they bestow, the amusement they afford. Surely, if the American people had paid ten cents to Walter Scott for each work of his genius which they bought, instead of paying the whole profit to the American publisher, they would have had ample equivalent for the outlay in the treasures which they have gathered from his hands, and for which no return was ever given. For the second mode of equivalent let me refer you to my first letter, where I have shown you, from the excellent tables of Mr. Putnam, that, for many years, up to 1834, the original works, produced and published in America were equal to the number of European reprints in the same space of time. What, if a mutual system of Copyright prevailed in both countries, would it prevent the American author from disposing of his Copyright in Europe, on the same footing with the Englishman? We are told that the British prefer their own literature. Grant this to some extent, and yet, even after all allowance for British prejudice, the *quid* would be given us in very fair proportion to our claims. We have proof of this already—Cooper and Irving are writers who have always been in demand, and always well paid by the British publisher;—others might be named; and we see by the same tables of Mr. Putnam, that hundreds of American works have been republished in England, without the privity of the author, frequently without his name, and sometimes with a most base perversion of it to make it pass for original and European. Our reviews, magazines and newspapers, have, in this way, been furnishing occasional material, for many years, to the British journalists of corresponding character. In short, if the mutual system of Copyright prevailed, an American book would appear in England without

any distinctive marks of its origin, other than those afforded by its contents. The publishers would offend no prejudices, if there were any, among the people. They are a class, very much alike, we suspect, in both countries—taking care to do nothing which should impair the sale of publications, which, if likely to be successful, they would accept at any hands. These British prejudices, we may add, do not seem particularly incorrigible, since I have before me a list of no less than fifty-six American novels, published as such, with the authors' names, by a single house in London. I have every assurance too, that they were bought and read with avidity. But, even if we had no authors, there would be no force in this objection of Mr. Campbell;—for we are not to argue against the capacity of a people to create, who have hitherto been denied by law the use of this capacity. This is arguing in a circle. We discourage them from making books, and then argue from their non-performance against their ability. Free the same people from these restraints—suffer them to enter equally into the same field with their competitors, and only then would the reproach and argument be legitimate in the event of their failure. Fettered by necessity, by convention, and the inappreciating and hostile opposition of such persons as Mr. Campbell, at home, and there is no occasion for wonder at their non-performance. That they should do any thing is the miracle. Leave it to our paper-manufacturers, and the chance is, that we should never possess a native volume for publication in either country.

“But the mischief which would arise from granting to transatlantic writers the exclusive privilege of republishing their works in this country, is by no means limited to a balance of dollars and cents. The rich might, and doubtless would, continue to purchase at the enhanced price, but what would be the condition of the middling and lower classes of our population, whose characteristics, be it remembered, is intelligence; and whence do they derive that intelligence which so honorably and happily distinguishes them from persons abroad in corresponding spheres of life? Why, from the circulation, to be sure, of every species of knowledge in the cheapest form put forth by rival publishers striving to supply the intellectual market on the lowest possible terms.”

This is plausible,—but nothing more. The *ad captandum* is easily disposed of. We take it, that the intelligence of our people was found and famed long before the era proverbially known among us as that of cheap literature. They are not much indebted for their wisdom to the labors of Sue and Dickens. If mere books were the sources of their intelligence, they have, as before suggested, the funded wealth of British Literature, from the days of St. Columbanus to those of our modern saint, Columbus—to descend no later;—Heaven knows

a sufficiency for any appetite seeking knowledge and that moral succor which the soul and the affections demand at the hands of the intellect. These writings, in millions, are in our possession, and can not be taken from our grasp by the operations of any law of Copyright. So far, therefore, as the materials for making men wise are concerned, we are already endowed with very vast abundance. It is not then for the wisdom of the moderns, but the amusement which they offer that we demand their books. Well, the poor man confessedly has as much right,—perhaps a greater right,—to be amused, than any other person. But what is the value of the sort of amusement to him, his wife and innocent daughter, which is offered by much of the very cheap literature of the present day—and how much time has the poor man for reading the myriads of closely printed pages that are hourly set upon the shelves of the bookseller! Doubtless, the estimate of the paper manufacturer, on this subject, is very much the creature of his hope. He sees millions of sheets consumed in a single month—he fancies they are bought and read by the poor. He is mistaken, and we now begin to see, that these millions cease to be printed. Cheap books are getting to be less numerous. There may be too much of a good thing; for, after all, let the man be able to buy what he may desire, he still finds it a physical impossibility to spare the time for its perusal. Reducing the price to the most miserable standards, it was not only necessary to print in the most wretched style, but to put forth the most enormous quantity, in order to secure a moderate profit. The consequence is, that public appetite is gorged, and turns, with loathing, from the surfeit. There is, after all that is said of the intelligence of our people, a limit to the number of readers. Failing this calculation, our cheap publishers have been playing the game of the Kilkeny cats with each other—a matter, which, in all probability, will produce a very considerable change of opinion, before another year is well over, in the opinion even of some of our adversary pamphleteers. Let me not be understood as adverse to a cheapening of book publishing, having reference to prices as they were anterior to 1839, or '40. The error is in having made them too cheap. The present system is destroying publishers, and disgusting readers; and, by the way, when we look back to the circulating libraries, which the cheap system has broken up entirely, we are at a loss to see in what the popular intelligence could have reason to complain under the old prices. A good book might be procured from these libraries at twelve cents—a book in two volumes. The whole library was free to the student, at prices ranging from three to five dollars per annum. Here, the books were of superior character, of good print and paper, clear, open type, and the poor man might read just as much, or just as little, as he pleased. Now,

he buys the book for something more than it cost him to read it then,—but what a book it is! He scarcely preserves it after one perusal, and the library copy was probably quite as cheap to him as the volume which he is now compelled to purchase. A little increase in price, would give him a book which he might place honorably upon his shelves, in his own little collection. In this way, it would frequently undergo perusal. The book that he now buys, he is not apt to read a second time. The very type and paper are opposed to such a performance. He reads it in the first instance, only for its novelty: and, with this object, the old circulating library, at five dollars per annum, would be the better form of publication for him.

To show how great the passion is for reading among our people, and, in this way to work upon the country members, the following ridiculous passage is taken by our pamphleteer from one of the speeches of Mr. Dickens, while in this country. Alluding to the heroine in one of his tales, he says, "I had letters about that child in England from dwellers in log-houses, among the morasses and swamps of the far west. Many a sturdy hand, hard with the axe and spade, and browned by the summer's sun, has taken up his pen and written to me."

Now, if Mr. Dickens' head had not been unhappily turned by the gross adulation which he received in this country—had he not been so grossly ignorant, and so wanting in all philosophical respects,—he would never have permitted himself to speak this nonsense. I happen to know the source of some of these letters to Mr. Dickens,—nor to him alone—for they are written to every foreign author as soon as his name becomes tolerably well known among us. They come from no hard-handed laborers of the country, "hard with axe and spade and browned by the summer's sun." Their writers use few heavier implements than comb, and brush, and cane, and goose quill. They may be traced to clever young professional adventurers in villages, half trading and half rural, where idle time is in abundance, and where a restless vanity begets an itch for notoriety which makes the possessor but too frequently forgetful of what is proper. There is a large class of this sort of foolish people who actually correspond with all British authors of any repute. They would be unknown else. This is their ambition and they make the most of it. The foreign author, pleased with the expression of an adventurer—(which is seldom qualified by propriety or sense)—from an individual in a distant country,—and assuming our western country to be a sort of wilderness—ignorant of the character of the letter writer, and of the motive for his expressed admiration, considers the compliment—as Lord Byron did—as a sort of foretaste of immortality. It is the homage of posterity to him. The motive of this "dweller in log-houses" is really the vanity of the individual, seeking a miserable notoriety, by

boasting of the correspondence with distinguished persons. English writers are thus frequently imposed upon, and made to form improper notions of people and country, which leads, sometimes, to their grievous disappointment when they come among us. Mr. Dickens, himself, found out his mistake as to the position of his correspondents long before he got back to England. He found that they were neither hard-handed farmers, nor yet persons occupying respectable positions in the literary ranks of the country. In short, his tributes were not those of a heart, overburdened with delight and admiration, but with vanity and weakness—they were not the spontaneous effusion of a simple, worshipping people, but of inane and shallow youth, with a passion for notoriety, which their slender wits enabled them in no other way to gratify. These persons are really a most shocking nuisance. They do not confine their attentions to the foreigner, but bestow them very equally upon the native. I fancy there is scarcely an American writer, of any repute, male or female, who has not been pestered, by letters complimentary, congratulatory and soliciting, from persons of whom they know nothing, and whose only avowed object is the pouring forth of their full hearts in tribute to one to whom they profess a world of gratitude, which they can show in no better way than by—increasing his—bill of postage. Had not Mr. Dickens been blinded by his self-delusions while in America, he would have forborne this petty egotism, in conjecturing the real character of his "hard-handed" correspondents. At all events, we must not be deluded in like manner. Our Senators in Congress must not share the error of the foreign author, and legislate solely in reference to the sale of seven-penny pamphlets to a people, who, for the use they make of them, would be just as likely to buy them at seven pounds.

"Now, it may be asked," continues Mr. Campbell, "how did these intelligent farmers of the far West obtain the pleasure and reap the advantage of perusing the productions of our gifted guest? By purchasing his Copyright works—every one a guinea!"

This question has been repeatedly answered. The point will be found elsewhere noticed in these letters. The assumption here, that English prices would influence the American market, in the event of a cession of Copyright to the foreigner, is an absurdity which should be obvious to a little examination. The very fact which Mr. Campbell himself shows, that, at a guinea a copy, the work would not find purchasers, in this country, is conclusive that such a price would never be demanded. The publisher in every country asks just what he is likely to get, and no more. His prices would be regulated by those of the American writer, and by the ability of the American people. If he demanded more than the former, he would be driven from the market entirely, subjected to a competi-

tion which now he does not feel. In the event of the passage of a mutual Copyright Law, hundreds of British writers would be besieging the American publisher, and the choice afforded him by their numbers, would place them very much as the native author is now, at the mercy of the tradesman. The advantage to the native author would be, simply in being placed on the same footing with his competitor. He might even possess another. The domestic publisher, required to pay as well for his foreign as native material, might then very naturally allow his patriotism to influence, in some degree, his choice in favor of his countryman. When Mr. D'Israeli says, (*on dit*) "Give us this law, and the people of America shall never read my books for a less price than my own countrymen," he speaks very much like a simpleton; but I doubt the whole story. Mr. D'Israeli must see that such a declaration involves an absurdity. He must suppose that his writings are so absolutely essential to the American public that they will have them at any price. Now, the fact is, that the American public know nothing of Mr. D'Israeli's books until they are printed and put before them, at shilling prices, by the American publisher. They can spare better men than himself and be conscious of no loss. But this paltry anecdote is very fitly employed to introduce the following disingenuous statement. Here are some samples of lying figures:—*loquitur*, Mr. Campbell:

"To illustrate the prices which the public would have to pay for English books, protected by an American statute, a few examples will suffice: The publishing price of the *Pickwick* papers, illustrated, in

England, is	-	-	-	\$5 00
The same work published here, is	-	-	-	2 00
Nicholas Nickleby in England,	-	-	-	5 00
" " " " America,	-	-	-	2 00
" " " " plain edition,	-	-	-	75
D'Israeli's Amenities of Literature, English,	10	00		
" " " " American,	1	75		

And in the more serious and important departments of literature the difference is equally great:

Jay's Morning Exercises, English,	-	\$5 00
" " " " American,	-	1 00
Jay's Prayers, English,	-	2 25
" " " " American,	-	25
Rowland Hill's Memoirs, English,	-	2 50
" " " " American,	-	87½
Hannah More's Life, English,	-	5 00
" " " " American,	-	1 50
Turner's Sacred History, English,	-	10 00
" " " " American,	-	1 35
Scott's Bible, English,	-	20 00
" " " " American,	-	5 00
Southey's Poetical Works, English,	-	12 50
" " " " American,	-	3 50

Again: from the appendix, "where," says the writer, "a few additional examples are given because they illustrate, although they can not strengthen truths already beyond the reach of cavil." We shall see this hereafter. But with the "example."

"The publishing price in England of Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, &c., is	-	\$14 00
The same work here, is	-	5 00
Alison's History of Europe, English copy,	45	00
The same work here,	-	4 50
Brande's Encyclopedia of Sciences, &c.		
(English,) - - -	-	14 00
The same here, - - -	-	3 00
D'Aubigne's Reformation, English, -	-	8 00
" " " " American, -	-	3 00
" " " " cheap,	-	1 00

These may be facts, so far as they go. But facts are not truths, and figures, true in themselves, may yet, in the course of an argument, be made the instruments of very wholesale lying. Facts will make truths if you can get enough of them. Unfortunately, our author has here omitted to bring forward some, which belong to the collection, and which are vitally important to our issue. Giving him due credit for an acquaintance with his subject, I am constrained to think that he was not wholly ignorant of the effect of his omission at the time of making it. In short, his statement of the case is a most disingenuous one. Let further facts show. Undoubtedly, his object is to prove, by those given, that the monstrous disparity between the English and the American prices, is the result of Copyright—comes from the fact that the amount demanded by the author occasions the greater expensiveness of the work in England. This is the only point material to the argument, since the object is to dissuade the American Congress, for this very reason, from giving the Copyright privilege in this country to the foreign author. Now, what shall we say to this, when we are told, that the authors of several of these works named, never received a cent for their Copyrights; and that, when they are paid, the amount received forms one of the smallest items in the outlay of the publisher, and makes scarcely a perceptible difference in the price to the public. Thousands of novels, such as Bulwer's, Dickens', James', &c., are published at a guinea in London, for which the author never gets a stiver. American books republished there, have brought a guinea, though the author here never received even a copy of the work by way of recompense. You must look for some other cause for this disparity of price. It must not be saddled upon the author. Fortunately, it needs but a glance at the respective editions, English and American, to reveal the true nature of, and occasion for, the difference. It consists in the superior beauty and costliness of the English edition. The two heaviest items in the publication

of every book are the type-setting and the paper. The cost of the former diminishes with every additional copy printed, while that of the latter remains the same. The English publisher addresses himself to the wealthier classes of the country—for Europe has no poor reading public like the United States—a reading public commensurate, in some degree, with the population in all our densely settled communities;—puts forth small editions, ranging from five to fifteen hundred copies, and distinguished by all the luxury of large type, broad margin, and thick, white, linen paper. The American publisher, addressing himself to a poorer, but more extensively reading people,—stereotypes the publication, so that he can publish countless copies from fixed plates, compresses the English work from three, or even five, volumes, into one, by means of the smallest possible type, and issues his editions of from two to twenty thousand copies. If the English publisher had to deal with an American instead of an English public, he would pursue the same course, work in like manner, and publish just the same editions. He would soon learn what our people can best afford; and, as his policy is precisely that of our own publisher, to adapt his works to the market, and find a ready sale, he would very soon ascertain its resources and necessities. For that matter, you have only to take off your duties upon English books altogether—let them come in free of duty, and, my life on it, neither English nor American authors would ever trouble you farther on the score of International Copyright. What the domestic manufacturer might say is quite another matter. It would then only suffice to secure Copyright in the one country—England—there would be little danger of piracy here. If English mind is good enough for us, English print certainly is. Their books would then come to us in far better style than our own, at much less, or equally low prices. They would underwork paper-maker and book-maker, in such a fashion, as to leave both parties absolute time enough for pamphleteering. To illustrate what I have been saying, suppose we look to a few additional figures. They have been gathered hastily in an application to one of the importers of European books in this city. Some of the examples of Mr. Campbell have been left unnoticed, simply as the English editions are not to be procured among us;—but enough is known of all of them, to determine, as I have said, that the disparity of price is the result of the mechanical execution only,—that the price of Copyright has nothing to do with it. But, to our table:—

Jay's Exercises, English edition,	-	2 vols.	8 vo.
" " American,	"	1 "	12 mo.
" Prayers, English,	"	-	1 " 8 vo.
" " American,	"	-	1 " 18 mo.
Turner's Sacred History, English edition,	-	-	- 3 " 8 vo.

Turner's Sacred History, American edition,	-	-	- 2 " 18 mo.
Southey's Works, English edition,	10	"	12 mo.
" " American,	-	1	" 8 vo.

Now, I assert, without fear of contradiction from any honest publisher who knows his business, that a single glance at these respective editions will be enough to account satisfactorily for the difference in their prices—nay, to make it greater;—for the American publisher's edition is, of the two, by far the most profitable. The Copyright, even when paid, forms one of the most insignificant items, and does not perceptibly influence the cost of publication. The difference, in the style of all these works, is prodigious, and to be understood only by subjecting them to the familiar examination of touch and sight. The English books are invariably of large open print, on fine, white, linen paper, which will endure for ever. The American are on very inferior paper, much of it dingy, all of it flimsy, and without any durable properties whatever. The type is miserably small and hurtful to the eye. The difference of cost in paper, type and press-work, will be easily understood by a reference to the relative size and number of these pages, in the two styles of publication. I take a work, for an example, to which Mr. Campbell has made special reference—the History of Europe by Mr. Alison. The English edition is quoted by Mr. Campbell at \$45; the American at \$5. A wonderful disparity indeed,—but less striking, upon examination, than it seems at first sight. Let me indicate some of the discrepancies. Forty-five dollars is the price of the English work, *only* in the American market. In London, it may be got for a fraction over \$30. A part of the additional 50 per cent, which attaches to the imported work, is the duty—our tariff—for which, my dear Mr. Holmes, we are somewhat indebted to yourself and your brothers in Congress, who let in rail road iron free of duty, while the charges on foreign books are absolutely rated by the *pound*. Fifty per cent is the usual addition by the American bookseller, to the cost of English books imported, to cover duty, insurances and difference of exchange. The English Alison, then, lowered to \$30, and it becomes, in one sense, a far cheaper book than the American at \$5. Look at the difference in manufacture. *Indeed, they are not the same books.* The English Alison is a *splendid octavo in ten volumes*. The American is contained in *four*. The English type is *lead*; the American *close*. The English is twice the size of the American type. There is a spacious margin to the page instead of a narrow one, and the paper is fine, stout and made of linen. The American, though a very good paper, according to our notions, is yet very far inferior. The superior quantity of paper consumed by the English copy may be understood by the fact that, though the page of both editions is precisely the same in size,

yet the English copy is spread over no less than 8,275 pages, while the American is crowded into less than 2,500. When you have compared and contrasted the quality of the paper, and the number of sheets respectively consumed in the two works, you will see that the "figures" and "tables" of Mr. Campbell are a miserable delusion, which could impose upon nobody at all disposed to look closely into the matter. Our pamphleteers rely very much upon the little interest which Senators in Congress take in matters which do not excite the national mind. All the difference in price, between the books of the two countries, is due to the fact that the publications referred to are not the same in both. Our pamphleteer has *contrasted*, not *compared* the several publications. He has put in opposition the most splendid issues of the English press—works, costly because of the great excellence and beauty of their manufacture,—with the most cheap and unattractive of the American. Nor has he given English prices as I am able to give them. I have before me now a beautiful English edition of D'Aubigne, in 3 vols., quoted by him at \$8, for which I pay but \$3 50 in Charleston. By an English circular which now lies before me, I find that Ure's Dictionary is sold in England at \$11 12 instead of \$14;—Southey's Works \$11 12 instead of \$12 50, and a similar discrepancy exists in the prices of nearly all the rest. In comparing these wholly dissimilar things, the writer must have calculated largely on the indifference of the American Senate to the subject. A few American samples may not be amiss, to show the mistake—to call it by the least offensive name of which he has committed. For example, I can procure an American edition of Scott's poetical writings for fifty cents. Another edition of the same works is before me now, costing \$9. An American Shakespeare may be had among us for \$2, while there are other American editions which cost \$15. Again, I have an *English* Spenser, which cost me but \$2. There is an *American* edition of the same work which sells for \$18—if it sells at all. It would be an absurdity, not to say impertinence, to report these prices as determining any thing with reference to this argument, and hence the miserable balderdash contained in a farther table of examples, where Mr. Campbell proceeds to show the price of American books as influenced by Copyright. Let us quote them:

"Sparks' Washington,	-	1 vol.	-	\$4 50
Bancroft's United States,	-	3 "	-	6 50
Irving's Columbus,	-	3 "	-	7 50
" " cheap edition,	-	2 "	-	3 50
Prescott's Ferd. & Isab.	-	4 "	-	7 50
Stevens' Travels in Central Am.,	-	2 "	-	5 00

Had Mr. Campbell been disposed to make his case a fair one he should have shown

Meyer's Mexico,	-	1 vol.	-	\$2 00
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Bradford's Antiquities,	-	1 vol.	-	75
Norman's Yucatan,	-	2 "	-	1 00
Headley's Italy,	-	1 "	-	25
Cooper's Novels	-	1 "	-	50

Not to speak of numerous original works, at 25 cents and even lower. All these are Copyright works as well as the preceding, and neither table has any bearing upon the question. In both cases, the cost of Copyrights, forms one of the least essential items. If the works quoted above, by Mr. Campbell, had been shown to be in the same inferior style as the English reprints which are shown to be so much cheaper, there would be something in the argument;—but this is not the case. Let the reader compare the American editions of English books with those of the native authors thus quoted, and he will discover an immeasurable difference between the mechanical aspect of the two. The works of Bancroft, Sparks, Irving, Prescott and Stephens, are on beautiful paper, full of costly plates and maps, and done up very much in emulation of the English style. It is this mechanical difference which constitutes the real occasion for the difference in price; and, though it is unquestionably true, as Mr. Campbell asserts, that publishers find it pleasanter to sell 1,000 copies of a book at \$5, than 5,000 at \$1, still, I am prepared to believe that the latter price, and the cheaper mode of publication, would, in the end, be much more profitable for the author. He would make more money. He has very little or nothing to do with the style and prices with which his book is set forth. These depend almost wholly upon the publisher, who knows what the market will bear, and upon what class of books he may expend his skill and fix high prices. You will do well to note the fact, that all Mr. Campbell's examples, in this table, have been drawn entirely from works of American history. This is a department of letters in which the laborers are necessarily few, the publications are unfrequent, and of a class to discourage competition. The subjects of this nature are soon exhausted. These works require labor and erudition, rather than the creative or endowing faculty. They may almost be said to belong to the fixed sciences, and one good work, on either of the subjects named, will suffice a people for a century. It is only to assure the public of the faithfulness of the historian, of his industry in accumulating the proper facts, of his skill in displaying them, and there is little danger of any rival treading in his footsteps. Such is the condition, such are the securities, of all writers of history. Such is peculiarly the security of the American. The exceptions to this security, are when the historian becomes a partisan, and provokes into dissent the representative minds of persons thinking differently of the facts from himself, denying his authorities and conclusions, and travelling over the same ground in order to reverse his decisions. Such

were the labors of Hume, on the one hand, and Lingard on the other, in their several histories of Great Britain. The recent history of Mr. Alison, representing the aristocratic party of Europe, will undoubtedly have the effect of compelling the democratic analysis of the same materials, with the view of counteracting the influence of that able, but jaundiced and bigoted performance. American writers of history have confined themselves chiefly to their own country. With this, they are naturally more familiar—more deeply interested in the subject, they have yielded it more attention than is likely to be accorded it by foreign writers;—and with little present occasion for partisanship, in narrating the events of the past, they are not likely to provoke competition in their labors, either at home or abroad. It is on the strength of these circumstances that the publishers rely, when they put forth costly editions and charge for them accordingly. But these reasons do not apply to the writers of poetry and romance, or of any of the departments which call chiefly for the original and creative faculty. These depend upon the individual genius of the author, and are liable to floods of foreign competition. To show that such is the case, let us draw attention to the price of this class of books, as well before, as since the era of cheap literature. The American works of fiction have been always nearly as cheap as the English reprints in America. For example, English novels in 2 volumes, printed by Lea & Blanchard, and Carey & Hart, usually sold at \$1 50 or \$1 75 in the stores, while those of the American, the Copyright works, never exceeded \$2,—and this, so late as 1830. Walter Scott's novels, as they appeared, brought the same price as those of Fenimore Cooper, and no Copyright was paid for them. Where there was a trifle of fifteen or twenty-five cents difference between them, this may be assumed to have been the amount paid the domestic author for his copy. The difference was seldom more. Harper and Brothers first brought down the price of these reprints, taking the field somewhere about 1828, or '30, and issuing their novels at an average retail price of \$1. But prices again rose, subject to occasional alternations—to an occasional fall at retail, from \$1 50 to 50 cents—but only when there was a prospect of struggle between two of the publishers for the foreign spoil—when there was a supposed necessity for bringing a refractory rival to his good behavior. The substantial lowering, both of English and American books, was the result of that greater conflict among the appropriators, large and small, which we designate, *par excellence*, the era of cheap literature. As we did not owe the previous costliness of English books to Copyright, so we do not owe the latter-day reform in prices to patriotism. We certainly owe something to this reform. It taught us, as I have said before, that books can be made cheaper to the

public, and there is no good reason why it should not be so. I repeat, that the author had little or nothing to do, at any time, with the prices imposed by the publishers. Whether they put forth rich and fine, or poor or base editions, is scarcely within his province. In fact, authors are but little regarded by the publishers in either country—their opinions are not often asked in matters of publication—but few of them are paid, and the only question which remains is, whether any shall be paid. An International Copyright Law will not increase the pay of the American author, except as it increases his employment. His true object is to get employment; an object which he now must seek in vain, so long as British books are abundant, and at the mercy of the domestic publisher. The proposed measure will cheapen books rather than make them costly. British publishers will transfer themselves to this country and enter into competition with our own. They will become our own. Editions will be issued from the same face of type, for all sorts of customers, some on fine and some on inferior paper, some bound and some in sheets. The competition between the publishers, with that which must necessarily take place between the authors,—then, for the first time, brought into opposition—will not only bring out the strength of both, but will probably have the effect of improving somewhat the manufacture of books without adding any thing to present prices. The profits will be found in daily increasing editions, and the sale of more numerous copies.

To afford some additional tables, which Mr. Campbell might not so well include in his collection, I will indicate a class of publications in England and America, by which we may better illustrate the respective difference of price of which we have been speaking—by which, indeed, we may get some tolerable glimpse of what free trade in the literary commerce of the two countries might do for us in the United States. Here, then, are the American reprints of the four reviews of Great Britain. These reprints, which are quite respectable, and really about the cheapest works issued in our country, are sold to subscribers at \$3 per annum. But what if I can get the English work itself, with all its superiority of print and paper, delivered to me here, in Charleston, at \$3 50! A superior style of publication, a better book for the library, better for the eyes, better for durability, with twice or thrice as many pages. Here, then, is Copyright literature, and no doubt the best paid literature in Great Britain, coming to us, with all the advantages of British costume, at prices almost equally low with the reprints of the same work among ourselves. Once more,—let Congress but remove its duties from English books altogether, and we will say no more about Copyright. But what will Mr. Campbell say?

The appendix of this pamphlet is addressed to

the arguments of the American Copyright Club, with which I have nothing to do, and which needs that nothing should be said. What truly concerns this question has been sufficiently discussed in these sheets already. But I again repeat my protest against the use of the name of Senator Berrien, for the purpose of giving authority to opinions for which I no where find him responsible. I must also add my regrets, that, if the Senatorial committee "were prepared to report so decidedly against" the proposed law of International Copyright, they did not do so, and relieve themselves and the public. That a person, confessedly, deeply and pecuniarily interested in opposition to the measure, should be prepared and permitted to report his private opinions, with all the advantages of an official sanction, without subjecting the learned committee to the responsibilities of such a proceeding, is an injustice to the applicants for the law, and betrays a prejudice and partiality, which, of itself, should be sufficient to do away with the force of any adverse decision upon the subject, which they might make.

"It is proper to add," says Mr. Campbell, "in justice to the Messrs. Harpers, that they have been at all times ready to admit that the Copyright Law might be of great pecuniary benefit to them, yet they refrain from taking any active part in the controversy—not having the confidence to join in a petition to Congress for the passage of a law, which, while it would benefit themselves, would be a heavy tax upon the American people."

Harper and Brothers will scarcely tell me this. In 1835-'36, they were opposed to the measure. At this moment, J. W. Harper, one of the brothers, an amiable and sensible fellow, is a member of the American Copyright Club, and thus, one of the petitioners to Congress for the very measure in question. Only last summer, I myself had the assurance of another member of the firm, that they approved of the application, but were unwilling to show themselves active, because of their former hostility. They did not wish to receive the reproach of inconsistency. I confess myself shocked that any such reason should be furnished for their inactivity on the Copyright measure as that given in the note of Mr. Campbell—a species of canting and hypocrisy of which the sorriest publisher in any country would hardly be guilty, and might well be ashamed of.

Something is said, at the close of this pamphlet, about the abuse and blackguardism, to which our country is subjected, by British authors, in British books. An extract is given from Jack Hinton. Nothing can be made of this fact, or of any like it, as an argument in opposition to the extension of the Copyright privilege. If this abuse were an evil to be feared, such an extension of Copyright would be a very good mode for relieving ourselves from it, since authors are not likely to abuse their

customers. But does not Mr. Campbell see, and does not Mr. Berrien, with the Senate committee, see, that there can be no better security against this sort of thing than in having authors of our own? What should we say to the American statesman, who, to keep British ships from bombarding ours, should break up our own vessels, and invite those of the enemy to take their places in our waters? The cases are analogous. Our securities against foreign injustice, slander and reproach, are to be found in native authorship, as certainly as that our protection against a maritime enemy, is in having an adequate number of stout frigates of our own.

I am sir, with very great respect,

Your ob't servant, &c.,

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Woodland, May 21, 1844.

NATURE'S LESSON.

BY A. B. MEEK.

The face of Nature lives with beauty,
But man neglects the bright display;
All-unobservant of his duty,
He wears a sightless life away!

How sweet the rosy morning breaking
O'er dewy lawn and wooded hill!—
Fair alchemist!—all-golden making
The waving grove, the rippling rill!

Goes with the sun imperial splendor
O'er sea and sky and festal earth;
From blue-browed noon to twilight tender,
Each way, are orbs of heavenly birth!

When far away, 'mid flashing banners,
A countless army,—sinks the sun,
What watch-fires light the blue Savannahs,
With spirit-guards 'round every one!

All through the night they burn and brighten,
The outposts of the heavenly land,
Beneath their rays the hill-tops whiten,
And still as spell-bound giants stand!

And oh the moon!—pale mother Mary!—
How fair she makes the balmy night!—
Her brow may wane, her beauty vary,
Through all her presence is delight!

Yes, ever lovely!—earth and ocean
Feel fairer in her silvery beam:—
The swan of heaven!—with stateliest motion
She cleaves her blue, star-pebbled stream!

Lo! like an arch by angels bended,
For triumph high in Spirit Land,
Enwreathed with flowers all-hued and blended,—
The rainbow o'er the valley spanned!

Almost it seems with beauty vital;
The valley glows 'neath its embrace;
And yon clear stream, with proud requital,
Slides through its deeply mirrored grace.

All things around thus tell of Eden,
If man would only list and look;
All have a beauty art exceeding,
From sunset's pomp to crystal brook.

The Seasons,—each a new creation,—
In linked circles press around;
"Let there be light!"—the revelation
Responsive clothes the dædal ground.

When Spring o'er hill and delf is blushing,—
A country girl all smiles and flowers!—
What constant melody is gushing
From countless minstrels through the bowers!

The crimson Summer has his glory,
And mellow Autumn rainbow light,
And Winter, sear-like, all hoary,
Sparkles with gems and robes of white!

These things are given us to inspire
A love for Nature's gentle face,
Make man more willing to admire
His beauty-built dwelling-place.

Oh yes! if we would listen to it,
The anthem 'round, below, above,
Each heart would leap to life—a poet!—
Each soul be brimmed with bliss and love!

For I have learned these pregnant lessons,—
The soul is fashioned by the spheres,—
Imperishable in its essence,
It still the chain of Nature wears!

By beauty into beauty moulded,
Or marred by blackness and by storm,
From influences which enfold it,
It takes its coloring and its form.

Who then would perfect strength inherit,
Must feed his soul at Beauty's fount—
The breast of Nature,—and his spirit,
In triumph, thence will starward mount.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY J. STRONG RICE.

Gentle mother hear thy child,
Listen to the song he sings,
Thou who never hast beguiled,
Bless his weak essaying wings.

Let the sweet commending word
Full of mellow thought for him,
Breaking on thy lip be heard,
In the painful interim.

'Twixt the offer and the choice,
When the Tempter whispers low,
Let thy purpose-giving voice
Nerve him to defeat the foe.

Follow in the path he takes
By the river and the rill;
O'er the realm dividing lakes
Let thy spirit keep him still.

While he struggles on with fate
Darkly in the western wild,
By thy pow'r at Heaven's gate
From the evil keep thy child.

New Haven, Conn.

We give below the conclusion of the Essay of one of our most valued contributors, upon "THE POLITICAL EFFECTS of the relation between the Caucasian Master and the African Slave." The "moral effects" were considered in the June Messenger. The reader is aware, that the Essay was intended to be read before the National Institute, at its general meeting in April last, in Washington. It would have presented a fine opportunity for the South to be heard upon a subject of which many are so blindly ignorant, and a proper understanding of which is necessary for the rights and security of the South. But the discussion, mild and philosophical as it is, had to be forborne. Deeply is it to be deplored that there are any interests in our Union, so dear and vital to a large portion of the States, that can not even be vindicated, on a national rostrum, and at the bar of Philosophy.—[*Ed. Mess.*]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SOU. LIT. MESSENGER.

Dear Sir,—I send you the second part of the paper intended to have been read before the National Institute in April last. When I wrote it, I had not seen Carlyle's work, "The Past and Present." I had accidentally seen in a newspaper one passage to which I have already adverted: recently, I have met with that publication, and was agreeably surprised at the similarity between its first chapter, and the concluding portion of this Essay.

I have omitted to mention a fact that may give it an interest in the eyes of some readers. When I found that it would not be proper to read it before the Institute, I should have desisted from the undertaking, but for the request of my lamented friend, the late Secretary of State. We had frequently conversed on the subject and his views fully coincided with my own. This fact alone should have great weight with those who remember the surpassing benevolence that distinguished that wise and good man. He believed that the view that I have presented ought to influence the minds of the truly benevolent and pious; and we both hoped that it might induce many such to hesitate to pause—to inquire before taking any further steps in a crusade against an institution so much misunderstood.

We both, moreover, thought it desirable to call the attention of our own countrymen to the value of this element in our social system, as a means of facilitating the tasks of Government, and perpetuating our existing political institutions.

This is the purpose of this second part.

AN ESSAY

On the Moral and Political Effect of the Relation between

THE CAUCASIAN MASTER AND THE AFRICAN SLAVE.

Intended to have been read before the National Institute at their meeting in April, 1844.

If your minds have not rejected, as wholly fallacious, all that I have already said, I flatter myself that what I have to offer on behalf of the political effect of slavery, as it exists among us, will be favorably received. I do not propose to speak of it as an element of wealth. That branch of the subject I leave to the political economists, by whom it is generally condemned. Be it so. I am content to acquiesce in their judgment. But there is something better than wealth. It is Happiness, of which wealth is but an instrument. There are some things too more conducive to Happiness than Wealth. These are order, harmony, tranquillity, and security. The influence of this institution on these—its place

and its value in the mechanism of political society are what I propose now to consider.

When God first cursed the earth for the sin of man, he commanded it no more to bring forth spontaneously the grains and fruits necessary for his subsistence, but doomed him to earn and eat his bread in the sweat of his face. To understand from this that no man from thenceforth should ever eat the bread of idleness, would be, "to make God a liar." But the fulfilment of the denunciation against the race of Adam *collectively* is found in this: that, though some are permitted to pass their lives in uneasy and unprofitable sloth, the great mass of mankind must spend their days in toil, or starve.

"Wisdom cometh by the opportunity of leisure," and to him "whose life is between the handles of the plough," this opportunity is denied. Hence the curse that dooms the mass of mankind to toil, dooms them also to ignorance. When the former penalty is recalled the latter may be remitted. Not till then.

You will not think me so absurd as to mean that there is no intellectual excellence, no wisdom, except among those who enjoy the advantages of regular education. We know this not to be true; and our own community abounds with examples to the contrary. But that native energy of mind, which, in its upward spring, throws off the depressing weight of poverty, is a rare endowment. He who possesses it, presently separates himself from the class in which he had been placed, by a blunder of fortune; and one of the first uses that he makes of his superior powers is to secure to himself the advantages of education, which others, misunderstanding the secret of his success, foolishly undervalue. He, whose mind God has enlightened with that Wisdom, which is the heritage of such favored beings, chooses Wisdom as his portion. The fool alone chooses folly, and remains content in ignorance. The proposition still remains true, that he whose lot is a lot of abject toil, whether he were born to it, or has sunk down to it, by his own proper weight, is necessarily destitute of that enlightened wisdom, which might qualify him to take his place in councils whose deliberations concern the happiness of millions.

The fact that instances of men rising to distinction from a low condition are more frequent in the United States than elsewhere, is but a confirmation of what I have said. The wages of labor here are such as to afford the laborer much leisure for mental cultivation, if he prefers that to idleness or dissipation. None of the walks of life are fully occupied, and for every youth, however humble, who makes any display of intellectual power, there is always a place to be found, in which he can cultivate his mind, and earn his bread at the same time. Such have been the facilities by which all such, among ourselves, have attained the vantage ground from which they afterwards mounted to eminence.

When men act together in large bodies, he who would lead must sometimes be content to follow. That he may make his wisdom the wisdom of other men, he must adopt something of their folly, just as he who would stop a falling weight, must yield to the shock. To a certain extent this is perhaps desirable. Wise men, taking counsel only of each other, might forget to make allowances for others not so wise as themselves. The presence of a few fools may be necessary to remind them, that they are acting for fools, as well as for wise men. Thus it is, that in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom; and if fools could learn as readily from wise men, as wise men learn from fools, the multitude could not be too indiscriminate.

But, unfortunately, it is not so; and no man who has had occasion to witness what is done, in numerous deliberative bodies, can fail to have observed that much good is marred, and much mischief is done, from the necessity of conceding too much to the prejudices of the ignorant. Whatever good, wise and practical men may be able to extract from their commerce with fools, it is only under the management of the wise that good can be made of it. But take the mass of mankind, in any country upon earth, and refer, *directly* and *without debate* to the vote of a majority of these all questions of municipal regulation and foreign policy, assigning, in every instance, as much weight to the suffrage of one as to that of another, and no man can calculate the disastrous consequences that might ensue.

Something like this is done in every country, which refers the choice of its lawgivers and magistrates to universal suffrage. The effect is always mischievous. Under peculiar, and very advantageous circumstances, it is not necessarily fatal, and hence it is that we are enabled to deceive ourselves, while observing the operation of universal suffrage, in those States of the Union where it prevails. In a country where much land is unappropriated, and where a much larger proportion remains as so much dead capital in the hands of the owner, for want of purchasers to buy or laborers to cultivate it, the tasks of Government are few and simple and of easy execution. Its business is altogether with *individuals*—to regulate their conduct, to punish their crimes, and to adjust their controversies. It performs no function not within the competency of conservators of the Peace, Constables, and the ordinary Courts of Justice. It is little more than a loose and careless police, and a system of regulated arbitration. With men in *masses* it has nothing to do. The only distinctions in society are produced by the tastes and caprices of individuals. As these may prompt they will arrange themselves into *cliques* and *coteries*, but, *politically speaking*, there is but *one class* and *one interest*. The right of personal liberty is alike precious to all men, and, where all have property, the right of property will be held sacred by all, and the legislation which is

best for some will be best for all. There will be therefore no misgovernment, but such as is produced by well-intentioned blunders. Even against these there is an important security in that state of society. There is no *just* ground of jealousy between the rich and poor, the enlightened and ignorant. Demagogues indeed, striving to imitate what is done elsewhere, and to rise to power by means for which society is not prepared, may seek to inspire this jealousy, but they will find it difficult to do so, until misgovernment affords occasions to deceive and corrupt the people. Until then, the natural instinct of man disposes to mutual confidence, and the blind submit to be led by those who can see, and have no inducement to lead them astray.

It is not until the progress of society has distributed mankind into *different classes*, having distinct and conflicting interests, that the *political action* of Government commences, and the wisdom of its *political structure* is put to any test.* To adjust these interests and to accommodate the strifes which arise from them, is the great problem for the Statesman. All experience has shown that the more powerful class will sacrifice the interests of the weaker, whenever its own can be advanced by doing so. It makes no difference what is the source or character of the power thus wielded. Such is the use that always has been, and always will be made of it.†

The temptations to this abuse of power are not always equally strong. They may be counteracted by conscientious scruples, in some cases, in some by the fear of consequences; and in others, power may be baffled by the superior intelligence and address of the weaker party, or defeated by the treachery of its own agents. All these diversities may be illustrated by the conflict of interests between the rich and poor in any community.

1. TEMPTATION. If we suppose the moral qualities of prudence and justice to be distributed alike throughout the whole, we certainly make a supposition at least as favorable to the poorer class as the

* "Clearly a difficult point for Government," says Carlyle, "that of dealing with these masses, if indeed it be not the *sole* point and problem of Government, and all others mere accidental crotchets, superficialities, and beating of the wind."—*French Revolution*, vol. 1, p. 44. Again he says, "Some happy continents, as the Western one, with its Savannas, where whosoever has four willing limbs finds food under his feet, and an infinite sky over his head, can do without Governing."—*Id.* p. 268.

† It is not meant that political power will be always thus abused. It may be held in check and in awe by physical power. The Aristocracy of France blindly disregarding the danger of oppressing the subject mass, defied the naked rabble of *sans culottism*. The aristocracy of Great Britain, made wise by their experience, treats Chartism in quite another guise, and recognises the unrepresented classes as the proper objects of the paternal care of Government. Benevolence has doubtless much to do with this; but the rod is a marvellous improver of all the virtues.

history of human nature will justify. Now, under a Constitution which should lodge the powers of Government in the hands of the smaller class of wealthy men, there is certainly *some* temptation to abuse their power over the poor. But this is not a temptation that addresses itself strongly to the *interests* of the ruling party. There is, unhappily in too many, a pleasure in the indulgence of an arrogant and insolent disposition to trample on the helpless; but, from the nature of the thing, the *plunder of the poor* is an unproductive fund; and the little that can be gained by it would be of small value in the estimation of those already rolling in affluence. Reverse the case, and we shall see a very different result. The temptation to a hungry multitude, armed with political authority, to gorge themselves with the superfluities of the rich would be such as human nature cannot be expected to resist.

2. CONSCIENCE. The injustice of a course of legislation intended to enrich one class at the expense of another, should, in either case, deter the party in power from such a course. But how much more striking is that injustice, when the portion of the community to be plundered is already in a state of penury, and the portion to be enriched is already rich, than when the reverse of all this is the case! In the first case, no sophistry can be devised to palliate such an abuse of power. In the latter, a thousand texts may be drawn from the Bible itself, capable of being so perverted as to afford a plausible justification of it. So true is this, that in every country, where public opinion exercises a distinct influence on legislation, though the multitude be not directly represented, Charity (which from its nature should be gratuitous) is compulsory, established as a system, and enacted by law.

3. DANGER OF CONSEQUENCES. The *abuse* of constitutional power and prerogative in the hands of a privileged few is always *dangerous to themselves*. As a general proposition it may be said, that the *physical* power is always on the side of numbers, and the power of the few depends for its security on *opinion*. This opinion must not be outraged by oppression, or any thing that looks like oppression. So far from it, the ruling party must be careful that the sufferings of the poorer classes, however caused, be not imputed to Government. A sop must be thrown, from time to time, to the many mouthed and hungry Cerberus, lest he devour his rulers. So far from taking from the poor for the benefit of the rich, the rich have to tax themselves for the benefit of the poor, and the manner in which the benefit is received shows plainly enough what might be the consequence of withholding it. The power would be presently wrested from the hands of the ruling class, and the use which would then be made of it may be read in the history of revolutionary France.

There is *no such check* on the abuse of constitu-

tional authority by the more numerous class. They fear nothing from the physical power of the multitude, for they are themselves the multitude, and so long as the rulers of their choice administer the Government with an eye to their special benefit, so long all is safe. They have nothing to do but to profess to make the greatest good of the greatest number the sole object of all their legislation, and to proclaim an irreconcilable war of the poor against the rich.

4. WANT OF INTELLIGENCE AND TREACHERY OF LEADERS. In such a state of things what is to save the rich from being destroyed and swallowed up? Nothing but the last of those checks to the abuse of power which I have just enumerated. Though not withheld by a sense of justice, or a fear of consequences, power in the ignorant multitude may be baffled by the superior intelligence and address of the less numerous party, or defeated by the treachery of its own agents. These agents are rarely content to remain poor after they get into power. Whatever may be wrong from the common adversary, an equal distribution among their followers is no part of their plan of operations. The allotment of plunder is confined to the leaders of the party, and to the shrewd and crafty whom it is not easy to deceive; and who will be most expert in deceiving the rest. All these soon become rich, and though they may still profess the same zeal for the poor as formerly, and, for a time, retain their place as leaders, they will take care to conduct their future operations with an especial regard to their own newly acquired interests. Hence the short-lived reign of Democracy, which never survives a single generation, and always terminates in the sole power of some Demagogue.

When a community, in the gradual and sure progress of society, has divided itself into classes, of which one, (and that the lowest) is more numerous than all the rest, then it is that the wisdom of its institutions and the strength of its Government are tested. If no indulgence is extended to this most numerous class; if its few rights are invaded, its murmurs despised, and its sufferings insulted, we read the consequences in the history of revolutionary France.

If their rights are duly regarded, their complaints heard, their wants provided for, as far as this can be done by legislative authority, and a portion of political power is conceded to them, to appease their discontents, we may see something of the effects of this humane and wise policy in what is now passing in England. It is certainly the best that can be done. The part taken by Sir Robert Peel in these measures, considering the relation in which he stands to the laboring class, entitles him to their gratitude, and the applause of the world. But what is to be the result of such measures can not be foreseen. Happy for him if the hungry monster does not tear the hand extended to its relief.

If, instead of adopting palliatives and half measures, a bolder and franker course be taken, if all prerogatives are abolished, and all privileges renounced, and popular discontent be indulged by the establishment of perfect political equality, it is easy to foresee the consequences. Between the absolute surrender of all power into the hands of the most numerous class, and the exercise of power by the whole collectively, on a plan which shall assign to that class, which outnumbers all the rest, a weight and authority proportioned to its numbers, there can be little practical difference. In either case it is plain to see that the distinctive interest of that most numerous class (an interest peculiar to itself, and hostile to every other) would be alone consulted. The property of the rich becoming the prey of the poor, property would lose half its value from a sense of insecurity; the motives to industry would be lost, and all those innumerable evils would ensue, for which men never find a remedy but under the dominion of a Despot.

I beg pardon for dwelling on truths so trite and obvious. Yet while I feel bound to apologise for this, I fear I shall hardly be pardoned for deducing the conclusion which follows inevitably. It may not be safe to do more than to suggest a doubt whether a government, founded on the basis of equal political rights and functions, in every member of the community, from the highest to the lowest, can preserve itself from destruction, when applied to a people in that most advanced state of society in which all property is accumulated in the hands of the few, and the starving multitude must beg, and sometimes beg in vain, for leave to toil. To that condition all society tends with a rapidity fearfully hastened by modern discoveries in art and science, and to that state free governments, above all others, tend most rapidly.

The great aim of the political economist, is to urge the advance to that state of things. He speaks to willing pupils, and public spirit and individual cupidity are every where pressing on towards it, with an instinctive eagerness which would seem to show that it is, in itself, desirable. The *desideratum* is, to preserve, in that condition, the same free institutions, which under circumstances less brilliant it is found so easy to establish and administer. The problem indeed is, to devise the means, by which any government can be maintained in the defence of the *rights of all men, in all conditions*, without establishing an inequality of political franchises corresponding to the inequalities of property, and fortifying that inequality by the sword. In France, at this moment, the necessity for this seems to be felt, acknowledged, and acted on. In Great Britain it is felt, it is acknowledged by some, and denied by others—whether it can be successfully acted upon is doubtful—what will be the consequence if it is, is not for man to foresee. There the experiment is going on, which is to decide this question.

The progress of that experiment is not so hopeful as to reconcile other nations to thought of advancing to the same point, and staking their happiness on the result. On the contrary it is the part of wisdom, in a society *having within itself any element*, by the operation of which the *conditions of the problem* may possibly be *varied or modified*, to *study diligently the properties of that element*, and *direct its tendencies*, as far as practicable to *that important object*.

Such an element, as it seems to me, is the Slave population of the Southern States. It is an old observation that the spirit of freedom is no where so high and indomitable as among freemen who are the masters of slaves. The existence of slavery in a community will always keep alive a jealous passion for liberty in the lowest class of those who are not slaves. But it is not in this point of view that I propose to present the subject. It is true that the *spirit of freedom* is thus kept alive, but it is not thus that the *suicidal tendency of freedom* is restrained.

The diligent researches of the British Parliament have furnished the world with a body of evidence, which clearly depicts the condition to which the poorer classes of the most prosperous community are necessarily reduced, in that advanced state of prosperity of which I have just spoken. In this picture we see a state of things full of the causes of revolution, total, bloody and destructive. It presents to the Government the critical alternative of extending the franchises of the suffering class, in order to appease their discontents, or strengthening the arm of power, in order to repress them. If the latter measure be adopted, the expenses of Government and the burthens of the people must be increased; the power, which is given for the purpose of repressing one class, may be dangerous to the liberties of all; and a new energy and increased severity must be imparted to the laws, imposing on all a degree of restraint otherwise unnecessary. To live under a government of laws faithfully administered is indeed to be free, but there is little comfort in freedom, where the law takes cognizance of all we do, and requires us to act by a fixed rule, whether we go out or come in, whether we lie down or rise up. A man feels little like a freeman, when abruptly accosted in the street by a watchman, and rudely questioned, and taken to the watch-house if his account of himself happens not to be satisfactory to the guardian of the night.

Now let it be supposed that the whole of that class of laborers in England, whose condition is worse than that of slaves in our Southern States were actually *Negro slaves*, the property of their employers. The necessity of controlling them, and the danger of insurrection would remain; but the means of averting that danger would be altogether different. Let us examine this matter somewhat in detail.

1. The whole system of police contrived to regulate and watch the movements of the laboring class would be superfluous. The authority and discipline of the master would supply its place. That system, in its indiscriminating operation, must often annoy many of those, who are not intended to be affected by it; and the freedom of numbers is unnecessarily restrained, whom the law would leave free if it knew how to distinguish them. But where there are negro slaves, no such mistakes are made. The white man's color is his certificate of freedom, and every master knows his own slaves.

2. The military force, which is kept up in times of profound peace, would be useless, and might be disbanded. At present, it seems indispensable to check the spirit of insurrection excited in the poorer class by their distresses. The effect of this in increasing the power, the patronage, and the influence of the crown, and the burthens of the people is incalculable. Some resort to force might also be necessary in the case I have supposed. But the force, in that case, would be that of private men employed by private men. The expense would fall exclusively on those who ought to bear it. It would be unattended with displays of the insolence of office, and the splendor of rank, to the annoyance of the whole community. Half a dozen armed free laborers would keep the operatives of a large establishment in order, and the assemblage of multitudes from different establishments would be prevented altogether.

3. Whenever an insurrectionary spirit is awakened in the degrading class of free laborers, of which I am now speaking, it is sure of sympathy from the class next above it, a class less numerous perhaps, but far more formidable. Hence the restraints, and discipline, and terrors of the law, are extended to these also. But where would be that nerve of sympathy, if that lowest class were composed of *Negro slaves*? And what need would there be of imposing any restraints on what would then be the lowest and poorest class of freemen, which we know to have less sympathy with the Negro than any other?

4. There would be less to provoke to insurrection than there now is, for interest would compel the master to provide for the mere animal wants of his slave. At present, if a laborer is starved off, his employer knows where to find another. The consequence would indeed be a diminution of profits, or rather the fruits of capital and labor combined would be more equally divided between the capitalist and the laborer. But this is precisely what the British Parliament has been trying to effect by legislation, for the last thirty years. They would have the laborer worked less and better paid. Now, if his employer has an interest in his life, he will not work him to death, and will give him necessary food, which is more than the hireling often gets for his wages. I do not mean to deny

that the authority of law might be sometimes necessary to enforce this and other duties of humanity. The law now interferes for the same purpose between the free laborer and his employer. But its vigilance is often baffled, because the laborer must be employed, and will join with the employer to elude the law. If a child under nine years of age is not to work more than eight or ten hours a-day, who shall say that he is not ten years old when he and his parents all say so? But let the slave be made sure of the protection of the law, in complaining of his master (and occasional visits from proper officers would afford him this security,) and he will be sure to claim all the exemptions and advantages that the law allows him. If he is still wronged and maltreated, he may hate his master, but he will love the law that sought to protect him. The grievances of each particular stock of slaves would be their own, and an occasional murder, not a general insurrection would be the consequence. Without the blindest negligence, any thing like concert would be impossible.

5. It should be remembered, that the distresses of the laborers are greatest, and the danger of insurrection is most to be feared, when short crops, or low prices for manufactures raise the price of food, or reduce the wages of labor. But were the laborers slaves, no part of this distress would be felt by them, and no such insurrectionary spirit would be awakened. All the loss, in such cases, would fall, as it ought to fall, not on the laborer but on his employer. Not only would this be right, but it is the very result which the law would accomplish if it could.

Thus far, gentlemen, I think you will see that the exchange of the present free labor of Great Britain for that of an equal number of negro slaves, would save the community from heavy burthens and oppressive laws, and the government from the danger which at every moment threatens it. But would it not also make it safe to extend the political privileges of the people, and to grant a share in the government to some who are now, most wisely, disfranchised? The temptation of the lower classes to abuse political power would be much diminished, and the presence of a class lower than all, and more numerous than all, of a different race, and requiring equally the concert and coöperation of all for its safe control and management, would be a prominent point on which all other classes would act together in a common spirit and in perfect harmony. I do not mean to say that even that would render universal suffrage expedient or just; but the mischiefs of universal suffrage would be different in character and less in degree.

They would be different in character, for all would dread the consequences which might attend insurrection, or follow any insurrectionary movement. Any evil not intolerable would be endured, in preference to the danger of letting loose an ene-

my so formidable, as, in *such a state of things*, the slave population might become. The preservation of order and harmony among the free classes would be an object of paramount interest with all, for it would be necessary to the safety of all.

The danger of universal suffrage would be less in degree. The classes absolutely destitute of property in England, at this moment, very far outnumber all the rest. To let in universal suffrage, therefore, would be a signal for confiscation, and a general partition of property, such as took place in France fifty years ago. But take away the whole of that lowest class, in comparison with whose abject condition that of our slaves is a state of freedom and happiness, and, though perhaps the holders of property might still be outnumbered, it is probable that a little address and management might be sufficient to preserve the balance of authority.

But there is a danger of an opposite character. Even if we suppose the newly enfranchised multitude to continue to respect the rights of property, they can never be insensible to its value. If the laborers in the employment of a great manufacturer did not succeed in stripping him of his property by agrarian legislation, they would remain the same dependent beings that they now are, and he whose right of suffrage is now limited to his own vote, would then carry to the polls his thousand retainers, and give law to the county or corporation to which he belonged.

This last, gentlemen, is precisely the danger to be apprehended from universal suffrage in communities like our own. The desperate measures of agrarian misrule and confiscation, and plunder by the authority of law are not to be apprehended where the wages of labor are so high, the means of subsistence so cheap, and the facility of acquiring landed property so great as among us. The poorest man in society feels an interest in those laws which protect the rights of property, for, though he has none as yet, he has the purpose and the hope to be rich before he dies, and to leave property to his children. But this purpose and this hope do but render him more sensible to the temptations of interest. They whet his appetite for gain, and the desire of acquisition, instead of being an occasional want of his nature, which may be appeased and forgotten, becomes a permanent and inveterate craving. The man who labors from day to day for food and raiment, with no hope of bettering his condition, when he has earned his meal, eats it, and is satisfied.

"He, with a body filled and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread:
Never sees horrid Night, that child of Hell;
But like a lacquey, from the rise to the set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium. Next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows thus the ever-running year
With profitable labor to his grave."

This is the character and condition of the

laborer, who can never expect to be any thing else, as sketched by the Great Master of nature. All who are familiar with the character of the Southern slave, will see how just is this description as applied to him; and the resemblance may be taken as a proof, if any be wanting, that the *substance* of slavery is all—the form nothing. The man who works and *must work*, from morn till night for *food* and *raiment*, without *hope of change*, is a slave. It matters not how he became so: by what authority his servitude is imposed: by what necessity it is maintained.

The character of the man, however humble, whose labors are stimulated and directed by the hope of future affluence, is widely different. Hence, in a community where such is the condition of the lowest class, you find neither the proverbial generosity of the beggar, nor the careless apathy so well described by Shakspeare. Every man is alert and keen in the pursuit of gain, and the love of money, instead of being regarded as a sordid and degrading passion, is numbered among the virtues. *There are those who teach it to their children as a duty, and they learn to look on extortion and fraud, and corruption and bribes, but as means which may be sanctified by the good end to be accomplished.* It is proverbial that avarice is an appetite which grows by feeding, and the sure returns of prosperity, that reward all sorts of exertion in a free and growing country, explain the fact, that in such a country the love of money becomes a master passion, governing society through all its classes.

In such a community it is indispensable to check, in some way, the dangerous influence of wealth. This is acknowledged by all; but they differ widely about the means. Universal suffrage is the remedy which, almost every where, throughout the United States has been rashly adopted. Its advocates affect to consider the land as being the thing represented, wherever the right of suffrage is restricted to freeholders; and dabbles in political arithmetic pretend to have found out, that if the owner of twenty-five acres ought to have one vote, consistency demands that a hundred votes should be assigned to him who owns twenty-five hundred acres. This miserable sophism,—this mockery of a *reductio ad absurdum*, suffices to cheat many who utter, and more who hear it. If indeed the object of the advocates of such restriction were to increase the influence of wealth, there would be reason in the suggestion. But the way to accomplish that object, is by the use of a much less invidious device. *Make suffrage universal*, and let the owner of a large estate divide it among a hundred leaseholders, and it will be effectually attained under the cheating pretence of allowing an equal voice to every man. In that way, the landlord, in a community without slaves, would give the votes not only of his tenants, but of his

menials and laborers. As it is, it is perfectly notorious, that the wealthiest landed proprietor, in a slave-holding community, does not derive from his landed estate the means of influencing the vote of a single freeholder. Some influence over men of that description is indeed occasionally exercised by men of wealth; but it is the influence of the creditor over his debtor, the influence of the merchant over his indiscreet customer, the influence of the usurer over his wretched victim. Examples of this sort I have seen, and if they prove any thing, they prove, that, as a safeguard against this influence, some farther qualification, besides the possession of a small freehold should be required. But the statesman should be satisfied with a qualification, which, in *general*, secures the independence of the voter although, in very rare instances, it may be found inadequate. But while we see examples of this sort, it becomes us to consider what would be the effect, if no qualification were required.

The argument is susceptible of being so presented as to wear something of the aspect of mathematical demonstration. The evil to be avoided is the undue influence of wealth in elections. Wealth is comparative, and the influence it exerts will depend on the difference between the wealth of him who wields this influence, and that of him who is to be governed by it. The greater the difference the greater will be the means of this mischievous influence, and, over him whose circumstances place him in a state of dependence on another, it is absolute. There is perhaps no community in which the number of persons so circumstanced does not exceed the number of men of small but independent property. Hence, if suffrage be universal, and the wealthy combine themselves, *as a class*, to accomplish any favorable objects they can have no difficulty in commanding the votes necessary for their purpose. But restrict the right of suffrage to men of independent, though moderate landed estate, and whenever the wealthy propose to themselves any thing favorable to their own peculiar interests they will find themselves in a minority.

Thus it appears that the freehold qualification of the voter, instead of being one of the franchises of wealth, is in fact the most effectual check upon its undue and dangerous influence. It is thus disarmed of its most formidable weapon. The rich man will still possess an influence over his dependents, but he can not use it for political purposes. He goes alone to the polls, and gives his single vote, which is overwhelmed by those of the small freeholders who border on his extensive property, while, perhaps, he has ten times that number of humble and devoted dependents, whose suffrages he could command, if they had suffrages to give.

In short, gentlemen, he who would place the right of suffrage on such a basis as to afford security against the undue influence of wealth, will attain his object if he can ascertain the precise

qualification which will secure a majority of voters rich enough to be above corrupt influence, and poor enough to give more of their sympathies to the poor than to the rich."

It is the remark of a most profound thinker that no people ever set about reducing the qualification of the voter without going on to universal suffrage. The tendency seems irresistible. In every controversy in which the poorest class of voters happens to be outnumbered, the thought occurs to them that they would be more successful in future if they could introduce to the polls a few recruits from the class next below them. The rich man, on his part, may believe, that, among the lower class, he might find a larger proportion susceptible of corrupt and sordid influence than is to be found among the qualified voters. With opposite views, therefore, men of both classes combine to reduce the qualification. The Demagogue perceives the working of these considerations on the minds of others, and anticipates that they will prevail in the end. He seeks therefore to make the votes of the class about to be enfranchised his own, and, with that view, puts himself forward as the advocates of their claims. The change becomes daily more probable—it becomes almost certain, and then many who deprecate and dread it are eager to disarm the evil of part of its mischief by affecting to desire it. Thus it is finally introduced, with a semblance of unanimity, and each extension of the franchise thus renders farther extensions more and more certain. The more formidable the class desiring to be admitted to the polls—the greater the danger that they will abuse their franchise, the more certain is the success of their claims.

No man conversant with the change, which the alteration in the Constitution of Virginia has made in the composition of her legislature, can think with satisfaction of the effect of such an extension of the right of suffrage as would embrace the whole of her present free population. But great as that evil would be, it would be nothing to the mischief of a constituent body embracing not only these, but the whole of the abject class that must come in to take the place of the slaves if they were withdrawn. From that worst evil, from that fatal and irreparable abuse of the theory of Democracy we are saved by the existence of domestic slavery among us; and I must indeed be convinced that it is a sin, deeper and deadlier than those who most revile us consider it, before I should consent to relinquish the security it affords against a state of things, which must end in anarchy or despotism.

The morality of the institution I shall leave to the vindication I have already offered. My present purpose is to consider how it may aid us in working the difficult and complicated problem of self-government. In this the puzzle is to contrive such restraints on the sovereign will of a free people as may be necessary to the preservation of

their free institutions, without annihilating the freedom they are meant to secure. The Spartans preserved their political liberty by condemning themselves to discipline as stern as that of the most rigorous personal slavery. This absurdity we should endeavor to avoid, but when we have done all we can, there is a seeming paradox in the idea of self-imposed restraints on the right of self-government. But the necessity of the thing is not the less certain. There is and must be an element in every society, which can only be restrained to its proper place and withheld from mischief by coercion. If there is strength enough in the frame of Government to make this coercion effectual, that strength may be dangerous to the freedom of all. But if society is so organized that the element in question can be restrained and directed by other energies than those of government, we escape the difficulty.

"Society," says Burke, the most profound of political philosophers, "can not exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere." If it be in the frame of *Government*, its operation may be annoying to some on whom it is not necessary to impose restraint. If it be in the frame of *society* itself, it may be dispensed with in that of Government; and they whose virtue and intelligence qualify them to live exempt from such control may be left in perfect freedom. None but a very presumptuous and unscrupulous man would go so far as to *introduce* domestic slavery with this view, on the strength of any reasoning *a priori*. But I account him rash, who, finding it established in the community into which he was born, should carry his regard to the abstract idea of equal right so far as to throw away, at *this day*, when the props and pillars of Government in all civilized nations are shaken, a security which such reasoning, backed by experience, shows to be so favorable to the harmonious combination of *Order and Freedom*.

To show the value of this element in our society, let me lay before you a passage from De Tocqueville's work on Democracy in America, in which he describes the political and social condition of the community as seen by him in the Northern States.

"At the present day," says he, "the more affluent classes of society are so entirely removed from the direction of affairs in the United States, that wealth, far from conferring a right to the exercise of power, is rather an obstacle than a means of attaining to it. The wealthy members of the community abandon the lists, through unwillingness to contend, and frequently to contend in vain, against the lowest class of their fellow citizens. They concentrate all their enjoyments in the privacy of their homes, where they occupy a rank that can not be assumed in public; and they constitute a private society in the State, which has its own tastes and

its own pleasures. They submit to this state of affairs as an irremediable evil, but they are careful not to show that they are galled by its continuance: it is not even uncommon to hear them laud the delights of a republican government, and the advantages of democratic institutions, when they are in public. Next to hating their enemies, men are most inclined to flatter them.

"Mark, for instance, that opulent citizen, *who is as anxious as a Jew of the middle ages*, to conceal his wealth. His dress is plain, his demeanor unassuming, but the interior of his dwelling glitters with luxury, and none but a few chosen guests, whom he haughtily styles his equals, are permitted to penetrate into this sanctuary. No European noble is more exclusive in his pleasures, or more jealous of all the advantages which his privileged station confers upon him. But the very same individual crosses the city to reach a dark counting house in the centre of trade where every one may accost him who pleases. If he meets his cobbler on the way, they stop and converse; the two citizens discuss the affairs of the State, in which they have an equal interest, and they shake hands before they part.

"But beneath this artificial enthusiasm and these obsequious attentions to the preponderating power, it is easy to see that the wealthy members of the community entertain a hearty distaste to the institutions of their country. The populace is at once the object of their scorn and of their fears. If the maladministration of the democracy ever brings about a revolutionary crisis, and if monarchical institutions ever become practicable in the United States, the truth of what I advance will become obvious."

This passage is full of fearful meaning to those whom it concerns. Whether it is true in its application to the Northern States, where the observations of the writer were made, it is certainly not true that any such state of things exists among us in the South. Had M. De Tocqueville come among us, he would have seen the difference, and what he here predicates of the whole union would have been applied only to one section.

It amounts to this—that, while the poorer classes are secure in the enjoyment of all their rights, except so far as they may be endangered by their own caprices, the wealthier have not the same immunity. The right to fill that place in society to which the merit of the individual entitles him, and the right to discharge those public functions for which he is better qualified than other men, are indeed but imperfect rights. But they are still rights; and the latter is one which no people denies without injustice to the party, and detriment to itself. These rights, according to De Tocqueville, are not recognized in the land of free labor and universal suffrage. The passion for display, contemptible as it is, is one of those the gratification of which men propose to themselves, in the pur-

suit of wealth; but this, it seems, they hardly feel it safe to indulge to the utmost. To those who have had occasion to observe the force of that passion, it belongs to calculate the energy of any cause that has power to repress it. De Tocqueville likens the case to that of the Jews of the middle ages. These consented to possess their wealth in this state of imperfect enjoyment, and when we think of the tyrannical princes and rapacious nobles, who regarded them as their prey, we perceive a force sufficient to secure their tameness in this abject condition. The power which enforces the like submission to the like degradation in the Northern States, may be less palpable, but, perhaps, not less formidable. Men, who thus submit, display a consciousness that they hold, by sufferance, the rights which they are permitted to enjoy, and it is to preserve these that the rest are surrendered.

The gifts of Providence are most unjustly distributed if the acquisition of riches does not afford, at least, *prima facie* evidence of merit of some sort. We disparage too the advantages of free Government, if we deny that when all the avenues to prosperity are open to all, the industrious, enterprising, vigilant and enlightened are most apt to win the prize. Is there not then something radically wrong, when those who have given such indications of the qualities by which the public may be best served, are forthwith stigmatized and put under political disabilities, as a class? Is not this unjust to them and detrimental to the State? May we not be permitted to doubt whether the affairs of any people can be wisely administered, who thus, by a sweeping disqualification, discard from their service, not the ignorant, the abject and the depraved, but the wise, the prudent and the sagacious? This may be right, if the affairs of a nation will be most wisely administered by the ignorant; if the reign of Virtue will be best secured by the authority of the vicious; and if the elements of happiness will be most carefully and successfully cultivated by those who are strangers to that essential happiness whose seat is in the mind. But is there not something radically false in that which overturns the empire of Reason, inverts the order of natural society, dethrones the mind of the community from its just supremacy, and assigns the tasks of thought to the unthinking, and the authority of law to those who should be the subjects of its corrective discipline?

Again; can we cheat ourselves into the belief that there is perfect liberty, and with it the security that gives to liberty its charm and chief value, where they who succeed, by honest means, in winning the rewards of meritorious enterprise, are made to feel that they hold them by an uncertain tenure, and must be content to forego half their enjoyments, or sacrifice some of their rights, and incur the risk of losing all? If it be true, as De

Tocqueville supposes, "that the wealthier members of these communities entertain a hearty distaste to the democratic institutions of their country," is there no danger to these institutions to be apprehended from that cause? Will wealth make no attempt, abortive though it must be, to secure itself, by political privileges, in its appropriate enjoyments? Will it be content to hold them by an uncertain tenure, while there is any hope of putting restraints on the rapacity that threatens it? Will a hungry multitude submit to such restraints? And will not a struggle ensue between those who would impose and those who resist them, such as has never terminated but in a short-lived anarchy followed by the rule of a Despot? If these things be so, they who have gone on to work out the problem of theoretical Democracy, to its most extreme results, may have reason to suspect that they might wisely have stopped short of absolute perfection. To say no more, it might be doubted whether a constitutional disqualification of a class, which, taken collectively, may be regarded as ignorant, thriftless and depraved, would not be better than the practical disqualification of another class, which, by a judgment founded on the most legitimate presumptions, may be considered collectively as wise, prudent and virtuous.

I have already said, that, if M. De Tocqueville had come among us in the South Atlantic States, he would have seen nothing of this. He might have found something offensive to his democratic taste as reminding him of a privileged Aristocracy in other countries. But his philosophical eye would have looked below the surface, and he would have seen, that there is, in truth, no Aristocracy, because there are no political privileges. He would have seen no class of men, perhaps no single man cherishing "a hearty distaste to the institutions of his country." He would have seen, moreover, that this is so because there is no class that does not feel itself secure, not only in the possession, but in the fullest enjoyment of all its rights, whether original or acquired. He would have seen that this is so, because of the existence of an institution, which makes it impossible that the strife for political power should ever be exasperated by hunger, and makes all men in all conditions alike safe; "the high from the blights of Envy, the low from the iron sway of Tyranny and Oppression." He would have seen why it is, that universal suffrage fails to produce among us the same effect which it produces elsewhere: why is it, that the poor man here is not ashamed to manifest his gratitude to a wealthy benefactor, by a devoted attachment to his person, and a sense of his private virtues by readiness to commit to him the functions of public office. He would have seen that this is so, because universal suffrage introduces to the polls but a small number of those who have not a feeling sense of the importance and sanctity of the rights of pro-

perty, and do not cherish a prevailing desire for their security. He would have seen that this too is but an effect, and that the cause is domestic slavery. The deep seated repugnance of that benevolent man to slavery, in any form, might make him hesitate to admit that any good could flow from such a source. But his candid mind might reflect that there is nothing perfect in the institutions of man, or in any of the works of his hand; and he might arrive at the conclusion, that this state of things is at least as good as that in which property is driven by the desire of security, to war against freedom, and numbers are excited by rapacity, or the fear of oppression to war against property. He must have seen, that our condition, such as it is, promises permanency; and he would hardly have denied that it is better than the anarchy and consequent despotism in which the other never fails to end.

I beg you to remember, gentlemen, that I have but proposed to consider how far this institution is capable of being used as a remedy for that distemper of the body politic, which, if not the natural and necessary end of all good government, is, at least, the prevailing epidemic of the day. That it will be so used, when the time to test its value shall arrive, I hardly dare to hope. The desire of gain will not permit it. As society approaches that point at which labor becomes a drag, mammon will hardly fail to hint to the master that he might do better, first to emancipate, and then to hire his slave. The political economist will be at hand to back the suggestion, and to prove by calculation, and to show by statistical tables that the full resources of a country can never be developed by servile hands. These truths are indeed susceptible of rigid and palpable demonstration, and they will probably prevail; and States, which have hitherto loitered in the race of wealth and improvement, will spring forward with renewed vigor, and, each in turn, and in due time, will find themselves, like the Eastern Caliph, in that hall of Eblis, where, in the midst of pomp and splendor, a consuming fire will prey upon the heart of the body politic.

Yet would I fondly cherish the thought that the people of the Southern States, checked in their career by the presence of an element in their society which is certainly not favorable to their advance toward this disastrous consummation, may learn its value before it be too late. The tie that binds the heart of the master to his slave is every day gaining strength. The calm domestic tranquillity, and the sense of security which he enjoys in his reliance on the humble and faithful friends that surround him, are every day becoming more precious. He is every day less and less disposed to exchange the cheerful, unbought, unforced obedience of willing hands and loving hearts for the hired service of domestic spies: to exchange the

hereditary tie which has come down from generation to generation, for occasional contracts from month to month establishing between those who yesterday were strangers and to-morrow may be enemies, an intercourse the most confidential, and relations the most intimate. Why should he make the exchange? Every day brings tidings of the disasters attending it elsewhere, and the most prosperous States in the world are every day furnishing evidence to prove that wealth is not abundance, that prosperity is not happiness, and that discipline and subordination, however rigid, can not always secure order and tranquillity. Why should he make the exchange? Is it because others can not understand the relation he bears to his slave, and he has none but his own heart to witness the benevolence and equity that preside over it. Must he hang his head and hide his face with shame, when he hears others declaim against "the wrong and outrage with which earth is filled?" He has none such to answer for. Does his heart reproach him, when he hears the indignant descendant of England's purest moral bard;

"I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews thought and sold have ever earned."

And who would? Would I? Would you? Would you? Would any man in this presence? There may be some who would; and if there be, no where are they so detested as in the slave-holding country; and if among us here there be one whose heart, more than any other, cherishes and echoes the sentiment of the poet, that man is a slave holder. Is it not enough for us that we are conscious of living in obedience to the law of Love, which, in whatever form it be cast, is the law of perfect Liberty? Should we not indeed rejoice and exult that it has been given to us to solve the difficulty of reconciling subordination with freedom, by restoring that beautiful harmony, in which Power is gentle, and Obedience liberal, and the will of the superior prevails, because it is the delight of the inferior to know and do it? "Is it such a mystery," says one* "than whom none lives more devoted to the cause of Liberty and Humanity;" is it such a mystery to reconcile Despotism with Freedom? It is to make your Despotism just. Rigorous as Destiny, but just too as Destiny; and its law, the laws of God. All men obey these; and have no freedom but in obeying them."

But we may loiter and fall behind in the race of improvement and refinement! And what of that? Does improvement heal the sick, or clothe the naked, or feed the hungry; or does it increase the multitude of sufferers and their miseries? What is it but a medicine for the whole, who need no physic, which leaves untended the wounds and bruises and putrifying sores of afflicted

millions? And *Refinement*! What is that but the new sauce, which the pampered Roman Emperor so much coveted to stimulate his jaded appetite! What does it accomplish for the poor and needy, the proper objects of that benevolence which interferes on behalf of our slaves? What is it indeed but an alembic, in which the blood and sweat of thousands are distilled into one drop of concentrated enjoyment, for the use of those whose cup is full to overflowing, and whose capacity for enjoyment is already gorged to loathing?

"O! Fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint!"

My countrymen let no man deceive you. You have been chosen as the instrument, in the hand of God, for accomplishing the great purpose of his benevolence, according to a plan devised by his wisdom, and proclaimed in his word. You are in possession of every thing needful to your physical, intellectual and moral nature. There is enough of luxury for the health of either body or mind; there is comfort of a high order for the great body of society, and there is abundance for all. Besides this, and more than this, you have domestic peace, and security, and harmony, and love. You live under the discipline of a social system, by which the mind is informed, and the heart made better, and you have all the leisure necessary for intellectual and moral culture. You have all the elements of Happiness, and all the incentives to Virtue.

You have, moreover, a constitution of society, which makes the tasks of Government easy, leaving no pretext to ambition, and no motive to misrule. Preserve that, and you will find no difficulty in preserving the institutions bequeathed by your ancestors, and perpetuating a form of Government under which all are free, and none so free as those the world calls slaves. Study the capabilities and the imperfections of the system. Cultivate the one and reform the other. Make the slave secure, and make him feel himself secure from the envious insolence of degraded freemen, and the petty vexations of a superfluous police. Make the hand of the master strong to protect him from all injustice; and leave the rest to his own sense of interest, and to the kindly working of the best affections of the human heart.

Gentlemen; I have spoken as in the presence of the searcher of hearts. I have testified to nothing which I do not know to be true. I have uttered no sentiment which I do not feel to be just. I have offered no argument which I do not believe to be sound. I plead before you the cause, not only of the master, but of the slave. I beseech you; I beseech the whole civilized world to leave us to execute as we may the task to which we have been appointed, and to work out unmolested an experiment, on which the temporal and eternal welfare of so many millions of human beings depend.

* Carlyle.

THE DEMON'S GAME OF CHESS.*

A CHRONICLE OF FLANDERS, OF THE YEAR 1131.

"Seigneurs et dames qui avez entendu réciter de belles histoires, s'il vous plaît écouter et bien retenir, j'en raconterai une plus simple.

Ainsi, qu'il vous plaise prendre ce petit livre en gré, en corrigeant les fautes, si aucunes y sont trouvées, lequel livre a été merveilleusement traduit de vieilles rimes en prose.

[Histoire de Richard—Sans Peur.—PROLOGUE.]

The Lord of Clairmarais had departed for the chase at the matin hour. The lady, his wife, occupied the leisure of a long autumnal evening in embroidering in her oratory a veil of cloth of gold, a precious tissue dedicated as an ornament to the miraculous chase of the blessed Saint Bertin. Her tirewomen worked around her in silence, for their mistress was too stately to converse with them, or even to permit their voices to be heard, save when she so commanded.

For more than an hour, the breeze had ceased to bear to the castle the last tones of the curfew, sounded from the belfry of Saint Omer, a village about half a league distant, when suddenly the blast of a horn was heard at the postern of the castle. There was something indescribably wild and singular in the sound, which caused the lady and her attendants to shudder as its tones reached their ears. A page who hastened to ascertain the cause, returned and informed his mistress that a knight of lofty bearing, calling himself the Lord Brudemmer, craved her hospitality.

If some poor peasant in mortal peril had been mourning in the edge of the fosse, the lady of Clairmarais would not have permitted the drawbridge to be lowered, that he might find an asylum in the castle; but not so with a noble Lord. She ordered him to be admitted into the chateau, and conducted into her presence.

In the meantime, as custom demanded, she proceeded with her own hands to prepare the Hippocras, which was always offered to a guest in token of welcome, and she had scarcely poured the beverage into a goblet of silver, when the Lord Brudemmer was introduced by the page. He approached the lady with that noble and becoming courtesy, which distinguishes a knight of lofty lineage, and began by politely thanking her for the hospitality which she had bestowed on him.

"I lost my way in this domain," said he: "A short time since I bewailed the alarm of my steed, which separating me from my train, bewildered me amidst marshes and ravines hard by this forest, but since I have the happiness of being admitted to the presence of such marvellous beauty, I regard fatigue, danger and anxiety no longer."

* Translated for the Southern Literary Messenger, from "Chroniques et Traditions surnaturelles de la Flandre—par Mr. S. Henry Berthoud."

At first there was something rough and disagreeable in the voice of the stranger, but the impression was speedily removed by the grace which mingled in his manner.

The tirewomen, who, in conformity with the custom of the times, had withdrawn to the end of the hall, so that they could perceive all that passed, without being able to hear any portion of the conversation, remarked in whispers to each other on the rich apparel of Brudemmer, his elegant *tournure*, the regularity of his features, and the wild expression of his fiery glances.

It was not surprising, therefore, that the lady of the castle should find an inexpressible charm in the society of her guest, when it is considered that she had no other companions than vassals of lowly birth—whose discourse was confined to tedious recitals of the battles and tourneys, in which the old Lord, her husband, had mingled, and who shone far more as a warrior in the field, than a galliard in the hall.

Skilfully availing himself of these advantages, Brudemmer soon mingled in his conversation more of flattery and tenderness, than even the chivalric manners of the time permitted, while the lady, usually so proud and disdainful, subdued by a power she could not resist, listened at first without indignation, and afterwards with an emotion, which constantly increased.

Placing himself as if accidentally in a position which concealed the movement from the tirewomen, he took possession of a fair hand which was not withdrawn, and raised it tenderly to his lips. It would be difficult to describe the sensations of the lady—a fierce and terrible fire painfully circulated in her veins, it pressed upon her brow, it struggled in her heaving chest. She experienced none of that delicious languor, that indescribable intoxication, the sweet yet cruel symptoms of love, it was rather like the agony, the cold and shuddering chills of a dying sinner, or the horrible stupefaction with which a pilgrim beholds fastened upon him the mortal gaze of a basilisk.

In her confusion the lady of Clairmarais permitted the veil which she was embroidering to fall. "Oh! if such a scarf were granted to me," said Brudemmer, "if she whose fair hands have fashioned it, would accept me for her champion, how many lances would I shiver in her honor on the battle field and in the tournament."

She snatched it up with a convulsive movement and said, "'tis yours." Brudemmer carried it to his lips to conceal a horrid smile which he could not suppress, but he suddenly cast it from him with a shudder of terror, as if it had been living fire. Now, the Chaplain had examined it that very evening after vespers—and while his hands were still moist with holy water.

Quickly recovering from his emotion, Brudemmer approached still nearer to the lady and said,

lowering his voice, "I was guided to your castle by an old man who in great haste demanded to see the Lord of Clairmarais. He waits at the postern to communicate to him an important secret, and one which concerns you nearly."

The lady grew pale at these words.

"I am informed," continued Brudemmer, "of the motives which impel him so earnestly to see your Lord. It is as he assures me to reveal a mystery to him; a mystery which will produce great changes in the manor of Clairmarais."

"The lady," said he, "caused me to be driven ignominiously forth from the castle. She threatened me with a dungeon if I returned. The ingrate! I will deprive her of the titles and the riches of which she is so proud."

"As I would not give credit to his threats, he related to me that his wife was the nurse of Count D'Erin's daughter, that the infant had died, he alone having knowledge of the fact, that he had substituted you, his own child, in the cradle of the young Countess, who was dead, and that you had been brought up and married as the daughter of the Count D'Erin. He has furnished me with numerous and creditable proofs of his fraud."

"This secret once known, the Lord of Clairmarais will hasten to repudiate a vassal, the daughter of an ignoble hind who has deceived him."

The lady wrung her hands in despair.

"Listen," continued Brudemmer, lowering his voice yet more, but speaking so distinctly that his listener lost not one syllable of his discourse, "listen—the old man wrapped in his mantle sleeps at the postern—this dagger—come."

"My father!"

"—No, you are right," replied Brudemmer, with quiet irony, "who knows? They may perhaps admit you among the tirewomen of the new bride of the Lord of Clairmarais. At the worst, you may but be condemned to a convent."

The lady suddenly started up, signed to her women in prohibition of their following her, and giving her hand to Brudemmer, they took their way to the postern together.

After having pursued the amusement of the chase all day, the Lord of Clairmarais turned his footsteps towards the warm hearth, and the side of his beautiful dame, whither his wishes now earnestly hastened him.

So eager was he to arrive, that he had left his attendants somewhat behind him, when suddenly his horse refused to advance, reared and exhibited signs of great alarm. The old Lord was forced to dismount, when, what was his grief and surprise! The foster father of his wife lay there extended motionless with a ghastly wound in his breast.

The attendants gathered around him, and remedies were instantly applied which proved not ineffectual. He opened his eyes, raised himself

with great effort, and applying his mouth to the ear of the Lord of Clairmarais, he murmured with a faltering voice some words which caused the Castellan to shudder with horror. He then fell back and expired.

The old Lord, without uttering a word, proceeded immediately to the oratory, where he found his wife. Her brow covered with a deadly pallor, she was seated before a small table, and the better to conceal her dreadful agitation, she affected to be playing a game of chess with Brudemmer.

The latter, upon beholding the Lord of Clairmarais, uttered a shout of horrible laughter. The lady partook of this execrable hilarity—such a laugh could only be extorted by the most terrible suffering.

The Lord of Clairmarais no longer doubted his calamity, for up to this moment he would not give credit to the crimes of which the dying old man had accused the lady. "Satan," cried he, overwhelmed with indignation and despair, "Satan, I abandon to thee the parricide, the faithless wife, and the castle which she has profaned with her presence."

"I accept the offering," said Brudemmer—and at the same moment a crown of fire flickered around his head, and upon the snowy shoulders of the lady he laid too terrible hands armed with hellish talons.

More than two hundred years had passed since the Lord of Clairmarais had died in the odor of sanctity in the Abbey of Saint Bertin, when a friar of the order of Saint Benoist, inquired of a resident of St. Omer the name of the castle whose towers he perceived rising in the midst of a forest, surrounded by immense marshes.

"Our lady and the saints protect you," replied the townsman, devoutly crossing himself. "It is the castle of Clairmarais, an accursed spot, haunted by Satan. Every night it is illuminated with a sudden blaze, every night the Devil and I know not what other apparitions betake themselves thither in their fiery chariots."

"If we are to believe the old people, the Demon who inhabits the castle is named Brudemmer, and he forces those foolish persons who venture thither to play at chess, staking their souls against the domain and all the treasures it contains. You can readily imagine that no one yet has been able to overcome the Devil, and that consequently no one has ever returned from Clairmarais."

The monk listened in silence—and after a few moment's reflection, he proceeded with a firm step towards the diabolical castle. He encountered no obstacle, and forthwith established himself in an oratory richly furnished, where he perceived a small table, on which were placed a chess-board, and the various pieces of the game.

While the monk examined these objects, which the increasing darkness began to render somewhat indistinct, a vivid light suddenly illuminated the

oratory, and at the same instant he was surrounded by a crowd of servants, of pages, and of tirewomen clothed in an antique fashion. All performed their various duties in silence, their very footsteps being inaudible, and yet more marvellous, their forms cast no shadow when they passed before the light.

Soon afterwards there slowly approached a Lord richly apparelled, who bore emblazoned upon his doublet in armorial guise a shield with two forks sable, with this device, "*Brudemér*." On his arm leaned a female—still young, whose lovely countenance was covered with a mortal paleness, while eight pages followed, bending beneath the weight of four heavy coffers filled with gold.

Brudemér placed himself at the chess-table and signed to the monk to be seated opposite. The latter obeyed, and the two commenced playing, without exchanging a word.

By a skillful combination, the monk believed that he had given mate to his adversary, when the pale lady who had remained behind Brudemér leaning upon the back of his huge arm chair, bent towards him and pointed with the finger to a pawn. The face of the game was at once changed, and the monk now found himself in danger of being vanquished.

At this turn of affairs, Brudemér and the lady burst into peals of laughter, while the rest of the ghastly occupants of the oratory who had grouped themselves around the combatants, joined in that fearful revelry which no human language can describe.

The monk began to repent of his temerity—a cold sweat bathed his forehead, and he would have given the whole world to have been at that moment safe in his convent. Nevertheless, he did not despair of the divine goodness, and mentally invoked his blessed patron, Saint Benoist, for a miracle alone could extricate him from his dangerous position. Suddenly, and by a celestial inspiration, he perceived that a new combination could still secure to him the game, and he pushed forward the pawn which accomplished it, when the shouts of laughter which echoed around him even changed into terrific yells, and then he heard and saw nothing more.

The monk having passed the entire night in prayer, at length hailed the approach of day with a joy that can easily be imagined. He found in the place occupied the evening before by the pale lady, a skeleton covered with the fragments of a rich female garb.

Remaining the undisputed possessor of the castle and of the wealth it contained, he caused a monastery to be erected on the unhallowed spot, and was appointed the superior. At present but a few faint vestiges can be discovered of the cloister, which was destroyed at the epoch of the revolution.

Such is the legend of the Demon's Game of

Chess. How much do I regret my inability to recount it in the simple *patois*, and with the apparently sincere credulity of the good old dame who related it to me one autumnal night, in a poor hovel illumined by the rays of a solitary lamp and the ruddy glow of the fire, while the rain fell in torrents, and the wind rushed groaning through the immense forest of Clairmarais.

GROUPED THOUGHTS AND SCATTERED FANCIES.

A COLLECTION OF SONNETS.

By the Author of "*Atalantis*," "*Southern Passages and Pictures*," &c.

XII.

Sudden, the mighty nation goes not down ;—
There is no mortal fleetness in its fate :—
Time,—many omens, still anticipate
The peril that removes its iron crown,
And shakes its homes in ruins. Centuries
Fleet by in the long struggle ; and great men
Rush, mounted, to the breach where victory lies,
And personal virtue brings us life again !
Were it not thus, my Country !—were this hope
Not ours,—the present were a fearful time ;
Vainly we summon mighty hearts to cope
With thy oppressors' vanity and crime ;
These ride thee, as upon some noble beast,
The scoundrel jackal, hurrying to his feast.

XIII.

Would we recal our virtues and our peace ?
The ancient teraphim we must restore ;
Bring back the household gods we loved of yore,
And bid our yearning for strange idols cease.
Our worship still is in the public way,—
Our altars are the market-place ;—our prayer
Strives for meet welcome in our neighbor's ear,
And heaven affects us little while we pray.
We do not call on God but man to hear ;—
Nor even on his affections ;—we have lost
The sweet humility of our home desires
And flaunt in foreign fashions at rare cost ;
Nor God our souls, nor man our hearts, inspires,
Nor aught that should to God or man be dear.

XIV.

Comes winter with an aspect dark to me,
Hurried with storms so long ! Are his brows
stern,
Speaks he a language of asperity

Unfit for him to speak or me to learn !
 And do I shrink from the impending stroke
 That follows his keen chiding ! Would I fly
 The terror of his presence, and that yoke,
 Borne with so long and so reluctantly !
 No ! from its prison-house of care and pain,
 My spirit dares defy him. Well inured
 To trial,—I have borne it—not in vain,
 Since conquer'd is the destiny endured—
 Endured with no base spirit ! I have grown,
 Familiar with the future in the known.

XV.

Yet bitter were the lessons of that past
 When life was one long winter ! Childhood knew
 Nor blossom, nor delight. No sunshine cast
 The glory of green leaves around mine eye ;
 No zephyr laden with sweet perfumes blew
 For me, its Eastern tribute from a sky,
 Looking down love upon me ; and my mood
 Yearn'd for its kindred—for the humblest tie
 To human hopes, and aspirations true !
 Sickness, and suffering, and solitude
 Couch'd o'er my cradle : cheerless was the glance
 That watched my slumbers in those feeble hours,
 When pity, with her tears, her only powers,
 Might have brought hope if not deliverance.

XVI.

That season which all other men regret,
 And strive with boyish longing to recal,
 Which love permits not memory to forget,
 And fancy still restores in dreams of all
 That boyhood worship'd, or believed, or knew,—
 Brings no sweet images to me—was true,
 Only in cold and cloud, in lonely days
 And gloomy fancies—in defrauded claims,
 Defeated hopes, denied, denying aims ;—
 Cheer'd by no promise—lighted by no rays,
 Warm'd by no smile—no mother's smile,—that
 smile,
 Of all, best suited sorrow to beguile,
 And strengthen hope, and by unmark'd degrees,
 Encourage to their birth, high purposes.

XVII.

Why should I fear the winter now, when free
 To meet and mingle in the strifes of man ;
 The danger to defy which now I see,
 The oppressor to o'erthrow whom now I can !
 Childhood ! the season of my weaknesses,
 Is gone !—the muscle in my arm is strong ;
 No longer is there trembling in my knees,
 And my soul kindles at the look of wrong.
 And burns in free defiance !—never more

Let me recal the hour when I was weak,
 To shrink, to seek for refuge, to implore ;
 When I was scorn'd or trampled, but to speak,
 When anger, rising high, though crouching low,
 Should, like the tiger, spring upon his foe.

XVIII.

Yet, in recalling these vex'd memories,
 Mine is no thought of vengeance ! If I speak
 Of childhood, as a time that found me weak,
 I utter no complaint of injuries ;
 These tried, but did not crush me ; and they made
 My spirit rise to a superior mood,—
 Taught me endurance, and meet hardihood,
 And all life's better energies array'd
 For that long conflict which must end in death.
 Or victory !—and victory shall yet be mine !
 They cannot keep me from my right—the spoil
 Which is the guerdon of superior toil—
 Devotion that defying hostile breath,
 Ceased not to “ watch and pray,” though stars re-
 fused to shine !

XIX.

Manhood at last !—and, with its consciousness,
 Are strength and freedom ; freedom to pursue
 The purposes of hope—the godlike bliss,
 Born in the struggle for the great and true !
 And every energy that should be mine,
 This day, I dedicate to its object,—Life !
 So help me Heaven, that never I resign
 The duty which devotes me to the strife ;—
 The enduring conflict which demands my strength.
 Whether of soul or body, to the last ;
 The tribute of my years, through all their length,—
 The future's compensation to the past !—
 Boy's pleasures are for boyhood—its best cares
 Befit us not in our performing years.

XX.

The open sea before me, bathed in light,
 As if it knew no tempest ; the near shore
 Crown'd with its fortresses, all green and bright,
 As if 'twere safe from carnage ever more ;
 And woman on the ramparts ; while below
 Girlhood, and thoughtless children bound and play
 As if their hearts, in one long holiday,
 Had sweet assurance 'gainst to-morrow's wo :—
 Afar, the queenly city, with her spires,
 Articulate, in the moonlight,—that above,
 Seems to look downward with intenser fires,
 As wrapt in fancies near akin to love ;
 One star attends her which she cannot chide,
 Meek as the virgin by the matron's side.

[To be continued.]

JEPHTHA LEATHERS;

OR THE PHILOSOPHY OF FAILURE.

The erudite and renowned Baron Von Ramzhauser, in his "*Mémoire sur l'art de penser*," divides the great family of human pains and pleasures into two grand groups or classes: the Anticipative and the Actual,—placing the former in the front rank, because it is the largest class, and the first to be encountered in the great battle of life.

However correct this classification may be in general, there are particular cases where both are united, and where we enjoy or suffer in reality, what we have already enjoyed or suffered in anticipation. But these are the exceptions and not the rule. Every body will doubtless concur with the Baron, that a large, and perhaps the largest portion of our joys and sorrows exist alone in our imagination. So are the major portion of our plans and policies of life generated, matured, and exhausted in our own anticipations,—we modestly declining to startle the world by their wonderful advent and development.

But by pursuing the inquiry still further, we find that we are not only prone to failure in our anticipations, but there seems to be a usage, that has perhaps become a law in human affairs, which leads us to realize those very things which our anticipations have not only overlooked, but held in entire contempt and abhorrence. From an ignorance of this law of human progress, arise more chagrin and moral misfortune, than from all other sources united; and the study of this law in detail constitutes what is technically termed "experience," which the old people tell us, we will continue to learn, if we live as long as they have lived. Who is there, that has not already planed out his entire career, marked and illustrated by suitable and copious achievements of usefulness and renown all along the way? And yet, who, that has travelled any considerable portion of his way, has not strayed so far from the blazed trail, that it is lost sight of in a forest of scenes and deeds, of which his original survey had no marks except those of caution and reprobation? This is the fruit of short sightedness: we measure our corn by the basket of another, and when tried by our own bushel, the cobs will not hold out. We see or read of the gallant exploits of a great warrior hero; we contemplate his noble courage and daring spirit, and we are apt to feel a glow of martial valor within us. Without examining the tissue and calibre of our own particular casement, to ascertain the probabilities of its remaining there for use when needed, we fall straightway to forming plans, and getting up occasions for its demonstration. But when our manoeuvres have been successful in raising a crisis, we call on our courage and find, to the frustration

of all our designs; that the egg of our valor has burst in the roasting, leaving nothing but the brittle shell, and we are as tame and submissive as a brick bat, whilst our spirit is rapidly coursing towards a different pole from that of its original direction.

Our neighbor is blest with a revelation, that labor is a nuisance, and turning his tools into "funds," he makes a short hand fortune. Whereupon our means are *presto* turned into lots in the city of Bubbleton, and the fallacy is dormant until the "depreciation of property" shows that Bubbleton is a humbug, and our enterprize a day after the feast. We read of Patrick Henry's wonderful "rise and progress," and we see and appreciate the thrilling display of patriotic and popular oratory made by our friend, Jake Jenkins, since he has abjured the sledge-hammer, and we forthwith forsake the plough handles, and mount the stump in support of the people's rights. We find that our organ of language is awkwardly developed, and our inventive and reasoning faculties very much out of gear, while our words, instead of rolling out in torrents, as per calculation, are given to sticking about the throat, and finally have to be swallowed down.

Thus it is, that we move on in helpless and provoking departure from the right line of conformity to our anticipated destiny: and hence the great number of men and women who are every where so benevolently engaged in regulating each other's affairs,—the number of regulators being proportioned to the amount of irregularity.

Amongst the vast multitude of irregulars who are living and breathing without the sphere of anticipation, very prominently stands Mr. Jeptha Leathers. Where Jeptha came from particularly, or what was his early history, are points not material to the subject, but according to his own account he was "well raised," and "it was said" that he sprang from one of those numerous "first families," which have so plentifully peopled the south-west in these latter years. He was certainly a man of much bearing. He was, at the time alluded to, bold, gallant, and daring, knowing no such thing as fear or misgiving under the most trying circumstances. Valor and vigor constituted the outer coat of his composition, and his inner man was all firm resolve. He was a bachelor of thirty, and as all bachelors have, so had he, a system of courtship, and also a set of rules and duties which were certain to happily and prosper the conjugal state. He harped lengthily upon, and discussed ably the whole question of "marrital rights," and understood perfectly the proper position of all parties to the compact. When it was currently and credibly reported, that a poor fellow of the neighborhood was thrust out of doors by his larger and "better half," the moral sense of Leathers was terribly shocked. And when he

was further told that the neighbor aforesaid had the comforts of a shuck-pen, in which to console himself for the night, his very whiskers rose up with vengeance.

"Its all owin," said he, "to foolishness, to not understanding one another's rights; ef I was married I could get along with any woman in the world, because I'd jest tell 'em what was right at the start, and not spile 'em like most fellows do. But before I'd be druv up an tucked under in that way, I'd be a dog at once, and stay under the house; jest let me get married an ketch me at that pass, an then cut my ears off with a hand-saw."

Jeptha was quite a beau, and made all his anticipative inroads upon fortune's domains under matrimonial colors; in other words, he lived in the full enjoyment of imaginative matrimony, with a fortune included; for with him, it was out of the question to marry without "boot." His considerate parents had brought him up under the maxim, that "when want comes in at the door, *love* jumps out at the window." Our hero had exercised his governmental powers, in imagination, until his faith in their reality was as strong as it was in the moon's power over turnips, or the influence of the dog-days on snake-bites, when there occurred to him an opening for their exercise in practice.

Mrs. Jemima Jowers was a gay and handsome widow of forty-five. Sprightly and withal had the universal reputation of being a "business woman," which particular trait greatly delighted the anticipations of Jeptha Leathers. She had been a widow about ten years, during which time she had paid off a heavy debt, and very considerably improved and enlarged the estate. Universal sympathy is always drawn towards the widow; to condole with her over her great bereavement and heavy responsibility, while the most head-shaking fears are poured forth, that she will ultimately fall through, bringing her family to want, and failing to educate her children, bring them up destitute of both mental and monetary stores on which to start in the world. And yet the sage "lords of creation" have their kind-hearted sagacity almost universally rebuked by the managing talents, and thrifty concerns of the widow. During all the "pressure" and "hard times" which of late years have fattened the lawyers and sheriffs of the country, the widow has steadily held her own, and very rarely is she to be found, who has not come out better than she set in. If perchance a few be found who have fallen into the embarrassed crowd, they are generally suffering the fruits of entailed folly, and the whole number will not weigh a feather in the scale against the great army of the *used up* amongst the sterner sex.

The widow Jowers was "well to do in the world," and in the opinion of our gallant hero, in want of nothing but the guardianship of some "business man" to manage her out door affairs, and

assume the paternal control of her six boys, who were now getting unmanageably large in her hands. Although marrying a widow was rather opposed to his favorite maxim, "bend a tree while it is young and it will grow so," yet he was well satisfied that Mrs. Jowers needed no bending, for whether it was by accident or former training he cared not, as the fact was indisputable, that her mental and moral temperament was exactly suited to the place which he designed her to occupy. He was much given to expatiate to himself upon the eligibility of the affair. "I always thought," he would say, "that I'd hit the nail upon the head after awhile; them may hurry as will, but I never would of married in the world, ef I couldn't of got jest exactly suited. Some marry for the sake of property, and some jest to get what they call a good, or purty wife, but I'll be hanged ef I didn't always know that I'd get *all* when I got married,—ketch this child asleep."

There are strange coincidences forever occurring, which are enough to make the most learned skeptic believe in a special Providence.

Mrs. Jowers had for sometime seriously felt the necessity of stronger hands to control such of her affairs as were too weighty for a "poor lone woman." And when Leathers had so far screwed up his courage as to present arms, the engagement became so warm, that a victory was inevitable, though the surrender was not specifically at discretion.

The affair was consummated after the fashion of the day and country: Jeptha Leathers was now in his prime, and like the adventurous Balboa when in the Pacific, he was up to his arm-pits in possession. It was really refreshing to the hearts of his neighbors to surround him and listen to his instructions on his present and future affairs. He had all the appurtenances and fixtures necessary to carry out all his vast schemes of greatness, and was rapidly rising to the acme of his ambition.—the big man of his neighborhood,—when he began to feel an invisible sort of influence, gently but steadily drawing the lines, curbing the bit, and consequently, rather baulking his speed.

The wise and benevolent Mother Goose has given us many valuable moral lessons, but some how or other, we are apt to forget them before the time comes round at which they are of most use to us. Could our couple but have remembered, and acted on the sound lesson taught in the case of Mr. Spratt and his wife, and one have eaten the "fat" of their cares, and the other been content with the "lean," there can be no doubt that their domestic peace would have been as "clean" as was the platter of Mr. Spratt and his good lady. But the good lady of Mr. Leathers took a different view of the matter, and in consideration of his deficiency of years and experience, she was rather disposed to assign him the position of "little Jack Horner."

without, however, furnishing him with the precise kind of wherewithal with which the said John Jr. is said to have regaled himself. This course was suitable neither to the principles nor practice of Jeptha, but came in direct conflict with all his preconceived notions. In fact, it upset his whole system, as maturely made out, and often revealed to his friends who had had the misfortune to go before him in the difficulties of connubial discrepancy. Mr. Leathers felt the need of no prompter, further than the suggestions of his own mature wisdom, while Jemima manifested much kindness in volunteering her advice and directions in regard to his business operations. She was prone to dwell upon her own qualifications, and to back her arguments by reference to her own history, in which she had much advantage over her dear man, as his history lay altogether, so far as business habits were concerned, in the mazes of imagination, and what are the most ingenious and learned theories, when brought in conflict with actual facts! Thus Mr. and Mrs. Leathers continued to attend to their respective duties according to their own notions of their limits, and were consequently often detected by each other in trespassing upon one another's rights. Every breeze grew a little stronger than the last, and finally it seemed that a tempest must come; indeed, it sometimes occurred to the mind of Jeptha, that a regular blast was the only means of getting things "in a proper fix to be righted up."

"Didn't I tell you sir to plough to-day," said Mr. Leathers to his man Jack, on returning from hunting one day.

"Yes sir, but missus told me to hoe de garden sir."

"Who told you to hoe the garden?"

"I did sir," emphatically said Mrs. Leathers, who by this time had made her appearance with her apron thrown airy over her head, and her left arm a-kimbo, "I did, and I wonder who had a better right."

"Nobody haint got no right to discommand my orders about my own business," replied Jeptha.

"Well I reckon I've got a right to do as I please with my own negroes," was the decisive response.

Jeptha at once saw the perils of his predicament, and felt deeply the humility of his degree as defined by his "better half."

"I won't stand it," said he, giving his horse a kick; "its a getting too often, its an everlasting ling dong, and never no satisfaction at nothin, I'd like to know how I'm to carry on business when every body's got a finger in the pie, I'll have a werry crap of it, an it gits worse an worse." By his kind of eloquent cogitation he worked himself up into a perfect paroxysm of wrath and recklessness.

"I won't stand it," he again exclaimed, and into the house he rushed. The first member of the

household whom he encountered, was a little negro with a bucket of water, all of which he capsized, with a single application of his foot, and no sooner did the negro squall, than did the mistress bawl.

"Aint this a purty pass to come to, that a body can't get along in peace in their own house, I won't suffer it,—that I won't." This last sentence being uttered in a sort of nervous scream, wrought a wonderful effect upon Mr. Leathers, and it required much concentration of his courage to reply, which he did by saying in a tone which spoke more sorrow than anger.

"I'll have my way or die."

"You may have your way and die, too, for what I care, but I'll show you that I'll do as I please with my own business."

Whether it was his moral or physical philosophy that prevailed is uncertain, but a happy determination suddenly seized him, to try a fit of stiff-necked obstinacy, for he had not conceived the idea that Mrs. Leathers could possibly forego his smiles for any considerable length of time. So swearing ferociously that he would have "nothing more to do with her or her things," he skulked off.

Night came, but no supper was on hand, and poor Jeptha went to bed without it. By sunrise next morning his gun was heard amongst the squirrels, and about breakfast time, he set up one of his old time, jovial whistles,—not doubting that by this time Jemima's ire had abated, and that she would be more than glad to meet him on the neutral ground of the breakfast table. Just as he entered the yard, he saw her leave the pantry, but he saw or heard nothing of the breakfast. There was no cook to be found, and no living soul to whom he could look for relief but the unapproachable antagonist of his high resolves. He went to the pantry, the dairy, and even to the smoke-house, but all were locked, and Mrs. Leathers had the keys on her apron string. Here was a difficulty for which neither experience nor calculation had prepared him.

What are all the promises and prospects of poor human life! Why should a man say to himself, I will do this or that, that good may follow? Why should vain man work schemes and manœuvres to provide a competency whereon to feast and fatten in the days of his ease, when every change of the wind may blow him bare, and every swell of the tides throw him high and dry upon the beach of starvation! "Verily what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" Such were the thoughts which might have occupied the head of Jeptha Leathers at the particular time of which we speak, had something more substantial occupied his stomach; but for the present, metaphysical disquisitions, and all that sort of thing, had to give way to his physical cravings. He went to all the doors and pulled at them, as though he expected they were unlocked, and he whistled and fumbled

about the shelves, in hopes that the relenting woman would ask what he was hunting, and thus bring about a parley, and consequently a compromise. But she was too much of a "business woman" to be caught by such a snare, so she looked straight at the fire and knit as though she was hired by the job. At length the spirit of the poor fellow gave way, and the gasping appetite spoke out for itself. "Aint there no cold vittles?" Said he pensively, as he scratched his head with one hand, and ran the other into his pocket. Mrs. Leathers saw the strength of her position and resolved to make the final charge. "May be there's some in the kitchen," said she, "and if there aint, you can have some *cooled*, if you'll wait 'til dinner." Jeptha felt that he had met his Waterloo, and yielded like a soldier, surrendering at discretion.

From this time onward he was an altered man; his haughty spirit was melted into the most plastic humility, and all his acquaintances spoke of him as a very "good *meaning* sort of a man," and the ladies particularly cited him as a pattern of husbands. Whenever it was necessary to speak of his possessions, it was *our* negroes, *our* horses, *our* house. And it was said, that he carried the division even down to *our* hat, *our* boots, and *our* —.

But we were going to remark, that habit is second nature; at least, it was so with Mrs. Leathers; for she had been so long in the habit of managing her own business, that it was impossible to give it up without a struggle, and with her, a struggle was tantamount to a triumph. So that what she designed in the outset for an equitable monarchy, she finally reduced to an absolute despotism. Defeats seem to be governed by some regular law which makes each one accelerate the next, and our hero was very soon routed "horse, foot, and dragoon;" and like Santa Anna in the hands of the Texians, "he concluded to remain a prisoner."

As it was rather unpleasant to remain immediately under the guns of the enemy, and as he was completely disarmed, he was suffered to roam about within prison bounds. Day by day he took up his position in some shady place, on the fence, where he would sit and whittle sticks, and chew tobacco, until the horn blew him home to dinner, or the darkness of night drove him in. As he sauntered about from one resting place to another, his whole gait and outer integuments betokened the deepest humility and contrition of spirit. His hat gracefully flapped down before, as a sort of barrier betwixt his retiring countenance and the outer world. His whiskers, which in former times had stood up manfully to his countenance, now dropped down. His coat seemed to hang back as though it was afraid to go with him, and was ready to desert upon the slightest intimation of danger. His

pantaloon was always kindly open at the pockets to accommodate his retiring hands, and were gently curved forward at the knee, ready moulded to suit his position on the fence, the door-steps, or such other elevated place as he might choose or chance to assume. His shoes had thrown off the useless restraints of artificial society, wholly eschewed every thing like blacking or strings, and modestly bowed down in the rear, to save their master the useless trouble of lifting his foot, or stooping to pull up the heels.

It has been frequently said that "all things are for the best," and we know that many of the brightest ornaments of the human family took their ground start in captivity, or extreme adversity. Indeed to aspiring spirits, there is nothing so wholesome and invigorating as an occasional brushing over by the lashes of necessity and privation. It gives time for reflection, and the superiority of second thoughts is proverbial. It not only adds to the maturity of plans for future progress, but it exercises a sort of whetting process upon the thinking powers, rendering them brighter and more acute for future use. So it was with Jeptha Leathers; he was not brought up to reading, and was greatly in want of some wholesome mental employment with which to drive off the dreadful irksomeness of his solitary hours. Dr. Franklin said, that the most unhappy condition in which a man could be placed, was to have nothing to read of a rainy day. Every day was equal to a rainy day with Mr. Leathers.

It happened luckily one day, while he was sitting in one of his dreariest moods, that Major Briggins, who was a candidate for the Legislature and out upon a sort of electioneering scout, came upon him with all his pockets full of newspapers and other "documents," which he proceeded to read to him, with copious comments of his own by the way. He soon discovered that he had awakened an interest in Jeptha, that would do to operate on further; so on taking leave, he insisted on leaving his papers with him to peruse at his leisure. By the time Major Briggins came round on his second tour, Mr. Leathers was a full convert to his cause, and the Major had the pleasure of remitting his name and money as a subscriber to his favorite party papers. Our hero now began to wear a more contented aspect, and retired to his shady retreats after dinner with quite a jovial whistle. So delighted did he soon become with his papers, that even the dinner horn would often pass by unheeded. For long hours would he sit or lie in some "sequestered shade," and pore over the ranting reasonings of some Congress statesman, or the lucid logs and random rumors of a "special correspondent," until the friendly buzz of some quart or so of mosquitoes would set him violently to boxing his own ears, and thus bring to his recollection that night was fast falling upon him. So retired in his habits did

he become, that it was generally understood amongst his neighbors, that those who might have business with him, must hunt him as they would hunt a stray horse—any where, but where he ought to be. Knowing and kind-hearted people sighed over him, as a poor fallen spirit,—a dependent in the house of his wife, and a drone in his neighborhood. Meantime Mr. Leathers was undergoing a purgatorial process, from which he was to emerge, cleared of his dross, as from a refiner's furnace.

It was soon discernible to Mrs. Leathers, that her husband was growing vehemently political, and whether from a conscious superiority in her understanding of the subject, or from a natural disposition to rectify error wherever found, she promptly met him on the wordy battle-field, never failing to come off at least with a drawn battle, and the last fire. But this was only another whet-stone to the edge of Jeptha's growing keenness. Time rolled on, and Leathers had gathered information, and talked of it to himself, until his intelligence and patriotism were overflowing. In the depth of his research, and the wide expanse of his philosophy, he had discovered that our once gallant ship of State was fast leaking, and rapidly falling to pieces; and that it required all possible exertion to save even a floating plank from the disastrous wreck. This discovery was truly startling to him, and the more painful, that most of his poor fellow-citizens seemed yet to be thoughtlessly clinging to the shattered ropes of hope and confidence, while the ship was sinking under them. The woods and fence corners could no longer contain him, but every captain's muster or magistrate's court, and, indeed, every other place where his talents could be employed, found him tendering his eloquent tidings of fraud and ruin, and patriotically rallying to the rescue. He was soon pleased to discover, that the omens of danger had aroused many besides himself, and the tide of politics was greatly swollen. The tide of politics, when it runs high, is like all other high tides, apt to have much foam and trash floating on the top; those substances which contain most wind and least solidity will ever be uppermost in a swell. Whether it was by the operation of this law of the tides, or from some other cause, Jeptha Leathers could not resist the solicitations of his friends to become a candidate for the Legislature, so soon as the election of his friend, the Major, was over. By consent, the name of Jeptha Leathers, Esq. was regularly brought out as a candidate the next year. Notwithstanding his retired habits, which were named by some as an objection to him, he soon convinced his fellow-citizens that he was well schooled in declamation, and inured to the clashings of debate. So that he was the man for the times—an "available candidate." A full report of his speeches would be valuable, as preserving many important

truths in the history of the times, but as none was made out, we can quote only from recollection a striking passage, the eloquence of which fixed it indelibly upon our memory, and which will serve to exhibit in full their oratorical and literary character.

"Look," said he, in the midst of one of his ablest efforts—"Look at the supercilious office-holders and office-seekers, look at their arrogant presumption, and transcendental delinquency, see how they perdominate and refulgerate over the spiles of our rights and institutions. Look at their pusillanimous repudiation of the people's hard yearnings, and say if you're willing to coalesce with such misrulers. Ef a poor honest farmer, like me and you, was to happen to steal a little pig, he must be hilt up to public commiseration, and go to the penitentiary to work out by the sweat of his brow, the atonements of his duplicity, while these hired banditters are dressed in fine purple linnen, and a farin about upon all the sumptuous of the land, and interlopin upon the reserved rights of the States, and of our wives and childern. Reform, fellow-citizens we must have superlative, and magnescient reform, or else our country must sink into the dark debyss of—of ruin, and—an—and"—

"Huzzah," cried his right hand man and prompter. "Huzzah! Huzzah!" went round the crowd, while Jeptha's particular friends swore he was "a horse," and hoisting him upon their shoulders, bore him off to "grease his wheels," as they termed it, and to congratulate him upon his successful vindication of the people's rights. The Leather's party were boisterously patriotic, and abundantly triumphant—in anticipation. *Leather* was immediately at a premium. Every member of the party mounted leather cockades, and it was decidedly orthodox to wear leather buttons throughout.

Jeptha Leathers was totally amazed at himself; from the very sack-cloth and ashes of despair, he found himself suddenly blazing up in the full flame of his most hopeful ambition. On every occasion, it was necessary for him to make a speech, until he was almost continually speaking. It is true, he usually observed the most respectful silence during his short stays at home, but these brief intervals were but steam-gathering periods, and served wonderfully to heighten his polemic appetite for the first occasion he met with.

Thus went our hero swimmingly on upon his favorite current of applause, which would doubtless have borne him safely into the besieged harbor of office, had he not been one of those luckless heroes, whom fortune keeps for her most whimsical and fantastic sports. In the same year in which the political balloon of Mr. Jeptha Leathers was so rapidly ascending, the Indians took it into their heads to "rise," which presented a new field for

his talents and patriotism, and with all his "Doric temerity" he entered it.

The appointed day for a draft came on; the sovereign citizens had assembled, Sergeants were making marks on the ground, and bawling for the gallant soldiery to "fall into ranks." Captains were posted at the heads of their respective lines, Majors were galloping and capering about in martial confusion, Colonels were strutting with valiant pomp, while the "citizen soldiers" were drawn up in crooked array to "bask in the sunshine." Orders were given for all those who would volunteer their services to fight the savage foe, to march out and array themselves under a red handkerchief, which was hoisted for that purpose; but just as they were to have marched, a halt was ordered. The voice of Mr. Leathers was heard,—he came forward with his hat in his hand, and at one stride, ascended the floor of an open cake-cart, to address the multitude—

"Feller soldiers," said he, "we are ordered out to stand a draft, to see who shall go to fight the savage Ingens, that are killing our wives and murdering our olphin children,—*who of you will go?* The Governor orders every sixth man to go, but I know that much more than every sixth man will go, yes every *sixteenth* will go, if there is room for e'm. Feller citizens, when I consider upon the ignominious degradations and bloody barbarosities, which these savage herds are committing, my heart would bleed within me—if it could." Such a strain did he continue, for full half an hour, by way of blowing up the smouldering embers of ire in the bosoms of the gaping throng. Meantime, the fife was squeaking melodiously, and the drum sounding in most thrilling jars, but the more they spoke, squeaked, and hammered, the more the patriotic hosts wouldn't march out. Finally orders were given for the formation of a court to proceed with the draft.

The business of the court was progressing finely when Mr. Leathers re-appeared,—for he had been slightly missing for awhile—but he was so altered in his aspect, as to attract the general attention. His right knee was slightly flexed, so as to bring the toes to the ground, and give his body a considerable slant to one side. He might have injured himself perhaps in mounting the cart. As he came hopping in, "my dear sir," said his friend, Colonel Spangle, "what has happened to you? did you get a fall?"

"Happened to *me!*" said Jephtha with an air of surprise, "nothing aint happened to me." "But my dear fellow you are lame." "Well what of that," said Jephtha, with much coolness; "wer'n't I always lame ever since I had the white swellin when I was a boy? I thought every body knowd that." "I didn't know it," said his Captain, "and so I've put your name in the box for a draft." "Well you may jest take it out," replied

Jephtha, "for I've got a receipt that I'm lame." The feint was not only too palpable, but an unnecessary blunder, as his name had already been drawn out to a blank, and escaped the draft, but our hero had again overreached his mark, and realized one of those inevitable hoists which grow out of a discrepancy betwixt ends and means. From this time onward, his star was sadly in the descendant. He kept his name up until the election, but so dispirited was the leather's party, that not a single leather button was seen at the election, and very few Leather's tickets were deposited in the box. Our hero was deprived of the solace of most of the great men who are defeated: he could not retire to the "peaceful shades of private life;" both habit and circumstances forbade it, and he gradually descended to a very low round in the social ladder. He became at once, common convenience and nuisance. The last time we saw our once ambitious hero was on a Christmas morning; he was reeling and rocking along a village street, minus coat-skirt, and a hat, while a dozen hopeful lads were swarming round him, pinning papers to his remaining skirt, and occasionally giving him a high-fall, to their own uproarious delight.

Long before this stage of the case, the gallant Legislature had passed "an act to divorce Jemima Leathers from her husband, Jephtha Leathers, and to confer upon the said Jemima the powers and privileges of a Fem. sole." Thus dwindled down, and wound up, the career of Jephtha Leathers, the martyr to blind ambition.

Lowndesboro', Ala.

W.

THE FORSAKEN IRISH GIRL.

An "o'er true" scene from real life.

I.

We deem the fiction-tale o'er-wrought—
The passion's dye too deep,
But the *true* annals of a heart
Shall a weak pencil keep?

II.

The bud, the bloom, the blight of hope,—
The strife of changing hours,—
The crushing of love's precious pearl,—
The wreck of reasoning powers!

III.

Ah, who have felt—*they* best can tell
How dark the lines should be,
That trace the course through days and years
Of such a destiny.

IV.

The sun pour'd down its mellow light,
As wan'd the summer day,
And silent seem'd the earth, and calm,
As Heav'n's own blessed ray.

V.

The South-West stir'd the blossom'd vines,
That climb'd the trellis, high,
And fill'd with sweets the open door—
What! ho! who rushes by!

VI.

A slender form, with pallid cheek
And air more wild than rude;
She starts, and feels her haste too great,
And seeks a tone subdued.

VII.

"Excuse me, Mam, I seek employ,
Indeed I'm honest too,
Though *he*—I saw him enter here—
Has slander'd me to you.

VIII.

"Where'er I turn, where'er I stray,
He presses on before,
And cautions those who would be kind
To shut me from the door.

IX.

"He's cruel—oh, I feel it here;"
In falt'ring tones she spoke,
And press'd her clasp'd hands to her side:—
"Oh here—my heart is broke."

X.

"Be calm," I said, "I'll hear your tale,
To slander none may dare"—
She gather'd up her dark eyes' fire,
And there was frenzy there.

XI.

With clenched hands and upturn'd brow,
She talk'd—to me unseen—
Of love, and hate, and grief, and wrong,
With many a curse between;

XII.

Of parents wrong'd and sisters sham'd,
Of Beauty, spoil'd and spurn'd,
Of raven locks made gray by grief,
And Love to madness turn'd;

XIII.

Till, fury-spent, she calmly sigh'd—
"He heard, Mam, what I spoke,
He's hid, but well I know he's here—
Cruel!—my heart is broke.

XIV.

"I left my Island home for him,
And cross'd the dreadful sea.
My heart to him as Heav'n was true—
God! what is his to me?

XV.

"Then I was fair—as black as jet
These tresses on my brow"—
She sadly smooth'd her ringlets down—
"You see they're changing now.

XVI.

"'Tis woman's lot to lose her charms,
While men are young and gay;
We have more trouble, Mam, you know,
Grief makes the tresses gray."

XVII.

I ask'd about her parents' home,
And friends she'd left behind.
"Oh, they were of the better sort—
Careful, and proud, and kind.

XVIII.

"There is a difference, you know,
Some parents train with care,
And mine—oh, oft my father said,
'My daughter dear, *beware*.'

XIX.

"My sisters did with honor wed
To farmers, rich and free,
And in their true heart's love were bless'd,
Blessed—oh, all but me!"

XX.

Then rush'd the anguish to her heart—
The madness to her brain,
And him unseen she oft adjured
By fearful curse again,

XXI.

To give one word—one sweet hope word
In her crush'd heart to wear.
How pass'd the frenzy-fit away,
And follow'd it—despair.

XXII.

"Dost thou not pray to Him who binds
The broken heart?" I said—
"Curses are mine,—I cannot pray,—
I've heap'd them on his head,

XXIII.

"Till my own frenzied brain has reel'd,
And my lost heart is sear'd,—
Love's fountain floweth out in prayer—
Only Love's prayer is heard.

XXIV.

"But present ills and outward wants
The heart's deep sorrows hide;—
Where shall I be another night?"
Sadly, the wanderer sigh'd.

XXV.

Her parting words, remembered well—
When earth shall yield, at last,
The annals of her children up
With all the hidden past,

XXVI.

I'd not meet her as "*he*" shall meet,
Before the Face Divine,
Were earth one perfect crysolite,
And I might call it mine.

ELIZA.

Maine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIX DAYS' JOURNEY IN THE MOON.

BY AN AERIO-NAUTICAL MAN.

In our last, we left the Aeronaut in the Isle of Engines, in the Moon. Next, as we have already intimated, he visits and describes a certain Republic, in that bright world.

[Ed. Mess.

Having enjoyed the hospitalities of the Island as far as my time would permit—that is to say, having paid dearer for my accommodations than I ever did any where else, notwithstanding the wonder working machinery,—I took passage in the magnetic vessel, for the purpose of visiting a famous Republic of which I heard such terrible accounts in the Island, that I felt a great curiosity to see it with my own eyes; for I could scarcely believe, that a people so ignorant and vicious could exist in a state of society and civilization. I had observed too, that the people of the Island were especially vain of their superiority over all others in the Moon, which they took care to maintain by an ingenious process of elevating themselves at the expense of other people. This Republic, or Confederation as it is called, lies at the western extremity of the Ocean, at a distance of about three thousand miles, yet we reached it in about twenty-four hours. I inquired of the Captain if they knew any thing about steamboats, and he told me they were used about a hundred years ago, but had now become, as he expressed it in the common phrase of the inhabitants of the Moon, “obsolete ideas.”

Arriving at a great city, called the emporium, I was agreeably surprised to find what a great man I was. As soon as the better sort of people learned I was a traveller, and had come from the Isle of Engines, they took the horses from the hackney coach in which I was proceeding to my lodgings, and dragged me along with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of admiration and applause. At the hotel I was met by a committee, the chairman of which made a long speech, in which he complimented me in such high terms on my literary eminence, that if I had not been a remarkably modest man I should have been quite out of countenance, and concluded his address by respectfully inquiring when it would suit my convenience to partake of a public dinner. In less than six hours, I had invitations enough to last me six weeks, and received so many other proofs of profound devotion, especially from the ladies, who, by the way, were remarkably handsome, that I could not help thinking there must be a severe scarcity of great men in the Republic, and finally came to the conclusion, that the people who made such a fuss with me, must labor under a deep sense of their inferiority.

This I however soon found was by no means the case, for they turned out to be almost as great boasters as the inhabitants of the Isle of Engines, and called themselves the most enlightened nation under the sun, as indeed they are in many respects. It seems they were formerly subject to the sovereign of the Isle of Engines, but became independent some fifty or sixty years ago, after a struggle in which they displayed great gallantry and perseverance. They are justly proud of this achievement, and boast much of their independence, which is however merely political, for I found them little better than abject slaves to the fashions and opinions of the Isle of Engines, frequently adopting them long after they have become obsolete ideas, (to use the Captain's expression,) like menials who strut about in the cast-off clothes of their masters.

It is proper to premise, that the Moon is separated into two great divisions, called the Old and New World; of the latter of which, the Great Republic considers itself, and justly too, the representative—being the most powerful and enlightened state in that quarter. The inhabitants of these two great divisions either really have, or pretend to have, a great contempt for each other, the people of the Old World looking upon those of the New as mere upstarts of yesterday, without any ancestors, ancestral monuments, or ancestral achievements. Those of the New World, on the other hand, have various flings at the aforesaid old gentleman. They call him a superannuated dotard, strutting about in the threadbare garments of his ancestors, and living upon their reputation, instead of establishing one of his own. They say he is always looking backwards, if not going backwards too, while they are perpetually going ahead, and looking straight forwards. That one nibbles at the dry crust of memory, while the other luxuriates on the luscious banquet of hope; and that, in short, one lives in the past, the other in the future.

Almost all their jealousies and antipathies may be traced to those sources, though it must be confessed, they are combined with others, arising from the opposition of great national interests, and above all, of political principles, the states of the New World being for the most part Republics—those of the Old, Monarchies. They are perpetually disputing about the superiority of these modes of government; the Monarchists stigmatizing the Republicans as semi-barbarians, anarchists and agrarians; the latter returning the compliment by dubbing the others ignorant, spiritless slaves, without courage to assert their freedom, or sense enough to enjoy it if attained.

But notwithstanding this, I soon observed, that the people of the New World, with all their pride of liberty, had not achieved its last and greatest triumph, that of independence of mind. They still cherish a sort of sneaking deference, a paltry

spirit of imitation in respect to the inhabitants of the Old World, which is perpetually leaking out in spite of all their boastings of superiority. I scarcely met a man or woman, especially among those of the more enlightened classes, who ventured to adopt an opinion in opposition to the authority of the Old World, or a dress not sanctioned by its example. Both their tastes and opinions seem entirely subservient to foreign example, and the influence of the Isle of Engines is at this moment far more despotic over the minds, manners, and morals of the people of these her ancient colonies, than was her political authority at any period of their dependence.

The government of this Great Republic of the Moon is strictly democratic, while almost all the early education, as well as subsequent reading, of its inhabitants inculcates the usages of monarchy. Their political principles are those of perfect equality, while their domestic habits and associations are almost all founded on a broad and palpable distinction of rank. In theory they are all the same, in practice they are all different. At an election poll, the servant is equal to his master; in the drawing room he waits on him at table, and does his bidding. One might be tempted to conclude, that it was impossible any system of society or government could subsist for any length of time in the midst of such incongruities, and this has uniformly been asserted by the philosophers of the Old World of the Moon. But it is singular how easy it is for all these apparent contradictions to become reconciled by custom and practice, the two great agents in smoothing down the asperities of conflicting principles. Strange to say, these Republicans seem to get along very well, though it would be easy to prove such a result absolutely impossible. Setting aside their penitent propensity to adopt the opinions, and follow the fashions of those they affect to despise; their ignorant, vulgar admiration of foreigners, especially literary tourists, and inferior writers of the Isle of Engines; and their profound devotion to those titles of nobility which are incompatible with their government and institutions, they may be called an enlightened people, among whom intelligence is far more widely diffused than elsewhere; whose morals, though tinted, have not reached the incurable corruption of the Old World of the Moon; whose portion of happiness is most assuredly at least equal; and whose progress in numbers, wealth and prosperity, is unparalleled in the history of mankind. I could give such examples of the growth of states and cities, as would without doubt place me on a level with the celebrated Baron Monchausen, notwithstanding the sage and highly original remark of my Lord Byron, so often quoted by his admirers, that "Truth is strange—stranger than fiction." I will therefore only venture to give one example. Travelling along the banks of a great

river, to the examination of which I had devoted a full half hour, I was overcome by heat and fatigue and fell asleep, in the midst of a sublime forest of primeval trees, whose heads seemed almost to reach the skies. On waking and looking about, I found myself, to my utter astonishment, in the midst of a thriving town, with a canal and a rail road running side by side, and the stumps standing in the streets. The impression on my mind at first was, that I had taken one of Peter Claus's naps, but I trust the reader will believe me when I declare, on the veracity of a traveller, that on looking at my watch, I found I had slept only two hours.

Intending this as a mere sketch of my personal travels and adventures, it will not be expected that I should here aspire to a complete development of the state of trade, science, literature, the fine arts, and the general statistics of the various countries of the Moon it was my fortune to visit. These I shall reserve for a separate work, to be published in one hundred and seventy-five numbers, embellished with original designs borrowed from every accessible source, and so cheap that purchasers will wonder at the sum they have paid when they come to the end of the series. The reader must therefore be content with a few general observations, commencing with the subject of money, that being the first principle of all things among the inhabitants of the Moon.

The ordinary currency is paper money, though there is one remarkable exception which came to my knowledge in a way I shall hereafter explain. In some places, I found it greatly depreciated, but the people having no other standard of value to compare with it, were quite ignorant of the fact, and so delighted with the high prices they received for every thing, that they actually forgot what they paid. They consequently all fancied themselves growing rich apace, and were so happy, that they turned every man out of office, as a common disturber of the public peace of mind, who had the audacious wisdom to predict that such a state of things could not last forever. In some places the privilege of making paper money was confined to a few; in others I believe every man manufactured it for himself, it was so plenty. In all these places, particularly the latter, there was nothing seen but paper money, and such was the scarcity of silver and gold, that the only specimen I saw, was a shilling carefully preserved in a cabinet of curious medals collected by a learned antiquary, who had written a dissertation to prove that the Aborigines of the country were acquainted with the art of coining money. In most of the countries I visited, there were two great parties, one called the hard money men, the other the shin-plaster dynasty, with which opprobrious epithet the believers in paper money were scandalized by their opponents. Sometimes one, sometimes the other gained the ascen-

dancy; but I was told by a person of veracity, that paper money maintained its stand through all these vicissitudes, which puzzled me not a little. The shin-plaster boys insinuated that the others were called hard money men, because it was so hard to get at their money; while the latter retorted by asserting that the others never paid their debts at all except by act of Congress. This is all I mean to say on the subject at present, with the single exception of an anecdote I shall relate, too curious to be omitted, without great injustice to the reader.

I had heard of a strange people, that lived among the recesses of a range of high mountains at a great distance and were considered a hundred years at least behind the spirit of the age. They were held to be little better than barbarians and infidels, for they knew nothing about running in debt without paying, and did not believe in paper money. It was my intention to pay these people a flying visit, but finding this great Republic of the west extended in every direction so far that it seemed impossible ever to get out of it, I reluctantly relinquished my design. It happened, however, that I luckily fell in with one of these originals, of whom I bought a superb beaver skin as a present to my wife on my return home. On offering payment in paper money he declined to my great surprise, and continued turning up his nose contemptuously, at a new bank note, just from the mint, which I pressed on his acceptance. I assured him it was as good as the bank, and far preferable to silver or gold, which were considered obsolete ideas. He shook his head however, and at length asked me with great gravity—

"Can you convert it into silver spoons?"

"No—I believe not," replied I.

"Or watches?"

"I can't say I have ever known such a thing done."

"Or any thing useful or ornamental?"

"They make very excellent shin-plasters."

"Are they intrinsically of any earthly value?"

"Not that I know of, with this single exception. Yet you may exchange them for every thing valuable."

"That is to say if any body will take them. Pray give me my beaver skin. I can at all events make it into a cap, a waistcoat, or something useful." Saying this, he almost snatched it from my hand, and left me wondering at his blindness as well as pitying his deplorable ignorance of first principles of circulation and currency.

The inhabitants of the Moon have made great progress in science, arts and literature. In one nation especially, they paint exquisite pictures, though there is not a man among them that can make a tolerable box to pack them in. They carve the most exquisite statues; yet are totally ignorant of the most common machinery for raising blocks of marble from the quarries. They can unroll the

most ancient manuscript without injuring it, but a common tack, or a scientific horse shoe, is beyond their comprehension, or beneath their attention. In short, they are as deficient in the useful mechanical, as we of the United States are rather flippantly said to be in the fine arts. I should here observe, that these remarks are confined to one nation of the Moon in particular, which is celebrated throughout the whole planet for its taste and skill in the fine arts, most especially music. The rest take pride in various other matters in which they fancy they excel all their neighbors, consoling themselves with the idea that the progress of the fine arts is coeval with that of luxury and effeminacy, and that where greater honors are paid to fiddlers and prima donnas, than to the benefactors of mankind, or the giver of freedom to nations, the former will become plenty, the latter very scarce. However this may be, it is certain that the nation of fiddlers and prima donnas both pities and envies its neighbors, while they, in return, despise and imitate it to the extent of their ability.

Of the vast progress made by the inhabitants of the Moon in science and knowledge, it will be sufficient to state, in order to convey some faint idea of the truth, that they are so far in advance of those of our Earth, that they have discarded nearly one half the knowledge we hold to be essential to the reputation of a wise man, and consider a great portion of the other half, of extremely questionable utility. It is beginning to be a prevailing opinion among the philosophers, that the world has been on the wrong tack for the last six thousand years: that society is altogether constituted on erroneous principles, and that it will soon be absolutely necessary, either to re-organize the old, or make an entire new world, founded on the solid basis of human experience. As respects the sciences, I was surprised to find them so far in advance of us, that they had nearly completed the circle, and were fast returning to those venerable exploded systems, which in the benighted ages of ignorance and superstition, were considered as no better than arrant witchcraft and necromancy, the diabolical progeny of an incestuous communion with the powers of darkness. There are men of such stupendous, scientific attainments among them, that they can tell what others are thinking of without dealing with the devil, and the gift of second-sight, or clairvoyance, as it is there called, has become so common, that it is much more usual to meet with people who cannot see what is to be seen, than such as can see what was once invisible to all but those who, in the days of ignorance and superstition, were supposed to partake of supernatural powers. Every day some new science is discovered, which renders easy what was considered impossible before, and I have little doubt that if they continue on for half a century more in the same rapid pace, they will be able to dis-

pense altogether with a Supreme Being, and construct not only worlds, but people to live in them, on purely scientific principles.

With regard to the Literature of the Moon, I have only space to say, that it has ceased to be a separate avocation. Every man is there his own author, and as for booksellers, if any one should be silly enough to publish a book for the purpose of even giving it away, it would be considered a gross insult, as conveying a direct insinuation that men could not do this for themselves. In truth, the entire system is reversed. Authors give a premium to their readers for their trouble; and critics always prepare their strictures before the work is written, having in the course of the development of the human mind, discovered that it is much better to teach an author what is right, before he has done wrong, than to arraign and punish him afterwards. It is moreover a curious fact, for which I can vouch the very best authority, that there are at least ten critics to one author, all gaining not only fame but bread, by correcting his faults or proclaiming his beauties, without the least expense of taste or judgment.

At the period I visited the Great Republic, (which by the way is too young to have been christened, and is yet without a specific name,) the better sort of people, to wit, those who had most money, or credit, were laboring under a singular sort of monomania, that is to say, they were what is called music mad. A few days after my arrival at the Great Emporium, walking one bright moonlight evening* through a fashionable street, I encountered a vast crowd of people, pushing and thronging after a person, who was stalking along with much dignity, and huzzaing with great vociferation, while they scattered flowers in his path, and the ladies showered bouquets on his head from the open windows. Feeling somewhat curious to know who this could be, I ventured to inquire of a respectable looking man, who had ensconced himself by my side, behind the stone steps of a hotel, to get out of the way of the crowd.

"I suppose, that is some great hero, just returned from a victory over the enemies of his country," said I.

"Not at all," replied the old gentleman with a look of surprise.

"Some illustrious patriot, who has passed his life in the service of the State!"

"Not at all, sir."

"Some great public benefactor, who has ensured the happiness of his countrymen by freeing them

from despotism and securing their rights and property by a wise system of laws and government?"

"Not at all, sir."

"Surely then he must have done some glorious act, or achieved some great triumph of virtue or intellect."

"Not at all, sir," again replied the old gentleman with a significant smile. "He is only the greatest fiddler in the world, and has just got through a piece of music, so difficult that every body pronounced it impossible."

"Indeed! You must be a very musical people."

"That depends on the people of the Old World, from whom we derive all our tastes and opinions. On the arrival of the next magnetic packet, we shall all become deaf for aught I know."

Here we were interrupted by a shout that rent the skies, and looking in that direction, I saw the great fiddler elevated on the shoulders of six ladies dressed in the most fashionable mode, and fiddling in great style. Whereupon all the people fell down and worshipped his fiddle.

"Really," said I to my companion, "You are indeed a very musical people. What will be the consequence of such enthusiasm?"

"That we shall have plenty of fiddlers, and a special scarcity of heroes, poets, statesmen and public benefactors. The ambition of our great men will be confined to playing the fiddle. Sir," continued he, "do you see that decrepid old man, stealing along unnoticed through the crowd, as if ashamed of himself or his countrymen? That man bore a great share in giving freedom to his country, which owes him a debt of gratitude it can never pay. Yet you see he passes unnoticed. Good night, sir, I am going home to learn to play the fiddle."

It was originally my intention to spend six weeks, or two months in making a thorough investigation of this new, or at least hitherto unvisited region. But it unluckily, or rather luckily happened, that at the close of my six days' researches, on opening my pocket for some purpose or other, I was suddenly appalled at the sight of a polite invitation from a bank to call and pay a note which would become due the sixteenth of the month. It wanted only three days of the time, and not a moment was to be lost. Accordingly, I set forth with the least possible delay, and having the advantage of my previous experience, arrived just in time to borrow the money of a friend, thus preserving my credit triumphantly, and fairly becoming entitled to a new discount. I found little trouble in my descent, and confidently assure my readers, that if they can only once arrive at the Moon they will find no difficulty in getting back again.

* I should here observe, that the Moon receives its light at night from the earth, which thus like a good neighbor repays the obligation.

SONNETS.

BY ANNA M. HIRST.

I.

THE DESOLATED.

"One step to the white death-bed,
And one to the bier,
And one to the charnel—and one, oh, where?"
Shelley's "Ginevra."

Rest, weary heart, and sleepless spirit, rest :
Not long, not long, thy steps shall linger here ;
The darkened room, "the death-bed, and the bier"
Follow most closely ; and thy lofty crest,
O ! Mortal body, by the passer pressed
Shall fret not at his scorning ; nor, O ! soul,
Shalt thou glance backward from the glorious goal
To which thou sprangest, as toward his nest
Flies the freed dove, for words that stain alone
Thy earthly fetters—no ; for bright ahead,
Beyond the vale of shadows, lie dispread
The spirit-lands to angels only known ;
And there, the immortal halo round thy brow,
Thou shalt not heed the carks that sting thee now.

II.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

Build me no vault with sculptured marble crowned,
For death seems darkest with the coffin'd dead ;
But place a broken column at my head,
And lay me gently in the grassy ground :
And o'er me let a tall *Ailanthus* grow,
That shadows from the "Tree of Heaven" may
glide
Like spirits round me ; and, if aught of pride
Lurk in thy tender breast for priest so low
In Nature's temple, on the pillared stone
Inscribe,—"*Here sleeps a Poet,*" with my name ;
Then, if Time gives its simple sound to Fame,
To those who loved me living shall be known
My sepulchre, and those who knew me not
Shall pause with solemn hearts and ponder at the
spot.

Philadelphia, March, 1844.

THE HARP I TOUCHED.

The harp I touched in former years,
The wires and burnished frame—
The wreath, that twined the chords above,
And all the harp's the same ;

But yet, its notes are wild and sad
Like one who deeply moans :
I touch the chords, they give not back
Their once loved, joyous tones.

The spirit of the song is dead,
The music, oh ! how changed !
It speaks of hearts, that fondly loved,
Now cold and far estranged—

Of blighted hopes—affections crushed,
The faithless, broken vow—
Of garlands, once that twined young Love,
Now faded from his brow.

The minstrel's heart has felt the blight,—
'Tis there the secret lies ;
His heart is sad and mournful too,—
His faithful harp replies.

I cannot bear those mournful strains,
They break my swelling heart—
Farewell, awhile, a fond adieu,
My faithful harp we part ;

I'll hang thee on the silent wall,
Inglorious and unstrung,
'Till happier days and scenes restore
The light and life of song.

L.

Danville, Virginia.

GLEANINGS FROM DIFFERENT HISTORIES ;

OR AN HISTORICAL

SKETCH OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

BY W. W. ANDREWS,

UNITED STATES CONSUL AT MALTA.

(Period embraced, from 1698 to 1730.)

After various ballotings, Raymond Perellos de Roccaful, a native of Arragon, and Grand Bailiff of Negropont, received a plurality of votes, and came to the throne, much to the displeasure of many French and Portuguese knights who had strenuously opposed his election. This prince, who was of a noble carriage and polished manners, distinguished also by his naval deeds, and strictly moral in his conduct, no sooner commenced his reign than he became generally popular with all the languages of his Order, and all classes of his native population. Even those monks who had at first exerted themselves to prevent his promotion, became his firmest friends ; and afterwards filled the highest situations in his councils.

With peace and harmony at home, and threatened with no invasion from abroad, Perellos employed himself in correcting those abuses in the convent which had so much tended to corrupt the morals of its members. Gambling, either with cards or dice, was strictly forbidden, and the more effectually to

prevent the Knights from engaging in any games of chance, or sporting bets, they were bound in heavy penalties not to carry money about them when absent from their dwellings, nor to meet in any numbers, unless when attending to the duties of their language, or summoned for a general Chapter. Though Perellos was thus continually employed with the internal affairs of his convent, still he never lost sight of his squadron. Owing his renown, as he often acknowledged, to his naval conquests, he did not forget his sea-faring friends, nor the profession in which they were serving. Guided by this honorable feeling, the Grand-Master always kept his ships of war in thorough repair, and continually absent on different expeditions, that his admirals might win that fame from their exploits which he had won in the same gallees before them.

Early in May, 1797, when the Maltese commander, De Cremville, was cruising off Cape Passaro in a well manned ship, he discovered two sail near the shore wearing the Ottoman flag and steering in a southerly direction. Led to believe from their appearance that they were two roving Corsairs, he thought not of their strength, but gallantly altered his course, to bring them to action. While De Cremville was thus edging down with a light easterly wind, to commence an engagement, for which he anxiously wished, he was told by one of his seamen that the vessels were of a friendly power, as the Turkish flag had disappeared and that of the Pope been run up in its place. A sad disappointment, as one writer has stated, for the monks were bent on a fight and sanguine of success. As the galleys approached each other, the friars of St. John were informed by the Roman commander that he was on his way to Malta,—whither he had been sent by his Holiness, to carry a Russian envoy by the name of Sheremeto,* who had been ordered by Peter the Great to make the Grand-Master's acquaintance. Sacchitti, the Maltese ambassador at Rome, having written to the convent that Sheremeto was of royal descent, being nearly related to the Czar† of Muscovy, and also that when taking leave of the Roman pontiff, he had declared, "that after having seen the most celebrated town in the universe, the holy city of God, the sacred relics of the principals of the holy apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, having likewise received the blessing of his Holiness, the vicar of Jesus Christ on earth, he was resolved to visit the most famous heroes of the church militant, the 'sacred Order of Malta,'"—it was unanimously voted in full council to instruct their Admiral to offer him a passage, should they meet at sea, and to receive him on his landing

with princely honors, and at the public expense. In pursuance of these instructions, De Cremville invited the envoy, with his two brothers and suite on board of his ship, which invitation, we are told, was most cordially accepted. The Maltese, however, did not take leave of the Roman commander, until he had arranged with him to cruise in the channel of Sicily where the Barbary Corsairs were wont to make their appearance, in search of Christian commerce.

On Sheremeto's entering the city of Valetta, and passing through the Italian gate, he was met by a guard of honor, saluted with fifteen guns and taken in a carriage to the palace, at the entrance of which the Grand-Master, with many of the grand crosses of the different languages, was standing to receive him.

A general meeting of the Knights having been called, on the 16th of May, 1698,* the Russian ambassador addressed Perellos in the latin language, saying that he had been sent by the Emperor from the "Hyperborean pole" to pay homage to his distinguished Order;—a truly eminent body, and deserving of every praise, for not only having protected its own coast for so long a period from the descents of infidels, but also for carrying the war into their enemies' country, thereby ever rendering a powerful service to all the European powers, whose possessions bordered on this inland sea. Having finished his harangue, which in truth was little else than a continued strain of compliment, he was taken by the Grand-Master into a private apartment of the palace, "and requested to accept a cross, the same as their own." To make the gift "of still more merit," says one historian, "it had been touched with a piece of the real cross, and by the hand of St John the Baptist, the patron of the Order: two relics carefully preserved in the treasury. Perellos added, that this mark of distinction had been unanimously decreed, still less on account of his illustrious birth, than for his military exploits, his attachment to the convent, and the sacrifice he had made in travelling from such a distant country purposely to visit its chief place of residence. And furthermore, it was ordained for the future, that the Knights of the present time, and those who should succeed them, would ever remember him in their prayers, and make him a partaker in all their good works.† Kzeremetz im-

* Although Boisgelin has given us a very able and agreeable history of Malta and its famed Knights, still we must say, that in his dates we find him very inaccurate. His statement, that Sheremeto left Naples for Malta, on the 12th of May, 1698, and that on the following day his passage was finished, is an instance in point. To show that this was impossible, we would merely mention that the fastest steamer of the present time, and when steaming under the most favorable circumstances, can not pass over this distance in less than thirty-six hours.

† Certainly a most flattering compliment this, from a bigoted Catholic prince, to an equally bigoted Protestant noble.

* Eight different writers have spelt this person's name in as many different ways. Not knowing who is correct, we have concluded to follow Voltaire.

† Czar is a title in the Slavonian language, equivalent to that of King in our own.

mediately knelt before Perellos, who placed round his neck a golden chain from which was suspended the cross of Malta. This he received with every testimony of the profoundest respect, having been furnished, at the same time, with the decree of council, assigning the reasons of his being honored with this distinction."

Sheremeto, after passing a week in Valetta, and amusing himself in visiting the fortifications, catacombs, grottoes and other objects of interest in the Island, took his leave of the Grand-Master, and said to the many monks who surrounded him, that for the future he should consider himself one of their number, and ever bear in mind their kind attentions towards him. Then, immediately embarking on the Admiral's ship, he set sail for the southern coast of Sicily, hoping to fall in with the Roman captain, whom, as we have observed, he left, intending to cruise on that station until his return. Being successful in his search, he took leave of De Cremville under a royal salute, and went on his way to Naples, whither he had also been sent on a political mission, and of which, as it concerns not our subject, we shall have nothing to say.

Many historians were anxious to discover the reasons which had operated so powerfully on the mind of the Emperor, as to compel him not only to send an ambassador to Innocent XII. and the Knights of Malta, but also to name a person to go on this mission, on whose services as a relation of his own he could place the utmost reliance. If, as some authors have supposed, the politic monarch wished to annex the Island to his dominions, he signally failed in effecting his object. But we can find no proof that Peter ever harbored any such intention. Sheremeto certainly did not mention it when at Malta, or we should have seen it recorded. To suppose that the Emperor would gladly have secured a fortress in the Mediterranean, as England and France have done at a much later period, is natural enough, but that to obtain it, he would have been willing* to risk a war with the cowed monks and their Papal Chief is very improbable. Only a few months after the Russian envoy had taken his departure from Malta, Peter made a truce with the Sultan, which was to be

binding between them for the long term of five-and-twenty years. It could, therefore, have been with no intention of forming a league against Mustapha the Second, for any immediate action, that he had been sent on this Catholic mission.

Although Sheremeto was the first Muscovite minister who had ever visited the convent, in a public capacity, still there had been others before him at Rome. Alexis, the father of Peter the Great, had sent a special ambassador, a quarter of a century before, to Clement X., asking his assistance against the Turks, with whom he was engaged in a most desperate war: a truly independent person, as we should judge, "for though a Catholic, he refused to kiss His Holiness' toe, saying that so mean an act was beneath the dignity of the Prince he had the honor to represent." Clement, notwithstanding this refusal, received the Russian representative with every mark of respect, and promised, with the consent of his Cardinals, to grant the aid which the Czar had desired. The Roman Pontiff keeping his word, sent his own gallees, and those of the Order, to cruise off the Turkish coast, thereby creating a diversion in favor of the Autocrat, which to him, being hardly pressed at the North, was a service of the utmost importance. It was doubtless owing, in a measure, to this happy diversion, that Alexis was indebted for the glorious victory over the Moslems at Cochim, where, as a popular historian of the last century has written, his enemies "were intrenched up to their teeth," and made a most gallant resistance. This victory was the more deserving of remembrance as it placed Sobieski on the throne of Poland, and made him a firm ally of the Muscovite Emperor, by whose assistance alone he had secured his kingdom and obtained his crown.

The policy of Russia with reference to Turkey has always been the same. Ever has it been her constant wish, her only aim, to weaken the Ottoman Empire; and gladly would she league with any power, whether Protestant or Catholic, that would aid her in securing this, which for England's interests, is too much her favorite object. So steadily has Russia pursued this unwavering course, that the Moslems of this day greatly fear a tradition, which says that they will not long exist as a nation, and that their conquerors are to be a Northern and a barbarous people.* But it is not so much that the Russians are inimical to the Turks on account of their religion and their infidel rites, as that they wish to seize on their country, and make it a Muscovite province. Oleg a thousand years ago took Kief, and said on his entering it, "this shall be the mother of all my cities." And such, says Count Segur, it became in fact for nearly

* That Peter would have gone as far as any other monarch of his time to make a conquest, or to gratify a wish, we will cite but a single instance to prove. Saying to a favorite minister on one occasion, that he was ignorant of the real state of Russia, inasmuch as she had land enough, and only wanted water, he pounced on a barren, marshy spot, and laid the foundation of that famed city which is now one of the most flourishing in Europe, and still bearing his name, though it be engraven on the remains of one hundred thousand of his subjects, who perished in its erection. "On this unnoted spot," says Malte-Brun, "in less than one hundred years after his death, the fate of Europe was to be decided, and the whole moral and political aspect of the northern regions was to undergo a change."

* The Persians also, we are told by the Rev. Mr. Perkins, "have a tradition and apprehension among them, that the whole fabric of Mohammedism is destined ere long to fall."

three centuries. "Not so much that the conqueror might enjoy repose in it, but because it was near at hand to the Greek empire, a prey which was greedily coveted by the barbarians whom he commanded."

Singular it is, that after the lapse of so many ages we should find the Emperor treading in Oleg's footsteps, and trying by his yearly encroachments on the borders of Turkey, to get possession of that country which, ten centuries ago, his barbarous countrymen, at the head of his savage hordes, had so much coveted. Were it not for the jealousy of England, France and Austria, the Mussulman Empire would now be divided and a Russian Viceroy sent to sit on that sanguinary throne, which the bearded sons of the prophet so long have filled. When this long threatening change is to take place, time alone must determine. That it will occur, there is not a doubt, and that it must be before the lapse of many years, all the political movements in the Levant, of a recent date, but too strongly seem to foretell.

But not having taken our pen to speculate on future events, however important they may be to the young Sultan and his Moslem subjects, we shall return to Sheremeto's mission to Malta, which made such a talk in its day, and caused so many surmises. That it was no uncommon occurrence for the representative of a crowned head to appear at the convent, when his sovereign wished to make a treaty with the Knights, or to form a league against the followers of the Prophet Mahommet, will have been seen from our previous chapters. On such an occasion, it was only necessary for an ambassador to remind the Order, that the Sultan was the common enemy of their Christian faith, to secure the coöperation of the monks in any cause, however daring, or unjust. The unchristian oath, which these war-like friars were obliged to take before gaining admission into the convent, that they would never be at peace with the Turks, was a most convenient one throughout their whole history, serving as it did to cover all their crimes. Pleading this ever constant obligation, they went forth in their galleys to murder and plunder, to raze, ravage, and destroy, entirely forgetting that they were a religious body, and as such were to be governed by the laws, the usages and customs of Christian men. For many a score of years, every act of these fighting priests but too pointedly seems to say, that they knew no God but that of evil, and no power save that of doing harm to the miserable mussulmen who might, by the fortune of war, be thrown into their power: a fate often times worse than death, though it might have come to them in the most horrible shape.

Peter the Great doubtless being well acquainted with this hostile policy and with the barbarous atrocities, which were ever attendant upon it, determined to profit by an alliance with these cowed

monks, as his royal cousins* of Italy, France, Spain and Portugal, had been constantly doing before him. Nor was he wrong. For during his time, a treaty was not understood to be of so sacred a nature as diplomatists have more recently made it, and in fact was no longer thought to be binding than the high contracting parties might find it for their advantage to acknowledge the obligations under which their public faith had been pledged. Indeed, to show how little reliance was to be placed in the political integrity of those who ruled over the Ottoman Empire, we need only remark, that although Mustapha kept at peace with the Emperor so long as he lived, still his successor acted otherwise, by breaking the truce five different times, in very nearly the same number of years. Peter wrote to the Sultan, complaining of these frequent violations of the treaty, and said that if it was not more strictly observed for the future, he should try to make him obey it with the point of his sword. Count Tolstoy being commanded to deliver in person the letter containing this threat, bearded the lion in his den, by asking an audience to enable him to fulfil his instructions. Achmet received the Russian minister in his council chamber; where he was seated on a sofa, from which he did not rise, and surrounded by his ministers, most of whom were kneeling, with their hands crossed before them, and their eyes on the pavement, in token of their abject submission. Tolstoy stood before these crouching slaves, and their absolute ruler, to make known the contents of a letter which in a moment might cost him his life. Dangerous as was his position, still he did not evince the slightest fear; and when the Sultan told him that although for his temerity he deserved to die, yet in his mercy he should only confine him in a prison on the banks of the Bosphorus, Tolstoy was more than satisfied, as it was an amelioration of his fate which he had never expected. Achmet, burning with rage, remarked to the Grand Vizer who stood trembling before him, that perhaps the Russian Emperor might have his wishes gratified so far as a new treaty was concerned, but how it was to be drawn up, or where it should be signed, were matters yet to be settled. Then rising on his feet, and drawing his scimitar which had served him faithfully in many a fight, he advanced towards the Russian Ambassador, and thus continued: With Charles XII. in my company, and at the head of two hun-

* Long has it been customary for crowned heads to term each other cousins, though not at all related by the ties of consanguinity. Peter the Great on one occasion was disposed to be even more affectionate; for, after having thoroughly routed the King of Sweden at Pultowa, he said to some officers whom he held as prisoners after the battle, "that he wanted his brother Charles to keep them company, and had sent Walkouiski to fetch him." Very nearly was this wish gratified, as the Russian General came in sight of the King, but the river Bog was between them, a barrier which, without boats, Walkouiski was unable to pass.

dred and fifty thousand of my brave soldiers, whom I have already collected at Adrianople and who are only awaiting my orders to march, I hope to go through the heart of Russia, and to the very gates of your master's capital. After razing his villages, burning his towns, and scattering his forces, it will be no difficult task to name my terms for our next truce, in the city of Moscow, and within the walls of his palace. "If Mohammed but wills it, so it shall be," said the incensed monarch, as he tore up the letter which Peter had sent him, and returned again to his sofa. While the Sultan was thus giving vent to his feelings, the Muscovite envoy never uttered a word, a prudent act, for had he spoken, it is but too probable, that he would have been made to feel the force of that Damascus blade, which Achmet, during his paroxysm of rage, had so carelessly brandished about him.

"His Czarish Majesty, hearing of Tolstoy's imprisonment, published a long manifesto, setting forth the reasons of his entering into a war with that perfidious breaker of the peace, as he called him, Achmet, Sultan of the Turks. But before this declaration had been made known, the Tartars had commenced their hostilities." The Cham's son, and the King of Sweden having previously stated that they had united in a common cause against the Russian Emperor, who, as they said, had been too long permitted with impunity to encroach on their dominions, and cast his insults upon them.

Peter the Great, on the first opening of the campaign, finding that some of his Generals had crossed over the "Neister," and were marching in his enemies' country without the least interruption, was rashly led to believe, that "Heaven had destined the honor to him, of overthrowing the formidable Empire of the Ottomans, and of exalting the Cross, in those places where the Crescent so long had triumphed. But herein his Czarish Majesty was too sanguine, and took a fatal step, that had like to have been the ruin of himself and his country. Relying upon the supplies which were promised him by Brancovan Hospodar of Wallachia, who deceived him, he suffered himself to be shut up by the Turkish Army on the side of the river Pruth, in a port so disadvantageous, that he must have been inevitably lost, but for the management and affection of the Czarina Catharine, who at this critical juncture did her utmost to save him."* The Emperor thus enclosed by the Sultan's forces, and greatly in want of provisions, was compelled to sue for a treaty, though well knowing that it must come to him in the most disadvantageous terms, as he was wholly at the mercy of the infidel monarch, who boasted of being his bitterest enemy, and of anxiously wishing his downfall.

* Taken from Mottley's History of Russia, which was published in London in 1744, and as a book of reference is highly valuable.

Achmet, taking advantage of Peter's desperate situation, obliged him to comply with his exactions, against which, while doing it, the Czar could only protest. Peter did not make his escape out of Turkey until he had expended millions in "money and jewels," and ceded to the Grand Seignor all the conquests which his father and himself had made in many previous years: terms the more galling from having been suggested by Charles XII., who, after the battle of Pultowa, had fled to Stamboul for protection,—and excited the Sultan to engage in this war, though, as we have seen, breaking a treaty to do it. It was doubtless to guard against this faithless policy of the Ottoman Emperors that Sheremeto was sent on his mission to Malta. That the Autocrat would have cared but little for the Papal bulls which might have been issued against him, or for the resistance of the Knights, however desperate, had the Island been near his own shores, and he anxious to bring it under his rule, no one who is acquainted with his character will for a moment deny.

But Malta, from its position, was out of his reach, and he was by far too politic a monarch not to court the friendship of the Order which resided upon it, and which, by the force of his arms, he could never hope to reduce.*

* Peter the Great has been termed by historians the most remarkable man of the age in which he lived,—no slight honor, when he had such a competitor as Charles XII. of Sweden, with whom, during his life, he was always at war.

Proud and unbending, as the Autocrat was when negotiating with foreign powers, yet while legislating for the benefit of his own ignorant subjects, no man in his Empire could make himself more humble. Hence it is, that at one time we find him breaking off all intercourse with the Queen of England, because his ambassador had been insulted at London, and firmly refusing to renew the alliance, until Her Majesty should send him an apology for the conduct of one of her judges,—and at another, throwing off his jacket, and with the sleeves of his shirt rolled up, working on the hull of a vessel, in an English dockyard, and claiming his daily pay from the master builder, to which, as he said, by the sweat of his brow he was justly entitled. Peter well knew the character of his people, and governed more by the example he set them than by the laws which he enacted. A few anecdotes which we have found recorded, will serve to exemplify his policy which made him so renowned as a warrior, and as a ruler so truly distinguished.

Entering his own army as a drummer boy, he regularly rose from one step to another, until he had obtained a Marshal's baton, and was thereby enabled to rule over the minds of his soldiers as well as their movements and bodies. Peter on one occasion, after fighting a desperate battle with the Swedes, and gaining a splendid victory, asked a Russian General for the command of a regiment, made vacant by the death of its Colonel. Although in the fight the Czar had greatly distinguished himself, by having two horses shot under him, and by being struck with a ball which, as it grazed his forehead, cut off a lock of his hair, still his request was refused. An older officer having a prior claim, got his promotion, while the Emperor remained as he was, the Senior Major of another corps. Peter acknowledged the justice of this decision, and ever afterwards

Not continuing our digression, which has been made the longer from the little of interest which we can find to record of the Knights, we return to the reign of Perellos, which was terminated by his decease, at an advanced age, in 1720. Mark

made the General his constant adviser, his firm and intimate friend.

While the Czar was serving in his Navy, he acted in precisely a similar way. How different is this conduct from that pursued by the Princes of the present day, who on entering a service expect to be at its head, without even being acquainted with the clangor of arms, and hardly the sound of a musket. In civil life also, if any could be termed such in Russia at the time of which we are writing, the Emperor was, if possible, in his bearing to his subjects even more humble. Passing one morning at early dawn through a narrow street of his capital, he entered a shoemaker's shop, and seating himself among the workmen, without saying a word, commenced making a pair of shoes for himself. Not leaving his work until it was finished, he went from his bench to the palace. Surrounded at midnight by his nobles, he showed them the fruits of his labor, and said that if they were expecting any honors from him, they must change their manner of living, and hereafter employ their idle hours in some profession or trade, the choice of which he would leave to themselves. While many of those who were present willingly complied with his wishes, still there were others who as firmly refused. At the head of this last class was his only son, Alexis; an ignorant and vicious Prince, who dearly paid for his stubbornness, by the loss of his life.

Nothing could have exceeded the affection which was shown by Peter the Great to this unpromising child, in his infancy, and nothing surpass his hatred towards him, when he came to the years of maturity. His sad fate was sealed in the following manner. The Emperor having discovered that Alexis was seriously implicated in a conspiracy, which was forming against him, first had him imprisoned for a few days, and then calling at his cell, offered to his trembling victim a silver goblet containing a poisonous liquid, which he told him to drink. The unfortunate Prince was obliged to obey, and was a corpse in less than an hour. Two incidents connected with this horrible tragedy, are deserving of remembrance. First—That this murder was no secret act, as the Czar while committing it, was accompanied by two of his ministers—and Secondly—That the contents of the cup were mixed by an English druggist, who dared not disobey, and was struck dumb for a longer period than Alexis was suffering from the convulsions caused by his poisonous dose. Peter weeping over his son's body, said that he had made himself childless, (meaning by his first wife,) that his Empire might he saved. With one other record of Peter's policy for the good of his people, barbarous as some of it was, we shall have done with the subject. Anxious that his nobles might improve themselves by foreign travel, he sent his ambassadors abroad with many young men in their suites, and kept them at the different courts until their mission was closed. But it would appear that this praiseworthy measure was often thwarted by the stupid conduct of those whom he employed in this service. For Le Vergue tells us that there were some gentlemen attached to Sheremeto's suite, who, on their arrival in any capital, would take to their apartments and never leave them so long as they remained in the city. It being their wish to say on returning to Russia, that they had come back as wise as they went. Manstein has given us even a worse character of these travelling Muscovites, for he reproaches the Emperor for sending them out of his Empire, saying that they "acquired nothing but vices."

Anthony Zondodari, who succeeded him, was a native of Sienna, and at the time of his election one of the oldest and most distinguished monks in the convent. In his short rule, which was but of little more than two years duration, no events of any particular moment occurred. "Two large Corsairs (says Sutherland) were brought into Malta as prizes in the midst of the rejoicings that followed his election; and the happy omen was afterwards strengthened by the capture of an Algerine ship-of-war," after a gallant action, in which the Algerine captain was killed. In this single sentence, the whole glory of his reign is told. On the death of Zondodari in 1722, Anthony Manoel de Villena, "a Portuguese Knight of the language of Castile," came to the vacant throne. This prince wishing to guard the city of Valetta on its only assailable point, was induced to build that splendid fortress in the harbor of Marsamuscetto, which to this day is known by his name.* "For, like most of his predecessors (says one writer) Villena could not resist the desire of securing an immortality, by means of stone and mortar." But of the intentions of this prince, his works, and reign, we shall write more fully in our next historical letter.

* No fortress on the Island is better known to foreigners, than this of Fort Manoel. Most travellers, on coming from the Levant, are obliged to pass their quarantine within its walls, for ten, fifteen, or twenty days, as the board of health in their wisdom, or folly, may give them. Among the many Americans who, within the last five years, have been doomed to this confinement, we may name Henry B. McLellan, Esq., a favorite poet of the North, William B. Hodgson, whose writings on the Berber language, and a recent publication on the Foulahs of Africa have made him so well known in Europe, and lastly, William Boulware, Esq., our present popular, able, and highly respected envoy at Naples. We take much pleasure in thus publicly naming Mr. Boulware, as his unceasing exertions to procure us a treaty with the Neapolitan Government, which we are told he is now in a fair way of attaining, certainly deserve the thanks of his countrymen. We hope yet to see our flag waving in the bay of Naples, and our produce on its quays.

IMITATIONS FROM ANACREON.

DRINKING—*Η γη μελαινα πινει. κ. τ. λ.*

The dark earth drinks the welcome rain,
The forest drinks the earth again,
The ocean drinks the river wide,
The sun, too, drinks the ocean's tide,
The moon the sun :—Am I to blame
Companions, if I do the same?

ANACREON.—*Θάλω λεγειν. κ. τ. λ.*

I strive to tell in numbers bold
The deeds Atreides wrought of old,
Or sing the bright, enduring fame
Attached to Cadmus' sacred name;



But futile all my efforts seem,
Love is my lyre's only theme.
The sounding chords I cast aside;
Fresh strings, another lyre I tried,
Alcides' toils I sung,—in vain:
My lyre resounded love again.
Farewell, ye heroes! I no more
Shall sing your wondrous legends o'er,
No more to lofty themes aspire—
Love, only love shall wake my lyre.

L.

SONNETS FROM PETRARCH.

BY MARY G. WELLS.

II.

S' amor non é, che dunque é quel ch' i' sento?

If 'tis not Love, what is it that I prove!
And if 'tis Love—ye Gods, what is this thing?
If it be good, whence is its mortal sting?
If evil, why are all its pangs so sweet?
Why do I grieve if at my will I love?
If 'gainst my will, to weep it is not meet.
O! living death! O! fascinating ill!
Whence comes thy power if not at my consent,
And, if I yield, ah! why do I repent?
A helmless bark, sport of each adverse wind
Is the frail thing in which I wander still,
And folly is my heaviest freight, I find,
Myself not knowing where my wishes turn:
I freeze in Summer and in Winter burn!

III.

Zefiro torna e 'l bel tempo rimena.

Zephyr returns and balmy hours doth bring,
And flowers and plants, his ever lovely train;
The varied sweets of gay and lovely spring,
And Progne's* song and Philomela's plain.
The meadows smile; the heaven serene above
Rejoices thus to see its children blest,
And all the elements are breathing love—
Each living thing is filled with love's unrest.
To me, alas, Spring brings the deepest sighs
Drawn from my weary, woe-worn heart by one
Who that heart's keys hath taken to the skies:
The singing birds, the banks with flowers o'er-
grown,
The sweet, attractive looks of ladies fair,
Bring nothing to my soul but deep despair!

Philadelphia, April, 1844.

* Progne's song;—the swallow's song.

EXTRACTS FROM NOTES

OF A VOYAGE IN THE EAST, IN 1843.

BY W. B.*

Wm. Bouliware.

June 27.—Yesterday, after my interview with the Pasha, I gave the remainder of my time to the souvenirs of the past. Mr. Todd kindly sent me his horse and a Janizary to accompany me. I hastened to visit Pompey's pillar as the most remarkable of the antiquities remaining. I found it beyond the walls of the city, standing in solitary grandeur on the edge of the desert. It is a polished column of beautiful granite, and lifts its capital far into the sky. Its shaft consists of a single piece of sixty-four feet in length, and was superior to all others of the monolithic kind, in magnitude, until that recently elevated at St. Petersburg. It stands upon a pedestal twelve feet in height, and is surmounted by a Corinthian capital, which gives ten feet more to the elevation. An inscription is on its pedestal, but I was unable to decypher it. Others have been more fortunate, but they have not been able by this means to settle the controversies as to the origin of this monument. Some believe that after the building of the city by Alexander the Great, he caused this monument to be reared to commemorate the event. Others suppose it to have been erected by Cæsar, to the memory of his great rival—that he not only shed tears upon the fall of Pompey, but left this loitering memorial of respect for his memory. On the other hand there are those who contend, that its object was to perpetuate the memory of his own victory.

"Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites."

But there are some facts which have been recently published by the Duke of Ragusa, which seem to indicate that the first opinion is the correct one. An antiquary of the fifteenth century, by the name of Cyriaque, who travelled in the East by order of Pope Nicolas V., relates that he visited this column and found on its base an inscription to the effect that it was erected by the architect Dinocrates, in honor of Alexander. In a collection of ancient inscriptions published by Pierre Appian and Bartholomew Amantius, and dedicated to a counsellor of the Emperor Charles V., and of Ferdinand, King of the Romans—we also find the following—"they say there exists at Alexandria, in Egypt, upon a column of wonderful grandeur, an inscription in Greek, of which the translation is 'Democrates, (or Dinocrates,) celebrated architect, erected me by order of Alexander, King of Macedonia.'" The same inscription is reported by Muratori, (p. 499,) as existing at the base of this column.

* See the handsome compliment paid this gentleman, by Mr. Andrews, in his "History of the Knights of Malta," issued in this number—in note towards the end.—[Ed. Nov.

These statements being supposed true, it remains to account for the fact, that this inscription is no longer seen, and that one is now found which is relied on to support a different opinion. It is also necessary to explain why it has been so long known as "Pompey's pillar."

In the first place, the pedestal is now exceedingly defaced by the rough usage it has received from visitors. Many have been ambitious to leave their names. Black paint, red ochre and pitch have all been used to the destruction of its beauty and the obliteration of whatever previously existed. As to the difficulty supposed to be presented by the inscription now existing, this is easy of explanation. Pococke gives the inscription as follows—"Po...us, (Poathumus or Pompeius) Prefect of Egypt, and the city have erected the most holy Emperor, the tutelary god of Alexandria, Dioclesian the invincible." This inscription speaks probably of a statue which formerly surmounted the column. Those who have ascended to the summit report that the capital has been hollowed out for the reception of a statue. It would seem that a statue of Dioclesian had been made to stand on the column of Alexander. This mode of appropriating monuments by succeeding rulers was not at all extraordinary in antiquity. The Forum of Rome contains at present an example of this sort. As to the name, by which it has descended to posterity, it would seem that it has taken that of the Prefect instead of the Emperor, in whose honor this desecration was perpetrated.

Every one must remark here the difference between the shaft, and pedestal and capital of this monument. The two latter are far inferior. It is probable the architect of Alexander made use of the materials furnished by previous structures, and robbed the monuments of the predecessors of that conqueror—the memorials of previous heroes were destroyed to construct a souvenir of his glory, and in turn his own monument has been wrested from its object and made to bear a statue to record the glories of Dioclesian. This again has passed away, and thus amid revolving ages, retributive justice has followed in pursuit, and now the monument bears the name of none, whose fame it was intended to commemorate. Upon examining the foundations of the column, we found two fragments of an obelisk, and a block covered with hieroglyphics, which were inverted. These furnish still further evidence of the manner in which other structures were made to yield their treasures for the construction of this.

From this place we went in search of the needles of Cleopatra. My Janizary had never heard of them. But this did not surprise me, as in Rome I once asked the way to the Forum, of a Roman citizen who lived in twenty steps of that "field of freedom, faction, fame and blood," and he told me there was no such place. My Janizary knew

nothing of the lovely queen, nor her needles, but he thought he could find them. We rode probably for a mile over the desert, but within sight of the walls of the city, until we reached one of the gates of the town, which he said would probably lead to them. We entered and found the interior of the city in this direction as desert as the exterior. The whole earth was torn up by excavations, in search of antiquities, and lay in great mounds and caverns. Not a human being was to be seen, nor a house. I asked for the needles. He supposed they were somewhere in this quarter. We wound our way amid these mounds for a long time, and at length discovered by chance near the sea shore the objects of our search.

They are obelisks resembling in their general appearance those which are now seen at Paris and Rome, and which were carried from this country. They are covered with hieroglyphics, and each is hewn out of a single piece of granite. They are reported to be sixty four feet in length. One has fallen down and is now lying half covered with sand. They are believed to have adorned the entrance to the palace of the Ptolemies. Here was the court quarter of the ancient city—here the celebrated library, and here the gymnasium. Here Cleopatra entertained Cæsar and Antony, and made the Roman conquerors slaves. Here swept the royal pageants amid palaces and temples, and Rome's conqueror and Rome's triumvir were led in triumph. Bound in the silken cords of love, ambition lost for a time her votaries, and provinces and empires won by Roman legions were scattered at the feet of beauty. Venus triumphed over Mars, and gathered the spoils of war. And there was the tower which witnessed the last triumph of the proud queen, who failing now to conquer, disdained to grace Augustus' triumphal train, and queened it to the last. Now, here are the sands of the desert, and two solitary obelisks remain to tell us of departed glories. The slaves who tread this soil, so full of histories, know not the name of Egypt's Queen.

I found the time was now near for my embarkation, and I was reluctantly compelled to forsake my interesting ramble. I passed through the Arab quarter, traversed the Bazars and returned to the hotel. The two former contained nothing that would interest a traveller who had seen Cairo, Damascus and Constantinople. The hotel is on one side of a "place" which is surrounded by lofty and handsome buildings in the European style, and which would do honor to any city. Were it not for costumes and camels, one might easily forget that he was in the land of the East.

I was anxious to visit the arsenal and fleet, but time failed and I was forced to rely upon others for information on the subject of these wonderful creations of Mehemet Ali. They afford another example of his great energy and the boundless

resources of his genius. In 1828 they had no existence,—the peninsula of Alexandria was a barren waste. In 1834 it was covered with an arsenal on the largest scale, with magazines for provisions, a rope-yard a thousand and forty feet in length, and all the buildings and appurtenances necessary for the construction, rigging and armament of ships; except, if I mistake not, the cannon which I believe were obtained from abroad. Ten vessels of the line had been built, of which seven were of a hundred guns, and frigates, corvettes and brigs, making a fleet of thirty sail. And all this had been accomplished in a space of time, one would suppose almost incredible, in a country without wood, without iron, without copper, without workmen or sailors. Every element was wanting to the creation of a fleet, and yet this remarkable man surmounted every obstacle and called it, as if by magic, into existence. Difficulties only stimulate his genius. There is something in this singular country, its gigantic and immortal monuments of antiquity, the pyramids, the wonders of Thebes, the temples of Naxos and Carnac, well calculated to inspire the desire of great achievements. And well has he drunk;—drunk to the full of this inspiration.

With a tact which in great men often seems to border on inspiration, he selected the agents, the best adapted to his purpose; and soon the Fellahs became ship-carpenters and sailors and mechanics. With extraordinary quickness, they learned to execute those works even which require great delicacy and art—all the instruments of navigation, compasses, quadrants, sextants, spy-glasses, &c., &c. Marshal Marmont states that in his visit to this country, he examined their workshops, and their work was admirably executed though the mechanics whom he saw, had not been two years engaged in this species of labor. They seem to have participated in the genius of their master. Certainly such results are not obtained in so short a space of time in other countries.

Now, these great works are of but little use. The fleet was made to assist in the struggle with Sultan Mahmoud. That conflict is ended, nor is it likely to be resumed with his successors, since the European Powers have interposed and taken the affairs of the East into their hands. In case of an European war it might probably be brought into requisition.

There is no doubt the Pasha will avail himself of any favorable opportunity to get rid of the treaty forced upon him at the late peace. After he had vanquished his great enemy, and occupied a position in which he was able to dictate what terms he pleased, the European Powers, with the exception of France, stepped in and deprived him of his conquests. They agreed on that extraordinary and absurd proposition, that the integrity of the Ottoman empire must be preserved—a proposition ab-

horrent to all the interests of humanity, and all the feelings of the civilized world. Mehemet Ali was made to abandon Syria, one of the cherished objects of his ambition and of the policy of his life. With heroic spirit he fought against the combined Powers. But like Napoleon he failed at St. Jean d' Acre and found himself for the first time vanquished and compelled to accept the terms they imposed. He is reported to have said to one of his generals, "I will never submit to the conditions of the peace—these conditions are too degrading. I have accepted them from force, but I will do all I can to escape from them." Nor has he ever fulfilled them. In open violation he keeps up a large standing army, far exceeding the number of troops agreed on by the treaty; and his monopolies still exist in spite of the Sultan and his allies. Nor has he abandoned his designs on Syria, but diplomacy is substituted for the sword. Magnificent presents are transmitted to Constantinople, in the place of former defiance. The Sultan mother, the relict of the great Mahmoud, has become his friend and supporter, and report says that her abilities are extraordinary and her influence powerful. His policy now is to persuade the young Sultan to throw himself on him for support, rather than on his christian allies—that he is the natural supporter of the representative of the Prophet. His final object is the government of Syria for himself and his heirs. Should he succeed in gaining the confidence of the Divan, he may, if there should be no interference from the European Powers, again obtain possession of that country. In the meantime, he preserves his army and navy, and is ready to profit by whatever may turn up in the chapter of accidents. With his talent for intrigue, his knowledge of men, the great resources which he commands and his indomitable perseverance, it would not be a surprise if he should again pass over into the "promised land." It has been said by one who knows him well, intimate with his whole career and fully competent to pronounce judgment, that all the little sovereigns of Italy combined, in the middle ages, have not exhibited more of "esprit," address and stratagem, than the Pasha in his career.

SONNET,

ON READING THE ODYSSEY.

The wise Ulysses, honored once of Kings,
When he, a beggar, sat at his own gate,
Had still three friends, who loved him as when great—
And each to man like his own shadow clings.
No change in them from change of fortune springs.
Wealth, poverty, lofty or low estate,
Fame, infamy, by his own faults or fate,
These all they look on as indifferent things.
Ill-treatment sours not them—harsh words are breath,
Or still they love, even if they moan and mope,
And will be parted from him but by death;
Cheerfully he may with misfortune cope,
And find some flowers even in life's dreariest path.
Who still has left his Wife—his Dog—and Hope?

Columbia, S. Carolina.

A. J. H.

LETTERS OF PLINY THE YOUNGER.

GHOST STORY, &c.

(Translated for the Sou. Lit. Mess.)

TO SUSA.

As we both have leisure now, you to instruct and I to learn, I wish to propose a question for your consideration. Are spectres real beings, having their proper forms and spheres of action? or merely idle phantoms, the birth of a terrified imagination? I incline to believe them real, partly induced by what I am told happened to Curtius Rufus. While yet poor and unknown, he went into Africa as a dependant of the governor of that province. At the close of a certain day, while walking in a portico, he was startled and alarmed by the sudden apparition of a female form, which stood before him, taller than the daughters of men and radiant in celestial beauty. "I am Africa," she said to the wondering man, "come to foretell your future destiny"—and accordingly predicted that he should go back to Rome and there attain civil honors, after which he should return with supreme power into Africa and die there. All this came to pass. When he reached Carthage, on his return to Africa, the same image is said to have met him on the shore as he left the ship. He was taken ill, and despaired of recovery before his friends apprehended danger, foreboding his death from the verified prediction of his past prosperity.* Now hear another story, more terrific and not less wonderful, which I shall relate as I heard it. There was at Athens a large and stately house, but of evil fame, because reputed to be haunted. In the silence of midnight was heard the sound of irons; and if you listened attentively, you could distinguish the clanking of fetters, at first faint and distant, then louder and nearer. Presently an image appeared,—an old man, squalid and emaciated, with a long beard and rough neglected hair, having fetters on his legs and manacles on his hands, which he shook and rattled incessantly. The wretched

household watched whole nights in trembling anxiety, till health and finally life itself sunk under incessant terror:—for the day brought no respite, the dreadful spectre still floating before them, and haunting the imagination though removed from actual view. At length the house was deserted, and abandoned to solitude and its unearthly occupant; but advertised notwithstanding, if any perchance, not knowing its bad character, might wish to hire or purchase. Meantime the Philosopher Athenodorus coming to Athens, read the placard; and surprised at the low price, demanded the cause and was told the whole story. Nevertheless, indeed, for that very reason, he hired the house. When night approached, he ordered a couch to be prepared in the front room, and called for a candle and writing desk. Then dismissing his family into distant apartments, he employed his mind, eyes and hand in writing, lest his wandering fancy, disturbed by vain fears, should conjure up strange sounds and phantasms. At first the silence of night reigned here as elsewhere; then the noise of clanking irons was heard. The Philosopher neither raised his eyes nor remitted his pen, but bracing his mind to the work, deforced his attention from the disturbing sounds. The clashing irons sounded louder and nearer, and were heard, first at the door, and then within the room. He looked up at last, and recognized the image as described to him. It stood and beckoned him to approach. He on his part signed to it with his hand to wait a little, and recommenced writing. The spectre then clashed its chains above the head of the Philosopher as he sat, on which he looked up and saw it making the same sign as before. He delayed no longer, but took the candle and followed. The spectre proceeding slowly as if weighed down by its chains, descended into the courtyard and suddenly sunk into the earth. The Philosopher thus deserted, gathered leaves and grass to mark the spot of its disappearance. Next day he informed the police, who, by his suggestion, ordered the earth to be opened at the place, and found a skeleton encircled with chains; the flesh in the lapse of years having mouldered into dust, leaving the naked bones. These were collected and buried publicly; and the troubled ghost being thus propitiated, ceased to haunt the house. What I have told I believe on the word of others; what I am about to tell is vouched on my own.

I have a domestic named Marcus, a man of some pretensions to learning, with whom a younger brother used to sleep in the same bed. One night this young man seemed to see some one sitting by him on the bed, and cutting the hair from the crown of his head with a pair of scissors. When day arrived, he was found to be shorn about the crown, and the hair lying on his pillow. Another boy slept with many others in the pages' apartment: two figures in white tunics (so he says)

* This story of Curtius Rufus is thus told by Tacitus, Ann. XI, ch. 21. "Of the birth of Curtius Rufus, who is said to have been a gladiator's son, I must not speak falsely, and the truth were scandalous to tell. After he was grown, he went to Africa in the suite of the questor to whose lot that province had fallen; and when in the town of Adrumetum, while walking alone in an open portico about mid-day, a female form above human size appeared and thus addressed him: 'Thou, Rufus, art he who shall return to this province as Consul.' Animated by such a prediction he went to Rome, where the largesse of friends and his own sharp intellect raised him to the questorship; and shortly after, contending against noble candidates, he obtained the pretor's office through the favor of the Emperor Tiberius, who veiled his ignoble birth with these words: 'Curtius Rufus appears to be self-originated.' He lived long after this, a base sycophant to those above him, insouler to his inferiors, and morose and discourteous to his equals.—attaining successively the consular dignity, triumphal honors, and finally the province of Africa, where he died, and thus fulfilled the fatal presage.

came through the window, and cut off his hair as he lay; and the next day found him shorn like the other, with the hairs strewed upon his pillow. Nothing remarkable followed, which such portents might have been thought to indicate, unless it be the fact that I was not condemned, as I certainly should have been if Domitian, in whose reign these things happened, had lived longer: for in his writing desk was found an accusation which Carus had brought against me. And as it is customary with condemned men to let their hair grow long, it might be inferred that this preternatural loss of my domestics' hair was a sign of that danger escaped. And now, apply your learning to this question; for the subject is worthy of patient inquiry and reflection, and I not unworthy to call them into exercise. Argue on both sides if you like, according to custom; but not with equal force on both, lest you perpetuate the doubts to resolve which I have applied to you. Farewell.

—
TO SABINIANUS.

Your freedman,* who, as you informed me, had incurred your displeasure, came to me, and falling before me, clasped my knees as if they had been yours. He wept much and much besought my intercession, and much too forbore to say. In fine, I was induced to think him sincerely penitent. His reformation I believe to be real, because he is conscious of his delinquency. That you were angry, and with good reason, I am well aware; but the justice of your resentment will heighten the praise of your clemency. You have been a friend to him heretofore, and I hope you will be again; but for the present, I am content to ask merely that you will not be inexorable. You can be offended again, if he should deserve it; and your present forbearance will give moral weight to your future indignation. But pardon something to his youth, something to his tears, and indulge your own forgiving disposition. Cease to torment both yourself and him; for I know that angry passions are most tormenting to a heart benign as yours. If my entreaties are added to his, I fear I shall seem to constrain rather than persuade you to overlook his fault; but I add them nevertheless, and with more warmth and earnestness, because I have reprehended him severely myself, threatening pointedly that I would never intercede for him again. This was said to him, however, because he needed intimidation, but to you I speak differently; for, perhaps, I shall again interpose and prevail in his behalf, provided the case be such as will make it proper for me to ask and you to accord forgiveness. Farewell.

—
TO THE SAME.

I offer my acknowledgments for the deference you

* The *libertus*, or freedman, had only a qualified freedom under the Roman laws, and was never wholly emancipated from his patron.

have shewn my wishes in re-admitting your freedman to the place he formerly held in your favor and confidence. It is gratifying to you, I trust; and it certainly is to me for two reasons; first, because it shews you not implacable in anger, and next, because, in overlooking his offence, you concede so much to my authority or wishes. I thank you, therefore, and commend your forbearance; and in conclusion, would suggest the hope that you will be lenient to his future errors, though no friend is near to intercede for him. Farewell.

—
TO SUETONIUS.

You are frightened by a dream, you tell me, and apprehend the loss of your lawsuit; and therefore wish me to ask a continuance for a few days, or at all events for a single day. It will be difficult to obtain, but I shall try;—

"For dreams are admonitions sent from heaven."

It is important, however, whether your dream is a direct presage of the future or is to be interpreted by contraries. When I recollect a certain dream of my own, I am disposed to regard what excites your alarm as really an excellent omen. I had undertaken the cause of Julius Pastor; and after retiring to rest, my mother-in-law appeared in a dream, and kneeling before me, besought me to relinquish the case. I was then a very young man, about to argue in the Quadruple session, and opposed by the first men of the city and even by the emperor's friends—all which might well have shaken my purpose when combined with a dream of such evil aspect. I argued the cause, however, revolving the line,

"The best of omens is our country's cause;"

for my plighted faith was my country to me, or whatever else might be dearer. It terminated successfully, and thus gained me the favor of men and opened the gate of fame. Consider therefore whether your dream may not in like manner be an omen of good: or if you prefer to adopt the maxim so much in vogue with cautious men, *forbear what is doubtful*, then write me word. I will invent some device, and so manage the business that the case may be brought to trial whenever you like. The circumstances differ from those which controlled the case I have referred to; for in the centumviral court* the course of business can not be delayed under any pretext: in the present case the task may be difficult but not impossible. Farewell.

* The *quadrupes judicium* or *judicium centumvirale* was composed in Pliny's time of about 180 judges called centumvirs, who were divided into four classes, each constituting a separate court, but occasionally united into one for the trial of the most important causes. The centumvirs were selected from the different districts, and sometimes summoned specially to try particular causes,—in that respect bearing a considerable resemblance to our juries.

THE YOUNG BARD OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY AMERICUS SOUTH.

We are happy to announce to the friends of the Messenger, that we have succeeded in securing the contributions and Editorial assistance of Mr. South. His modesty prohibits us from blazoning his pretensions, after the manner of some of our cotemporaries; and we will leave him to unfold himself in the Messenger. However, we may occasionally set forth some of his peculiarities and traits, which might not be found out from himself. As an Editor he has had some experience and will conduct the Messenger whenever we may be compelled to be absent.

[Ed. Mess.]

Soon after I first took possession of an Editorial chair, I sought my sanctum one morning at the usual hour, and found waiting to see me a young man, of about twenty-one or two years of age. His suffused cheek and stammering speech convinced me of his embarrassment, which I endeavored as much as possible to remove. At last, he made out to tell his wishes, and proceeded to unroll a large bundle of MSS. The young worshipper of the Muses now stood revealed, and having succeeded in getting thus far, he began to feel "more at home." He handed me some short poems, which I glanced over hastily, making some casual remarks about them, and expressing my criticisms in the Socratic method. The modest diffidence of the youthful bard, his rather dejected air and thoughtful expression had already prepossessed me in his favor; and I thought, too, that whilst there was a want of cultivated taste in his verses, yet they were not devoid of merit. A conversation ensued, during which I learned the following particulars.

He was born in New Hampshire, where his parents resided in the vicinity of the most splendid and sublime scenery. He had been early inspired with a love of Nature, and often wandered amongst his native hills and along the mountain streams. I could not learn that any particular incident had marked his youth, though I have since wished I knew more of his history. Having completed his education, which was quite liberal, he, as many from his native New England are constantly doing, sought his fortunes in the South, and had been teaching school, a year or two, in the interior of Virginia.

He seemed to be of a sad, meditative cast of thought, and a vein of serious reflection ran throughout all his poetry. Indeed, his trains of thought seemed to resemble those of Lord Byron, and on my making the inquiry, he confessed that he was a little sceptical, though he had been educated under religious influences.

At length, he said he had a longer poem, which he wished to submit to my judgment, and presented me with a budget containing several cantos of lines, somewhat after the style of Walter Scott. He

said he would read me some portions of them and commenced. I listened attentively, my good opinion probably raised by the deference thus shewn to my taste and judgment. It was a tale of life and love—not without beauties, not without interest and force. But it was spun out with the prolixity of a youthful poet, having no well digested conception before his mind.

When he arose to go, he seemed to be more confused than ever, and rightly supposing that my judgment was adverse, was about to carry the poem away. But I desired to look farther into it and asked him to leave it with me. When he returned, I had read a large part of it, and advised him to keep it by him; not to destroy it, as he seemed inclined to do, but to labor upon it; not to hurry it before the world and to remould and condense it; and encouraged the hope that he might yet have the credit of presenting something worthy to his country. He then took his departure, leaving some of the shorter pieces for publication. Having never before published them, I now bespeak for them the kind perusal of the readers of the Messenger. Had they seen the Poet, their sympathies would have been enlisted, and they, like myself, would wish him much success and Literary Honor.

A FRAGMENT.

Nature was out in all her summer greenery,*

And fragrant zephyrs o'er the landscape played,
As through New Hampshire's rugged scenery
I rambled: trees were towering undecayed,
That cast on other centuries their shade;
Tall mountains stood around with solemn mien,
The guardians of many a flowery glade
That slept in beauty and in calm between,
Like maiden innocence, too bashful to be seen.

There is an inspiration in those old grey rocks,
Towering in mountain majesty on high;
For ages they have battled with the shocks
Of racking whirlwinds, that have wandered by.
Changes that have deranged mortality
Are nought to them: a brotherhood sublime,
They hold a quiet converse with the sky
And stand as when our world was in its prime,
Unharm'd and undismayed, by all the ravages of time.

And thou, "Parnassus" of my native clime!
What tho' we scarcely yet have seen thy name
Among the annals of Hesperian rhyme?
What if no oracle enhance thy fame,
No fuming deity, or prescient dame,
Erect a domicil and tripod near?
Thou grand Monadnoc! Grandeur is the same,
Whether it shade the Delphian hemisphere,
Or tower without a Sibyl, or a poet, here.

Thy shape has tenanted my earliest dream;
In infancy I gazed upon thy brow;
And tho' to other men a lowly theme,
I loved thee then—and I will praise thee now.
Companion of my childhood, where art thou?

* "What did you say to this, Americus?" "I objected; but the young man liked it and though I thought it rather greenery in him, I let it pass."—[Ed. Mess.]

Too long in stranger climes, 'tis mine to roam ;
But thou art with thy kindred hills, I trow,
And still dost pinnacle that upper dome,
Where earth-born rambles hope, at least, to find a home.

What if we hope in vain ? It matters not.
When storms assail our troubled being here,
We will be credulous of some bright spot
Where hearts are never weary—skies are clear :
The sunbeams of another world shall cheer
Our vision, till we leave the clouds of this ;
And we will launch away without a tear,—
We either find our haven, or we miss
Ourselves,—strangers to future grief, as well as bliss.

I stood upon thy solitary height,
When erst romantic boyhood climbed the steep,
And there outgilted all the stars of night,
Till *Helios* illumed the watery deep,
And woke a drowsy continent from sleep.
I saw remotest Orient unfold
Her portals, and a world of splendor leap
From the abyss, where far Atlantis rolled,
Mingling his silvery billows with a firmament of gold.

Farewell, thou rude, but venerable form !
I go my way ; perchance return no more.
I leave thee here to battle with the storm,
And the inconstant winds that round thee roar.
I would not like thy cloudy summit soar ;
Too many blasts would howl around my head.
Farewell, contentment is my only store ;
Along the humbler valley let me tread,
Unenvied live, and sleep with the forgotten dead.

Time rolls along with an oblivious tide,
And soon will drown the voice of praise or blame.
The highest monuments of human pride
Crumble away like ant-hills—both the same !
How brief the echo of a sounding name,
The envy and the glory of mankind !
And who shall heed the afterclap of fame,
That fluctuates a season on the wind,
Stirring the empty dust that he has left behind ?

Speed, speed along, thou cloudy orb of day ;
And haste, ye stars, with all your flickering light ;
So fast ye hurry this short life away ;
So fast ye bring that last, that starless night.
The soul aspiring to some daring height,
Stumbles into a wilderness of gloom ;
Genius is clouded in his noonday flight ;
Ambition, love, and beauty in her bloom,
Go down, all down, unto the melancholy tomb.

What is this fitful being but a dream,
Where visions ever changing come and go ?
Or like the music of a falling stream,
Soon lost amid the ocean's roar below ?
Blow on, ye puffing winds, forever blow ;
Wanton ye billows with the heaving main,
Arise, and sink ye stars ; ye streamlets flow !
One little hour of ecstasy or pain,
And ye shall glide and shine, for human hearts in vain.

Leave me with solitude ; I would commune
With shapes more thoughtful than the face of man.
The world is strange—my heart is out of tune ;
—Hunt a retreating echo, ye who can ;
Grasp your own shadow ever in the van ;
Labor for gold, and sweat for empty treasure.
—Leave me alone ; where cooling breezes fan

My mountain path, I will set down and measure
The sum of human hope—the altitude of pleasure.

I do not murmur ; but I wonder much
At this strange destiny, where man is thrust
Into the gaping world, with scarce a crutch,
To stand between him and the hungry dust.
I do not murmur ;—Heaven is surely just,
And will not mar, where it were best to mend.
And it becomes unlettered man to trust
In the decrees he cannot comprehend ;
And deem, tho' strangely made, his Maker is his friend.

The swain incurious, who floods along
Through this eventful scene, without a thought ;
And listens day by day, to nature's song,
Nor wonders where her melodies were caught ;
Who cons the liturgy his mother taught,
—Whether a Christian, Pagan, Islamite
And seeks the heaven that his father sought,
Is sure an humble, and a happy wight,
And will not err, while honest faith can guide him right.

But who, that sees the lamp of life go out,
Flickering and wasting to the latest spark,
Can stifle the misgiving of a doubt ?
Where shall the spirit wander in the dark ?
Shall it arise in morning, like the lark,
Or sink away into forgetful night ?
Or ramble like the dove from Noah's ark,
O'er weary floods a solitary sprite,
Without a single island, where it may alight ?

We each are left to fabricate our creed ;
And this is mine—that Heaven ; (if Heaven there be.)
Will, sometime, guerdon every worthy deed.
Till then, let Providence and man agree ;
Our being is but dubious, while we,
With a sagacity that is not wise,
Discredit all we cannot plainly see.
As planets rise to set, and set to rise,
We live to die, and die to live in yonder skies.

There is sublimity in human love ;
And they are more than sceptics, who forego
This certain good, and think to find above
The paradise which they neglect below.
What kindred smile can they hereafter know,
Who have no charities to dole out here,
Who bar the treasure Heaven would bestow ?
Benevolence is all our earthly gear,
Our solace, and our passport to a better sphere.

That overweening selfishness is blind,
That will not make another's joy its own,
Or interchange a favor with mankind.
There are a few whom Providence has thrown
Into some uncongenial nook alone,
Who have no heritage except a tear ;
They hear no music in the kindly tone
Of kindred voices ; all that might be dear
Is barred, or lost, and earth is desolate and drear.

But let them stand in their own hardihood ;
There is a joy in overmatching grief ;
There is a medicine in fortitude,
Till time—the panacea—bring relief,
Sorrow is not forever,—life is brief ;
And some unpromised guerdon yet may fall
From the all pitying skies, that find their chief
Employ in watching round this lowly ball
And scattering donations, equally on all.

NOTES ON OUR ARMY.

REPLY TO "A SUBALTERN."

We regret exceedingly, that any even seeming personalities should have crept into a discussion, which depends for its efficiency upon its courtesy and truth. We would unhesitatingly have stricken out those that have been complained of, had they not, from our inability to foresee their application to individuals, escaped our attention. We wish to preserve both Courtesy and Peace; and all personalities shall be much rather settled by a "scratch" of the pen, than of the sword.—[Ed. Mess.

MR. EDITOR:—When "A Subaltern," in the February number of the Messenger, commenced a series of "Notes on our Army," he proclaimed it as his avowed object to present to the public *facts* only, and bound himself "nothing to extenuate nor ought set down in malice." Howsoever honestly he may have adhered to this course *in intention*, it is nevertheless true, and is much to be regretted, that he has departed widely from it, in several instances, in the *performance* of his undertaking. Permit me, then, to invite the attention of your readers to his communication as contained in the June number of the Messenger.

"A Subaltern" therein, in commenting upon the recent military movements at Augusta Arsenal, Ga., makes the following assertion:

"Another and odious distinction is made between the comforts and conveniences allowed to the enlisted men of the Ordnance with its hired mechanics and laborers, and to the regularly enlisted soldier of the Army. An example is now fresh in my memory of an outrage of this kind committed on a company of Artillery, commanded by one of the senior Captains of our service, which was forced to vacate its quarters upon the plea that they were necessary for hired men of the Ordnance Department, and to rent an old farm house some three miles from the military post. The effect of this move was to give the command of the arsenal to a subaltern of the Ordnance Department who was probably not born when the Captain of this company was first commissioned in our Army, and this in the face of an order from the War Department, issued but a few months before, directing this same subaltern of Ordnance to be placed under some discreet and severe commanding officer for past aggravated, military offences."

Examine, for a moment, what is the fair inference from this statement; compare that deduction with the *whole truth*, and let us see how far the above quotation comports with the avowed intention of your correspondent, to deal only in *facts*. To one unacquainted with the subject, and reading the quoted paragraph, with its context, it would appear that a company of Artillery, comfortably quartered at the arsenal in question, was removed most improperly in order to make room for hired Ordnance men. But how stands the case? In the month of March, 1843, two companies of Artillery, stationed at Saint Augustine, East Florida, were relieved from duty at that post—one being ordered to Fort Moultrie—the other to garrison the arse-

nal at Augusta, Ga. The destination of these companies was directed by the commander-in-chief, and so soon as the head of the Ordnance Bureau was informed of the contemplated movements, he earnestly urged upon the Secretary of War, the impropriety and inexpediency of the occupation of the arsenal by the company intended as its garrison. He stated the utter insufficiency of quarters to accommodate, both those employed in the public service, for Ordnance purposes, *then* at the arsenal, and the additional force not yet arrived. The result of his representations was the immediate issuing of an order by the Secretary of War, countermanding the previous one, and directing the company to be retained at Saint Augustine, until suitable arrangements could be made for its reception at its new station.

Most unfortunately, the Secretary's order reached Saint Augustine *too late*, the company had left the sea-girt city; and behold, it arrives at Augusta, Ga., to the surprise of the officer commanding in that vicinity, and before time had been allowed to make "suitable arrangements for its reception." What follows its arrival? The captain of the company, very properly assumed command of the arsenal and directed the evacuation of the quarters by the Ordnance men, to *make* room for his company, which, thus established, remained so quartered until the reception, at the post, of an order issued by the Secretary of War, directing the company to withdraw and to occupy temporary hired quarters in the vicinity.

It was then contemplated to break up the arsenal, as such; to remove the ordnance officer and men, and to re-station the company within. Though this course was not subsequently adopted by the Secretary of War, it was changed, I should judge, for reasons honorable and sufficient, as they have since coincided, it is believed, with the views of his immediate and a subsequent successor.

Such, Mr. Editor, is a brief history of the removal of a company of Artillery to make room for hired Ordnance men, and I very much mistake, if it convey to the unprejudiced mind any idea of an "outrage," as suggested by "A Subaltern."

With reference to the "indignation of an outraged community," I am enabled to say, upon the authority of one of its citizens, of high and honorable standing, that no such feeling existed amongst its members,—that a petition was signed to have a company stationed in their vicinity, not from any feelings of *indignation*—but because the request seemed to them reasonable, and one to which they could see no objection. Several persons signed this petition, without fully understanding its entire effect, and so soon as its operation and object were made known and explained to them, they withdrew their signatures by letter, after the memorial had reached Washington.

It is stated by your contributor, that "the com-

pany was forced to hire an old farm-house, some three miles from the military post."

The distance referred to is scarce *half a mile*, and though it does not much matter, whether it be three miles or thirty, yet, if intended to state it *at all*, why should it not be *correctly* given? Why not obtain authentic and certain information, before "A Subaltern" permits himself to present facts to the public? It is known, too, that the "old farm-house" afforded to the ejected company more extended quarters, more comforts and more conveniences than the arsenal had furnished, and that the "veteran captain," when banished from the Ordnance paradise, was forthwith established and domesticated, at the public expense, in one of those charming residences, for which the "Sand Hill" is so justly celebrated;—with quarters sufficient for a Major-General, and pleasure grounds that Adam might have envied in his palmiest days.

It has been to me, Mr. Editor, and I doubt not to many of your readers, a subject of most sincere regret, that "A Subaltern" should have deemed it necessary to the best interests of the service, or as coming within the scope of an exposé of material facts, to conclude the quoted paragraph with a personal allusion, so unjust and uncalled for.

"A Subaltern" can not point out to the public, whom he has misled, any order directing the Lieutenant of Ordnance to be placed under "some discreet and severe commanding officer," much less such order dated but "a few months before." The only one to which he can allude was issued by Mr. Secretary Bell, more than two years prior to the events referred to in the connection, and is materially different in its language and tenor from the representations of "A Subaltern."

Granting that your correspondent were right, and that "past aggravated military offences" were to be found in the conduct of the officer of Ordnance; are such offences never to be atoned for? May not time and becoming conduct cause them to be forgiven and forgot? I ask "A Subaltern" to suppose with me, that a Lieutenant of either arm of service is arraigned before a court-martial for behaving with contempt and disrespect to his commanding officer, is tried and convicted of the offence, and is sentenced to two months' suspension from rank, and a forfeiture of his pay and commutation money for the same period of time: when the term of his sentence shall have expired, and the Lieutenant, upon his return to duty, shall, perchance, be the senior officer present with his company,—will he be pronounced by "A Subaltern" as undeserving the command to which he would succeed, because of his "past aggravated, military offence?" Assuredly not. Why then is it deemed necessary to *drag* from the records of the past, offences which the hand of time had softened, for which subsequent irreproachable conduct might atone; and in regard to which, too, facts are to be

coined, before they reach that grade of enormity to entitle them to the notice of "A Subaltern!" Your correspondent, sir, might have recollected that the Lieutenant of Ordnance, whom he so unjustly stigmatizes as undeserving, shared, in no inconsiderable degree, during his service in Florida, those privations and hardships to which he himself has so feelingly alluded—that he was brevetted by Congress for gallantry, on several occasions, during the most arduous and dangerous campaigns of the Seminole War—and, what is, perhaps, still more to his credit, that after a hard fought battle, he was complimented before the assembled soldiery, in a handsome speech, by a late distinguished Brigadier General of our Army, who expressed it as his opinion, that this same Lieutenant of Ordnance, then of Artillery, deserved to be made a captain for his active, energetic and efficient services. But above all, Mr. Editor, "A Subaltern" might generously have remembered occurrences of very recent date at the arsenal aforesaid, in which the conduct of the Lieutenant of Ordnance toward an insubordinate junior, evinced a courtesy and magnanimity above all praise.

In accounting for the removal and continued absence of the troops from the public quarters at the arsenal, "A Subaltern" is pleased to consider that the acting chief of the Ordnance Department has been enabled to mould and shape to his will, the opinions of three successive Secretaries of War; and in commenting upon the division of a "Veteran Captain's" company, he has "capped the climax," by supposing the chief of Ordnance to have controlled, by personal influence, the action of the executive of the country. Such assertions bear upon their face the impress of their own absurdity,—they require no comment to show their improbability, no discernment to know their impropriety, and but little kindness to grieve for their illiberality. Their author should not thus have assailed the reputation of an officer, whose standing, during thirty years service, has been above reproach.

FAIR PLAY.

OUR ARMY AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Sou. Lit. Mess.*

Sir:—The appearance, in the June number of the *Messenger*, of a few comments by you upon a communication, from what you seem to consider an official source, demands a short notice;—though the efforts of "A Subaltern" to call the attention of Congress and the country at large, to the abuses existing in our Army have been suspended, as he privately notified to you, until the near approach of the next session of Congress.

The subject is undoubtedly one of general in-

terest to the country, and the writer feels pride and gratification at having been able to attract the attention which his efforts have secured. He attributes it, however, more to the importance of the subject, than to any merit of his own; and he regrets that some one more competent had not assumed the responsibility of discharging a duty to the Army and the country, by making exposures which it was expected would meet with "disapprobation" in some quarters; though it was not conceived that an attempt would be made to suppress them,* and that, too, in the shape of an official "remonstrance" directed to the editor of a distinguished public journal. The subject has attracted so much attention, and the discussion of it been approved by so many, that it ought to be, and shall be pursued; yet the object of the writer has not been, and will not be, a gratification of any personal feeling, but the correction of abuses by which the military establishment of our country can be preserved, and without which it must fall. With this object in view, he had determined on suspending his efforts until such time as they could be laid before those who alone possess the power to apply the remedy, and who will be held responsible by the people that a corrective is applied where such enormous abuses are proved to exist. This determination has not been changed, nor will it be changed, by any efforts of "those in power" to drive from his purpose one who so reluctantly threw himself into the breach, but who, being there, intends remaining until his ammunition is expended, knowing that he is unassailable and invulnerable except from official sources, and that even they can not "gag him," though he has heard they would attempt it, could he be discovered.

"A Subaltern" expects "that opposition will be arrayed against him," and knew at the time of forming his resolution to pursue this subject, that he was throwing down the glove to those by far his superiors in natural abilities and mental acquirements—that he was entering a contest where he would be overmatched, except in facts and truth, upon which he relies for a victory—and which he intends to present, notwithstanding "the decided disapprobation" of the "council of administration" at Fort ——. The non-appearance of "Subaltern," then, in the next number of the Messenger is not to be attributed to the "decided disapprobation" of said council, but to a previous determination based on the above reasons.

A fair opportunity is afforded for "A Subaltern," from his knowledge of facts and circumstances, to administer a rebuke to the remonstrants; but

he forbears, as he is determined not to give cause for offence to any one, nor will he condescend to enter into any personal discussions, and thereby neglect the main object of his asking a space in the columns of the Messenger, through which to be heard, and which was so readily granted by the Editor, with the full understanding that *persons* were to be excluded. Nor would he even make a request for the admission of such matter into the columns of the Messenger—matter so totally at variance with the object of the writer and the interest of the work, the latter of which he hopes to subserve in attaining the former. It will not be unnoticed, however, by every military reader, that two of the three members of that august council who have passed sentence on "A Subaltern," are officers of the *Staff* of our Army, and therefore can not be expected to agree with him in opinion.

From the terms in which they express themselves, and the dates mentioned, it is apparent that reference must have been had to the second and third numbers of the "Notes on our Army." The council having been induced by the editorial remarks preceding the first number, to subscribe to the Messenger, and the fourth number, (May,) not having appeared when the extraordinary action of this council took place. Upon a reëxamination of the articles in the March and April numbers of the Messenger, it is discovered that no personal allusions have been made except to the Quarter-Master General of the Army, and they are certainly as complimentary as they are just. Reference is made to the official *report* of the Commanding General, and a few comments appended, with an intimation that more may be expected; but no where is it discovered that "harsh epithets" are used towards any officer, or "number of officers." The official acts of two of our senior officers are commented upon, but these acts are public, and in no instance has a personal allusion been made with any intention of harshness or injustice towards them as individuals.

The object and aim of "A Subaltern" is the *office* and not the incumbent; he believes and says that many places occupied by men of talent and education in our service, are considered in foreign services beneath men of such standing; but no where, and at no time, has he detracted from the standing and character of the officers occupying such positions. On the contrary, he has admitted, and now repeats, that our Army is injured by selecting from among its officers those considered the most competent, and requiring of them the performance of duties which could be as well, if not better, done by a class of men far inferior, and at a much lower rate of compensation. In this there is nothing disparaging to the *officers*.

But a labored defence of the course pursued by "A Subaltern" will not be attempted; he is wil-

* We do not regard the letter of the Council, &c., as an attempt to suppress the "Notes on our Army." Such an attempt to control the Messenger, from any source, would be 'idle as the wind.' The Messenger depends, of course, upon public patronage, and a wise prudence should guide it; but whilst it lives, it shall be *Independent*.—[Ed. Mess.]

ling to go before the Army and the country with a consciousness of having acted from no personal motive, and, with his grateful acknowledgments to the Editor for the too flattering and complimentary notice given him in the last Messenger, he asks the verdict of both on the course he has pursued, repeating from the first number of "Notes on our Army, that "I wish it understood, that I am free from all political and party prejudices,—uninfluenced by any private animosity, or personal dislikes, and unknown, personally, to most of those whose acts I shall examine." The Council of Administration of Fort — have gone beyond the prescribed limits of their duties, as laid down in the regulations for the government of the Army, and the Editor of the Messenger was mistaken in supposing they spoke "somewhat *ex cathedra*." They can not thus clothe the act of individuals with an official robe; the attempt will be justly appreciated by all who understand the regulations of our service.

A SUBALTERN.

Notices of New Works.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW—No. CXXIV, July, 1844.

The present number of this able periodical contains the usual amount of interesting matter, but we heartily commend the leading article as particularly racy and amusing. It purports to be a review of "the Poets and Poetry of America," an article which our readers will remember appeared in the Foreign Quarterly Review for January, 1844, and was attributed to Mr. Charles Dickens, but which that gentleman has, we believe, expressly disclaimed.

We have rarely seen so happy an imitation of the slang of those writers about our country, who, shutting their eyes to every good quality of our people and every favorable feature in our institutions, present only our faults, in the most glaring manner, unredeemed by a single virtue, and then exclaim that "all is barrenness." Under the head of "the Morals, Manners and Poetry of England," the writer has brought together all the grounds upon which England rests her claims to be considered the *most* refined, moral, philanthropical, honest and enlightened nation on the globe, and a very pretty exhibition it presents truly! With what justice she assumes this high position our readers can form their own opinion after perusing the article to which we have called their attention.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE—No. CCCXLIV.
June, 1844. New-York: Leonard Scott, & Co.

We always hail this popular Magazine with pleasure, and the present number does not fall short of the high reputation of its predecessors. The article "Who Wrote Gil Blas?" will be read with deep interest by all who are fond of literary disquisitions, and we may add, of the pursuit of truth. We have long believed that the laurels claimed for and worn by Le Sage, were, to say the least of it, of extremely questionable appropriateness, and the article before us has gone very far to confirm our doubts. Indeed, after candidly examining the evidences and arguments adduced

against the claims of Le Sage, a belief in his authorship is next to impossible. J. Gill, Agent.

Messrs. Drinker & Morris, have obligingly handed us the following works:

ROSE D'ALBERT—The history of France at the period when Henry IV. was struggling against "The League" is, in itself, a Romance, and we very much doubt whether imagination can increase, by its wildest and most fanciful suggestions, the powerful interest which the stern and naked facts of the time themselves command—and if it can, we do not think this Romance of Mr. James is calculated to do so. It contains, as do all his works, purity of sentiment, high toned morality, but its details of vice are minute beyond the limit of good taste, and unnecessary for the effect which is aimed at. The rewards and punishments too, are not, to our thinking, equitably distributed; and one of the punishments through the agency of a mistake about a poisoned bowl, is trite, and by no means probable.

The part that Henry IV. is made to play is trivial, weak and of second rate stage trickery, and there is haste and confusion in the denouement, of which, by the by, the author himself seems to be conscious. Nevertheless, the book may be read with pleasure and instruction, and in these times of party excitement, we recommend it as a relief and refreshment, to the heated and overtaken public mind.

The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit—Part VI.
McCulloch's Gazetteer—Part XIV: Harper & Brothers.

Lives of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest.
By Agnes Strickland, Vol. VII.

Contents: Elizabeth: Second Queen Regnant of England and Ireland, (Life Continued)—Chapters I, II, III, IV. Anne of Denmark, Queen Consort of James the First, King of Great Britain and Ireland—Chapters I, II, III.

Milman's Gibbon—Part 15th, which concludes the work.

The Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine, &c.—Revised with additions by Robly Dunglison, M. D.—Part VII.

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences. Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D.

Shakspear's Plays. ("The illustrated Shakspeare.") No 12, Othello. No. 13, Merry Wives of Windsor.

These works have been heretofore noticed by us while in the progress of their publication.

To Messrs. J. W. Randolph, & Co. we are indebted for No. 6 of *Harper's Illuminated Bible*. Some of the illustrations of which are singularly fine.

Excursion through the Slave States. By G. W. Featherstonhaugh, to which we shall probably pay our respects at a future day.

We have also been favored with the *Lowell Offering*, Vol. IV. No. 9, July 1844—always welcome and deserving of commendation.

The Southern Educational Journal and Family Magazine. Vol. I., No. X., July, 1844.—Conducted by F. H. Brooks. Mobile F. H. Brooks—the title of which alone should secure to it patronage.

And we are indebted to the author, N. Capen, of Boston, for a copy of his Memorial to Congress on the subject of an International Copyright.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

SEPTEMBER, 1844.

GERTRUDE; AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

— Judge N. B. Tucker.

CHAPTER I.

"Well! my daughter!" said Mrs. Austin, with an approving smile, and in a tone of inquiry.

The young lady was entering the room with an air of recovered composure, though a slight tinge upon her cheek, and an excited flash of the eye, and an almost imperceptible quivering of the lip showed that she was not entirely free from emotion. In her step, and the carriage of her head there was an expression of self-confidence and offended pride; and, on the whole, it was plain, that whatever might be the feeling of the moment, self-reproach had no part in it.

"Well! my daughter: is all settled?"

"I hope so, Ma'am," was the quiet reply.

"Mr. Crabshaw then is the happy man at last?"

"I trust, Mother, I wish Mr. Crabshaw at least as much happiness as he deserves, but I do not expect that I shall ever contribute to it."

"How!" exclaimed Mrs. Austin, in a tone of unfeigned amazement; "is it possible that you have rejected an offer that has made you the envy of all the girls in the village?"

"I do not know, Mother, who may envy me, but I have certainly given Mr. Crabshaw an answer which should forever free me from his unwelcome addresses."

"Upon my word, Miss! you carry a high head. The *unwelcome addresses* of a man of ten thousand DOLLARS a year!!! It would be quite edifying to be admitted to your confidence, and to learn how high a *poor country* girl can lift her eyes, when told that she is fine."

"Mother, you do me injustice. I do not lift my eyes to any thing. It is not of ambition, but the want of it, that you are wont to accuse me."

"Well! be it so. I shall not dispute about the name, you may choose to give your perverseness. I know you will find a high sounding one. I remember how it was with Mr. Clutterbuck, and how you tried to persuade me that I wounded your deli-

cacy, and disgusted you, by teasing you about him. Now this time I have said nothing, and left you to yourself. But though I was silent you could not help knowing my wishes; and that, I suppose, was enough to determine you to disappoint them. Obstinate, disobedient, ungrateful girl!"

Poor Gertrude burst into tears, and sinking on the sofa, covered her face with her hands. She felt that she did not deserve this reproach—but she did not expostulate. It was needless. The Mother, sensible of her injustice, instantly softened.

"My dear Gertrude," she said, "you must forgive my harshness. You have always been good and dutiful, in every thing but this; and hence perhaps it is, that I am the more impatient at finding you so unreasonable and intractable. But what am I to think of your behavior? I have had no reason to suspect that you had gone, like a silly girl, and fallen in love with somebody who was not thinking of you, and I do not know how to understand your obstinate rejection of the best offers."

"Is it not enough, Mother, that I have as yet seen no man whom I can love?"

"Love!! repeated Mrs. Austin, with that scornful emphasis, with which the word is sometimes uttered by ladies whose day of love is past; "Love! and what should you know about love?"

"Nothing, Mother, but what I am told, and of that I understand and believe no more than what is self-evident—that whenever I do love any body well enough to be willing to leave all my friends, and spend my days with him, I shall not be unconscious of it."

"There you are mistaken, my dear. People are very often in love before they suspect it, and remain in ignorance of their true feelings, until something happens to interpret them."

"I do not know how that can be, Mother. I love you, and my kind good father, and my little sister, and all my friends; and I could as soon be

hungry, or thirsty without knowing it, as insensible to my affection for these."

"O yes! But the love we are talking of is quite a different affair."

"Different! So I have been told before. I wish people would not call different things by the same name. But if I love Mr. Crabshaw, it must be because the love you speak of is more like disgust, contempt and aversion than any thing else. I certainly have no pleasure in his company: I see no sense in any thing he says; his sentiments, to me, seem low and mean: I find nothing in his conduct to approve; and I am always glad when he goes away."

"Pshaw! That is only because he is your lover, and girls are always so, at first. It is disagreeable to be *always* teased and harassed with attentions, which are often ill-timed; but let engagement once establish confidence and security, and so put an end to that sort of troublesome importunity, and who knows how soon you might love him!"

"And suppose I should not, Mother; what then would become of the engagement?"

"But that is not to be supposed."

"Is love then sure to follow?"

"I do not exactly say that."

"Then again, my dear Mother, let me ask what is to become of the engagement if it does not?"

"That will depend on circumstances. If a more advantageous offer, or one more acceptable and equally advantageous should be made, it might be broken off; but, if not, then let the marriage take place, and let love come afterwards."

The only answer to this was a look of perplexed amazement. Gertrude could hardly believe that she had heard aright. Yet her ears could not have deceived her; and she dared not trust herself to utter to a mother she loved and respected, the only reply to such a proposition that rose to her lips.

Mrs. Austin felt that she had struck a hard blow. But she had of late learned to blame herself for her neglect of this important point in the training of a daughter; and, far from wishing to recall it, she was glad it had been given, and determined to follow it up. "My dear child," she continued, "a pure-minded and simple girl like you cannot understand these things. None but a married woman can understand the feelings of a woman toward the father of her children."

Gertrude was indeed a pure-minded girl; but there was a significant emphasis in these words, and they were accompanied by a meaning look, from which her earnest gaze was instantly withdrawn. Ideas which the delicate instincts of woman had taught her to chase from her mind had been summoned by the words of her own mother; and, with downcast eyes, a burning blush, and a starting tear, she sat the image of wounded delicacy and violated modesty.

At this moment Dr. Austin entered the room, and wearily threw himself on a sofa opposite to that on which Gertrude sat. Though but her step-father, he regarded and loved her as his own child, and unaccustomed to any reserves in his family, thought nothing of breaking in upon a conversation between his wife and her daughter. His presence caused no interruption, though it might have moderated the coarseness of the last remark. But the arrow had sped. The words had been uttered, and were fixed in Gertrude's mind as a text and interpreter to what might follow. The lady went on. "My dear daughter, you must bear in mind your situation and circumstances. You know you have no fortune. The small property left by your father was dissipated in my widowhood, by the necessary expenses of a helpless family; and a young woman so situated, must make up her mind to lay aside all romantic notions, and never think of marrying any man who is not rich enough to establish her in life. You have my example to serve you as a warning, though you can never know the trouble and anxiety I experienced, when left by your poor father in such narrow circumstances. But I formed what I thought the best plan for you. Instead of trying to save a scanty pittance which must soon be gone, I thought it best to give you an education that might qualify you for the highest places in society; and now, if you throw yourself away upon a poor man, you defeat my plan, disappoint my hopes, and prepare for yourself the same distresses which I experienced."

"But Mother, I have no thought, as yet, of marrying any body, and would rather live single all my life, than marry a man whom I cannot love. I am thankful for your attention to my education, and wish I could have profited by it more. But, my dear Mother, you did not endeavor to improve my mind in order to qualify me to be the wife of one whose principles I disapprove, and whose understanding I cannot respect."

"Live single all your life!" exclaimed the Mother, giving the go-by to the latter part of this speech. "And how are you to live? Who is to maintain you, when you have power to do something for yourself, and will not? Here is poor Dr. Austin with his large family of children to provide for, and nothing but his profession and this little farm to depend on: and because he is so good as to give you home, and maintain you without charge till this time, you have no right to expect him to do so always."

The Doctor rose from his seat, walked directly across the room to Gertrude, laid his hand gently on her head, and bending over her, kissed her forehead. "Bless you, my dear noble girl," said he. "I honor your pure and virtuous heart, and love you better than ever for what you have done. I have just seen Mr. Crabshaw, and was pleased, and not at all surprised to learn the result of his

addresses. Set your heart at rest, my child. Are you not my own child? And have you not another and a better father, who, while you cherish your just and noble sentiments will never forsake you, or leave you without a friend and protector when I am gone? You say right. You are not fit to be the wife of a weak or vicious man. But there are men of sense and virtue among the rich, as well as the poor, and it is not unreasonable to hope that some one of these will be found desirous to grace his establishment, with one worthy to share his wealth and honors, and capable of appreciating his worth. Now dry your tears, dear," he added, gently raising her, "and go to your chamber, for I wish to have some private talk with your mother."

Gertrude moved towards the door, but paused and looked back at her mother. Her heart sank as she beheld the fixed and stony look of baffled policy, which all the husband's tenderness had failed to soften. But the warm-hearted girl was not to be repelled by it, and, running to her, she threw herself upon her neck and wept. Then smiling through her tears, she rushed into the extended arms of her kind protector, and, after kissing him with grateful fondness, left the room.

Without waiting to hear what her husband might wish to communicate, Mrs. Austin immediately began to expostulate at his interference with a mother in the management of her daughter. For this he excused himself by reminding her, that he had been appealed to in a way which made it necessary that he should not be silent, unless he meant to leave Gertrude under the mortifying belief that she was an unwelcome burden to her only protector. The words of Mrs. Austin, as spoken by her, were sufficiently distressing, but, adopted by his silence, they must have rendered the young lady's situation absolutely intolerable. So much her mother was forced to admit, but she still insisted that he had no call to say more than was necessary to save himself from misconstruction, and she boldly threw down the gauntlet in favor of "prudential matches."

"You ought to consider," said the lady, "the education that Gertrude has received. There is not a girl in the land that has had a finer opportunity, and all her teachers give her credit for talents. And then for her looks, she may not be a regular beauty, but you may go far before you find a prettier face or figure."

"All that is very true, my dear, and if I were to speak of Gertrude's pretensions, I should use much stronger language than yours. I know no young woman so beautiful, so intelligent, so accomplished, so amiable, so good, so altogether lovely as she is, and this is the very reason why I have no mind to see her knocked off, like damaged goods, to the first bidder."

"Ah! That's always the way with you. To hear you talk, one would think that the reasons I

give for my opinions were always the best reasons against them."

"By no means, my dear. I know few women of better sense. But 'ladies are ladies,' and I have known the sex too long to be surprised at hearing a woman, and especially a fine woman, reason backward."

"Yes, but I don't reason backward. I know what I am saying, and I did not say that Gertrude was so *very* superlative as *you* make her out to be."

"May be so; but I own I am at a loss to fix on that precise amount of merit in a lady, which must condemn her to be sold like cattle in a market, while either more or less would leave her free to follow the dictates of her best feelings, and consult her happiness. If poor Gertrude has been improved exactly up to that point, I can only regret that her education was so much attended to."

"There it is again! You know I only mean to say that Gertrude has merit enough to give her a right to expect to make a good match."

"And I mean to say precisely the same thing. The only point of difference between us seems to be, what constitutes a good match. Now I maintain that the only good match is a happy match, and that the chance for happiness is very bad between two people, who are closely connected for life, and who dislike each other."

"But people cannot live on love, and they who love each other must be unhappy when they see each other suffering for the want of comforts and even necessities."

"Very true. But I see no reason why they should want necessities, because they love each other."

"You know I am not so absurd as to mean to say that."

"Well then! the matter stands thus. There can be no happiness in marriage without love, or without necessities. The conclusion should be that Gertrude should neither marry a man she does not love, nor one who cannot support her. The question between us is about the first of these propositions, and as I affirm both, you cannot convince me that either is wrong, by proving, what I already believe, that the other is right."

"You are quite too logical for me. But you know what I mean, and you know that when I speak of necessities, I do not mean victuals and clothes alone. A fine young woman accustomed to admiration cannot be expected to sit down contented in the chimney corner and card wool to spin her a petticoat. When ambition has been cultivated it must have some indulgence, and be allowed to display itself after marriage in jewels and equipages and entertainments and all that."

"The whole of this marriage is 'gowd and a carriage,'" said the husband playfully: and then added, in a graver tone, "My dear Catharine, the very language you use shows that you are strug-

gling against the best feelings of your heart, and the convictions of your own excellent understanding. Why else do you use the word Ambition, when you are speaking of Avarice and Ostentation? Ambition itself is a bad passion, though sometimes ennobled by its objects. But, bad as it is, it is so much less hideous and loathsome than the others, that they are glad to wear it as a mask. As long as you can cheat yourself with a word, you may make a merit of providing an *ambitious marriage* for your daughter. But call it by its right name. Call it a *mercenary marriage*, and you yourself will shudder at the sound."

"Lord! Mr. Austin how strangely you talk. Let a girl marry *prudently*, I say, and she will soon learn to love her husband."

"My dear, we are man and wife, and to you I can talk plainly, and present ideas which should never enter a maiden's mind but in the privacy of her chamber. Reflect a moment on all that is implied in what you have just said. It may be true of a coarse, vulgar-minded, sensual, brutish woman. But is it true of the pure, the refined, the delicate female, true to the instincts of her sex, which prompt to yield the person to him who has the heart, and to no other? Can such a woman look upon the man who has been forced on her by the tyranny of friends or the tyranny of circumstances, but as one who has profaned her person, rifled her charms, and degraded and dishonored her in her own eyes? I do not think of your sex more highly than they deserve. I will not offend you with the appearance of a doubt, by asking if you married me, depending on marriage to bring love. But you have been twice married; and when you gave your virgin charms to Mr. Courtney, was it before your heart was his?"

The tears sprung to the yet beautiful eyes of Mrs. Austin, and her husband kissed them away.

"Those tears," said he, "are an answer to my question. A woman, happy in a second marriage, does not weep to remember a first husband who was not master of her heart as well as her person. None, better than yourself, can understand the workings of a virtuous female heart. Let things be called by their right names, and none will feel more sensibly, that, apart from the arbitrary conventions of society, *Prudence* not *Virtue* makes the chief distinction between the despised street-walker, and the woman who sells herself in marriage."

The *argumentum ad hominem* is a troublesome thing to either sex. To a lady it is unanswerable, especially when accompanied by a compliment. Mrs. Austin if not convinced, was silent. Poor Gertrude heard no more of prudent marriages, and secure in the wild freedom of her guileless heart, her gratitude to her kind and generous protector was unbounded.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Austin has said that her daughter was a pretty girl, and her husband said that she was beautiful. All this was true: and more. She was beautiful and she was fascinating. I am not fond of descriptions, but if I knew wherein consisted the peculiar charm, the power of which I have so often felt, I would try to describe it. Perhaps it was in her manner, in which, with all her cultivation, and her high and deep thoughts, there was a childlike simplicity that at once awakened the fond feelings so natural in all good hearts, toward amiable and cheerful children. Perhaps it was in her voice, soft, low, distinct when scarcely audible, winning its way to the ear through other sounds, so that no word of hers was ever lost. In its saddest tones it was never complaining, and in its more cheerful moods there was a playful melody reminding the hearer of the careless and rapid distinctness of the wild notes of the mocking-bird. Perhaps it was in her eye. I never saw but one other such, and the light of that, (it was the light of life to me) is quenched for ever. It was blue and calm and deep as a well. It was not always bright, but the thoughts that rose in her mind glanced through it, as the light that glances from a window, casts back the pale moon-beams, and substitutes a ray from within for the cold reflection from without. In short she was lovely, *and she was beloved*.

Henry Austin was several years older than her. He was the eldest son of Dr. Austin, the first child of an early marriage; and, at the time of his father's union with the mother of Gertrude, he was entering on manhood and its duties. Bred to the bar, he had united his labors to those of his father, for the support of the numerous family whose comfort mainly depended on them. He was a handsome youth, of high principles, fine talents, great steadiness, and strength of character, and honorable ambition. His education qualified him for the dangerous task of assisting in that of his new sister (for so he called her) and it was from his lips that she learned those last and finishing lessons on which the final character of the mind so much depends. It is an old story—as old as Abelard and Eloisa—that a girl of ingenuous and curious mind, under the instruction of a bold and original thinker, is apt to learn—and to teach—one lesson not dreamed of in the philosophy of those who bring them together. There is nothing very seductive in the rudiments of learning, and a young lady is not apt to fall in love with her teacher of grammar, geography, mathematics or natural philosophy. But when we come to the Philosophy of History, and the metaphysics of the affections, to Taste and Belles Lettres and the beauties of poetry, then, if the teacher be a man of genius and spirit, and the pupil apt and enthusiastic, circum-

stances can hardly exist, which shall prevent them from loving. What can be more natural? To the inquisitive mind there is no pleasure like that arising from the perception of new truths. To the benevolent, few things are so sweet as to impart truth to the candid and ingenuous seeker. Thus each becomes to the other a source of enjoyment, welling up from the depths of the heart, like a perennial spring, pure, fresh and inexhaustible. The whole philosophy of love is that it disposes us to live with those who can make us happy, and to be happy with those with whom we live. Hence, if, after giving the characters of Henry and Gertrude, I were to say they did not love one another, I ought not to be believed.

I do not mean to say that they knew it. It was not until she began to be courted that he thought of her as a being to be married; and hence, until then, he never thought of marrying her. Then, indeed, he learned the secret of his heart; but he kept it to himself. She was slower in discovering hers. Teased by the addresses of those alone who were unacceptable to her, the idea of marrying any body was only made absurd to her mind by their importunities. Thinking of marriage only in connexion with disagreeable people, she could only think of it as a disagreeable thing; and it was not until she had been repeatedly told that she must marry somebody, that it occurred to her, that she would rather marry "Brother Henry," with whom she lived so happily, than any body else. But, at the time of which I write, she had not yet come to this conclusion, and said truly that she had no thought of marrying any one.

It is a common remark, that the politic often defeat their own designs. A strenuous effort to overcome an opposing principle or feeling must succeed, or it imparts its own energy to the reaction of the mind, which thus throws off the assailant farther from his object. Such was the effect of the decided demonstration made by Mrs. Austin in favor of Mr. Crabshaw. The mind of Gertrude soon freed itself from the gross ideas suggested by the gross hint of her mother, but the thought of *such a man* as the father of *her* children remained. What then? Were they to resemble him? To wear his stolid look, relieved only by his silly smile? To talk his prosing truisms or vapid niaiseries? To inherit his purse-proud arrogance and his petty meanness? If she *was* to have children, she would rather have them like any body else; and of all men, whom would she so soon have them resemble as him, whom she saw the beloved and admired of all, the pride of his father's heart, and the copy of his virtues? Such thoughts will come; and the result of it was, that, for the next twenty-four hours, the image of Henry Austin was more in the mind of Gertrude than it ever had been before.

To that pure and innocent and sunny mind such thoughts brought nothing painful. She did not

think to analyse the character of her love for him she called her brother; and, whatever it might be, her own so exactly corresponded with it, that her heart felt nothing of that void to which those are doomed who pour out their affections on the insensible, and receive nothing in return. I am not sure that the delights of mutual love are ever so sweet, as in that short interval in which the true nature of our feelings is not fully understood. Then we live altogether in the present moment, without casting one glance toward that dark future, where, though nothing is seen distinctly, ugly shadows will sometimes flit through the gloom, and scare us into undefined apprehensions. The longer that interval is protracted, the more deeply does the passion sink into the soul. The mind sleeps securely in the sweet dream, and when it awakes, it finds every fibre of the heart tied down by the Lilliputian fingers of the tiny imps, that do the bidding of the God of Love.

But others very often detect this state of feeling while the parties are wholly unconscious of it. The keen eye of Mrs. Austin was not blind to what was passing. Though so far influenced by the sentiments of her husband, as to have relinquished the idea of selling her daughter in loveless marriage, she was not at all shaken in the opinion that wealth, as well as love, is necessary to conjugal happiness. Her first husband had been a man of small property, but fine talents; and he had married her, when fairly entered on a career of professional success, which promised, not only affluence, but distinction. He had realized but little, though no man's prospects were more flattering, when suddenly death put an end to his career, and left her a widow in narrow circumstances. With the difficulties of her situation she struggled resolutely, practising economy in every thing, but the education of her daughter, in whom she hoped to live over again the life of ambition which had been thus cut short. I here use the word in its true sense. *For herself*, Mrs. Austin was indeed an ambitious woman. It was only when seeking to regulate the destiny of her daughter that she could succeed in cheating herself into that delusion, which dignifies *avarice* with the name of a passion less grovelling, though perhaps not less fatal. She was ambitious; and, had her husband lived, and had his life fulfilled the promise of his youth, her heart would have asked no more than to share his honors, in circumstances far short of affluence. But, when he was taken from her, she naturally felt less the disappointment of ambitious aspirations than the loss of indulgences, to which, in reliance on his growing fortunes, he had permitted her to habituate herself; and her fall from that place in fashionable and wealthy society, which had seemed her proper position. Hence she had learned to doubt the truth of the maxim that a good mind, a good education and a

lucrative profession are the best estate. For the man himself, she admitted this might be so. But for the desolate widow—the helpless children, she required something that should not perish with him.

Thus reasoned Mrs. Austin within herself; and when she remarked the growing attachment between Henry and her daughter, she rejoiced to think that her wailings over her disastered lot, during a long widowhood, had already made Gertrude familiar with these ideas. "Let my fate be a warning to you, my dear Gertrude," she would often say: and now she daily harped on the same theme, without seeming to do so with any particular design. She had been so far successful, that, to Gertrude, there seemed to be but little difference between marrying a poor man with a profession or without one. But so long as she had no thought of marrying any body in particular, the idea was but an abstraction, and, like all abstract ideas, was ready to give way to any impulse of passion. Thus, in spite of all the good lady's training, the unconscious attachment to Henry was daily gaining strength. It was therefore time that something should be done.

Gentlemen are much less sagacious observers in these matters than ladies. They are more easily cheated by names and forms. Doctor Austin had taught his son to call Gertrude "sister," and, as long as he continued to do so, it never would have occurred to the father, that he looked on her as any thing but a sister. He did not wish that he should. Not deficient in worldly wisdom, he had other views for his son. He knew that a handsome young man, of respectable family, good talents, good principles, good habits and good manners, though without property, is an excellent match in this country, for any but a poor girl. His talents should indeed be unquestionable, and he must have had time to place them beyond dispute by his success in life. The doctor therefore had long cherished the hope, that, could he succeed in establishing Henry in business and reputation before his marrying propensities should be fully developed, he might so far better his condition by marriage, as to enable him, without difficulty, to fulfil the duties of a father toward the younger members of the family. He was therefore not a little startled, when his wife, having called his attention to the doings of the young people, gave him her interpretation of the symptoms. He claimed no right to thwart Henry's inclinations. Had he the world to choose from, she who had so long shown herself a daughter to him was the one he would select for his son's wife, did circumstances permit it. But his health was not good, and, in the event of his death, the prospect for his family, on the supposition of such a marriage, was anything but cheering. He possessed too much of the young man's confidence to believe that matters could have gone to any great length between the parties, and he justly

thought there could be no harm in affording to both opportunities of making a more prudential choice. The remedy was a winter in Washington for Gertrude.

The session of Congress was just at hand. A sister of Mrs. Austin resided in the metropolis. She was yet in the meridian of life, the childless blooming widow of a wealthy man, who had left her mistress of a splendid establishment. There she reigned, the arbiter of fashion, in an extensive circle, embracing many men of talent, distinction and fortune. She had made it manifest that she had no matrimonial views for herself, and delighted to be surrounded by the young and beautiful, on whose charms she looked without jealousy or envy. Hence she had often pressed for a visit from Gertrude, and now the invitation, so often declined, was accepted.

When a capital measure is resolved on, success must not be sacrificed to minor considerations. It was meant that Gertrude should figure in society with a splendor that might attract attention, and the effect intended to be produced on her own feelings made it indispensable to secure her against any thing like mortification. The small remains of her patrimony were accordingly laid out in rich dresses and richer jewels; the degree of her success, in this, as in all gambling, depending on the magnitude of the stake. She was thus to be sent out as a sort of "drapery miss," her whole chance of happiness and respectability in life depending on the success of a scheme in which she was but a passive and unconscious instrument. In this there was deep policy. Mrs. Austin had not forgotten the story of Cinderella, and how she hated to quit the ball-room, lay aside the glass slipper and the robe of golden tissue, and resume her rags and her lowly place in the chimney corner. Much the same effect did she anticipate, from a set of costly and splendid jewelry, which, as the wife of a poor man, Gertrude could never wear with propriety.

A day was fixed for her journey when Henry was to be absent at a distant court. The tenderness of parting was dreaded, and it was thought safer to distribute the excitement and the pathos of the separation from her friends so that, taken in broken doses, the effect might be less dangerous. In all this he was necessarily passive, and saw the day of his departure approach, as a condemned criminal awaits the hour of his doom. But he felt that circumstances called for a decided step on his part. Feeling that he deserved, and knowing that he possessed the esteem of his step-mother, the form of laying his pretensions before her seemed quite superfluous. Of her views for her daughter he had no suspicion, and his success in his profession warranted the belief, that, in offering his hand to Gertrude, he would not be guilty of the folly and crime of tempting her to poverty and distress. In short, he was in condition to promise her the

continuance of all the comforts and enjoyments of life to which she had been accustomed, and he rightly thought that to be the exact measure of the good things of this world which is best for the happiness of all who are above want. Thus thinking, he resolved not to leave Gertrude in ignorance of his sentiments towards her. But aware that, whatever her feelings might be, to her they seemed only the feelings of a sister, he feared to press his suit, without first giving some hint, which might set her to examining her own heart.

For an opportunity to do this he watched carefully, and found, to his surprise, that there were difficulties in the way, such as he had never before encountered. To be alone with her at some time of every day was so much a matter of course, that he purposely deferred his communication to the last day of his stay at home. He was to set out in the evening, and the evening came and found him baffled in every attempt to obtain a private interview. He then determined to borrow of the last hours of the night as much time as would carry him to his destination next day. But still he could never find Gertrude for a single moment alone. The presence of her mother or his father seemed an indispensable condition of her very existence. But whatever restraint this placed on him, it imposed none on her. Knowing that he was about to leave her, she addressed her attention almost exclusively to him, though surprised and somewhat hurt at the moody silence with which he met her playful sallies, and his apparent insensibility to her tenderness. He was mute because one thought, which he could not utter, occupied his whole mind: and he seemed sullen, for he was vexed at a difficulty so unexpected. But however a man may be embarrassed by such difficulties, a woman can not be so baffled. Gertrude felt, she knew not why, that she wished none to hear her parting words to her beloved brother. Indeed she was annoyed, as well as he, by the uninterrupted presence of third persons; and, had he given her a chance to find him alone, she would have soon afforded him the opportunity he sought. But by continually seeking her presence he defeated her wish.

The hour of retirement approached. The mother was gathering up her work, and the young lady was putting away hers, when he flung out of the room in despair. Instantly she ran after him, reproachfully, yet kindly, asking if he meant to leave her without bidding farewell.

"By no means," said he in a deep low tone. How could I think of doing so when this farewell is to be the last."

"Good Heaven! What do you mean? Where do you think of going?"

"No where. But we part as brother and sister. We meet so no more."

"O my brother!" exclaimed the warm-hearted girl, throwing her arms about his neck, "how can you say that. You do not mean to cast me from your heart, and how can you think I can forget my dear kind brother to whom I owe so much?"*

Her cheek rested on his shoulder; her face was upturned to his; his left arm, on which she leaned, encircled her waist. He gazed tenderly on her mild speaking face, and, gently removing the long ringlet that hung upon her cheek, he said with deep and earnest emphasis; "Gertrude, dear Gertrude! You must not deceive yourself. You know I am not your brother. The time is now at hand, when you *must* forget me, or love me *more*, *MUCH MORE*, than ever brother was loved. God bless you," he added, straining her to his breast, and pressing on her lips the first fervid kiss of undisguised passion.

"Ask me not what the maiden feels." None but a lady can answer the question, and none capable of doing so, would so far betray her sex, and lay open the workings of the female heart. She stood a moment, and then, for the first time, eager to let it be seen that her interview with Henry had only been long enough for a brief farewell, she hurried back into her mother's presence, past hastily through the room, ran to her chamber, and throwing herself on the bed, buried her face in her hands. Whether she slept that night, and, if so, what were her dreams, can never be known. But all the next day there was an unsettled look about her; and her eye seemed to swim in an atmosphere of light; and her lips still burned; and a disproportioned brightness glowed on the cheek that had rested on her lover's shoulder. By degrees these traces passed away; her countenance became calm; the flush of her cheek diffused itself in the general hue of rosy health; her step was that of one who treads on air; and her eye, serene and tranquil, looked out on all around as if dwelling on the soft beauties of a summer's eve. Then, as the day of her departure approached, there came another change. She was paler, and somewhat sad; and occasionally a sigh struggled to the air; and a glittering drop hung on her eye-lid, and fell, leaving no trace. Such tears cool the eye that sheds them. It is only the scalding flood of fierce and sinful passion, that leaves the marks of its progress, which, like a stream of lava, parches and burns and leaves all desolate.

* This happened before the bride of Abydos was written. Lord Byron copied Nature, as Nature has always shown herself since Step-Mothers had existence.

[To be Continued.]

GROUPED THOUGHTS AND SCATTERED FANCIES.

A COLLECTION OF SONNETS.

By the Author of "Atalantis," "Southern Passages and Pictures;" &c.

XXI.

These are God's blessed ministers, methinks,
 These winds that whisper to the heart subdued,
 So winningly, that still the sad ear drinks
 Their messages of mercy, and the mood
 Grows chaste and unresentful—while the blight
 Passes from off the spirit that, but late,
 Gloom'd with the gloomy progress of the night,
 And spoke defiance to the will of fate.—
 Comforts they bring with the submissive thought
 That teaches, sorrow still is the best friend,
 And moves to bless the chastener, that has brought
 The heart to tremble and the knees to bend,—
 Counselling that better hope, that born of fears,
 Is nursed in trembling and baptised in tears.

XXII.

Not blind to mine own weakness, which lacks
 power
 To save, though things, the dearest to mine eye,
 Sink, needing help, and vainly to me cry,—
 I cry to thee, O! God! in this dark hour!
 Spare me in mercy!—let thy chastening blows
 Fall lightly!—Thou hast taken from my heart
 The friends of youth;—these eyes have seen
 depart
 All my hope's dear ones, and the herd of woes
 Have wolved on my affections, till I stand
 Almost alone i' the forest! To my years
 Be merciful,—and to my feeble prayers,
 Accord the little breath of one whose sand
 Of life is just begun! Spare me this child,
 For the dear mother spare,—Eternal sire! be mild.

XXIII.

I reverence these old masters—men who sung
 Or painted, not for love of praise or fame;
 Who heeded not the popular eye or tongue,
 And craved no present honors for their name:
 Who toil'd because they sorrow'd! In their hearts
 The secret of their inspiration lay;—
 When these were by the oppressor's minions wrung,
 The terrible pang to utterance forced its way.
 And hence it is, their passionate song imparts,
 To him who listens, a like sensible wo,
 That moves him much to turn aside and pray
 As if his personal grief had present claim;—
 Thus Danté found his muse,—the pride and shame
 Of Florence;—Milton thus, and Michael Angelo!

XXIV.

Here, on this bank of bruised violets,
 That the crush'd odor comes from, lay thee
 down,
 And listen to the silence, and leaves blown,
 Until thy overtask'd, sad heart forgets
 The sleepless struggle of yon busy town!
 There, every passion sickens ere 'tis spent,
 Here, others follow ere the first are done,
 Each, like its fellow, meetly innocent,
 Soul sweetening, and most easy to be won!
 And woman!—thou shalt see her as at first,
 When, on a bank like this, in Eden sleeping,
 On sight of its lone habitant she burst,
 Suddenly bright, as heavenly rainbow leaping,
 From the retiring cloud where it was nurst.

XXV.

Moonlight is down among the shadowy hills,
 And bright o'er placid waters: let us go:—
 I would not seek my couch while such a show
 Of beauty all the blue empyrean fills.
 Give open brow to joy—throw wide the vest
 To the fair angel that would make us blest;
 Welcome the vision, fresh and beautiful,
 And shame to snatch it with a spirit dull!
 Look, where the shadows of the houses cast,
 Grow sick with the gay loveliness of night;
 And as her living beams flock, hurrying past,
 How shrink they, as if shuddering at the bright—
 Let us away, dear heart, 'tis beauty's hour,
 And we must share her smiles, and smiling seize
 her flower.

XXVI.

This fancy vision gladdens us no more,
 As in our days of boyhood;—it is gone,
 The glory which in fancy's eye it wore,
 The crown of spiritual semblance it put on,—
 The lustre and the holy tenderness,—
 Appealing, as it were, to glimmering ties,
 Of some past being, that we love not less,
 Because beyond our memory's reach it lies.
 And yet, even now, these mellow smiles of light,—
 That sad and sinking star—these silent woods,
 Sprinkled with gleams, that, as we gaze, take
 flight—
 Wake strange, sad thoughts, and still superior
 moods,
 And in the eyes that once they filled with joy,
 Tears gather,—and the man is twice the boy!

XXVII.

This tempest sweeps the Atlantic!—Hevasiak
 Is howling to the Capes! Grim Hatteras cries,
 Like thousand-damned ghosts, that on the brink
 Lift their dark hands and threat the threatening
 skies;
 Surging through foam and tempest, old Romia.

Hangs o'er the gulf, and with his cavernous throat,
Pours out the torrent of his wolfish note,
And bids the billows bear it where they can !
Deep calleth unto deep, and from the cloud,
Launches the bolt, that bursting o'er the sea,
Rends for a moment the thick pitchy shroud,
And shows the ship the shore beneath her lea :—
Start not, dear wife, no dangers here betide,—
And see, the boy, still sleeping at your side !

XXVIII.

Sweetness and gamesome images surround
Thy rest, young pilgrim ! Pleasant breezes come,
And bear the odors of the blossoming ground,
And wave their wings above thy forehead's
bloom :
And O ! that life may glide away with thee
In infantile enjoyment !—while I pray
Above thy baby couch, that thou may'st be
Guarded by angels, innocent as they,
I would deny them the vain hopes that crowd
The child-heart's being ! Thou should'st never
dream

Those great, gay visions that make boyhood proud ;
Nor should deceitful fancy lend one gleam,
To lead thee blindly through those perilous years,
Which the extravagant hope still throngs with
cares !

XXIX.

There is a pale and solitary star,
That, with a sudden but a sweet surprise,
Nightly, with little heed of bolt or bar,
Peeps in upon my couch and opens mine eyes.
The office of so pure a visitor,
Must be for healing. Lovely was the thought,
That, in the dreams of old astrologer,
Such influence, with the fate of mortal, wrought !
Nor, though this presence robs me of my rest,
And makes me sad with lifeless memories,
Shall it be curtain'd from my weary eyes :
As my twin-angel, blessing still and bless'd,
I welcome it, and still lament the night,
When storm or cloud obscures it from my sight.

XXX.

These times deserve no song—they but deride
The poet's holy craft,—nor his alone ;
Methinks as little courtesy is shown
To what was chivalry in days of pride :
Honor but meets with mock : the worldling shakes
His money-bags, and cries—"my strength is
here ;
O'erthrows my enemy, his empire takes
And makes the ally serve, the alien fear !"
Is love the object ? Cash is conqueror,—
Wins hearts as soon as empires—puts his foot
Upon the best affections, and will spur
His way to eloquence, when Faith stands mute ;
And for Religion,—can we hope for her,
When love and valor serve the same poor brute !

XXXI.

Another yet, and still another height,
And still the last most wearisome ; but hark !
Comes not, like bless'd starlight through the
dark,
Smiling with soft but most effectual light,
The confident look of hope, that cheers us still—
Mocks at the toilsome waste of wood and hill,
And with most sweet assurance of a joy,
That waits and beckons at the cottage door.
Takes off the oppressive toil, the day's annoy,
And teaches that the task will soon be o'er,—
Forgot in arms we love ;—then, if we tell
Of the day's journey, wearisome and sad,
Twill be, in thanks and blessings, that so well
It ended,—in a night so bright and glad.

ALPINE SCENES.

PASS OF THE COL DE BALME, CHAMOUNI, MONT BLANC.

BY J. TYLER HEADLEY.

At Martigny we took mules for Chamouni. The same road leads for a while towards St. Bernard and Chamouni, when a mule path strikes off to the right up the Forclar, towards the latter place. As we slowly wound up the steep ascent, I often turned back to look on the valley of the Rhone, that stretched on, far as the eye could reach, presenting one of the most picturesque views in all Switzerland. Here, I first had occasion to test the world-renowned qualities of the mule on the difficult Alpine passes ; and instead of the one I rode being so very trust-worthy, he came very near recommending his sure-footedness to all future travellers, by breaking my neck as I was passing along the brink of a precipice. I thought he went unnecessarily near the edge, but concluding he knew his own business best, I let him take his own course—suddenly his hinder foot slipped over—he fell back—struggled to recover his balance, while a cry of alarm burst from my companions behind—rallied again—secured his footing, and passed as demurely and quietly on as if nothing in the world had happened to disturb his equanimity. For a few moments, it was a question of considerable doubt whether I was to have a roll with my mule some hundred feet into the torrent below, with the fair prospect of a broken neck and a mangled carcass—or to cross the Forclar. I learned one lesson by it however, never to surrender my own judgment again, not even to a mule.

We at length descended to Trient, a very small hamlet—composed simply of a few sheds—where we refreshed ourselves in truly primitive fashion.

Calling our guide, I told him I must cross the Col de Balme. He replied it was impossible; "no one," said he, "has crossed it this year, except the hunter and mountaineer. The path by which those who make the passage always go, is now utterly impassable. The recent snow and rains have so affected it, that not even a Chamois hunter could follow it, and I can not attempt it." This was a damper, for I had thought more of making this pass than any other in the Alps. All the guides and hangers-on at Martigny had told me the same thing, but I considered it mere talk. But the earnestness of the fellow, backed as it was by the inhabitants of the valley, who said no one, not even the mountaineers had crossed it for a long time, somewhat staggered me. I did not wish to be reckless and foolhardy, but I had fully made up my mind to cross the Col de Balme, and so, coolly replied, "well, if you can't accompany me, I shall go alone." The fellow stared at me, as if I were out of my senses. To have an ignorant traveller say he would go alone, where an experienced guide dare not go himself, was a piece of impertinence he had never before witnessed. Just then, turning to my guide book, I saw that a young German had perished on the same hill by disobeying his guide. This was any thing but encouraging—but the same book stated that from the top was one of the finest views "*in the whole world.*" This restored the balance again. I then went to one of the inhabitants of the hamlet and inquired if there was no one among the peasantry, who would undertake to pilot me over the Col de Balme. He said he would see. Money will fetch any amount of daring from a Swiss, and one soon offered himself. He said that the ordinary pass could not be made by any one, but the summit might be reached by a gorge, now half filled, from top to bottom, with the wrecks of avalanches. Said he "it will be a difficult task, but we can *try*, and if we fail, we can return." Oh how I like that word *try*. I returned to my friends, who had from the first been averse to the undertaking, and told them I was going to attempt the pass—that I was convinced it would be one of exhausting effort, and perhaps of peril—that I would not advise them to accompany me, for if any accident should happen I did not wish to take the responsibility. The guide, I added, said it could not be made; while the peasant I had engaged, spoke of it as a matter of doubt. I then went to our guide, and ordered him to take the mules around by the Tête Noire, and wait for me at Argentières. He looked at me a moment, and replied with an ominous shake of the head "*Je Vous conseille de ne pas aller. Je vous conseille de ne pas aller.*" "I advise you not to go. I advise you not to go." I replied, I *must*, and turned away. My friends finally concluded to accompany me, and furnishing ourselves with long poles, we started off. A hot July sun was burning down in the valley, and fol-

lowing the example of our guide, I stripped off my coat, and unbuttoned my vest to ease myself for the tramp. With a flask of brandy in one pocket and a bottle of wine in the other, our square built, swarthy guide tramped on. Immediately on leaving the valley we entered upon a bed of snow, formed by avalanches, that had accumulated there during the long winter months. This field of snow, stretched on, and up, like the roof of a house, as far as the eye could reach. Walking, I saw was out of the question, and it had got to be *climbing*, hour after hour. We had hardly commenced, before my two six-feet-high companions gave out, and were compelled to cling each to an arm of the guide. I, on the contrary, though possessing but half their muscular strength, became exhilarated, the higher I mounted. The rare, cold atmosphere acted like a stimulant on my diseased nerves. As long as I was in sight, the guide was continually hallooing to me, to keep more in the centre of the ravine, so that I could run either one side or the other, should an avalanche descend. Pressing on, I at length lost sight of him altogether, and could only now and then catch the sound of his faint halloo far, far below me. *I was alone in the Alps.* The beetling cliffs and lofty snow-peaks rose in awful solitude over me, while not a sound broke the stillness, save now and then the rattling of falling stones and earth, on the sides of the mountain, threatening the descent of a heavier mass. I was a mere speck upon the broad field of snow, and my overtaken powers began at length to fail. But thinking I was near the top, I rallied and pressed on; when lo, instead of having attained the summit, I found that what I had hitherto surmounted was mere child's play to the task before me. I had hitherto been treading on the hard debris of avalanches; but now arose, right before me, a pure, white snow peak—above the region of falling avalanches, nay, itself the father of them. Not a track was visible on the white surface, and the fearful drifts reposed in ominous silence along its cold bosom. At the base of this almost perpendicular ascent, I paused in doubt. I was at a loss on which side to attack it; indeed, I did not feel like attacking it at all, and confess that my spirits for the first time drooped. I sat down in the snow, now glittering in the light of the declining sun, and awaited the approach of my guide. At length I caught his dark figure against the white background below; and shouting out, motioned to know whether I should go to the right or left. He telegraphed to the right, and I pushed on. Backward and forwards I walked on the sides of my feet—leaning against the breast of the hill and sinking every step mid-leg deep in the soft fresh snow. This was too much; I toiled on, till I could feel my heart thump like a hammer against my breast, and panting and exhausted, I laid my hot cheek on the cold snow in perfect despair. The chill that

followed, drove me up, and on, till finally my eye caught, on the distant snow-plain, a black speck, which gradually grew into a house of refuge, now desolate and filled with drifts. The summit was reached, and the unobstructed breeze, that blowed along the heavens, from the sea of Alpine peaks, fell upon me. Mont Blanc towered on my vision, and the "Vale of Chamouni" lay smiling at its feet. The Aiguilles of La Tour, L' Argentiere Verte de Deu Charmor, and many others, stood like guardsmen, on each side of Mont Blanc, divided from it and each other, by vast glaciers that went streaming into the valley, clothing the steep mountains with ice, in their passage. Mont Blanc had been the dream of my boyhood, and now I gazed upon it "rising from its sea of pines" over the sweet vale of Chamouni. Those sharp Aiguilles (needles) were spearing the sky in every direction, while the enormous glaciers were rolled into confusion at their feet. It was an indescribable sight;—those splintered pinnacles—those mighty glaciers—the awful form of Mont Blanc rearing haughtily over all—and the sweet valley that slept in the sunshine below, all combined to overwhelm the soul with awe and wonder and delight. I gazed and gazed, till at length a rain-cloud, drifting on its high path, caught against the top of Mont Blanc and enveloped it in mist.

Plucking some flowers that had pushed themselves up through the snow, we began our descent. But as I went leaping down the hill, I suddenly found myself hanging by the arms on the snow crust, while my feet were swept by a torrent, of whose existence I was first made conscious by this unexpected plunge. The bed of snow above it had effectually smothered its voice and concealed its passage, until I thus unceremoniously introduced it to the upper world. The meek, crest-fallen manner with which I withdrew my nether limbs and slowly dragged myself away from that unpleasant neighborhood along the thin upper crust, caused a shout of laughter from my friends, till old Col de Balme rung again. Giving them a few peltings with snow-balls, to repay their impertinence, I rallied my spirits, and again commencing my rapid descent, soon left them far behind. Pausing on a cliff to look on the scene that changed at every step, my ear caught a rumbling, crackling sound, that proceeded from a distant glacier. My eye roamed over the immense ice-field, till it caught a column of mist, slowly rising into the air. The next moment, a precipice of ice rolled over, and breaking into a thousand fragments as it fell, poured itself into the valley. Its voice of thunder rose and swelled on the air, then died away in sullen echoes among the hills. The mass from which it broke showed clear and blue on the face of the mountain. It was the first avalanche I had seen, or heard; and its sullen thunder, amid those vast solitudes, was indescribably awful and solemn.

Reaching the valley, we passed on to Argentiere, where our mules were waiting for us, and mounting them trotted off for Chamouni. I had abandoned the hope of seeing a clear sunset on Mont Blanc, from the moment I saw the rain cloud wrap it from the top of Col de Balme. But I could not keep my eye from its majestic form, and while I was looking on the veil that covered its head, the mist began slowly to part, and dissolve away, till the entire mountain stood clear and distinct like a model in the sky. Its smooth round top looked more like a spiritual, than a material creation, in the rare atmosphere of that far up region. I clapped my hands in delight, but a far more glorious scene awaited me. The sun had long since left the valley and mountains around, but Mont Blanc still looked down on him, as he sank over the western world, and while I was looking, a light rose color began to spread over this king of hills, till the snow assumed a transparency like the cheek of beauty. All his guardsmen put on the same bright coloring, that deepened every moment, till the vast mountain stood, a pyramid of pink, against a cloudless heaven. Soft, and mild, and spiritually beautiful, it seemed ready to dissolve in the warm embrace of the sunlight. Unlike any thing I had ever seen or dreamed of, it held me as by a wizard spell. Slowly the bright coloring faded away, shifting as it disappeared, leaving the snow valleys between the vast swells of the mountain, first in shadow, then retiring towards the summit, on which the sun lingered a moment as if for a last interview, when all was again white and cold as before. Weary and exhausted, we at length reached Chamouni. Selecting a room in the inn that looked full on Mont Blanc, so that I could sleep in his presence, I sought the warm fire and began to think, as I watched the steaming tea-kettle, of something more substantial than pink colors and poetic visions. While tea was preparing, I looked over the register of names, and the odd and grave comments scattered through the pages. Here was a bitter pasquinsade against Chamouni and its everlasting rains—here a touching allusion to the death of travellers, who had fallen over a snow-covered precipice, and their dead bodies brought back to the inn, they had left in the morning full of hope. There was also poetry in abundance, among which the following description of the ascent of Mont Blanc amused me much.

"They talk of Helvellyn, Ben Lomond:—all stuff!
Mont Blanc is the *daisy* for me sure enough,
For next to the Reck, in the county Mayo,
It *bates* all the mountains or hills that I know.
Who'd see Mont Blanc fairly, must make the ascent,
Although owld ——— to look up was content.
I can tell owld T—— that as I mounted higher,
For one aigle he saw, I found three Lammergeyer.
I was up on the top, where, (I tell you no lie,)

I could count every rafter that *holds* up the sky.
 I wish to tell truth, and no more, tho' no less,
 And its *terrible* height, to *correctly* express :
 I should say, if I had but a common balloon,
 I could get in one hour, with all *aide* to the moon.
 If ever you wish on that trip to set out,
 You should start from the top of Mont Blanc without doubt :
 You'd find the way sure, and the *chapest* to boot,
 Since you'd make such a *dale* of the journey on foot ;
 Yet with *one good or two middling spy glasses*
 You could see from Mont Blanc every action that passes.
 I *perceived* the last quarter quite plain through a fog
 Growing out of the *first*, like a great moving bog :
 In a country so *subject to change* I'll be bail
 Some hints could be got of a fair sliding scale ;
 That Peel then should go to inquire I advise,
 For I heartily wish him a flight to the skies.
 But again to my subject, I say, and *repeate* it,
 Mont Blanc *bates* all things that were ever created :
 As I was determined new wonders to seek,
 I *went* by a route that was somewhat unique,
 By the great sea of ice, where I saw the big hole,
 Where captain Ross wintered, not far from the pole :
 The Tropic of Cancer, first lay on one side,
 Like a terrible crevice, some forty feet wide :
 Farther on, I saw Greenland, as green as *ould* Dan,
 But 'Jardin' the guides called it, all to a man.
 I didn't dispute, so we kept under weigh,
 Till we came to the *ind* of the great icy *say*.
 We saw the great mules 'that congealed in a pop,'
 When Saussure and Balmat would ride to the top ;
 Now nothing remains but the petrified bones,
 Which mostly resemble a pair of big stones.
 I brought my barometer made by one Kayting,
 For fear the weather would want regulating,
 But the weight of the air at the top so *increased*
 That the Mercury sunk fourteen inches at *laste*.
Thin the *could* was so hot—tho' we didn't *perspire*—
 That we made water boil without any fire.
 We fired off a gun, but the sound was so small,
 That we doubted if truly it sounded at all,
 Which smallness was caused, (as I *tould* my friend Harrison,)

Alone by the size of Mont Blanc, in comparison :
 But to describe all the sights would require
 Not powers like mine, but genius far higher.
 Not Byron in *verse*, nor Scott in his prose,
 Could give the *laste* notion of Blanc and his snows ;
 Indeed none should try it but one of the 'Lakers,'
 Who, if not great wits, are yet great undertakers ;
 And then, of all these, none could do it so well,
 As the wonderful author of great Peter Bell ;
 For he, to the summit could easily float
 Without walking a step—'in his good little boat.'
 Next to him, the great Spothey, whose magical power
 Paints the fight of the cat in the awful mice tower,
 Whose description in words of sublimity set,
 Says 'the summer and autumn had been so wet.'

"Tis spirits like these who are fit to attempt
 The labor, from which such as I are exempt."

Pat. McSweeney.

After tea, I leaned out of the window, and listened to the turbid Arneron, just borne from the glacier above, brawling through the valley, and gazed on Mont Blanc, still uncovered, and wearing on his head a coronet of stars. The heavens seemed to rest on it. I was completely walled in by peaks piercing the heavens in every direction, yet Mont Blanc stood unrivalled in their midst.

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,
 They crowned him long ago,
 On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
 With a diadem of snow."

I retired to my bed, but the toils of the day had been too much for me. The excitement of the magnificent scenery amid which I had stood and moved during the day, made me unconscious of effort, but now it having subsided away, the very life of life seemed taken from me. Feverish and hot, with my brain throbbing like an overwrought pulse, I courted in vain quiet repose. Precipices of ice rose in my dreams, along whose slippery sides I was passing—inaccessible peaks mocked my efforts to scale them, or gloomy gulfs opened in my path. Wakened by a fancied fall, I rose, and threw open the window. There stood Mont Blanc, white as a spirit's robe, with the moon hanging her crescent over his silver top, and not a cloud in sight. While I stood and listened, a dull, heavy sound, like the booming of distant cannon, rose on the night air. An avalanche had fallen far up amid its awful solitudes. Nothing can fill the soul with such strange mysterious feelings as the sound of avalanches, falling at midnight, and alone amid the Alps. They seem half conscious beings, meeting their destiny when the world is asleep, and fulfilling a mission, known only to themselves and their Creator. I turned to my pillow again, and was awakened at early twilight by a strain I had often dreamed of, but never heard. At first, I could hardly believe I was awake, but the strain rang on, till it flashed on me I was in the Alps, and that was the Alpine horn waking the echoes of early morn with its melody. How it rang in the clear morning air through that deep valley. I rose and looked out of my window, and close beneath me, a shepherd was driving his goats to their mountain pastures, and all was quiet as a Sabbath morning. Mont Blanc had robed his forehead in mist, and days, perhaps weeks, would pass, before he would stand uncovered again. Breakfast was soon despatched, and all was bustle and preparation for the ascent of Montaubert to the "*Mer de Glace*."

THE FUNERAL OF TIME.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

Author of "Endymion," "The Burial of Eros," "Isabelle," &c.

Lo! through a shadowy valley,
 March, with measured step and tread,
 A long array of Phantoms wan
 And pallid as the dead—
 The white and waxen dead!—
 With a crown on every head
 And a torch in every hand,
 To fright the sheeted ghosts away,
 That guard its portals night and day,
 They seek the Shadow-Land.

On as the pale procession stalks,
 The clouds around divide,
 Raising themselves in giant shapes
 And gazing down in pride,
 On the spectres as they glide
 Through the valley long and wide—
 On the spectres all so pale,
 In vestments whiter than the snow,
 As through the dim defile they go,
 With melancholy wail.

On tramps the funeral file; and now
 The weeping ones have passed,
 A throng succeeding, loftier
 And statelier than the last—
 The Monarchs of the Past!
 And upon the solemn blast
 Wave their plumes and pennons high,
 And loud their mournful marches sweep
 Up from the valley dark and deep
 To the over-arching sky.

And now the Cycle-buried years
 Stride on in stern array;
 Before each band the Centuries
 With beards of silver grey—
 The Marshals of the Day!
 In silence pass away;
 And behind them come the Hours
 And Minutes, who, as on they go,
 Are swinging steadily to and fro
 The incense round in showers.

Behold the bier—the ebony bier!
 On sinewy shoulders borne
 Of many a dim, forgotten Year
 From Primal Times forlorn.
 All weary and all worn,
 With their ancient garments torn
 And their beards as white as Lear's,
 Lo! how they tremble as they tread,
 Mourning above the marble dead,
 In agonies of tears.

How very wan the old man looks!
 As wasted and as pale
 As some dim ghost of shadowy days
 In legendary tale.

God give the sleeper, hail!
 And the world hath much to wail
 That his ears no more may hear;
 For, with his palms across his breast,
 He lieth in eternal rest
 Along his stately bier.

How thin his hair! How white his beard!
 How ashen-like his hands,
 Which never more may turn the glass
 That on his bosom stands—
 The glass whose solemn sands
 Were won from Stygian strands;—
 For his weary work is done,
 And he has reaped his latest field
 And none that scythe of his can wield
 'Neath the dim, descending sun.

At last they reach the Shadow-Land,
 And, with an eildritch cry,
 The guardian ghosts sweep wailing by
 Athwart the troubled sky,
 Like meteors flashing by,
 As asunder crashing fly,
 With a wild and clangorous din,
 The gates before the funeral train,
 Filing along the dreary plain
 And marching slowly in.

* * * *

Lo! 'tis a temple! and around
 Tall ebony columns rise
 Up from the withering earth, and hear
 Aloft the shrivelling skies,
 Where the tempest trembling sighs,
 And the ghostly moonlight dies
 'Neath a lurid comet's glare,
 That over the Mourners' plumed heads
 And on the Dead a lustre sheds
 From its crimson floating hair!

The rites are read—the requiem sung;
 And, as the echoes die,
 The *Shadow* CHAOS rises
 With a wild—a weird-like cry,
 A giant to the sky!
 His arms out-stretched on high
 Over TIME that dead doth lie;
 And with a voice that shakes the spheres,
 He shouts to the mourners mad with fears,
 "Depart! Lo! here am I!"

Down, showering fire, the comet sweeps;
 Shivering the pillars fall;
 And, lightning-like, the red flames rush,
 A whirlwind! over all!
 And Silence spreads her pall—
 Like pinions over the hall—
 Over the temple over-thrown—
 Over the dying and the unburied dead—
 And, with a heavily-drooping head,
 Sits statue-like—alone!

Philadelphia, September, 1843.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE MORMON FAITH AND PEOPLE.*

- 1st. *"Facts in relation to the discovery of Ancient American Records, with a sketch of the rise, faith, and doctrine of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day-Saints."* By O. Pratt, Minister of the Gospel—1841.
- 2nd. *The Book of Mormon. Translated by Joseph Smith; 4th Edition—1842.*
- 3rd. *The Nauvoo Neighbor. Weekly Newspaper; published at Nauvoo.*
- 4th. *The History of the Persecutions in Missouri.*
- 5th. *The Times and Seasons; a Semi-Monthly Periodical, Nauvoo.*
- 6th. *An Address to the People of the U. States. By a Minister of the Church of Latter-day-Saints.*

The works which head this page; are by no means remarkable in themselves, either for excellence of composition, or intrinsic value; but owe their importance, solely and exclusively, to the fact, of their forming the basis and foundation of the Mormon Faith—constituting the starting point of the Mormon people; of whom much has been spoken and written, and but little known, and even that little, so discolored and distorted by prejudice and falsehood, as to be almost valueless for purposes of real information.

The object of the present article is briefly to trace the leading and fundamental articles of their creed; with a glance at their present condition and prospects. This we are the better enabled to do from having personally visited, during the summer of 1843, the City of Nauvoo, the headquarters of the faithful; in which are congregated 17,000 Mormons. While there, we had frequent conferences with the Elders of the Faith, conversed with the redoubtable "Prophet" himself; and procured all the information, relative to the faith and people, accessible to a stranger.

Having possessed these facilities, we would fain impart the information thus acquired, relative to this new and strange faith, which bids fair, at no very distant day, to constitute an important element in the population of the Mississippi Valley; and which, from its rise, increase, and steady growth, may well claim the attention of all thinking men; since religious fanaticism, in all times and all ages, has ever been found a most powerful

lever to uproot and destroy existing Institutions; and no sect can be deemed contemptible, or powerless for mischief, the members of which are thoroughly in earnest, and cursed with a proselyting spirit, which "will compass sea and land to make one proselyte;" who, when convinced, surrenders himself heart and soul to the guidance of a scheming, unprincipled, and ambitious leader, whose whole life hitherto, has been an acted lie, and whose malignity is only equalled by his power.

For the Mormon people are not, as is generally supposed, a small and scattered band of ignorant and squalid fanatics, destitute of all worldly wisdom, or common sense,—victims of an artful delusion, blindly staggering on to ruin in the steps of the arch hypocrite, who, by his pretended Revelations from Heaven, has duped and plundered them. On the contrary, they are an eminently practical and industrious people; sober, orderly, and discreet, as far as temporal matters are concerned; but in Religion, bigotted and fanatical to the last degree; yet, so far from rejecting or despising the test of argument, willing and ready, at all times, to enter into Theological controversies with strangers, in which their wonderful familiarity with the Bible, (the Prophecies especially,) is very apt to give them a decided advantage; be their adversary either Laic, or Polemic.

We were informed by the Captains of the Steamboats on the upper Mississippi, that their boats were actually haunted by these itinerant Mormons, roving "like roaring lions" seeking whom they might entrap into a religious controversy; and often is the incautious traveller amazed to find, in the shrewd and sensible individual with whom he has been agreeably conversing, a member of the church of "Latter-day-Saints," (as they somewhat vaingloriously term themselves,) ready to maintain, even to the death, the "Revelations" of the "Prophet," Joseph Smith, and firmly persuaded that he and his church are alone of the "Elect."

Nor is this an entirely new and distinct Religion, which has sprung up in the wilds of the Far-West, to supersede the doctrines of Christianity; for it is based upon the Prophecies in the Old and New Testaments, and its professors claim to be the only genuine Christians. The "Book of Mormon," whence they derive the name by which they are commonly known, and which is generally supposed to be their Bible, is in fact intended merely as a supplement to the Bible, which they make their rule of faith, and chiefly contains a pretended history of the Aborigines of this country, to which we shall presently refer in its proper place. For the present, as it is both curious and instructive at all times, to trace out the growth of a delusion in the human mind from its first imperfect glimmering to its final blaze, we would briefly sketch the origin and growth of this idea in the mind of its founder, finally developing itself in the form of

* This article was written some months previous to the late disturbances which resulted in the death of the Prophet.

a new Religion; tracing his steps, from his first hesitating hints of possessing some secret sources of information, not shared by others, to his daring and arrogant assumption of inspiration and prophetic powers; by which some clue may be afforded to the strange self-abandonment, and wild credulity, which can induce his followers, many of whom are men far his superiors in intellect and knowledge, to prostrate themselves in lowly reverence at the feet of this ignorant and blasphemous impostor.

If we needed another confirmation of the Poet's words,

"How strangely subject is the human mind,
Godlike, and gifted as it is,—to err!"

we might find it here; for though on the page of history we may read of the strange absurdities and barbarous crimes men could commit in Religion's name; although the blood-stained catalogue of the enormities perpetrated under the mask of faith, is enrolled on the chronicle of the past; and although, turning even to our own early history, the sad spectacle is presented us of the Puritan Fathers flying from persecution, and braving danger and death for freedom of conscience; yet, in their turn, becoming bitter persecutors, and driving forth with stripes and scorn, the harmless Quakers and Anabaptists; yet still, we fondly hoped, that fanaticism had been expelled from our land by the light of enlarged intelligence and general education; that the people had grown too wise, to be made the slaves of their own religious fears, and that religious freedom might flourish here. Sadly have these high hopes been disappointed; for few countries have been more rent and divided by Religious factions; whose war has hitherto been carried on by words. But a new element is now arising in our Western valley; a new creed, whose fanatic followers are ready, had they the power, to proselytise like the Mohammedans, at the point of the sword, and number already, by their own account, 200,000 in the United States, and with untiring zeal extending the numbers of the faithful.

The prevalence of religious delusions in the U. States, is a subject of curious inquiry; not that they prevail to a greater extent among us than among the people of other nations, but because, from our peculiar institutions, and the general diffusion of intelligence, it would be supposed more difficult to find dupes to delude; yet, in a country professing of all others to be the most free, no sooner have the fetters been stricken from the limbs of the people, than artful and designing fanatics attempt to forge them for their minds; and Faith, that pure Spirit, whose seat should be "fast by the throne of God," breathing to erring man of mercy and peace, is by their hellish arts converted into a grim Demon of terror and pain; enslaving the souls of those whose bodies are vainly free;

for the true seat of freedom is in the soul, and he whose will is subject to the commands of another through superstitious fear, is the most abject of slaves.

Strange that Religion, the very essence of which is love, should be so often based on fear, lowest and meanest of the springs of action; base in itself, and baser in its promptings—that the hope of immortality, elevating man to a place in the scale of being, but "little lower than the Angels," should be made "the hangman's whip to scourge us!" Yet with the Apostles of all the new creeds, in which, unhappily our country is so prolific, fear is the motive principle; freedom of thought, is reprobated as "want of faith;" and the unhappy convert, whose heated imagination has caught at the absurdities, so zealously preached to him, and is ready, in his blind zeal, to follow the *new light* whithersoever it may lead, is stripped of all free will, and hurried on so far by the contagious enthusiasm of his fellow victims, that his pride forbids him to recede after his eyes are opened to his folly, and the earnest fanatic is converted into a cold and callous hypocrite, anxious to cover his own shame, by deluding others into sharing it with him.

The rapidity with which impostors gain converts in this country is indeed remarkable; witness Matthias, Swedenborg, Miller, Joe Smith, and innumerable others; with but one exception, coarse, illiterate and vulgar impostors, whose ignorance is only equalled by their villainy. And yet, the American people have the reputation of being a very sensible people; hard, shrewd, unimaginative; little prone to enthusiasm, and perpetually inquiring into the "reason" of every thing. Such is their admitted character. These contradictions are difficult to reconcile; so much hard common sense, and so much wild credulity. A partial explanation may be found in the reaction that ever takes place in the human mind, from not thinking at all, to thinking too much; the excitement and feverish activity of intellect, induced by free institutions and the diffusion of knowledge, before the stormy elements, so violently agitated, have had sufficient time to settle down and form their proper combinations. Such was the case in France, when the ecclesiastical and civil fetters, which had galled the people so long, were suddenly stricken off, and they grew drunk with freedom, rushing headlong into the wildest infidelity and most lawless license. Then, as ever, the violence of the rebound was proportioned to the weight of the pressure, which so long had bowed down and crushed the people.

Our revolution, though it was different in kind, was yet similar in character; it was built up on the "wreck of old opinions;" it was an impatient shaking off of exploded formulas, the substance of which had long worn out; but whose forms still remained; and the same chainless and terrible en-

ergies of awakened mind, which wrapt France in the flames of a revolution, a Saturnalia of crime ushering in the dawn of a brighter day, are here employed in working out the grand moral problems of man's mission and destiny on earth, and his existence in a future state,—once, the vexed questions of a few speculative and daring minds, but now entering into the popular mind, and absorbing the attention of the masses of the people.

Such are the strong and earnest struggles after a satisfying doctrine, now convulsing the minds of our countrymen, and driving many of them into "false doctrine, heresy, and schism" against common reason and common sense; such is the storm, at present black with its angry and rolling clouds, through which the sun of truth will finally shine forth in triumphant splendor, to flash on the inquiring minds, now darkened with error, the conviction of these ever-abiding truths, that the ways of God's providence are, and ever will be, inscrutable to the finite creatures formed by his hand, and the servants of his will; and that "the upright heart and pure" is more earnestly to be sought after and valued, than any new and Titanic efforts to scale the heavens by ranting violence, or stormy piety.

Viewed in connection with this national tendency, the Mormon movement is one well worthy of notice; being an attempt to establish a new Theocracy, to substitute "Revelations" through inspired individuals, for fixed and settled rules of conduct; a daring effort to create an "imperium in imperio;" and to crush all individual will and freedom of thought, under a stupendous church machinery; a despotism extending not alone to the mind and body, but seeking to fetter even the soul; and all this the work of a poor, ignorant, obscure, and heartless hypocrite; devoid of social position, mental culture, or even that great world-lever, wealth—but possessed of a stubborn, dogged energy, an unflinching effrontery, and a profound knowledge of human nature in its weakest points. By these means, and these alone, he has reared up a church in the wilderness, who firmly believe in him, as an inspired "Prophet;" and as the fire spreads over the wintry prairie, so has their infectious zeal multiplied converts to their new doctrine, until the "Latter-day-Saints" number their tens of thousands, whose active emissaries never rest.

In the western and northern cities, their churches may be found; and scarce a nook or corner of our Union that has not been visited by their itinerant preachers. They have penetrated into Western Virginia; in the States further South they rarely venture; but from the "East," as they quaintly term the Northern States, are drawn many of their converts: "the old Puritan heaven" is often kneaded up into this new "bread of life;" and the mighty Valley of the Mississippi begins to feel their power and to fear their ultimate designs.

In Missouri especially, the jealousy and hatred

of the people burst forth in actual and open violence. They thrust them forth, not without a shedding of blood, from their borders, and forbade them, by an order of extermination, from again setting foot on their soil; and this persecution has done more to strengthen the Mormon cause, than any good works of their own could have done; since, from time immemorial, the sympathies of the people have always been with those who suffer, and against those who persecute, verifying the words that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

The Mormons have themselves published an account of these persecutions, the title of which heads this article; from whence our information on this subject is chiefly derived, which, although probably exaggerated, is in its main facts, unhappily, not entirely devoid of truth, as we learned from the admissions made to us while in St. Louis by disinterested persons, who united in deploring the extremities to which the citizens of Missouri were carried by hatred of this people; stating, at the same time, that ample cause was given them for their conduct, by the actions of the Mormons; which the latter, however, sturdily deny.

The Missouri version of the matter is simply this, that the "Latter-day-Saints" have two creeds. One Exoteric, or public, which they profess to the world at large; the other, Esoteric, or private, known only to the initiated when they become members of the church, and that the latter is in fact the real religion and rule of conduct which they impose on themselves and are governed by in their intercourse with the rest of the world; and that this creed simply amounts to this, viz:

"That the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof—that the Saints are the rightful inheritors of the earth—that they are the Saints, therefore the earth with all it contains belongs to them, and is theirs of right."

And that acting upon these principles, the Mormons unscrupulously appropriated the goods and property of the neighboring Missourians, and perpetrated divers wrongs and enormities against them: which finally induced them, since mild measures had failed, to drive them out of the country, as a nuisance which had to be abated; all of which, the Mormons most solemnly deny; attributing the conduct of their enemies to a desire of appropriating their property and goods, which they certainly did do, without making (as far as we could learn) any reparation therefor.

For the present, however, we will pass by this controversy, and attempt briefly to sketch the early history of the "Prophet," Joseph Smith, as detailed in one of the works before us, written by a member of his church, which, as Goëthe said of his own autobiography, is composed both of truth and fiction, the latter preponderating to a very considerable extent. The book, however, is well

written, and in addition to the imaginative life of Joseph, contains a sketch of the Mormon creed, to which we shall presently call the attention of the reader. It is a very curious production altogether, considering it as written by an educated and well informed man in the 19th century, apparently in sober seriousness, being much better fitted for the meridian of the 13th or 14th century, when marvels and miracles were not uncommon, but matters of every day occurrence. The narrative is quite matter of fact in its tone and style, and would compare well with De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe," were it not for the exceedingly unromantic name of its hero; a name, which no skill could render euphonious, or remarkable.

The style and title of this veracious and peculiar little book, are as follows :

"An Interesting Account of Several Remarkable Visions, and the Late Discovery of Ancient American Records, which unfold the History of this Continent, from the earliest ages after the flood, to the beginning of the 5th century of the Christian era. With a Sketch of the Rise, Faith, and Doctrine of the Church of Jesus Christ of ' Latter-day-Saints.' By O. Pratt, Minister of the Gospel."

From this work (obtained in Nauvoo) is to be derived all the information, attainable to the uninstructed, touching the history of "the Prophet" and his doctrine.

From it we learn, that

"Mr. Joseph Smith, Jr. who made the following important discovery, was born in the town of Sharon, Vermont, on the 23rd December, A. D., 1805. When ten years old, his parents with their family removed to Palmyra, New York, in the vicinity of which he resided for about eleven years. Cultivating the earth for a livelihood employed most of his time. His advantages for acquiring literary knowledge, were exceedingly small hence his education was limited to a slight acquaintance with two or three of the common branches of learning. He could read *without much difficulty*, and write a very imperfect hand; and had a very limited understanding of the ground rules of Arithmetic. *These were his highest and only attainments.*"

It may be supposed, that he had subsequently applied himself, to remedy the defects of his early training, by diligent study and self-improvement, but such is not the case; any one conversing with him can easily perceive, that he is an illiterate, ignorant and vulgar man, rough in his exterior, and boorish and unpolished in manners and address; so that we can confirm the statement of the veracious Pratt.

The author then proceeds to say, that

"When somewhere about 14 or 15 years of age, he began seriously to reflect on the necessity of being prepared for a future state of existence; but how, or in what way to prepare himself, was a question as yet undetermined in his own mind. He saw that if he understood not the way, it would be impossible to walk in it, except by chance, and the thought of resting his hopes of eternal life upon

chance, or uncertainties, was more than he could endure."

These thoughts were exceedingly natural and probable, as occurring to the mind of an ignorant, uneducated plough-boy, 15 years old; but the prefatory remarks are merely intended as a foretaste of the wonders which immediately after he pours out with a prodigal hand. So he continues with the meditations of young Joseph, carried on probably while he was running a crooked furrow, or attending a "cider frolic," in which the Green Mountain boys especially delight.

"The great question to be decided in his mind," quoth Pratt, "was—if any of these denominations be the Church of Christ, which one is it? Until he could become satisfied in relation to this question, he could not rest contented. The only alternative that seemed to be left him was to read the Scriptures and endeavor to follow their directions."

Finding reading rather fatiguing, probably from want of sufficient exercise in that way, although he "could read without much difficulty," our young "Gallio" hit upon a shorter plan of solving his doubts, and here the respectable Pratt, who has hitherto been rather prosy, and snuffing through the nose, begins to display the imaginative vein, which entitles him to be considered a species of prose Milton, dealing in "Angels holding converse with mortals," etc., though the snuffle through the nose, is still at times perceptible; for Joseph

"Now saw that if he inquired of God, there was not only a possibility, but a probability; yea more, a certainty that he should obtain a knowledge which of all the doctrines was the doctrine of Christ, and which of all the Churches was the Church of Christ." "He therefore retired to a secret place in a grove, but a short distance from his father's house, and knelt down and began to call upon the Lord. At first he was severely tempted by the Powers of Darkness, which endeavored to overcome him; but he continued to seek for deliverance until darkness gave way from his mind, and he was enabled to pray in fervency of spirit and in faith. And while thus pouring out his soul, he at length saw a very bright and glorious light in the heavens above, which gradually drew near." "It continued descending slowly until it rested on the earth, and he was enveloped in the midst of it."

The effects of this light were somewhat peculiar upon Joseph's system, being somewhat similar to those produced by the inhalation of the Nitrous Oxide Gas, for Pratt, who seems intuitively to have known the feelings of Smith on that occasion, proceeds to say,

"When it first came upon him, it produced a peculiar sensation throughout his whole system; and immediately his mind was caught away from the natural objects with which he was surrounded, and he was enwrapped in a glorious vision, and saw two heavenly personages, who exactly resembled each other in their features or likeness. He was informed that his sins were forgiven. He was also informed that none of the existing churches was the true church; and that the fulness of the

Gospel should at some future time be made known to him. After which the vision withdrew, leaving his mind in a state of calmness and peace indescribable."

We have quoted this bare-faced lying and miserable twaddle, merely as a specimen of the general tone and temper of the book, which abound in similar scenes. The impression would be purely one of unmitigated disgust, did not the reader reflect, that this wild raving was accepted as truth by numbers of intelligent and apparently rational beings; and we have ourselves heard Joseph's divine mission, and communications with celestial visitants, sustained with rare powers of argument and reasoning, in a squalid garret at Nauvoo, by analogies drawn from the New Testament, and the meek and lowly character of the Founder of the Christian faith.

The vision has not even the merit of originality, since it was evidently suggested, and in fact almost copied, from a scene in the life of poor Cowper, whose diseased imagination once suggested to him a similar phenomenon, with the exception of the heavenly shapes; but in his case, it was evidently the phantom of an excited and diseased imagination acting upon a nervous and shattered frame, the precursor of that madness, which afterwards prostrated his powerful intellect; but which this coarse impostor seeks to appropriate for his own purposes of deception.

But this was only the first act: the interest is much heightened in the second, where the scene opens with Joseph in bed, (another lame imitation of Samuel's vision,) thus detailed by the veracious and imaginative "Minister of the Gospel." And

"It pleased God on the evening of the 21st of September, 1823, again to hear his prayers. For he had retired to rest as usual, only that his mind was drawn out in fervent prayer, and his soul was filled with the most earnest desire 'to commune with some kind messenger who could communicate to him the desired information of his acceptance with God;' and also unfold the true doctrines of Christ, according to the promises which he had received in the former vision. On a sudden, a light like that of day, only of a purer and far more glorious appearance and brightness, burst into the room. Indeed the first sight was as though the house were filled with a consuming fire. This sudden appearance of a light so bright, as must naturally be expected, occasioned a shock or sensation visible to the extremities of the body. It was, however, followed by a calmness and serenity of mind and an overwhelming rapture of joy that surpassed understanding, and in a moment a *personage* stood before him." "The stature of this personage was a little above the common size of men in this age; his garment was perfectly white, and had the appearance of being without seam." "This glorious being declared himself to be an angel of God sent forth by commandment to communicate to him that his sins were forgiven, and that his prayers were heard; and also to bring the joyful tidings that the covenant which God made with

ancient Israel concerning their posterity was at hand to be fulfilled; that the great preparatory work for the second coming of the Messiah was speedily to commence; that the time was at hand for the Gospel in its fulness to be preached to all nations, that a people might be prepared with faith and righteousness for the millennial reign of universal peace and joy.

"He was informed that he was called and chosen to be an instrument in the hands of God, to bring about some of his marvellous purposes in this glorious dispensation: It was also made manifest to him that the 'American Indians' were a remnant of Israel; that when they first emigrated to America they were an enlightened people, possessing a knowledge of the true God, enjoying his favor and peculiar blessings from his hands. That the Prophets and inspired writers among them were required to keep a sacred history of the most important events transpiring among them; till at length they fell into great wickedness; the most part of them were destroyed and the Records, by commandment of God to one of the last Prophets among them,) were safely deposited to preserve them from the hands of the wicked who sought to destroy them. He was informed that these Records contained many sacred Revelations pertaining to the gospel of the Kingdom, as well as Prophecies relating to the great events of the last days; and that they were to come forth to the knowledge of the people. If faithful he was to be the instrument who should be thus highly favored in bringing these holy things to light. After giving him many instructions concerning things past and to come, he disappeared, and the light and glory of God withdrew, &c. But before morning the vision was twice renewed with further instructions. In the morning he went out to his labor as usual, but soon the vision was renewed, the Angel again appeared; and having been informed by the previous visions of the night concerning the place where those Records were deposited, he was instructed to go immediately and view them."

He accordingly repaired to the place, which is minutely described by one Oliver Cowdery, a neighbor and proselyte of Smith's, in Western New-York, from whose narrative we extract the following particulars.

"As you go on the Rail-road from Palmyra to Canandaigua, in the State of New-York, before arriving at the little village of Manchester, you pass a large hill on the east side of the road, as large perhaps as any in that country."

The southern side of this hill was the place where the discovery of the pretended Records was made. Mr. Cowdery goes on to say—

"How far below the surface these Records were anciently placed I am unable to say, but from the fact that they had been for some fourteen hundred years buried, and that too on the side of a hill so steep, one is ready to conclude that they were some feet below, as the earth would naturally wear away more or less in that space of time." "A hole of sufficient depth was dug; at the bottom of this was laid a stone of suitable size, the upper surface being smooth. On this stone rested four others bedded in cement, forming a box impervious to rain or moisture. This box was sufficiently

large to admit a breast-plate, such as was used by the ancients to defend the chest, &c., from the arrows or weapons of their enemies. From the bottom of the box, resting on this breast-plate, arose three small pillars of cement, and upon these three pillars were placed the Records. This box containing the Records was covered with another stone; the bottom surface of which was flat, the upper crowning." "When it was first visited by Mr. Smith, on the morning of the 22d September, 1823, a part of the crowning stone was visible above the surface, while the edges were concealed by the soil and grass. After arriving at the repository, a little exertion in removing the soil from the edges of the box, and a light pry brought to his natural vision its contents."

Then follows another blasphemous description of the reappearance of the "Angel of the Lord" and his instructions and admonitions to Joseph Smith: he also exhibited to him "The Prince of Darkness, surrounded by his innumerable associates," whose old title of the "Father of Lies" has been fairly wrested from him by this new "Prophet." He was informed that he was not yet quite purified enough in heart to obtain the "Records," but should at some future time; followed by a long string of prophecies touching the future glory of his people, which the pious narrator summarily disposes of in the following words—

"Although many more instructions were given by the mouth of the Angel to Mr. Smith, which we do not write in this book, yet the most important items are contained in the foregoing relation. During the four following years he frequently received instruction from the mouth of the heavenly messenger; and on the morning of the 22nd September, 1827, the Angel of the Lord delivered the Records into his hands."

"These Records were engraved on plates which had the appearance of gold. Each plate was not far from seven to eight inches in length and width, being not quite as thick as common tin. They were filled on both sides with engravings in Egyptian characters, and bound together in a volume, as the leaves of a book, and fastened at one edge with three rings running through the whole. This volume was near six inches in thickness, a part of which was sealed. The characters or letters on the unsealed part were small and beautifully engraved. The whole book exhibited many marks of antiquity in its construction, as well as much skill in the art of engraving. With the Records was found a curious instrument, called by the Ancients 'Urim and Thummim,' which consisted of two transparent stones clear as crystal set in two rims of a bow. This was in use in ancient times by persons called Seers. It was an instrument, by the use of which, they received revelations of things distant, or of things past or future."

"Soon the news of his discoveries spread abroad throughout all those parts. False reports, slanders, etc., flew as if upon the wings of the wind in every direction. The house was frequently beset by mobs; several times he was shot at, and very narrowly escaped; every device was used to get the plates away from him."

Finally, being wearied out by these annoyances,

he determined to leave that part of the country, and "putting the plates in a barrel of beans," says his biographer, "emigrated to the northern part of Pennsylvania," after having been twice stopped and searched vainly for the plates of gold; which, by a special miracle, we suppose, were hidden from the eyes of the searchers.

"Having provided himself with a home, he commenced translating the Record by the gift and power of God, through the means of the Urim and Thummim; and being a poor writer, (inspiration not being a school-master,) he was under the necessity of employing a scribe, to write the translation as it came from his mouth;"

Though the name and residence of this scribe, so important a witness of the truth of this statement, is no where given. He then continues to state that—

"Mr. Smith continued the work of translation as his pecuniary circumstances would permit, until he finished the *unsealed* part of the Records. The part translated is entitled the 'Book of Mormon,' and contains nearly as much reading as the Old Testament."

He then proceeds to give an analysis of the contents, to which we will presently recur.

Such is the pretended origin of the Mormon Faith. The name of "Latter-day-Saints" was adopted by them from a passage in the prophecies of Daniel, which they have applied to themselves, which is as follows—

"And the Kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the Kingdom, under the whole Heaven, shall be given to the people of the Saints of the Most High; whose Kingdom is an everlasting Kingdom; and all dominions shall serve and obey him."—*Daniel* vii, 27.

A very interesting question here arises, whether Smith actually discovered any plates at all, divesting his narrative of its supernatural machinery, and making allowances for a poetic amplification of his materials! On this point conflicting opinions prevail, among those best qualified to decide. It is true that he parades the "Testimony of Three Witnesses," and also the "Testimony of Eight Witnesses" in the sequel of the "Book of Mormon," to prove the existence of the plates; but their testimony goes for nothing, for they prove too much, more than they possibly could have known; and are all of them, friends, kinsmen, converts, and probably assistants in imposture with the Prophet. The "Testimony of the Three Witnesses," laying claim to their knowledge "through the actual presence and direct communication of an angel," we will not insult the understandings of our readers by quoting. It is signed by Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris.

The "Testimony of the Eight Witnesses" is more plausible and reasonable, and is in the following words—

"Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues

and people unto whom this work shall come, that Joseph Smith, Jr., the translator of this work, hath shown unto us the plates of which hath been spoken, which have the appearance of gold; and as many of the leaves as the said Smith has translated, we did handle with our hands. And we also saw the engravings thereon, all of which has the appearance of ancient work and of curious workmanship. And we give our names unto the world to witness unto the world that which we have seen. And we lie not, God bearing witness of it."

Signed.

CHRISTIAN WHITMER,	JACOB WHITMER,
PETER WHITMER, JR.,	JOHN WHITMER,
HIRAM PAGE,	JOSEPH SMITH, SR.,
HYRAM SMITH,	S. H. SMITH.

None others have ever seen these plates, and the weight of evidence would be therefore strongly against the probability of any such discovery, were it not for one or two corroborating circumstances; the first of these is, that at or about the period of Smith's discovery of the plates, a few of the original characters transcribed by him were sent by a person named Martin Harris to Professor Anthon of New York, who examined them, but professed himself unable to decipher them, expressing however the opinion, that were the original records brought he might be able to decipher them. It can not for a moment be supposed that an ignorant country boy as Smith then was, destitute of all culture or knowledge, could have imposed his own clumsy fabrications upon so learned and acute a scholar as Dr. Anthon is universally acknowledged to be; but must have copied them from some originals in his own possession, in some way discovered or procured; and this view of the matter is somewhat confirmed by the second corroborating circumstance before alluded to, which is the discovery of "six brass plates," similar in shape and character to those described in the narrative of Smith, which were discovered near Kinderhook, in the State of New York,* in April 1843, buried in the centre of a large mound, surrounded by human bones, which apparently had been burned. The communication to the newspaper relating the particulars of the discovery, was made by a Dr. Harris of that place, to which was appended the following certificate.

"We, citizens of Kinderhook, whose names are annexed, do certify and declare that on the 23d of April, 1843, while excavating a large mound in this vicinity, Mr. M. Wiley took from said mound "six brass plates" of a bell shape, covered with ancient characters. Said plates were very much oxydated. The bands and rings on said plates mouldered into dust on a slight pressure. The above described plates we have handed to Mr. Sharp for the purpose of having them taken to Nauvoo." Signed by nine citizens of Kinderhook.

It will be recollected that when Smith left the State of New York for Pennsylvania he was twice stopped upon the road, and subjected to a strict search; yet the plates could not be found; is it not then, under the circumstances, a reasonable infer-

ence, that he concealed the plates in this mound, at Kinderhook,* for his future uses, and that either by artful management or accident they were discovered and sent to him as above mentioned, forming an additional link in the chain of his proofs.

We have now before us a fac-simile of these brazen plates, and the hieroglyphics they contain are certainly very curious, bearing but a slight resemblance to either the Mexican or Egyptian hieroglyphics, with which we have compared them. The mound from which they were taken was in the shape of a sugar loaf; the usual shape of the mounds which abound in the valley of the West. So much for the plates; now for the pretended translation of the hieroglyphics inscribed upon them.

The ancient mounds and other antiquities which have been brought to light upon this Western continent, many of which bear marks of a much higher civilization than the Indian tribes ever could have attained to,—the bones of a race different from the Indian, which have been discovered in caves in Ohio, Kentucky and elsewhere, and the thousand traditions among the Indians relating to events, recorded only on the pages of the sacred volume, have all combined to induce the belief among the learned who have made this matter their peculiar study, that the Indians were not the aborigines of this country, but dispossessed and destroyed a far superior and more civilized race, the relics of whose skill in the arts still remain to testify the proficiency they had made in the comforts and refinements of life.

The recent and startling discoveries of Stephens in Yucatan and central America, who has stumbled upon the ruins of magnificent and splendid cities, unknown to history or tradition, which must in former times have been the seat of some powerful but vanished race, extending back into the earlier ages of the world; The strange and peculiar civilization of the Aztecs, as graphically described by Prescott in his delightful history, evidently a rude graft upon some purer and higher civilization—the origin of which their own traditions ascribed to a white stranger coming from the East; The many rites and ceremonies prevailing among the rude Indian tribes, resembling, or copied from those of the Eastern nations, though strikingly perverted from their original intent—and the relics of an older and higher civilization daily disinterred from the mounds of the Western valley—all combine to prove with irresistible force, that the Indian Savages were not the earliest and only inhabitants of this Western continent, and that the so-called New World, although its records have perished, leaving only a few crumbling ruins to attest the existence of a former people who dwelt within its borders, may yet have nourished in her bosom.

* Hardly probable. The plates spoken of were found at Kinderhook, Illinois.—[Ed. Mess.]

a civilization coeval with and as distinctive as that of Egypt.

Whence this civilization was derived, whether indigenous to the soil, or brought by its framers from a foreign land, we have no means of ascertaining now, though many of the customs and ceremonies still lingering among the Indian tribes, would go to confirm the latter. Some of these are peculiarly striking; such for example as the form observed in taking a solemn oath among the Western Indians, where the person affirming placed his hand under the left thigh of him to whom he was pledging his faith; a custom extensively prevailing among the Oriental Nations in ancient times, which existed among the Israelites, and is frequently referred to as a prevailing and common usage, in the Book of Genesis, and in other parts of the Sacred writings. It is from these and some other analogies, that the opinion has been strenuously urged and maintained, by learned inquirers, that the Indians were in fact the lost Tribes of Israel; and much skill and learning has been employed to set forth and defend this theory. The North-Western passage was supposed to have been the route by which they reached this continent; and the transition from the shepherd to the hunter state, was by no means difficult or unnatural: the change of color is, by these theorists, accounted for by the gradual change wrought in successive generations by exposure to the elements and the hardships of a hunting life.

It is this captivating, but wild theory, which has been artfully seized as the basis of the Mormon faith; which is wrought out with much artistic skill and imaginative power in the "Book of Mormon;" a book far beyond the powers of Smith to compose, and which as an imaginative fiction, will take a high rank in American literature, long after Mormonism, as a faith, shall have shared the fate of all other falsities, which ever bear within them the seeds of their own destruction.

Before giving a brief and rapid analysis of the contents, it may not be amiss to attempt an answer to the inquiry, whether Smith himself was capable of composing this book? To this question an emphatic negative must be returned. As before stated, the man himself is a vulgar and illiterate impostor, whose ordinary conversation is grossly incorrect and trivial; totally incapable of composing a connected sermon, far less a sustained and skilful narrative; yet by his deluded followers, this very argument is used, as a proof of his inspiration, (an analogy drawn, we suppose, from the case of Balaam's Ass.) Who then did write the Book of Mormon? The belief of the best informed on this subject is, that it was the production of a young Lawyer, or Divine, in Western New-York; a young man of high talent and much promise, who was early the victim of a rapid decline; and that this history of a new Religion was composed by

him to while away the tedious hours of a sick man's chamber. Upon his death, the MS. is supposed to have fallen into the hands of a man, whose name (we think) was Sidney Rigdon; a keen, shrewd, unscrupulous man, of a restless and daring intellect, but lacking physical courage. Finding in Joseph Smith the qualities, which (as he supposed) would make him an useful and obedient tool, in case of success; or a convenient scape-goat in the event of failure; he tutored and drilled him in the part which he was to play; and the event showed, that unfortunately, his calculations as to the "dupability" of his fellow citizens, were too correct. The new doctrine took like wild-fire, Smith was elevated into the dignity of a Prophet; and an injudicious persecution endeared him to his followers, by the cement of a common suffering in a common cause; and Rigdon, too late perceived that he had mistaken his man; that beneath the rough exterior was hidden an iron will, before which he himself was forced to bend; and that like the Sorcerers of old, who invoked the Fiend, he had gained a master, where he sought a slave.

He had committed himself too far with Smith to expose him; and had shared too much in the imposture to recede; so he was forced to play a subordinate part, but still remains the secret guiding spirit of the Mormon policy; of which, he is the head, and Smith the hand to execute.

That the account given above of the composition of the "Book of Mormon" is the correct one, is verified (to our mind) by the internal evidence of the name, of which neither Smith nor his colleagues, understood the latent meaning; as we presume our readers know, that the word "*Mormon*," in Greek, signifies a "bugbear," or imposition; the name "*Moroni*" too, next in importance in this book, signifies in the same language "a foolish person." The division of the work into different books, as well as the style, is in studied imitation of the Scriptures, and as far as such imitation can be, successful. The names of the different books are as follows: the Book of Nephi; of Jacob; of Mosiah; of Alma; of Helaman; of Nephi, Jr.; of Ether; Mormon, and Moroni, prefaced by an extract from the latter, who was the son of Mormon, as follows:

"The book of Mormon; an account written by the hand of Mormon, upon Plates, taken from the Plates of Nephi."

"Wherefore it is an abridgment of the record of the people of Nephi and also of the Lamanites; written to the Lamanites, who are a remnant of the House of Israel; and also to Jew and Gentile—written by way of commandment and also by the Spirit of Prophecy and Revelation. Written and sealed up and hid up unto the Lord, that they might not be destroyed, to come forth by the gift and power of God into the interpretation thereof. Sealed up by the hand of Moroni and hid up unto the Lord; to come forth in due time by the way of Gentile; the interpretation thereof by the gift of God."

Our limits, and the space we have already occupied, will not permit us to give more than a very brief outline of the contents of these several books, contained in the book of Mormon. The following, which we quote from one of their elders, contains the chief events:

"In this important and interesting book, we can read the History of Ancient America from its early settlement by a colony, who came from the Tower of Babel, at the confusion of languages, to the beginning of the fifth century of the Christian era. We learn that America, in ancient times, was inhabited by two distinct races of people: the first, or more ancient race, came directly from the great Tower, being called Jaredites; the second race, came directly from the city of Jerusalem, about six hundred years before Christ, being Israelites, the descendants of Joseph. The first nation, or Jaredites, were destroyed about the time that the Israelites came from Jerusalem, who succeeded them in the inheritance of the country. The principal nation of the second race fell in battle towards the close of the 4th century. The remaining remnant having dwindled into an uncivilized state, still continue to inhabit the land; although divided into a 'multitude of nations,' and are called, by Europeans, the 'American Indians.'

"The remnant of Joseph, after arriving in this country, separated into two distinct nations, the Nephites and the Lamanites; the former having a copy of the Scriptures, engraven on plates of brass, in the Egyptian language; the Nephites emigrated towards the Northern part of South America, leaving the Lamanites in possession of the Northern and middle parts of the continent. The Nephites thrived and flourished; but the Lamanites, because of the hardness of their hearts, brought down many judgments on their own heads; and the Lord cursed them in their complexions, and they became a dark, loathsome and filthy people; wild, savage and ferocious, waging desperate war against the Nephites, by whom they were repulsed with great slaughter; tens of thousands being frequently slain on both sides, who were piled together in great heaps upon the ground, with a shallow covering of earth; which accounts for the existence of those ancient mounds filled with human bones, so numerous at the present day both in North and South America.

"The Nephites were favored with the personal ministry of Jesus Christ, for after he arose from the dead, and finished his ministry at Jerusalem, and ascended into Heaven, he descended in the presence of the Nephites who were assembled round about their Temple, in the Northern part of South America."

Finally, a tremendous war took place between the Nephites and Lamanites, in the Western part of New-York; where, like the Kilkeny Cats, they actually demolished each other; the records of the Nephites having been concealed in the hill, "Cum-morah," which is in the State of New-York, about 200 miles West of the city of Albany; Moroni, the son of Mormon, escaped from the battle and continued the record down to the 420th year of the Christian era; when he

"Hid them up in the hill Cummorah, where

they remained concealed until, by the ministry of an Angel, they were discovered by Mr. Smith, who, by the gift and power of God, translated them into the English language, by the means of the Urim and Thummim, as stated in the foregoing."

In the year 1829, Mr. Smith and Mr. Cowdery, having learned the correct mode of baptism, from the "Book of Mormon," but knowing that no one of any of the denominations had the authority to administer it, were somewhat puzzled, until the difficulty was solved by the appearance of an Angel, who laying his hands upon their heads, ordained them and ordered them to baptize one another, which they accordingly did.

In the year 1830, a large edition of the "Book of Mormon" first appeared in print; converts were made; and in the same year, on the 6th of April, "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day-Saints" was organized in the Town of Manchester, State of New-York; and this was the "cloud no bigger than a man's hand," which now hangs with ominous blackness upon our Western Horizon, presaging a terrible storm. Since that time their numbers have increased with an amazing rapidity, unparalleled by the spread of any other religion. Their first move was to a place in Missouri called "Far West:" here they settled in great numbers, until in that neighborhood alone they amounted to 12 or 13,000. The jealousy of the Missourians, excited by religious and political causes, aggravated by alleged outrages committed by them on the citizens of Missouri, at last burst out into open violence, and a war was waged between the two parties, in which many lives were lost on both sides; but the Mormons finally worsted and driven from the borders of the State. They have published their statements of the matter, which charges the Missourians with the perpetration of great cruelties, but whether truly or not we have no means of ascertaining. It is stated, however, that Governor Boggs of that State issued an exterminating order against them to the following effect.

"HEAD QUARTERS OF THE MILITIA.

Jefferson City, Oct. 27, 1828.

SIR:—Since the order of the morning to you, I have received information of the most appalling character, which changes entirely the face of things, and places the Mormons in the attitude of an avowed defiance of the laws, and of having made war upon the people of the State. The Mormons must be treated as enemies, and must be exterminated or driven from the State, if necessary for the public peace. Their outrages are beyond all description. If you can increase your force, you are authorized to do so to any extent you may think necessary. The whole force will be placed under your command.

Signed,

L. W. BOGGS.

Governor and Commander in Chief."

This document is very much to the point; sera

enough and merciless, but giving reasons for the terrible severity of his orders, in those brief words. "Their outrages are beyond description." What they are he does not state, probably because well understood by the officers to whom the order is addressed; there is some confirmation afforded, too, by the very vindication put forth by the Mormons; for in it appears an admission of a secret organization existing among themselves, known by the name of the "Danite Band," who "had certain signs and words by which they could know one another, either by day or night." They are bound to keep those words and signs secret. And the author of the "defence," speaks much of the "horror expressed by the mob at some secret clan known as the Danites," of whose real character and objects, he professes ignorance, "not being a member."

Driven from Missouri, the "Latter-day-Saints" took refuge in Illinois, where they were kindly received, and from the Legislature of which State, they have received some valuable privileges; one of which is the incorporation of their city, and the establishment there of a municipal court of their own, which, as we were informed by the Prophet himself, has jurisdiction of all civil and criminal causes arising within the corporate limits; thus insuring their civil independence of the State authorities; the other important privilege being the authorized establishment of the "Nauvoo Legion," a military force, which has been subjected to a thorough and perfect training under able officers, invited and paid for that special purpose, and which, animated by fanatic zeal, would be an effective and dangerous force, led by a reckless desperado, burning with hatred and unsatisfied revenge.

The city of Nauvoo, (a Hebrew word, signifying beautiful,) is the great city of the faith, the Mecca of Mormonism. It is beautifully situated on a range of hills, sloping gently down to the Mississippi's edge. As a military position it would be almost impregnable, three of its sides being washed by the waters of the Mississippi; and the fourth protected by a range of hills. It merits richly the name it has received, for as our noble boat, breasting the rapid current of the Mississippi, majestically glided up to the city, her deck was thronged by eager strangers, and exclamations of delight and astonishment burst from every lip. We knew that but three years before, a scattered and persecuted remnant had fled to this spot for refuge, and expected only to find a few wretched hovels with squalid and poverty-stricken inmates. And lo, in the bright sunlight of an August morning, we looked upon a thriving and populous city, from whence arose the hum of labor, and the stir of peaceful industry. The dwellings on the water's edge were humble indeed, for here it was the terrified and stricken Mormons had first paused to rest, after escaping from their enemies; but stretching

back from the water's edge, for six miles, was one unbroken row of finished and partially finished buildings of substantial brick or stone, and on a hill, towering above the rest, keeping, as it were, watch and ward over the infant city—its graceful proportion clearly defined against the bright blue sky, arose the walls of that classic and stately "Temple," which, when completed, will proudly vie with any similar edifice in the United States, and which is to make Nauvoo the centre spot and rallying place of all the faithful.

It was indeed wonderful to think of. But four years before, the wild primeval forest, the silence alone broken by the dashing of the Mississippi against its banks—and now, a city numbering 17,000 souls, whose population was increasing each day by emigrants from Europe, and the States. The Prophet himself said to us, "My city has grown up like Jonah's gourd:" he may well beware lest the further analogy holds good. The city is situated on the upper Mississippi, about 400 miles above its junction with the Missouri, midway almost between Quincy and Galena. The surrounding country is still an unbroken forest, and he who has never seen the forests of the Far-West can form but an imperfect idea of nature's gigantic products in the wilderness.

We were strenuously dissuaded from stopping at the city, being warned that it was dangerous; but persevered in our original intent, and candor compels us to admit that we received every kindness and hospitality at the hands of the Prophet and his people. They are not a polished and courtly people; to forms they attach no value; but in that truer politeness, which consists in a sincere desire to aid in fulfilling all the wishes excited by the curiosity of a stranger, the rugged "Saints" of Nauvoo might give some useful lessons to the perfumed and contemptible dandies of the older cities. Justice, too, compels us to admit that during our residence in the city we saw or heard nothing which was calculated to offend the most scrupulous delicacy, or the nicest morality, and we pried about and questioned, with genuine American spirit, in all directions; and a careful and watchful examination and inquiry, forced upon our minds the conviction that whatever the sins of the Mormon people might be, they did not lie upon the surface of their society. Their city is the most quiet and orderly of its size we have ever visited; there are no loungers to be seen in their streets, all is hard work; there are no public houses or drinking houses allowed within the city, and they refrain entirely from the use of spirituous liquors; in fact, in its police and arrangements, it is a model city.

The only objectionable feature that struck us, was the bitter fanaticism of the people; not that they refuse to argue their doctrines, or speak intemperately, but any one who looks upon their stern and rigid features, flashing forth a fierce enthusiasm on

any allusion to their creed, or listens to their conversation, garnished like that of the old Puritans, with Scriptural quotations, must be convinced that with them the passion of religious fanaticism, like Aaron's rod, has swallowed up all others; they may be dupes, but the mass of them certainly are not hypocrites. Every thing revolves around the church, of which Joe Smith is the acknowledged head. The church owns much property, which he holds as trustee, and the profits of which he manages. The old system of tithes has been revived among them, and he who has no property must contribute a tenth part of his labor to the erection of the "Temple;" the walls of which are already upwards of thirty feet in height; the building is of yellow stone, which can be procured in great abundance near the city, and the design of the temple is both novel and imposing. In the basement story is placed a baptismal font, in imitation of that in Solomon's Temple, supported by twelve oxen, carved out of hard wood, the size of life, and beautifully executed. The Prophet is said to have been the architect who planned the building; if this be true he has displayed as much skill in fabricating buildings as religions.

He deserves no credit for it, however, since his followers declare that he received the plan by special revelation; as well as the plan of a very extensive hotel, now in the course of erection, by which revelation, himself and children are to have and hold a suite of rooms in the said hotel, when finished, in perpetuity, rent free, which the infatuated people have willingly assented to, on condition that the "Prophet" *keeps the tavern*, which he has actually agreed to do.

The Temple being unfinished, in favorable weather their religious services are conducted in a grove, bordering on the Temple; and here we saw assembled upwards of 5,000 people, men and women, listening with eager attention to the words which fell from the lips of the Prophet, who preached to them on that day. They came in carriages, carts and wagons, and remained seated as they came. Others were ranged upon benches, set out upon the grass. The Prophet stood upon an elevated platform of boards, with 12 of his elders seated behind him; his appearance was by no means prepossessing; his voice harsh and untunable, his sermon a compound of ranting violence and scraps of Scripture badly applied, and ungrammatical to the last degree. Judging of him by this specimen of his powers, we should have regarded him as a stupid, ignorant ranter, devoid of intellect or sagacity; but a subsequent interview in private, dispelled these opinions, and convinced us, that if not an orator, he was eminently fitted for a man of action; a rude Cromwell on a smaller scale, of dauntless energy, and fertile in resources. In person, he is large and bulky, upwards of six feet in height, and broad in proportion, possessing great

physical power; his head is small and phrenologically bad; the animal greatly preponderating over the intellectual; his hair of a light brown brushed back from his face; his complexion ruddy, the cast of his features heavy, common-place and sullen in expression; his eye small and of a dull gray color, heavy and lustreless when in repose, but when we mentioned the Missouri outrages, glaring with suppressed passion; the whole face indicated but little intellectual power, but much low-cunning and subtlety, with an hypocritical humility upon it, evidently not its natural expression.

His whole aspect and appearance was that of a rough, ignorant countryman; and no stranger meeting him by chance, would ever dream that that heavy, inert looking individual was the celebrated "Prophet" of the Mormons; the founder of a New Faith; verifying the scornful words of Oxenstiern to his son—

"Nescis, mi fili, quam parva sapientia regitur mundus."

The space we have already occupied, warns us to close this article on a subject, which we fear may not interest the generality of readers; the importance of which, however, we have by no means exaggerated.

It only now remains for us to give a brief outline of their doctrine or rule of faith, which we shall extract from an "Address" by one of their elders to the people of the United States, the caption of which heads this article.

CREED OF THE LATTER-DAY-SAINTS.

The Latter-day-Saints believe in God the Eternal Father, and in his Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost who bears record of them, throughout all ages the same, and forever.

They believe that in Adam's fall all men sinned, but that Christ's atonement was all sufficient for the removal of "original sin" in man and that all men not transgressing some law in their own persons are guiltless in the sight of God. For which they quote *Romans v., 28. John xii., 32.*

All infants, by their creed being incapable of knowing good and evil and of obeying or disobeying a law, and there being no transgression where there is no law, if they should die in their infant state would enjoy eternal life, being neither transgressors themselves, nor accountable for Adam's sin.

They believe that all men will be judged by the *light that is in them*, and that those who do not know a law can not transgress it.

They believe in the Holy Scriptures of the Prophets and Apostles; and that all mysticism, or private interpretation ought to be done away with. The Scriptures should be taught, understood and practised in their most plain, simple, easy and literal sense, according to the legitimate meaning of the words and sentences, precisely the same, as if

found in any other book. The prophetic and doctrinal writings contained in the Bible are mostly adapted to the capacities of the simple and unlearned—to the common sense of the people. They are designed to be understood and practised, without which none can profit by them.

The Latter-day-Saints believe that the

"Gospel dispensation revealed and established *one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one Holy Spirit*; in short, *one system of religion, one church*, or assembly of worshippers, united in their doctrine and built upon the truth; and all bearing the general name of *Saints*. God is not the author of jarring and discordant systems—*His kingdom is not divided against itself*; and for this reason we have no confidence in the sects, doctrines and teachings of modern times, so far as they are at variance with each other, and contrary to the Scriptures of truth. We have therefore withdrawn from all these systems of error and delusion, and have endeavored to restore the ancient doctrine and faith which was once delivered to the Saints, and to build a society thereon, hoping thereby to enjoy the peculiar gifts and blessings which were so abundantly bestowed upon the churches in ancient times."

"We hold it as the duty of all men to believe the Gospel, to repent of their sins; and to be immersed in water in the name of Jesus Christ '*for the remission of sins*.' The Latter-day-Saints also after immersion *lay on hands* in the name of Jesus Christ for the gift of the Holy Ghost; they are then considered Saints, or full members of the church."

"The Latter-Day-Saints believe that the gathering of Israel and the second advent of the Messiah are near at hand; that it is time for the Saints to gather together and prepare for the same."

In accordance with this article of faith, the Prophet has summoned the faithful from all parts of the world to remove to Nauvoo by a special order, which is so curious and characteristic, that we can not refrain from quoting one addressed to the people in Philadelphia.

"Special Message to the Church in Philadelphia.

All the members of that branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-Day-Saints which is located in Philadelphia, Penn., who are desirous of doing the will of Heaven, and of working out their own salvation by keeping the laws of the Celestial Kingdom, are hereby instructed and counselled to remove from thence without delay, and locate themselves in the city of Nauvoo, where God has a work for them to accomplish. Done at Nauvoo, 29th day of May, 1843.

By order of the quorum of 12.

BRIGHAM YOUNG."

Similar circulars were sent elsewhere, and met with prompt obedience. In relation to the Book of Mormon and the Revelations of Smith they use the following language.

"We have implicit confidence in the Book of Mormon, not however as a new Bible to exclude the old, as some have falsely represented. We

consider the Book of Mormon as a historical and religious record, written in ancient times by a branch of the House of Israel, who peopled America and from whom the Indians are descended. The Book of Mormon corroborates and confirms the truth of the Scriptures by showing that the same principles were revealed and enjoyed in a country far remote from the scenes where the Jewish Bible was written.

"Many Revelations and Prophecies have been given to this church since its rise, which have been printed and sent forth to the world. They also contain the Gospel in great plainness, and important instructions to the Saints. We believe that wherever the people enjoy the religion of the New Testament, there they enjoy visions, revelations, the ministry of Angels, &c.; and that wherever these blessings cease to be enjoyed, there they also cease to enjoy the religion of the New Testament."

Such is a faint and imperfect outline and sketch of this strange faith and people, drawn from their own lips, and from personal observation; a new and startling product of our free institutions; showing how far men may be misled by a confidence in their own judgments and contempt for established forms; rejecting a creed for its alleged inconsistencies, and embracing in its stead one which is a tissue of contradictions and absurdities!

As a sect already important and powerful, and every day gaining accessions of numbers and strength; fortified in an almost impregnable position, and consumed by a fanatic zeal, which sends its missionaries to Jerusalem and the "farthest Ind"—which has already drawn into the Holy City converts from Calcutta; and whispers its words of consolation to the Australian savage,—this new doctrine may be wondered at and dreaded, but may not be despised.

To us, its import is sad and humiliating; weakening our confidence in the strength of the human intellect; and clouding our brightest visions of the onward progress of the human mind in successive ages. That an imposture so palpable, gross and monstrous as this, should succeed, even for a day, in duping so many thousands of rational beings, as are even numbered in the city of Nauvoo, is indeed a mortifying reflection on human wisdom and human pride. It may serve as a warning and a lesson to the Sciolists of the present day, that in all respects the XIX century has not progressed so far in advance of the so called "dark ages" of the world, as their own inflated vanity would induce them to believe; and furnishes yet another proof, even in this practical age, that "Man can not live on bread alone," but yearns after some spiritual food, and as the mariner, tossed on the billows of an unknown and mighty ocean, in the dark mid watches of the night, looks to the bright Polar Star to guide him safely on his course into a safe harbor, so the soul of man, involved in a black chaos of uncertainty and doubt, tempted, tried,

and suffering, yet turns in longing hope to the bright Morning Star of Faith, which is to usher it into a cloudless and glorious world, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

South Carolina.

E. D.

Seaton

GOD BLESS THE MARINER.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

God's blessing on the Mariner!

A venturesome life leads he—

What reck the landmen of their toil,

Who dwell upon the sea!

He hath piped the loud "ay! ay sir!"

O'er the voices of the main,

'Till his deep tones have the hoarseness

Of the rising hurricane.

But pleasant as the sound of waves

Upon the sunlit strand,

Are its ever glad responses

To the greetings of the land.

God bless the hardy mariner!

A homely garb wears he,

And he goeth with a rolling gait,

Like a ship upon the sea.

His seamed and honest visage

The sun and wind have tanned,

As hard as iron gauntlet

Is his broad and sinewy hand.

But oh! a spirit looketh

From out his clear, blue eye,

With a truthful, childlike earnestness,

Like an angel from the sky.

A venturesome life the sailor leads

Between the sky, and sea—

But when the hour of dread is past,

A merrier who, than he?

On the burning, broad equator

He hath wooed the cooling gale,

And amid the polar ice-fields

He hath spread the frozen sail.

And where the mad waves onward,

Like a leaguered army swept;

Undimmed through all, his compass lamp

Its flame hath brightly kept.

He knew that by the rudder bands

Stood one well skilled to save;

For a strong hand is the STEERSMAN'S

That hath brought him o'er the wave.

PRESENT CONDITION OF LETTERS.

LETTER II.

TO WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, Esq.

My Dear Sir:—My former letter, "on the Present Condition of Letters," exhibited, in a very hurried and imperfect manner, the most obvious symptom of the times. I endeavored to call attention to the fact, that we are now rolling and rocking in the calm which intervenes between one revolution and another—having thought that by so doing I might best prepare the minds of those who might honor me with a reading, for any subsequent remarks on the great topic, which I am attempting to illustrate. The tendency of my observations on the previous occasion would point to the inference, that the literature of the day is rather trimming its sails to catch the first breath of the breeze that is springing up, than contenting itself with spreading its canvass to receive the expiring winds of the storm that has swept by. There is, necessarily, much of both dispositions in our present literary navigation, (if I may be permitted thus to continue the metaphor;) and our onward progress, so far as the vessel does make way, must assuredly be attributed to the impetus derived from the former revolution. It would be magnifying germs into full grown plants, and mistaking anticipations for realities, to suppose that, as yet, there is any inherent strength, or vital energy in the new spirit, which has revealed to us its speedy advent. It should also be remembered, that authors naturally occupy very different positions, both with respect to the past and the future, according to the hour of their nativity, and the features of their horoscope—which "in the vernacular means," (as Touchstone says,) according to the times in which their tastes may have been respectively formed and matured, and according to the determinate impress which may have been given to these by their individual psychological organizations. We are acquainted with gentlemen for whose profound learning, extensive reading, and refined critical acumen we have both the deepest veneration, who, to this day, will scarcely recognize Byron and Shelley as great poets—but the habitudes of their minds were fixed at a time when Pope and the school of Pope were sole lords of the ascendant. They live with a former age, they associate with the ancestors of our present literature, their canons of taste have been framed on standards, which are altogether incommensurable with those now required. Thus with our authors, the number of their lustres, and the atmosphere which they have habitually breathed, will impress upon them characteristics, not to be accounted for by any dissimilarity of genius, nor by any original peculiarities of mind alone. And when we apply to them the true maxim,

Pectoribus mores tot sunt, quot in orbe figuræ.

we have the philosophical exposition at hand, to render the reasons apparent. Hence, in some of our writers the spirit of the past will manifest itself almost exclusively; in others it will so overlay the tender shoots of the new vegetation as almost to conceal them; while in none will the younger verdure as yet predominate. This is, indeed, only the expression under a different form, of the opinion already expressed, that our literature is, at the present moment, nearly stationary, although anticipating a new birth, of which it gives evidence, and for which it is preparing the way.

But, at the same time that I illustrated this peculiar position of Letters, I disclosed, as I might, the grand cause to which the phenomena around us might be reasonably attributed. I discovered, as I thought, the secret of its late rapid development in the widely extended influences of the French Revolution—and I found that the soil, then rudely but deeply ploughed up, had since, by constant crops, lost much of its original vigor, and capacity for supplying our requirements, especially as our circumstances have been materially altered. Our political, social and intellectual condition is in advance of our literature—we belong to a new age, our literature only echoes the voices of a former generation, although, if we listen curiously, the notes of the summer-birds which herald the new harvest may be distinguished among the multiplied melodies of our familiar choristers.

You must have perceived at once, that I only sketched, roughly but boldly, the broad outlines of a very vast investigation, and that much was wanting to complete the picture, in color, lineaments, expression, tone and finish, and still more to impress upon others its true character and just proportions. My unskilful limning was designed as a mere *sciagraphy*—it was as rude, but intended to be as significant as the stiff Egyptian figures in the magnificent work of Rossellini. I left the filling up and coloring purposely to others, being myself more anxious in these letters to give the hint than to develop the idea—to sow the seed than to reap the crop—to make my hasty epistles suggestive to other minds than to perfect, and throw into artistic forms the expression of my views. For this reason, though my former letter discussed topics to which whole chapters might have been profitably devoted, I shall not retrace my steps further than I have already done, but proceed onwards, and take up another branch of the same inquiry into the actual condition of our present literature.

The constellation of literary stars, which culminated in our heavens, after the storm and convulsions of the French Revolution, and in consequence of its fecundating energies, was one of unusual brilliancy. If Bentham was not Bacon, La Place and Herschel no equivalent of Newton, and Byron no equal of Shakespeare, yet their number atoned

for such deficiency, and might recall the oft celebrated glories of the age of Pericles, and the too much lauded *Siècle Louis Quatorze*. But, though the stars, which formed this bright cluster, may have been only of the second and third magnitudes, they shone with such intense and concentrated splendor as might well deceive the ordinary gaze, and may still dazzle even the professed measurer of the literary heavens. Byron, Moore, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Campbell, Rogers, Southey, Scott, (multis nominibus venerandus;) Fox, Sheridan, Pitt, Erskine, Lyndhurst, Romilly, Brougham, Porson, Parr, Maltby, Tate, Blomfield, Hermann, Wolf, Heyne, Niebuhr, Goëthé, the Schlegels—but this enumeration of eminent names is becoming tedious—such men as these were then scattered with no grudging hand over the earth. That such excess of light should intermit its radiance was but natural. The fountains, whence these cressets were fed, if not exhausted, refused to supply the same sustenance as at first, and we have been at length left in the twilight, to content ourselves with meteoric showers until the dawning of the expected day.

But the human intellect can not be entirely idle, either in the individual or in the masses:—least of all can it be so in civilized countries during an enlightened age. Accordingly, if names, such as those mentioned above are denied to us now, there is no lack of authors to usurp the thrones that have been vacated. Augustulus is brought in immediate succession to the seat of Augustus; and an Augustulan age of literature has been given to us as the legitimate tail-piece and appendage to the Augustan. We are fairly overrun with petty authorship. The plague of locusts with which Egypt was afflicted is nothing to be compared to the plague of authors with which we are visited. *Scribimus indocili doctique*. When the sun is below the horizon and the moon in conjunction, the lesser stars come out and surprise us by their brilliancy—darkness adds a charm to them which at other times they would not have. There is no where such an abundance of weeds as in a neglected field. If the soil be rich their number and luxuriance will be multiplied. And similar will be the consequence if the legitimate crop should fail, in a regularly planted and cultivated field, either from inattention to it, or from any defect of the season. Hence we find infinite writers, of very questionable calibre, occupying the places abdicated by the great men of the last generation, and which we should be glad to see again in possession of those of equal powers. But, until such men shall arise, we must be content to leave the wide and fertile plains, once covered with rich and luxuriant grain, in the hands of those who claim by mere occupancy, and not by any actual conquest of the soil. All that we can do is to note the dissimilarities between themselves and those whom they have succeeded, since, in

this way, we may either discover analogies to direct us to particular eras in the history of the past for instruction; or we may find indications of change that promise a more glorious harvest than that which of late we have been reaping.

The latter, we think, may be readily detected. We have already displayed the disintegration now taking place in all the forms of intellectual development, and from this we have inferred the necessity and the certainty of an early revolution in letters—and a prospective advance in their condition. This, however, was merely a passing inference: it did not follow, because a change was in progress, that the change must be necessarily for the better. In logic this would be a non sequitur; yet we have no reluctance in adopting the conclusion as a simple proposition, and proving its truth by other arguments. There is in the literary world itself a vague consciousness of present insufficiency, which in the absence of other signs might encourage the hope of future improvement. It would be indelicate to quote from private letters in confirmation of this position with regard to the United States, and I know that your own correspondence must have already assured you of the fact. As yet this consciousness is only an undeveloped sentiment, partaking very much of the character of an instinct, derived we know not how or whence, certainly not the genuine offspring of reflection, although it be such that reason would not disavow it. But that which is now indefinite and imperfectly recognized, will gradually work its way into clearer light and full recognition, through the superincumbent mass of bold habits, and stereotyped impressions, which now check its growth and preclude its easy development. Another confirmation of this faith in brighter days is furnished by the strong literary tendency, which indubitably exists at this moment in the most cultivated nations. There is an anxious yearning after intellectual enjoyments and the gratification of literary tastes. There is, moreover, a much keener sympathy with literature and literary men than has been ordinary in by-gone times. If the learned and the unlearned now write, smitten with an extraordinary and irresistible itch for scribbling, the multitude of readers has been increased in an equally remarkable and unreasonable proportion. The amount of reading got through with in these days is incalculable. Mrs. Chapone's maxim, that a good man should be read three times—the *ter pure lecto libello* of Horace—could never have been designed for our day, or at any rate for our meridian. Men do not now read, but they devour—they have a most hyper-Brobdingnagian throat for the engorgement of all literary novelties. They are in no wise choice in respect of their food: the merest crudities are as welcome as the rarest and most delicate viands; and, indeed, if the former be only highly seasoned with ginger, pepper, mustard and the like irritating and exciting condiments,

they are infinitely preferred. It is quantity, not quality—spice, and not flavor which are now required by all classes, from the coal-heaver to the dandy, from the fish-wife to the fashionable belle. The unequalled rapidity with which the modern steam press throws out fresh works, and new impressions of old ones is truly amazing. Yet it can scarcely keep pace with this morbid voracity, produced by a diseased stomach, which, after a long fast, is at length brought to the acquaintance of beef. Moreover, the press in ministering to this *consuming plague* stimulates the appetite to renewed and greater rapacity. The gullet of that respectable gentleman, "the reading public" has dilated into "an antre vast," and illimitable as the throat of the Dragon of Wantley,

Which eat the church steeple
With all the good people, &c.

It receives every thing—sermons and novels, theology and scandal, tracts and trials, history and fashions—nothing comes amiss to it. It is omnivorous not simply with reference to species and genera, but to cubic feet and pounds avoirdupois. Gargantua, who unconsciously swallowed in a lettuce leaf, while eating salad, a monk "with pastoral staff and scalloped shoon," had no such gorge as our friend, the public. Every thing is introduced into the universal recipient—the various ingredients of the strange olla podrida are thrown in in the utmost hurly burly and confusion—and without the slightest mastication into the all-receiving stomach. The discordant materials lie there, scarcely fermenting, but neutralizing or volatilizing each other. We may hope, indeed, for repletion and consequent dyspepsia at some future time, and then the patient may probably be reclaimed to a more wholesome diet. But whatever this singular glutony may prove in regard to the taste of our generation, it certainly affords sufficient evidence of the existence of a very strong literary appetite. That appetite is diseased—it is the symptom and the consequence of fever and delirium—but these disorders will pass away, and men will return to a healthy state, and again have a just relish for literature, and a discriminating appreciation of it. In the mean time, we are glad to recognize in the malady the auspices which predict so favorable a future.

It might be interesting to tarry for a while by the way side, and examine into the causes which have produced this notable eagerness after literary gratifications; to show how the great authors produced a multitude of readers, while the praise and profit, bestowed upon them by these readers, led to a rapid augmentation of the literary corps, and this, in its turn, tended to create greater variety, and required more speedy modes of publication than had hitherto been usual, while all conspired to render books cheap, and this again tended to the

increase of readers,—thus reciprocally generating and regenerating each other in a manner, which those may elucidate, who can discover the exact relationship of Ægisthus to Agamemnon, or of the Miltonic Death to his father Lucifer.

In following—*laxis habenis*—this very tempting topic of modern literary taste, I had nearly forgotten the point from which my declination commenced, and have consequently reason to rejoice that I adopted the epistolary form for the communication of my views. An occasional digression—a momentary forgetfulness, even a partial contradiction, or subsequent correction of a former error might be overlooked or pardoned in a letter, when no such compassionate mercy could be expected for an essay. I shall, therefore, return without any compunction of conscience, to the point when I wandered, not exactly into a digression, but into too prolix expression.

I remarked that there were certain signs, visible above our horizon, which might create a reasonable hope of a brighter future. One of these is to be found in that increased literary fervor of the mass, which I have just alluded to. Another may possibly be perceived in their greediness for novelties, though it may be doubted whether this is not rather that morbid thirst for stimulating drinks, which is manifested fully as often in a mind distempered by constant excitement, as in a body corrupted by habitual intoxication. And, if we should determine such to be the significance of this phenomenon, we must interpret analogously the many paradoxical views and extravagant fancies of our recent literature, and its constant and uneasy straining after effect. But we may notice a dissatisfaction in the most eminent authors—each in his own department—with all that his predecessors have transmitted to him. Much of this, doubtless, will and may be attributed to that perverse love of contradiction which characterizes all the children of Adam, and that hope of establishing a claim to originality by attacking received notions, and obliterating old landmarks. But this explanation is not co-extensive with the phenomena to be accounted for—there is more still left behind to demand further interpretation. In this I see the early indications of an effort to project themselves beyond the beaten circle within which they have been tethered. Although seeing their models in their precursors, drawing their inspiration from them, and frequently adhering to a servile imitation of them, recent authors evince a strong disposition to give some proof, however slight, of that independence after which they sigh. Each convinced, rather by an unrecognized instinct than a conscious scrutiny, of the ruinous condition of those temples, in which he, in common with others, has been worshipping, talks of rebuilding; or at least repairing them, points out the corrections to be made in the ground plan, suggests additions to the

structure, and determines what ornaments, and what proportions ought to be changed. But here he stops—he goes no further—he never accomplishes what he has designed—he seldom even collects his materials—he criticises, but he will not or can not stop the smallest gap, much less repair or replace the edifice. The true reason of this failure,—of this short-coming, (if I may venture upon the dangerous experiment of borrowing a word from our Methodist brethren,) indubitably is, that his own views have not yet attained definite shape—he is conscious of much to be developed, much to be added, much to be altered, but his consciousness does not migrate into action, nor produce in him that fixed knowledge and creative vigor which would enable him to achieve that of which now he only dreams. There is still wanting to him the vital and vivifying energy—the *pectus divinus*—which would impel him to its accomplishment, and which genius would soon experience—were it not that his hour has not yet come.

The utmost that has hitherto been attempted has been a barren and futile effort to anticipate the execution of that of which time is the principal cause, if not the sole parent. A great man may exert a wonderful influence upon his age—he may effect mighty and beneficial changes in old institutions, or may introduce new systems and subvert antiquated fallacies. But he requires two powerful auxiliaries for his ministers—times and circumstances. He can not produce any great result without his lot has fallen upon times suitable for the dissemination of his views, so that those whom he addresses may be a fit audience for their reception; and he must have favorable circumstances combining together to render their adoption practicable and expedient, before they can become firmly rooted, and bear any mature or perennial fruit. Whoever, ignorant of this universal law of the human career, endeavors to anticipate—(how serviceable would be the antique word *prevent*, for such anticipation acts as a retardation and restraint)—whoever, I say, anticipates the due season for renovating a falling system, or substituting a new one in place of the old, will surely fail, and neither attain the accomplishment of his desires, nor achieve any thing to merit that they should have been realized. Man and the world act and react upon each other in such a potent but mysterious way, that the great man is produced for the times, and exists only when the crisis requires it. *Nec deus intersit*, &c., may be a precept in dramatic composition, but it should be converted into an affirmation to asseverate one of the laws of humanity. It would seem as if the highest finish and perfection could not be given to a man even of boundless intellect, but by the very times which demand that he should display his powers under some definite and peculiar type for their benefit. It is shrewdly hinted by Carlyle that this is the era

of *Bobissimus Quidam, Esq.*—we may hope that this day is passing away, but it has not yet gone. We could not, if what I have just said be true, have expected hitherto for any great success on the part of those who have indicated their dissatisfaction with existing systems. What would have been their fate if they had made any deliberate, though premature attempt, to do the work which the future has reserved for the past, may be learnt from the fortune of those who have in former days fallen victims to the same error. They were thrown rudely as a wreck upon the strand,—they tried to usurp the office of Time—to snatch the sceptre from his grasp—to supplant in the exercise of his most holy functions the universal arbiter of change, and the old God has passed them ruthlessly by, and relates little of their struggles, their aspirations, or their existence to a future age. Who knows any thing of Cesalpini, Telesio, or Patrizzi? but who has not been familiar from boyhood with the venerated name of Bacon?

These random reflections may possibly explain many of the phenomena of our literature, and illustrate its present condition. They will explain, in some degree, its feverish restlessness—its spasmodic activity—its expansiveness, frequently grotesque—its conscious insufficiency—its unavailing effort at original development—and the scantiness of its matured fruits. They may serve, at any rate, to remove any discouragement, which might otherwise arise, from observing, that, in the attempts hitherto made to regenerate particular departments of literature and science, nothing satisfactory has been achieved. We may even assume this as an evidence that something will be accomplished before long. We are moving towards a definite goal; impelled along, blindly, it is true, at present, and coerced by unseen influences of which, for the most part, we are unconscious. It is useless as yet to run, when we do not know where we must run to: for the goal, though fixed, is still invisible—it is still below the horizon. We must float with the stream for awhile, for we have no magnet at hand, and we know not the points of the compass. But, as there is a current, it must flow into some ocean or inland sea—thither is our destination. When we discover our bearings, we may use helm, oar and sail—steam, too, if it beliketh us—but, until then, we can only note the country through which we pass, and the stray flowers that wave over our rivulet, or prepare ourselves for the reception of fuller knowledge, and for its due appreciation and employment after it has been imparted.

You may ask me, my dear sir, if we are to recognize this brightening prospect for literature, and can we do nothing to facilitate or hasten its approach. Is there no mode of preparing mankind for a reintegration of letters, and of modifying the characteristics of the times so as to expedite

its arrival, or ensure its success? Certainly there must be. I should agree with you in your conclusion. I might think it requisite to restrain any general inference by sundry limitations, but I should most heartily assent to the faith you would thus advocate. But I must not now discuss this point, there are other topics to be previously examined: and, moreover, after having written you this long and rambling epistle, I have reason to fear that you may consider "my line upon line and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," as having swollen to most dropsical proportions. I must, therefore, secure your attentive ear on some other occasion, by bringing my letter to an abrupt close, and assuring you that

I remain, my dear sir,

With much esteem and regard,

Your obliged and obd't servant,

GEORGE FREDERICK HOLMES.

Orangeburgh, S. C.

TO MARY.

BY J. STRONG RICE.

I'll ever be thy friend, Mary,
And ever love thy smile,
And never will offend, Mary,
Thy artlessness with guile.

I'll ever be sincere, Mary,
In what I say to thee,
And never cause a tear, Mary,
To leave thy deep blue e'e.

I sometimes think you might, Mary,
Have flown here from the sky,
So holy is the light, Mary,
Of thy cerulean eye.

And when my sleep is sweet, Mary,
I sometimes think I see
A host of spirits meet, Mary,
Of face and form like thee.

I see them in the light, Mary,
On fleecy clouds they ride,
Their zephyr steeds to sight, Mary,
Are viewless as they glide.

With coronal and wreath, Mary,
Of sweetest summer flowers
They strew thy path and breathe, Mary,
"Long life and rosy hours."

It gives me very joy, Mary,
To know thee Heaven's child,
I have been when a boy, Mary,
But never have beguiled.

New Haven, Conn.

BURNS.

There is a lesson of pleasing instruction in the varied forms and fortunes of human greatness. When the world is in commotion—when nations are the sport of foreign wars or intestine cabal, the conquering chieftain, or the cunning statesman may compel our startled admiration, while he is watching, perhaps, like a hungry bird of prey, to seize upon the torn and palpitating State. When some fearful moral evil must be cured, the Reformer comes forth as the special minister of Providence; and we look with silent awe, to see the workings of his stern and lofty mind, as he tramples on every obstacle, and strides on to the fulfilment of his destiny. But the Poet, whose bosom swells with all the manly virtues, and the gentle, generous affections—whose soul, like a richly tuned harp changes the common winds of life into sweetest music,—the Poet comes abroad to stir from their secret fountains the softer sympathies of man's nature: and as he struggles on through the sorrows and entanglements of life, and dies, perhaps, in utter desolateness and neglect, tears mingle with our reverence and love.

Such in the lofty sublimity and deep, tender beauty of his spirit—such in the sadness of his brief but glorious career was Robert Burns. Cheerless poverty was the companion of his youth; Toil and sorrow waited ever in his pathway; but Nature, by the richness of her benefactions, made ample amends for Fortune's smiles; and Genius, that owns no localities, was with the Rustic in his darksome drudgery, and from the midst of his deep obscurity broke forth, at length, upon the world in a serene, majestic brightness, which men gazed on with wonder and with tears.

Themes for the muse had not, indeed, been wanting in the land of Wallace and Bruce. Scotland was full of the grand and the lovely in nature, and of all the nobler and the softer virtues which lift up and beautify humanity. There were the fields of battle where the tide of invasion had been beaten back, and there rested the ashes of patriots who had nobly drawn the steel for their country and fallen in her defence. There towered in stern sublimity the rugged mountains and the wild hanging woods; there slept in quiet, peaceful beauty the calm lakes: and amidst them all there flourished, in perennial richness, those deep and pure affections of the heart which flow out in a thousand streams to brighten and adorn the field of life. And Poets, too, of power and beauty had been there: not Scottish scenery and Scottish life were never idly sung 'till the wild sounding lyre of the Plough Boy was heard on the banks of his own native Doon, where the songs of his loves, his hopes and his sorrows were singing themselves in strains of ich immortal melody through his soul.

We are not, of course, to compare the fitful, hurried outbursts of Burns' untaught genius with the elegant long-labored efforts of Pope, or the heavenward sketches of Milton's diviner spirit. No—the full fountains from which they drank so freely were sealed against him and such as him. But the expanse of heaven was over him; the broad world of nature and manhood was around him, and it was enough. Thrown, as he was, into the very bosom of nature, from her alone he sought his inspiration and his themes. Under her guidance, he touched his artless harp, and there came forth those notes of melting melody which were to find a quick response in human bosoms. His poetry is but the gushing forth of his own swelling emotions; and whether he describes those scenes of home devotion from which "Old Scotia's grandeur springs"—those sweet scenes of piety and love and peace, or kindles into phrenzy in the memory of the deeds of Bannockburn—whether he utters forth the felt language of joyous rapture, the sublime wailings of his woe, or the cherished enthusiasm of soft, sweet sadness—he finds a ready witness in the ever varying moods of man's heart.

What Burns might have been, in circumstances less adverse, we can not tell: but there is enough to excite our warmest admiration while we contemplate him the Poet or the man. At one time we see him toiling, by day, "behind his plough upon the mountain side," and at evening, sitting alone beneath the bawthorn shade, or wandering and musing upon the braes of his loved rivers; at another time standing upright, as if at home, amidst the loftiest, coolest spirits of Scotland's capital, astounding them all by the force and fire of his genius, convulsing them by the rough floods of his merriment, or wringing delicious tears from their eyes by the impassioned pathos of his feeling. Now he is borne away headlong by the tide of mad, blind passion, and again bowed down to the very earth in pungent sorrow and remorse. At one time his self-forgetting sympathies flow out over all his suffering fellows, or his pitying thoughts are fixed upon the poor wounded bare, or the "wee sleeket, cowering, timorous beastie" which his plough share has unhoused:—and again, though half starved, he spurns from him alike the narrow suggestions of selfish interest, and the wretched, patronizing "insolence of condescension." In his poetry, as in his life, are seen a warm, overflowing heart which in its embraces took in all the dwellers upon earth; a sterling honest worth which poverty could not debase; a proud Scotch spirit which oppression could never subdue.

He had his faults, and keen eyed envy saw them to his hurt. He had his virtues too; and the long-coming judgment of an after and calmer age has at length silenced forever the wild clamorings of shrill-mouthed malice.

Penury depressed and chilled his spirit, and the

world refused to know his inward worth. Dark clouds of sorrow thickened round him while he lived—and the few brief gleams of light which broke in, sometimes, like blessed sunshine, on his soul, served but to make the gloom more gloomy as they disappeared. When earthly hope was gone, and to the many poisoned arrows rankling in his heart was added the crowning pang of cold neglect, death opened for him the only gate of deliverance; and the world saw too late that one of its gentlest, noblest spirits had passed away beyond the reach of its sympathies forever.

There needs no commendation of his writings; for a charm which cannot pass away is in them and they can not die—through the wild glens of his native land, and beside the rivers, consecrated by his muse; amidst the splendor and refinement of palaces, in the straw-roofed cottage of the peasant, and in the cloistered cell of the Philosopher alike, the Ploughman Poet will be known and loved as one of nature's gifted ones, while the language in which he wrote shall endure.

Nay—while the thistle blooms upon the mountains, or waves in the breeze upon the banner of his country—while the "sweet Afton," the "clear winding Devon" and the "Bonny Doon" send on their sparkling waters, while Scotia's bright blue Locks shall reflect to heaven her pure sky and her heathery hill-tops, thousands will thrill and melt at the poesy, and thousands more will shed their tears upon the grave of *Robert Burns*. J. M. B.

ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY.

The defective *system*, (if that word may be justly applied to it,) of English Orthography has long been a reproach to this truly noble language. Changes in the mode of spelling have from time to time been made, but they have as often been from bad to worse as from bad to good; thus, since the period when the Bible was translated into English, the word *plow* has been altered to plough and *cloke* to cloak. In some words, the spelling has been amended, as in wagon, formerly spelt with two *g*'s; but as baggage retains both, the alteration is likely to occasion an improper way of spelling both words. What can be more absurd than that the letters *ough* should represent *seven* distinct sounds, as is shown by the following lines written by the late Condé Raguet?

"Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through,
O'er life's dull lough my course I'll still pursue."

No reason can be given why the letter *i* should occur in the last syllable of such words as believe, conceive, &c., nor why it should precede the *e* in believe, relieve and grieve, whilst it follows it in conceive, deceive, perceive and receive.

A reform of our spelling would be attended with many advantages. It would abridge the labor of foreigners and children in acquiring the language; it would shorten the process of writing and printing, and save ink and paper now uselessly consumed.

An amendment of our orthography would require three things:

First. The removal of all letters not sounded.

Secondly. The substitution of letters that are sounded for those that are not; and

Thirdly. The removal of letters not sounded, and the substitution of those that are for those that are not, when needed, in the same word.

In the present paper a number of words will be given to illustrate the first of the above proposed changes. It would be easy to enlarge the list, but it has been preferred to present only such words as are in most common use.

Amended Spelling. Present Spelling.

ar	instead of	are
ad	"	add
acheve	"	achieve
agil	"	agile
buty	"	beauty
beleve	"	believe
bereve	"	bereave
belo	"	below
bo (for shooting)	"	bow
bou (of a tree)	"	bough
blo	"	blow
bom	"	bomb
breth	"	breath
def	"	deaf
deth	"	death
deceve	"	deceive
dum	"	dumb
erth	"	earth
flo	"	flow
gant	"	gaunt
genuin	"	genuine
giv	"	give
greve	"	grieve
gro	"	grow
hant	"	haunt
hav	"	have
hefer	"	heifer
herse	"	hearse
herth	"	hearth
heven	"	heaven
heve	"	heave
hi	"	high
hous	"	house
jant	"	jaunt
jelus*	"	jealous
ke	"	key
li	"	lie
liv	"	live
makrel	"	mackerel
marage	"	marriage
ne	"	knee
ni	"	nigh
nok†	"	knock
num	"	numb
onor	"	honor
perceve	"	perceive
plaster	"	plaster
plum	"	plumb
receve	"	receive
ryme	"	rhyme
sege	"	siege
se	"	see
siv	"	sieve
sno	"	snow
te	"	tea
thi	"	thigh
tho	"	though
thru	"	through
thro	"	throw
u	"	you†

W. D.

* The *e* should be omitted in the last syllable of all words ending in *ous*, as famous, gracious, various, &c., &c.

† The *c* should be omitted wherever it precedes a *k*, as in rock, block, brick, stick, &c., &c.

‡ Many of the words in the column of "amended spelling" may obviously be still farther shortened, with propriety.—[Ed. *Notes*.]

LOVE SKETCHES.

She was most gifted; sad it is,
Such powers to profane—
Her spirit knelt to worldliness
The restless and the vain.
There was a studied witchery
About her beauty now,
And lovely was the snowy white
Of her fair and faultless brow.

Now every tone was musical
And every movement grace,
But oh! it was a grief to me
To look upon her face.
So much of purer feeling lost,
No polish could replace,
So much of life's diviner light
Departed without trace!

There were gorgeous summer vines, curtaining the open window, from which the soft, sweet eyes of Bertha Vernon were looking thoughtfully forth, over a varied and "most living landscape." The gentle wind just stirred the bright ringlets of her long fair hair, and summoned to her cheek the delicate rose-hue which for months had been banished by the continual presence of suffering. She had been ill, very ill, and to expect her restoration, had for awhile seemed like hoping against hope, but youth is strong in endurance, and it was not willed that one so well beloved, should die so soon. Bertha had been always an affectionate and gentle child, and she had grown to girlhood with all her dearest ties unbroken. Not a voice spoke to her, that did not grow kinder as it greeted her, and none could look without friendly interest on one whose heart was so full of spontaneous tenderness for all things living. Very lovely had been her tranquil and happy existence, and like awakening from the fearful phantasies of some painful dream, seemed her arising from the sombre visions of sickness. She gazed around her, and every object shone with a new brightness, each tone of nature had acquired a strange and peculiar melody, and the glad, rejoicing earth never appeared half so beautiful as now, in its glorious crimson robe of evening sunshine. It is a solemn thing, to have been on the very brink of the grave, hovering, as it were, between two existences, and then unexpectedly restored to the world, and we pity the hearts for whom such events have no spiritual and enduring lesson, and who go back to flutter again in their idle frivolity without one higher thought of their own increased responsibilities, or a single improving reflection on the deep realities of life and futurity. For such, there is little hope; heaven help them in their dark and shadowy days!—But Bertha's was not one, of these, and there were pure and prayerful thoughts in the bright young spirit that had soared so near to heaven. Ah! there were long years yet in store for her, when her soul grew sad and languid be-

neath its depressing burdens, and she almost lamented the loving solicitude that had lengthened an experience so fraught with perplexities and regret; for we know not what we do, nor what heavy griefs we pray for, in asking that life may be prolonged.

The last rays of the declining sun were lighting the view on which Bertha gazed, and nothing was there to mar its peaceful loveliness. A soft smile rose to her lip—the smile that comes when we look on those we love best—as she observed two persons slowly traversing the shaded avenue leading to her home. They were a lady and gentleman, and "both were young, and one was beautiful." An artist would have paused enraptured before the stately and queen-like witchery of Clara Vernon's face, and every movement—every attitude of her faultless form, was replete with the self-possessed and peerless grace of one who had made fascination an absorbing and successful study. There was nothing simply natural about her, but a nature in itself attractive, had been guided, not altered, and the final effect of such tutoring was so beautiful, that the most fastidious forgot to censure. There were lofty and glowing thoughts too, in the aspiring spirit of the proud beauty, and the eye whose flashing was so dazzling and lustrous, the lip whose gay smile was so winning, told eloquently of a mind whose dreamings were of no common character, and a heart whose impulses were the rebellious and impetuous ones, out of which are the issues of life. The looks her companion bent on her were full of ardent admiration, but it was the open and undisguised approval of brotherly tenderness, not the subdued and timid reverence of a lover's gaze. Their conversation had been quiet and cheerful, and those who had listened to their careless words would have little imagined that Clara Vernon had ever been more to her friend than a kind and sympathizing sister. Yet the period had been when Charles Herbert had no other vision, than the beautiful face beside him, when she had been to him the perfect embodiment of all life's fairest things, and he had loved her wildly and fervently as boyhood ever loves its first enchantress. He had told his tenderness too, and the denial that answered it had been cold and guarded, for Clara was exacting, enthusiastic and ambitious, and Herbert had little to proffer then, but a warm, true heart, and a future filled with many hopes. These were not enough to satisfy a nature craving the glittering and ostentatious realities of the world, and Clara's rejection, though graciously worded, had been calm and decisive.

Now three years had elapsed, and Herbert's position was in every respect altered. He had won an enviable reputation as a promising member of the bar, and had unexpectedly inherited wealth; but the rapt devotion of old times had faded away with them, and the more tranquil affection of his

deeper feelings and maturer judgment had been laid at a gentler shrine.

He had met Bertha in a distant city, where she had been residing for the completion of her education; they had there revived the intimate acquaintance of their childhood, and he was now her accepted and acknowledged lover. Of his former attachment to Clara, Bertha knew nothing, and no voice had spoken more cordial gratulation and approval of his choice, than that of his early love. To Bertha, with her sweet and confiding disposition, her pure, self-forgetting nature, this new tie was the bright realization of all her spirit hoped for, and there was not one sully trace of calculating worldliness in the deep tenderness that responded to Herbert's with a child's true and undoubting reliance. Her health, which for several months had been precarious, alone prevented their immediate marriage, and perhaps her fragility, and the consciousness of her having patiently suffered so much, lent a softness and anxious solicitude to Herbert's feelings which rendered them doubly precious.

There is nothing in moral existence more touchingly beautiful, than the uncomplaining endurance of suffering in youth. In maturer years, we learn from observation, if not from actual experience, to anticipate pain in some one of its unnumbered forms; we are then less prone to express our emotions, or to expect the sympathy of those around us, and we feel that silent calmness is the wisest and best philosophy. But it is difficult for the young to realize this, and it is a hard thing for the warm, wild impulse to be subdued and deadened in its earliest spring, for the elastic step to grow prematurely slow and languid, and yet for the heart to maintain its patient tranquillity, and the true soul to look hopefully upward and be strong.

Herbert had mingled much with society, and though young had looked often on the dimmer side of human nature. There was to him a peculiar interest in the innocent freshness of Bertha's being, and something sweet in the unshadowed hopes of one for whom the hereafter seemed filled with brightness and for whom life was now unfolding its loveliest leaves.

Youth! the true and holy and evanescent! heaven-sent is the magical witchery that makes thee beautiful, that paints the present with dream-like happiness, and tints the future with radiant and visionary promise. Soon thou leavest us with all thine enchantment; we miss thy presence and yet know not when was thy farewell. We only mournfully feel that thou hast departed from our lot, forever, and we go wearily onward, heart-sore pilgrims to a darker and sadder time, and the past whose reality was so brilliant, grows dim upon our pathway, till remembrance is all shadow. Then the responsibilities, the trials, the endurances of humanity press heavily upon us, truths arise, one

after another, gloomily around us; cares gather, that forsake us not; the hopes that gladdened the hereafter depart from the earth, to brighten a farther futurity; the step that was lightest becomes languid, and life is a sorrow to the soul. Thrice blessed are the ones who never experience this inevitable change, but lie down to sleep with untainted spirits, and pass gently from their youth, to heaven. And blessed, too, are they who love the young, and deal kindly with their frivolities and failings; for cold words fall bitterly on the gay, impetuous heart, and the season comes to us all when such things are regrets, when it is a pleasure to recall the gladness we have conferred, and a pain to remember its reverse, and when a kind look and tender word are among the soul's recorded treasures.

There was something amounting almost to reverence in the deferential nature of Bertha's affection for her sister. In her eyes, Clara's appearance and character were equally faultless, and the imperious selfishness, the dictatorial manner too often apparent in Clara's daily conduct, seemed to her judgment only the involuntary result of a superiority not to be doubted, nor denied. Dispositions like Bertha's, simple, yet refined, timid to excess, but capable of a moral heroism stronger souls would shrink from, meet us rarely in the world; we turn to them as the desert wanderer pauses when the green place greets him in the wilderness, the pure fountains of their thoughts refresh and cheer us; they bear our memories to the time of our own early innocence, and awaken a deeper veneration, and truer appreciation for the diviner tendencies still lingering amid the mysteries of humanity.

A smile lent its sunny and exquisite light to Clara's face as she left the lovers alone that evening, but it soon disappeared, and sadness, vague, indefinable, and irrepressible lay heavily on her reflections as she sat languidly in her chamber, with her writing on the table before her. An expression of irony and bitterness glanced across her countenance, as she idly and carelessly turned over the closely covered leaves, where it has long been her habit to record the trivial events and emotions that marked her every day experience,—those trifles which make up woman's life, and decide her final destiny. She had been accustomed for several years, regularly to trace these pages, and there was a sad contrast between the childish confidence and impetuous hopefulness of the early records, and the prematurely heart-worn, depressed, disappointed tone, evinced in the later ones. And yet, the circumstances around her were prosperous and brilliant; she had never known a severe sorrow, there were many who praised her, and one or two who sincerely loved. She was beautiful, gifted, cultivated and intellectual; the world, whose applause she worshipped, had bowed down in admi-

ration to her, and thus far, her footsteps had only pressed on flowers. Then, what needed she? Ah! questioner! if thou hast ever felt the total insufficiency of these things for happiness, if when actual blessings and pleasures were brightest, thy soul has still burningly thirsted for something enduring and beyond them all, if the time has been to thee when no aims were thine but those of the earth, then look into thine own heart, and read its mournful memories, and thou art answered! Turn we now to a few of these hasty pencillings of a proud and restless and craving intellect.

"The night, starry and tranquil and full of beautiful visions as a poet's slumber, is resting on the summer-robed earth. Not a cloud is on the heavens, not a shadow flits over the innumerable stars that are looking down so placidly on this troubled world. I have no sympathy with this perfect peacefulness; a cloud would seem to me a friend. It was an idle, but elevating faith, that mortal destiny was traced unalterably in yon bright leaves; and fraught with holy and bewildering mystery must have been the lives of those whose days were passed in dreaming, and who, in the solemn depths of night, strove to reveal the unreadable histories written for eternity on the sky. Vain was the creed, but yet not vainer than many an one whose beginning and ending is here; and oh! how full of inspiration, passing the power of language to depict, must have been the ever upward hopes and illusions of the astrologers of old. They had a perpetual aim in existence, an aim unrealized and unattainable, but deceiving pleasantly and completely to the last. And is not this, the foundation of human happiness? if, in truth, humanity and happiness have any thing in common. How many real blessings would I willingly and rejoicingly relinquish for a permanent motive in life, however delusive. But it is my misfortune to view all things vaguely; to be ever longing, aspiring, seeking—for I know not what. What a waste of energy is my daily existence, what a continual frittering away of time, opportunity and talent. And yet, how can I avoid it! There is little scope for woman's ambition, and the world proffers nothing that harmonizes with mine. I hear praises of the great and gifted, and the approval lavished upon them stirs my very soul with the deep, wild pining that such commendations might be my reward. Little prospect have I of fulfilling such eager yearning; for I am too impetuous, too impatient, to be assiduous. The labor requisite to attain distinction, would embitter every moment, and literary fame is at once the most toilsome, and the only enduring one now attainable by my sex. Well were it with me, could I but learn to toil and be patient, 'to labor and to wait!'

"My heart is troubled, for I have heard to day the warm avowal of a tenderness whose silent presence has long been around me. It is an important mo-

ment in a girl's life, when she hears a lover's declaration of affection, for her thoughts go forth to the future with new vividness, and she learns to realize her woman's lot. The clouds or sunbeams of many after years, lie hoarded in the decisions of such brief instants. True and impassioned were the earnest professions I have heard, yet they have been breathed, and listened to, in vain. And am I so wedded to my idle, ambitious dreams, that a love so beautiful as his should be rejected, even while valued too well? And yet such rejection is better for us both; for I am not fitted to enjoy the tranquil pleasures of Herbert's lot, and he, amid the duties of his profession, will speedily cease to lament the loss of his boyhood's love. I write coldly, calmly, but my spirit grows faint, and hope dies within me, as I remember, and then look onward. But my era of romance has departed, if indeed, it ever had existence; I can not live without the excitement of public admiration and envy. I stand on the ashes of love, and now the world, the active, restless, rewarding world, must be my atoning future!"

Alas! young dreamer! thou knowest not what thou askest, in seeking the rewards the world ever giveth to those who trust in it!

JANE TAYLOR WORTHINGTON.

LINES TO THE ABSENT.

"Love! how pass the weary hours,
Since I parted from thy side?"
Dearest! when thy own lov'd flowers
Sweetest breathe at even-tide,
There I wander, thoughtful now,
Weaving garlands for thy brow;
But the rosy wreath I twine
Droops, like every joy of mine!
"Happy?" Yes, a tear is stealing,
Which I would not have thee see!
Much, too much, the heart revealing—
Happy? yes, I think of thee!

"Love! how pass the weary hours,
Since I parted from thy side?"
Dearest! in our rural bowers;
Where the sportive wood-nymphs hide;
Underneath the ancient tree,
Where I oft reclin'd with thee,
Or, in musing mood, I rove,
Sadly through the dark pine grove,
Hush'd my soul, in deep devotion,
While the solemn blast comes o'er,
Sinking, swelling, like the ocean,
Heard along a distant shore.

"Love! where pass the weary hours
Since I parted from thy side?"
Where we cull'd the sweetest flowers,
Asking, wishing nought beside.
Bending o'er the cool, clear stream
Where we watch'd the ripples play;

Sounds, as sweet as fancy's dream
Follow where it glides away.
Sweeter far the quick, low beating
Of a heart no longer near!
Or the whisper'd hope of meeting
Telling each how each was dear.

"Loved one! who will shelter thee,
Since I'm parted from thy side?"
Dearest! One hath said to me,
"Come, in my pavilion hide!"
And, beneath his folded wing,
Safely now I sit and sing,
Waiting 'till a brighter day
Soothe my sorrows all away.
Hither, when thy heart is turning
From a world of toil unblest,
Hither come! my sun is yearning
For its long-forgotten rest!

C. M. A.

MAY DAY.

A VILLAGE TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

May Day is past; but it may be well now to revive it, and to dispel the oppressive glow of Summer, by renewing, as it were, the smiles and freshness of "Ethereal Mildness." Perhaps, too, we owe it to the young of the numerous families, into which the Messenger goes; and to those who, though called upon to "put away childish things," will not let even the Dog star's fervor dry up the May-flowers of youth in their hearts.

— "Neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo."

Should the "village tale" sadden any by the reflection that life passes, as the Spring, they may be reassured by the "Addresses," to be gay and happy, while they are innocent.—[Ed. Mess.

"Oh! I am so glad, I am so glad!" exclaimed Lucy Ashly, a lovely, blooming girl, with great animation; "I am so glad to-morrow is the first of May!"

"Indeed," said Harriet Love, the eldest of a little coterie of boarding misses, pettishly, I don't care about it—we shall have no coronation, and so I don't care. I wonder why Mr. Thornton didn't let us have one. You know how delightful it was last year. Mary Harris was Queen—how beautiful she looked, and I was one of the maids of honor."

"Who besides?" inquired Lucy Ashly.

"There was myself!"—

"Oh!" said the little group laughing, "you have counted yourself."

"Well, I'll begin with Susan Jones."

"How many were there?" said Lucy Ashly.

"There were eight, let me see; Susan Jones was one." at the same time pressing her thumb, successively, on each finger, with a corresponding nod of the head, "Caroline March was two, Helen McAllister was three, Ann Price was four"—

"Ann Price, that died last winter!" said Lucy.

"Oh, yes—but don't interrupt me. Jane Smith was five, Catherine Hope was six, Eudocia Fry seven, and I made eight."

"Where did you have it?" inquired Lucy.

"Oh! in that delightful grove that overlooks the village, under those tall oaks that seem almost to reach the skies. We had a beautiful bower, covered with all kinds of flowers, for I believe Mrs. Home and Mrs. Wise sent every one in their garden—so did all the other ladies; and we went in procession with a band of music before us. Mamma said we looked so pretty as we wound around the hill—and we had such a long table, filled with every thing that was good. I thought I should never eat enough, and I carried home my bag full of little Bill and Sam."

"Well," said a little girl who had hitherto been silent, "I wish we could have a coronation. I do not care about eating, I am always too much pleased to think about it, and Mamma will never let me carry home any thing in my bag, but I love to see the company, and hear the fine music, and we always dress so pretty, you know."

"Well," said Lucy, "if we can't have a coronation, we must have some fun."

"I am sure," said one of the girls, "we have no holiday to-morrow, so I must get my lessons. Hush talking, do hush girls, and let us get our lessons."

With this, she put her hands on her ears, and waving to and fro, began loudly to con her morning's task.

"Oh!" said Lucy after a pause, as if she had been pondering on some great and weighty matter, and with the vivacity of one who has suddenly bit on some new pleasure, "let us try our fortunes."

"Oh, yes"—said all, with rapturous delight, "do let us try our fortunes."

"But, Lucy, how can we try them?"

"By taking a looking glass and holding it over the well. Ma says she tried hers when a girl and saw Pa in the glass."

"La me! I never heard of such a thing," exclaimed they.

"Well I have, often enough," said Harriet Love, but here is Miss Julia—let us ask her to join us." At this time, a young lady entered the room. She was two or three years their senior, tall and graceful in her movements, and with a face of peculiar sweetness and expression. "Miss Julia, Miss Julia," cried they vociferously, each trying to be the first to speak, "Will you try your fortune to-morrow! Do, now—oh! please do, 'tis the first of May, and you can see who you are going to marry."

"You silly things," said she, with a good humored smile, "let me go—you had better be getting your lessons;" and she essayed to pass on; but they continued with still greater pertinacity.—"Oh, do! Miss Julia, please."

Being unable to overcome their importunities, and anxious to gratify their childish whim, she tacitly consented by asking what was to be done. They were all in raptures at her good-natured compliance, and they kissed her repeatedly.

"Now girls," said she, "you must go to bed. Papa (their preceptor,) is quite unwell and says he must dispense with prayers. You must not make any noise as you pass his room—so good night," kissing each affectionately.

As she retired, they bade her remember to get up very soon, as their success depended on their early rising.

Those gay creatures were up with the dawn, with the same buoyant spirits, as on the preceding night. They dressed themselves quickly, in a tumult of delightful anticipation, then gently tapped at Julia's door—"Miss Julia," said they softly, but eagerly, "are you ready?"

"Yea," said she, at the same time unclosing the door.

They silently descended the steps for fear of waking those who slept. As they opened the large folding doors, the air was fresh and balmy, and touched the cheek with beauty's breath. The early spring flowers were shedding their sweetest odors; the birds were making compensation for the long and dreary winter, and ushering in with their most melodious lays, this sweet month. May, beautiful May—how typical of youth! Just merging into life, when first weaving those fantasies of hope, those buds and blossoms of the heart, into every sweet and varied shape, little dreaming of the canker, that preys upon the tender germ, and blights the opening blossom.

They pursued their way, blithe and gay as young fawns, laughing and jesting on their coming fortunes. At last, they reached the well, encompassed by a few tall trees. They continued talking—but somewhat less volubly, and drew closely around, their voices gradually subsiding to occasional whispers. Each sobered into seriousness—"Hush, girls, hush!" whispered Lucy Ashly, "speak not a word. Now form the circle, and I will act the Sybil." She left the spot a moment, but quickly returned, bearing in her hand a branch, which was to serve as a mimic wand. All was now profoundly still. Lucy waving her wand, walked slow and solemnly around the well several times. At length, in a low but impressive voice, she repeated the following lines, (still walking slowly around.)

Sacred, sacred, be the well,
And potent be the charm,
And may we see,
Whate'er it be—
Whether of good or harm.
Omnipotent spirit! appear, appear!
And show thy vaunted power,
And ope to us life's quaint page,
At this sweet morning hour.

This is the morning of our life—
How quiet and serene!
But ere the Noon, or Evening sun,
What clouds may intervene!
Sacred, sacred, be the well,
And potent be the charm,
And may we see,
Whate'er it be,
Whether of good or harm.

She ceased—a solemn stillness pervaded the spot. Each took the glass in succession; some returned it with a gleam of satisfaction, while others looked indifferent, or disappointed. At length it came to Julia's turn. She held the mirror with a firm grasp, and looked on its polished surface with great intensity. She continued gazing longer, much longer, than the rest, her color heightening to a beautiful glow. She suddenly became deadly pale. "Miss Julia, dear Miss Julia, what do you see?" exclaimed the astonished girls, in alarm and expectation—"do tell us what you see." She tremblingly handed the mirror to the one nearest her and silently and dejectedly walked away. Arrived at home, Fanny Thornton, her elder sister, made some inquiries of the girls respecting their morning's adventure; then turning to Julia said with a smile, "Well, Julia, I expect to hear something quite romantic from you—pray what did you see?"

"Nothing," said Julia languidly, "nothing Fanny."

"I know Miss Julia saw something," said Lucy Ashly, "she turned so pale."

Fanny looked at her sister attentively, and perceived she was wan and agitated. She therefore forbore further remarks; but when at night she was alone with Julia, in their little sleeping apartments, she importuned her to tell her what she had seen.

"I know, dear Fanny, you will think me very absurd, but nevertheless, I will tell you. I saw, dear sister, a grave—yes, an open grave:—and I know you will soon be alone, in this little room—we shall no more lie side by side. Yes, Fanny, you will soon be alone, in our dear little room; and I," she said with a shudder, "will be in my little narrow home, no covering but the damp, cold earth, no shelter but the canopy of heaven. Say, Fanny, when the moon shines sweetly, as it is now shining, on my lonely grave, say—will you not think of me?"

"Julia," said Fanny reproachfully, "don't talk so. I am surprised that you should suffer such trifles to weigh on your mind. It was, I am certain, nothing more than an illusion of your too sensitive imagination."

"It may be so," said she dejectedly, "I have not been well lately. Although I am gay—sometimes too gay—I often think of dying. I seize each innocent pleasure with avidity. I love to visit my young friends; and oh! how dearly I love you all! but a cloud, a mist dims the future, that future which you, dear sister, think strewed with flowers.—I form no such anticipations."

"Nonsense, Julia, nonsense ;—it is all nonsense," said Fanny with a gaiety she did not feel. "What would Sinclair say to this ! you know his visits are intended for you, and we shall soon have a wedding. Let me see," said she laughingly, "when will it be ?"

"Never ! never !" said Julia emphatically, "he may be yours, or Lizzy's, but never mine."

"Well, well," said Fanny with a yawn—"we'll say no more, I am very sleepy, so good night."

The sisters were soon quietly slumbering, with brows as calm as the glassy lake untouched by the summer's breath. Julia awoke the next morning, cheerful as usual, and with the charming elasticity of youth, busied herself with her customary occupations. Oh ! happy period ! when the tear is soon chased by a smile, when the fountains of sorrow are quickly dried by the zephyrs of Hope ; or when sunbeams soon break through the cloud, making all sunshine and gladness.

One day, a few weeks after this, Julia was singing those sweet lines of Mrs. Dana's—

"Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
When I am gone, when I am gone.
Smile, if the slow tolling bell you should hear,
When I am gone, when I am gone."

Fanny remarked a tear stealing down her fair and rounded cheek. Discovering that her sister had seen the emotion, Julia said smilingly, "you know, Fanny, I am going from home to-morrow, perhaps to stay a week or two. I can not help feeling a little sad when I think of leaving you, although I anticipate a great deal of pleasure."

"Yes," said Fanny, "I know you will enjoy your visit ; the country is so beautiful at this season ; and Betty Grafton will make your time so agreeable ! I wish I was going with you."

The next morning the carriage stood at the door. Julia kissed her family circle, bidding them a warm and affectionate adieu ; she stepped gaily in, bowing and smiling on the loved ones, until they were lost to sight. As she was farther and farther removed from the village, she threw off the shackles of morbid apathy—inhaling the morning breeze laden with the fragrance of many flowers, listening to the song of many birds, and marking the rich and varied landscape. She felt a renovated being—she indeed felt the wild delight of a bird let loose. Her taste was decidedly rural, and as she alighted from the carriage, at Mr. Grafton's door, she exclaimed, with artless animation, "Oh ! how I love, how I do love the country !" Time flew on angel's wings ;—she rode, she walked,—she laughed and sang with all her heart. How blithe, how merry was she !

She returned to her home, redolent with health and joy, the gayest of the family group. The impression she had received on the first of May had entirely vanished, and she was unconsciously weav-

ing those gay dreams so natural in the spring time of life. "Julia," said a lady who called shortly after her return, "will you walk, it is a charming evening, it is also the Sabbath, and I love on such evenings, to visit the grave of my dear, my angel child."

"I too," said Julia, "love to walk there on the Sabbath, when the heart and affections seem subdued and refined by its holy calm, its consecrated stillness. All seems in unison : it is a melancholy pleasure to visit the mansions of the dead."

While talking over the graves of those whom they had known, and sadly commenting on their fate, Julia complained of a headache. They returned, but Julia's indisposition increased. The next morning found her seriously ill ; a physician was called in, but still she grew worse. A consultation of several eminent physicians was held, but still she was no better. A week passed and but little hope was entertained of her recovery ; delirium ensued, and often she talked wildly and incoherently, of the warning she had received on the first of May. She awoke from a pleasant sleep and seemed refreshed. "My dear child," said her mother, "I know you are better ; I know you are, tell me my *child*, my *angel*, tell me you are better."

"Yes, mother, I am better,—I have had such a sweet and pleasant dream—a dream of Heaven. Your Julia will be cold, cold, when yonder setting sun shall have risen again, and when it sets again, it will throw its farewell glance on my new made bed. Mother I shall sleep then—so sweetly,—I am tired now, dear mother, but then—I shall sleep so sweetly—sweetly." She closed her eyes and slept forever.

Winter Brook, Tennessee.

M. S. R.

MAY DAY ADDRESSES.

INTRODUCTION,

By the 4th Maid of Honor.

When the wild-bird spreads its wing,
When the bee its music hummeth ;
When the bright and glorious Spring,
Crown'd with beauty gently cometh,
Who would not in gladness meet her,
Sweetly woo and fondly greet her ?

In the valley—on the mountain—
On the sea—and on the plain ;
By the ripple-running fountain,
Trills the same delightful strain ;
Earth with all her thousand voices,
Bids her welcome and rejoices !

Rob'd in beauty bright and beaming,
Deck'd with jewels rich and rare,
Pearls of living lustre gleaming,
Mid her curls of clustering hair,
On a sunbeam blithe and gay,
Comes the beauteous month of May !

Then, the Fairies woo the flowers ;
 Then, does joy the purest flow ;
 Then, the golden plumag'd hours
 Brightly wing their way below ;
 Then, the wild birds sweetest sing,
 Then, the soul is like the Spring !

Welcome ye this beauteous day,
 Joy with purest love attend it ;
 Here we'll crown a Queen of May,
 Here in sweet communion spend it ;
 To all, from each, a welcome meeting !
 To one, from all, a loyal greeting !

Third Maid of Honor.

On this grassy emerald green,
 'Neath this overhanging bow'r,
 Graceful forms of Fairy mien—
 Sported at the midnight hour :
 " 'Tis the merry month," they said,
 " 'Tis the merry month of May ;
 Now, we'll seek the violet's bed,
 Now, we'll sing the night away.

" Who shall be the gentle Queen ?
 Who the mossy throne shall press ?
 Who shall walk the verdant green,
 And pluck the flow'rs of loveliness ?
 Who, with brow serenely fair,
 Who, with courage true and bold,
 The coronet of flow'rs shall wear ?
 The potent sceptre hold ?"

Then Titania, sweetly spoken,
 Answer'd from her acorn throne ;
 " By this simple fairy-token,
 Shall the gentle Queen be known :

" Eyes of light, and auburn hair ;
 Clear complexion, forehead fair ;
 Cheeks, where dimples blushing play,
 Rosy as the ruby's ray ;
 Lips, whereon the wooing bee
 Well might hang in ecstasy ;
 By these tokens shall be known
 Who shall press the mossy throne."

Lady, we have sought and found thee,
 Thou our gentle Queen shalt be ;
 Loyal hands, are here to crown thee,
 Loyal hearts, to bend the knee.

Second Maid of Honor.

Take thy crown of beauteous dyes,
 Wreath'd and twin'd for thee alone ;
 Pure and spotless as the skies,
 Take and wear it for thine own.
 On thy fair and radiant brow,
 Here, I lay the garland down ;
 Who more worthy—who but thou,
 Queen of May ! should'st wear the crown ?

Fair it is, as Spring's bright dawning,
 Fragrant, as its balmyest flow'r ;
 Fading, as thy Youth's young morning ;
 Transient, as its happiest hour !

Queen of May ! the elves decreed thee ;
 Queen of May ! we make thee known ;
 Loyal ladies long to lead thee,
 Queen-like to thy mossy throne.

First Maid of Honor.

Seated in thy regal chair,
 With the warbling birds above thee ;
 Blest with courtiers ev'ry where,
 Tried and true, that can but love thee ;
 With the seal of royal-seeming,
 On thy brow of beauty beaming,
 Happy art thou ! Joy shall bless thee,
 Cares of State shall ne'er distress thee ;
 And in Story's magic mould,
 Thine shall be the age of gold !

Take thy sceptre, Queen of May ;
 'Tis a wand of potent pow'r ;
 Emblem of thy regal sway,
 Worthy of the golden hour.
 Take, and by thy blushing cheek,
 By the words thou fain would'st speak,
 By the love-light in thine eye,
 By thy garland's beauteous dye,
 One and all, thy subjects prove,
 By the magic pow'r of love.

Then, by all the hearts before thee,
 By the minstrel-music o'er thee,
 By the sweetly whispering breeze,
 By the fairy-dancing leaves,
 By the sunbeam's brightest treasure,
 By the purest thrills of pleasure,
 Speak thy bidding Queen of May !
 Breathe the word, and we obey.

Queen's Address.

Sisters, courtiers, subjects, how,
 How, shall I your love command ;
 Tho' the crown is on my brow,
 Tho' the sceptre in my hand ?
 Fain would I in welcome meeting,
 Give you all a Queen-like greeting ;
 But the honor, and the favor,
 And the compliments you pay—
 Make my struggling spirit waver,
 Take my thankful thoughts away.

Sisters, (thus I first address you,)
 All the joy and love I owe ;
 All that bids my spirit bless you,
 As a sister I bestow.
 Tho' thy kindly gift elates me,
 Tho' the regal pow'r awaits me ;
 Yet, when Time's fast moving finger
 Bids yon glorious sun go down,
 Tho' the dulcet hours would linger,
 I must give you back my crown.

'Till that hour of trust and duty,
 'Till that summons comes to me ;
 Tho' these forms of fairy beauty
 Well forbid a harsh decree ;
 Yet, by all the love I bear you,
 Duty bids me not to spare you.
 Let no anxious thought be here—
 Not a sigh—not a tear—

Not a breath of breathing care—
 Not a murmur in the air,—
 Nought of sadness—nought of sorrow—
 Time enough for them to-morrow ;
 But to-day, the bliss is ours ;
 Wreath'd in beauty, crown'd with flow'rs,
 Here it woos us—here it meets us—
 Here with gladsome welcome greets us.

Courteous subjects,—one, and all,
 Let us to the banquet-hall !
 There, may joy as here attend us,
 There, may pleasure blushing send us—
 Dulcet sport and gladsome play,
 Worthy of this festal day !

Putnam, Ohio, May, 11.

THE FIRST SCHOOLMASTER !

A LEGEND OF THE CENTAUR.

—“*Cessere magistri*
Phyllirides Chiron.”—*Virg., Georg. III., 550.*

No man likes to have his father ill-spoken of. It comes near home. His own honor is touched by it. In like manner, to be thought a man of no ancestors, a mere *filius nullius*, hath somewhat of disgrace in it. A good taster knows very well that the clusters of this wine were sunned on the hill sides of Madeira, and of that on the slopes of the Carpathians : nay, a good taster most certainly knows that this cup hath its flavor from a northern exposure, and that from a southern ; as the learned and nice Montanus could discern whether an oyster had grown near Circeii, or in the Lucrine lake. The grape smacks of the soil in which it grew. So men buy a horse, not for his points only, but for his pedigree. The winner of the palm at Elis comes not of the same stock with the Satureian nag. As a man may well take shame to himself for the foul deed of his ancestors, so is he entitled to some share of the renown, and this too without reckoning the merit of the blood. Thus it is that men live before they are born, and have a patrimony in the past ; as well as after they are dead, entailing a sad or a glorious inheritance on those who spring from them. And so, in all time, has it been declared, that noble birth is sponsor to noble doing. Antiquity every where affirms that heroes and poets and the founders of commonwealths are the offspring of the gods. Orpheus sprang from the loins of Apollo. Was not the silver-footed daughter of the sea proud of her boy, Achilles ! What but the maternal love of Venus guarded Æneas through his years of wandering and perilous wars ! Even the little great have rendered homage to this doctrine of heavenly birth, and the son of Olympias dared to claim descent from Ammonian Jove.

Kindred to this relation of a parent to his children is that of the founder of an art, or a frater-

nity to all the craft and brotherhood. The freemason allows no one less than Solomon to be his master. The snipe-shooter claims to be of the family of Nimrod, and a merry company of thieves will do business under the patronage of “thrice great Hermes.” Why may not we too search out our genealogy, and boast ourselves in the merits of our great progenitor ! Or hath the schoolmaster alone no saint in the calendar, when St. Crispin even hath those that reverence him ! We are not so fallen. The cobbler shall not have his laugh of us. We make our reverence to Tubal-cain : yet, though he be a teacher withal, we are not of him. We lift our hat to the Centaur Chiron. He is our father. We admire his skill : we are lost in wonder at the amplitude of his knowledge. We revere him as the great Seeker and Finder.

Far away on the hills of Thessaly dwelt this wondrous being. Tempe refreshed him in her grassy meadows, the Peneus slaked his thirst, and Ossa and Olympus echoed to his cheerful horn in the chase, and his merry laugh over his wine cups with Pholus. Foremost in feats of strength, and peerless in grace and beauty, (out on thee who couldst find it in thy heart to say *si modo nature formam concedimus illi*.) and sought after by many a fair-haired Hylonome, his rocky cave was ever his unshared home, and wild wood sports his occupation and delight. Nor might the youths, more than the maidens of Thessaly, win him to their companionship. The assemblies of mortals were not honored with his presence, save only when he might find just fellowship with demigods and heroes of celestial birth. Nursed in wild and rocky solitudes, and trained by want and danger, he grew into nobleness and strength.

Gladly would we tell all the story of this our great ancestor and pattern. But scanty and imperfect are the records of that rugged and solitary life. In this was he a type of his most excellent followers, whose lives are passed in the quiet obscurity of doing good : and good deeds love the shade. Rarely did he leave his calm retreat and his favorite pursuits. Yet once and again we find him on gala days and feasts of solemn fitness, sharing the festivities of mingled gods and men.

Once, when were wedded heroic Peleus and gentle Thetis, who scorned not human nuptials, the chivalry of Thessaly were there, from Phthiotis, Tempe, and the walls of Larissa and far Scyros ; and the rude peasantry forsook the plough and the hook, to gaze on the splendors which that day came up to Pharsalia. There, in the mingled throng of gods and demigods, came Chiron,* as to no too lofty fellowship. Peneus, the river god, and forest-

* *Princeps e vertice Pelii*
Advenit Chiron portans silvestria dona.

* * * * *
Quis permulsa domus juncundo risit odore.
Catull., Epithel. Pd. and Thess.

girdled Tempe brought each an offering of trees and woven flowers, and wise Prometheus, whose limbs yet bore the traces of his vast agony, and the dread Paræ with their prophetic song. The ox-eyed mother of the gods was there: and all of the immortals, save only Phœbus and the chaste huntress of the Carian mount. Yet in this august presence was our great master as an equal, and father Jove disdained not to drink with him health and fair issue to the blushing-bride.*

Still was his mountain cave his home, chosen for meditation and quiet thought. The proud, unwise, would disdainfully scoff at the cloud-begotten, the *nubigena*.† Yet was he a true "son of the mist," who loved nature as a mother, and was steadfast in his love, were she gentle, or in storm. And from this filial devotion came his wisdom. The "unwedgeable oak" and the everlasting hill were at his side, ever mute monitors of constancy and endurance: the moon, on whose broad disk he gazed in the midnight chase, or from his lonely couch on the side of Othrys, taught him her lesson of perpetual growth and decay: the obscure and neglected wild-flower revealed to him its cunning: the music of the stars inspired an inward harmony, and the fierce mountain winds trained him to perfect manhood. In this communion with nature he grew wise, and the beasts of the field learned to reverence and obey him; which great fact the artists of later ages have not inaptly symbolized by a twofold nature.‡

Wisdom hath no limit, and knowledge can not be confined. The fame of it comes forth from the desert where it would hide, and draws the young, the generous, the pure-minded to itself. So to this far off school came the sons of gods and heroes to gain strange lore and the perfectest masters of art. Came the famed son of Alcmena. Vain had been the lessons of strong Castor, of skilful Eurytus, of Autolycus, of the noble bard Eumolpus. Each had taught his separate art, but the completing accomplishment and grace could be given only by the hoary experience of Chiron. Well doth the glory of the pupil attest the virtues of his master; and long as the "twelve labors," twelve constellations shall endure, shall abide that master's fame.

Came the renowned son of Thetis, wrathful and

fierce, whom the marrow of lions and fat of bears strengthened for the sad conflicts of Troas. No homely exercise taught his fingers to fight. *Testis erit magnis virtutibus unda Scamandri*. Came Esculapius, the gentle, the beneficent: the mild radiance of whose virtues attracts like the evening star. From the hand of the teacher he received a talisman which unlocked the secret powers of herbs, and the hidden agencies of minerals, and the healing virtue of flowing waters, and gave an antidote to the miseries of mortal life in the heart-easing nepenthe, and to its temptations in the deep-rooted moly. Could not he wrestle with death stronger than Hercules! Alas! that Jove should fear a divided Empire, and a thunder-bolt be the reward of so glorious benefits! Yet hath the bag of simples its efficacy, and we laugh at the impotent rage of the thunderer, which only gave immortality to its victim.

Time would fail us to report the worth of Jason, of Peleus, and of the many who became illustrious under the instructions of the first teacher. Yet we must drop a tear over the fate of the gentle Actæon. Brave was he in his life, mournful and untimely in his death. No unhallowed passion, no vain curiosity led him to the fatal fountain: but the nimble deer, and a hunter's weariness, and a cool shade: and an erring glance, and the wrath of the maiden Dian, made the solace of his life the bitterness of his death. But the attendant Nymphs hung many a chaplet in memory of the beautiful stranger; and his faithful hounds howled a sad eulogy.

None of the many who have striven to follow the example of our great progenitor can boast of such pupils. In these poor days, Busby might look somewhat proudly on his bench of Bishops: but how faint that praise!

But we must close our *eulogium*. Once again, at the marriage feast of Pirithous and the fair Laodamia, we find the presence and venerated gravity of Chiron, awing to peace, and calming the hot passions of riotous wassailers.

Alas! that the wise should die! that the good we do, often stings us like a serpent! That the hand which had learned its inevitable aim from the great son of Ixion, should loose the arrow of his death!

Yet weep not, ye who have admired, and imitated and mourned. Yonder! high in the heavens! the Archer! that bright constellation! That is our Master.

* *Præbeturque Jovi communia pocula Chiron,
Molliter obliqua parte refuqus equi.
Claudian, In Nupt. Honor. et Maria Pref.*

† Virg. *Æn.*, VII, 674.

‡ *Isocrates, Helena Encom.* 13. *Diod. Sicul.* IV., 70, *Etc.*

THE ABSENT SISTER'S LAMENT.

And art thou gone, my brother!
And is thy pilgrimage so quickly o'er—
And shall I hear thy pleasant voice no more—
Oh, was there then no other!
That Death must nip a flow'r as fair as thou,
And set his icy seal upon thy brow?

And when again I come
With hasty step—and heart o'ergushing full—
To clasp the lovely and the beautiful—
E'en in my own dear home!
And ask for thee—Oh, no! they shall not say,
That thou, my own belov'd, has pass'd away!

And when I turn my eyes
Upon the lovely group, and wait to hear
Thy silver tones, come bursting on my ear,
In welcoming surprise;
Oh! must the tear—and half-averted head—
Tell to my bursting heart, that thou art dead!

And when I call for thee,
And on thy fair young cheek would fain impress
A Sister's kiss, and feel thy sweet caress;
Oh, shall it come to me
With spirit-crushing pow'r, and thick, faint breath,
That thou art sleeping in the arms of death!

That thou did'st leave thy play;
Leave the glad circle of thy father's hall,
Thy young companions, mother, sister, all;
And take thy lonely way
Down to the Spoiler's home;—that thou hast gone,
In all the freshness of thy radiant morn!

That thy young life is o'er—
Thy fond heart still—thy pulses ceas'd to beat—
Thy cheek all pale as thine own winding-sheet—
That thou wilt come no more
With thy sweet smile, and soft angelic eye,
To glad my spirit as in days gone by!

No, no, I see thee now!
Thou art not dead; for oh, if it were true,
That thou hadst gone, without a last adieu—
Clean gone forever, thou!
And I had not been nigh thee, ah, I know,
My heart had ceas'd to beat, oh! long ago!

And yet methinks they said
That he *had* gone—that in its bright young bloom,
Death nipp'd the flow'r, to deck his bridal tomb—
That in his lowly bed,
They laid him gently down in quiet rest,
And 'pil'd the sod upon his sinless breast!

Methinks—methinks they said—
He ask'd for me—to fan his fever'd brow—
And kiss his burning cheek—to tell me how,
When he was cold and dead,
He hop'd I'd come, sometimes, unto his grave;
Where flow'rs, perhaps, would bloom and green grass wave.

Mother, I'm coming home!
My soul is heavy, and I fain would lie
Upon thy bosom! no, he could not die!
Tell him I'm coming Home:
Home, to the dear old place—the one lov'd spot,
That Time may all destroy—but Memory can not!

"OUR KATE."

CHAPTER I.

"I can not do that! ask me not! If my father is no longer able to support me in college, I must look about for some other resource; but I will not be dependent—least of all on my best friend!"

"I honor your spirit, my dear Frank!" replied Edward Stanton, "and yet I would change your resolution. I have abundant resources, thank Fortune! or Providence, I should say. Early left an orphan, as you know, I am my own master, I am alone in the world. Let me share the fortune which I scarcely prize with you, who deserve it so much better than I. Don't you know the adage, 'a friend indeed is a friend in need?' Vice versa. I have it! but no matter! Give me leave to be a *real* friend."

"You *are* so, Edward! Your sympathy —"

"Sympathy is very good, my dear fellow! but it won't fill your purse—nor is it *all*, you may justly claim of my friendship. I do not believe you love me! You don't believe me a *true* friend!"

A tear sprung to the manly cheek of young Lee, as grasping the hand of his *chum*, he replied, with strong emotion, "do I not? take this proof of it—that I will not lower myself in your esteem by accepting your proffered bounty. In your soul I know you do me justice. You approve the principle from which I act. Were our circumstances reversed, I know that my feelings would be yours."

"And would not *mine* be *yours*?" interrupted Stanton.

"Indeed they would! and yet I believe I should esteem you more for refusing to gratify them."

"And what do you propose to do?" asked Stanton after a pause, during which both had looked musingly in the fire, as if that could throw some light on a dark path.

"Leave college, I suppose, for a year or two, and go to digging for money."

"It is too bad! too bad that you must quit the field now when the goal is in view. One year more and we may graduate together! What a proud day it would be! But unless you are to share its honors with me, I protest I care not a fig for them all!" Lee was sensibly moved, but with a strong effort he controlled the rising in his breast, and answered, "it is *I* who have most to lose. To stand by your side would have been glory enough, for who can stand higher than Edward Stanton! But it is all over now, I fear. Instead of vain regrets, I must think of stern resolves." Another silence ensued, which Frank at length broke by saying, "there is the Academy in N — without a Principal. Could I get in there for a year or two, the work is done. Who knows but that is just the place!"

Frank Lee was never long in forming a resolution, nor slow in acting upon it when once formed. Without another word he rose, went to his desk, wrote, folded and sealed a letter; while his friend sat with his eyes still on the fire, his feet on the fender, and his head leaned on his hand, in a fit of melancholy musing, which lasted till Frank Lee had returned from the post-office.

CHAPTER II.

It was a bleak November night, just a fortnight after the above conversation took place. The hills of New England were all white with the earliest snow. Sadly the wind moaned, in the long row of naked elms, on "College Green"—but it was scarcely heeded by our two friends, as they drew up the study-table to a well-replenished fire, and sat down to their evening's labor. A stranger would have marked the contrast between them, and wondered, at first sight, how they came to be friends. Edward was tall, slender, almost feminine in person—his high, pale brow stamped with the seal of thought—his eye deep-set and melancholy—his manner indicating a sensitiveness too keen to leave its possessor at ease, except in the society of those whom he loved and trusted—and *they* were but few. To them he was irresistibly fascinating, not so much by the force of his genius and the brilliancy of his wit, as by a certain delicate playful seriousness, which *seemed* assumed, while it was altogether real. Frank Lee was not so tall as his friend, but more robust—his ample brow, clear and open as the day—his cheek glowing with health and manly beauty—his eye now blazing with eloquent passion, now melting with tender affection; always bright, and diffusing gladness over whatever it looked upon—his manners gay or serious, according to the impulse of the moment, but ever displaying the whole-souled cordiality and sincerity of his nature—his soul alike capable of the lofty and the tender in sentiment, frank, generous, high-toned and guileless as an infant's. Lee was a general favorite, and became so at first sight, while Stanton secured affection only where intimately known. Such were the two natures, which, like two opposite poles of the magnet, insensibly attracted each other and became as one, till the two friends were never seen apart.

They had not been long at their tasks this evening, when a hasty knock at the door, and the entrance of a fellow-student caused them both to start and look up. "I was at the post-office and thought I might as well save you a walk in the snow-storm," said the intruder casting down a handful of letters, and making his exit as unceremoniously as his entrance. Frank seized one that bore the post-mark "N ——" and hurriedly broke the seal.

"And what will you do now?" anxiously in-

quired Stanton, perceiving from his friend's fallen countenance, as he laid down the letter, that it brought only disappointment.

"Trust Providence, and *try again*," replied Lee, trying to look cheerful.

"If *worse* comes to *worst* you have still one friend!"

"I know it! I believe it!" cried Frank, warmly grasping the hand which Stanton extended, "and I may be driven to *beg* for the kindness I once rejected; but not till every other resource fails me. Ah! what's this! a letter from Kate!" he exclaimed, picking up one which had lain unnoticed. Eagerly tearing off the seal, he began to read, his countenance undergoing a variety of changes, mean while that quite non-plussed the sagacity of Edward, as did the frequent ejaculations which the reader threw in, *par parentheses*. "What does the girl mean?" "Here is some joke!" "no—Mother's P. S. will explain all." "Noble girl! God bless her!" A gush of tears accompanied the last exclamation. "Here, read this!" said Lee, putting into his friend's hand the letter which had produced such an unwonted display of feeling. "Read it, Edward! If ever there was a good sister—if ever there was a happy dog, I am one!"

"Which?" asked Stanton laughing. "Oh! the dog to be sure!" And with that, our excitable hero got up and described such a variety of antic circles around the table, that his more philosophic friend began to fear for the safety of his *understanding* which was no doubt endangered by his near approaches to the fire in some of the aforesaid performances.

Dear reader! if your curiosity is on the alert like mine, step hither, and take a peep over Stanton's shoulder, as he reads—but lightly! and remember never to do the like again!—

"My next letter, dear Frank! is likely to be penned in 'Dismal Swamp,' or some other interesting part of the sunny South. I wonder if I shall be so fortunate as to fall in with one of your 'noble-hearted Virginians!' and I wonder if I should treat a 'proposal,' should he make one, as you have done! How I should love such an opportunity to show my disinterestedness! and how he would admire it! and how heroic I should feel!—But pardon my nonsense, dearest Brother! Seriously, I admire your generous-hearted Southron, and would *fall in love* with him too, were it as easy to get *out* as to get *in*! and as for you, my noble brother, I love and I admire you a hundred times more than ever. And I'll do more than that. You shall go to college, and *through* college too, in spite of Fortune. My little head has devised a way, and my little heart is quite big enough to do all my head can devise. You are not going to turn Pedagogue—that's out of the question! nor are you to turn *Paddy* and go to digging *praties*—but *I*, with all my nonsense, can be serious, and I

have taken it into my wise head to be a *school-ma'am*. Hinder me, who can! My trunks are at the door. Rose and Hetty are watching for the stage which is to convey me to Providence, whence I shall go on to Fredericksburg, Va., with Mrs. La Motte, an old friend of Mamma's, now married to a Southern planter. It was through her agency that I obtained the situation which I am going to occupy as teacher. Hark! the stage is coming. Dear Mamma tries to *look* cheerful, and I try to *feel* so—but—good bye!"

P. S. by Mrs. Lee. "'But it is hard work,' she would have added. Yet, for your sake, my beloved son, we can do it, and much more. Our Kate is really gone! I can not realize it. The whole thing has been so sudden, so unpremeditated, at least by me, that I am as one bewildered, hardly knowing what has happened. Kate has, I believe, had this project in view ever since Mrs. La Motte's visit to us last summer. The day before your last letter came, we received one from *her*, stating that she knew of a good situation for Kate, which could be immediately secured, if we desired it. 'Mother,' said Kate, 'think of that opportunity to aid our dear Frank! In our present embarrassments, such a salary as I shall receive is quite a fortune!' Your letter arrived. It decided my wavering resolution—and our noble Kate joyfully received my permission to do as she pleased. 'I *please* to have my brother stay where he is!' said she. 'He would do anything for *us*—I will sacrifice a little present happiness for him. It will only be for a year or two—and then when I return, and Frank graduates, and we are all together once more, how happy shall we be! how light will be the toils, the sorrows then *past*!' And she is gone! Your dear father sinks under the reverses that have overtaken us. But we hope for brighter days. When you return, wearing the laurels which a strong arm has enabled you to win, we shall be both proud and happy. Go on! my darling boy! write for yourself a name that we can read with honest pride. Fear not that our Kate will repent of her resolution. She is no longer the timid, sensitive child that she appeared in the days of our prosperity. She has become, all at once, energetic, unselfish, cheerfully devoting herself to the task of sustaining us in our misfortunes. She is learning to look on life as it is—'real, earnest'—not a vague longing for that which is not! That she will adapt herself to her new situation, and be happy in it, I doubt not. Our blessings, and the blessings of Heaven be upon her, and upon you my son!"

CHAPTER III.

We will now put on our "seven league boots" and transport ourselves to the front porch of an old-fashioned mansion in one of the interior counties of Virginia. We have left snow-storms and

driving blasts far behind. It is a warm sunny afternoon, and we may sit in this little shaded porch, while the children and kittens gambol in the yard, without getting our noses frost-bitten. Indeed it is quite like summer; one genuine Indian summer; so soft, so warm, so dreamy, that even you little bird—you see him in the aspen yonder!—folds his wing, and sleeps, and dreams, perchance, of his loving mate, who hops lightly from twig to twig, as if in fear to disturb his slumbers. A light, soft veil of mist hangs over that still *lake*, just there among the persimmon trees—*lake* we will call it, though it seems more like an artificial convenience for making ice in the winter; serving also as a bath for sundry animals of the fowl, or foul kind, at other seasons. But listen. What is little Fred saying?

"I don't believe I shall like her! that I don't! She won't let me laugh or play a bit, I spose!"

"Why, bubber! you don't spects to play in stool, does you?" asked a blue-eyed girl, a year or two his junior, with an air that seemed to say, "Ah! I know all about it!"

"I wonder if she is *pretty*!" observed a youth of sixteen, who, with his back leaning against a tree, stood patting a savage looking beast whom he called Beauty.

"She may be pretty enough, for your Yankee girls are all so, if bright eyes and blooming cheeks constitute beauty; but I imagine they are all her fortune, or she would hardly be coming out here to exchange them for money," replied his brother, some two or three years older.

"For shame! for shame! Gerald!" cried out a thoughtful looking girl, who had hitherto sat reading on the door-steps, but now rose and moved to the side of an elderly gentleman in the porch, who put his arm round her and said, fondly:

"That's right! that's right! my child! Always take the part of the injured!"

"As you do, dear grand-papa! and I thank you for teaching me that lesson! And will you be my teacher still?" she asked after a pause, during which she had been twining a lock of silver hair in her fingers. He drew her closer to his side, and pushed back the curls that fell over her pale intellectual forehead, shading a pair of soft hazel eyes, that turned confidently on his own. "And why should you doubt it, my Lucy?"

"I do not, only I thought, perhaps, now Miss Lee is coming——"

"You shall have two teachers instead of one—so never fear, my child," said Mr. Ashton, kissing her. Lucy put her arm around his neck, and murmured in a voice low and soft as the music of a stream, and yet so plaintive that it seemed the moaning of a turtle-dove. "Nobody loves me like you, dear grand-papa! Mamma is—does not like me to caress her. Oh she is not like my *sweet mamma*, whom I shall see no more! My own

gentle *mamma*! And papa—he loves me—but he is seldom at home, nor does he ever talk to me like you. I sometimes think he loves even *Beauty* and *Cato* more than me, for he never seems so happy as when caressing them. But perhaps I do wrong to say it. You look displeased! are you angry with me? Pray do not be angry!"

"It is better," answered Mr. Ashton, his brow resuming its placid aspect, "it is better that you should not indulge in remarks of this kind. Never does it become a child to criticise a parent's tastes and pursuits, however she may feel in regard to them."

"Forgive me—I will not do so again. But—I know not how to express what I feel—I am so lonely here"—and Lucy laid her hand on her agitated bosom. "I am so lonely grand-papa! I have no friend but *you*, and ———."

"And you want another who is younger and handsomer! Is that it?"

"No, but ———"

The reply was prevented by a shout among the children, of "There they come! there they are!" and a moment after a carriage rolled up to the front gate. A black servant hastened to let down the steps. Out jumped a middle aged gentleman, with a jovial eye, and a face that indicated a fondness for good cheer. After depositing himself safely on terra-firma, he proceeded to hand out first a lady in velvet hat and feathers, secondly "our Kate," habited in a simple riding-dress, and straw bonnet. The children crowded round "*mamma*," drawing her as far as possible from the formidable "school ma'am," and engrossing her attention so completely, that the stranger was in a fair way to be forgotten, had not grand-papa perceived her following *alone*, and gallantly handed her up the steps. Mr. Morris had lingered behind to return sundry attentions bestowed on him by his quadrupedal friends.

"Jenny! show Miss Lee up stairs. Dick, take those trunks up to her room." The servants did as ordered, and both contrived to linger, under some pretence or other, long enough to get a peep at the new teacher's face.

"I want no assistance," said she, at length, wondering why they did not go. Whereupon Dick made his bow—but Jenny, being seized with a sudden fit of industry or neatness, or both, caught up a broom and fell to brushing the clean brick hearth.

"That will do," said Kate. Jenny examined the pitcher which she had herself filled, not ten minutes before, and finally made her exit. Kate sat down to collect her thoughts. The door opens. "Missus say does you want anything?"

"No—thank you," and Kate begins to examine the state of her trunks.

Door opens. "Come to see does you fire burn."

"It is doing very well!" is the half impatient

reply. "What next?" thinks our tired heroine, wondering if all the servants in the house are coming to see her. Again the door opens—Kate looks round nervously, and sees a pair of saucer-like eyes, and two rows of very white teeth, looking forth from the surrounding darkness, like two new moons from a thunder-cloud. "Well, what now?" The saucy little "nigger" grins in her face and runs away. Our heroine hastens to turn the key, but it is not there. "Well," she wearily reflects; "well, this is not home, my own sweet *home*!" That word never seemed to her so full of meaning before. Home! its forsaken joys—its kind tones—its beaming eyes—its dear embraces—its bright hearth, and cosy winter evenings, all come back like the shadow of things long past; and she feels as if ages had intervened since she left them, though it is but a week. Home! the sound unlocks a fountain of sweet, bitter thoughts, and she throws herself on the bed and weeps. It is the first time since she left that home. Hitherto her mind has been occupied—but now, the strangeness of her situation bursts upon her all at once; a new feeling of depression, of abandonment, as if there were no being in the world but herself, comes over her, and she can but weep!—A light foot-step has glided into the room. Kate turns away her face, expecting no sympathy, and not choosing to betray emotions which she feels are too sacred for the eye of a stranger. Presently a soft arm steals around her neck, and a voice so like her own dear Hetty's, that it startled the blood from her heart to her cheek, murmurs timidly in her ear, "do not cry! are you *very* sad, dear Miss Lee? I am sad too sometimes, though I am not far from home, like you! I should love to have a *sister*, such as I know you would be! May I not be your friend, your own dear sister?" It was not in Kate's nature to resist kindness. She looked up in the sweet, serious face of Lucy Morris—for she it was—folded her arms about her, and answered as her grateful heart dictated.

Very slight things direct the currents of feeling. Kate found herself, without an effort, becoming cheerful. She thought of the motives which had made her a voluntary exile—her brother's image rose before her, and she felt strong. "It is for *him*!" she said to herself, "and it is but for one or two short years and then I shall return." Hope, bright-winged hope, presented before her the hour of reunion; she began to think how her mother would look—how much the little ones would have grown—whether her father would have any more grey hairs—whether she herself would be at all changed; and what the neighbors would say. The tea-bell summoned her, in the midst of these speculations, and, hastily arranging her disordered curls, she followed Lucy down to the supper-table. Mr. and Mrs. Morris are there, Mr. Ashton, Lucy's maternal grand-father, is in his place. Half a

dozen chubby-cheeked children are scrambling into their seats. Gerald and Howard, two older sons of Mr. Morris, fill the remaining places. Kate glances timidly round the table, and encounters the eyes of Gerald fixed on her with a free and easy air of critical nonchalance that brings the warm blood to her cheek, and she is glad to turn, with some light remark, to the gentle girl at her side. Tea is served. Half a dozen colored waiters present this thing and that; till Kate, perplexed, knows not what to choose, and wonders why they can not let people alone. She is glad when supper is over and her quiet chamber again receives her. Weary and heart-sick, she tries not to despond. Her mother's parting gift, a small Bible, lies on the table. She opens it where a leaf is folded down, and reads, "The Lord loveth the stranger—love ye therefore the stranger!" A grateful tear steals over her cheek. She feels no longer friendless. With a trusting prayer to Him who cares for the *lone heart*, whether of "the widow, the orphan, or the stranger," and a resolution to bear her weary exile with patience, and fulfil her new duties with cheerfulness, she lays down to rest, while a thousand images of the past, present, and future, are fantastically blended in her dreams.

CHAPTER IV.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER.

Holly Wood, Nov. — — —.

"A year, a whole year has passed, dear Mamma! since I wrote you my first letter from this room, and here I am again, writing on the same table, by the same cheerful fire—Lucy, gentle, dear Lucy, is at my side, reading Milton. I wish you could see this sweet favorite of mine—she calls herself my *pupil*, but is more a *friend* to me than a learner of me. She is so good, so gentle, so docile, that I can not but love her; while there is a latent energy,—a half-revealed enthusiasm belonging to her character, that makes me admire as much as I love her. There is a *something* in her soul-like eyes that I can not fathom—the shadow of a hidden thought—a mystery—a sad, earnest meaning—a *memory* or a half-defined *hope*, that is more *fear* than *hope*—in short, a *je ne sais quoi*, as the French have it, which I can not make you understand—so I will not try. Her form is delicate, almost *spiritual*—her face pale, but ever-varying in its expression—her manners *shy*, yet graceful as a timid fawn's—her heart, I have already told you, kind as a sun-beam. Lucy's mother died when she was not six years old; yet her image and her very tones are enshrined in Lucy's soul. To the memory of her mother, and to the careful training of Mr. Ashton, she is more indebted for the excellence of both mind and heart, I believe, than to any other parental influence. There is a

certain beautiful harmony in the qualities of both, that I have seldom seen in one so young—for Lucy is not sixteen—the result, I doubt not, of Mr. Ashton's judicious superintendence.

"But I forget that you care less about sweet Lucy than about somebody else, who is not half so amiable. Am I 'happy'? Yes—no—yes, I believe so. Mrs. Morris says I shut myself up too much—that young ladies should dress more, visit more, and be less *bookish*. Perhaps she is right; but certainly she does not understand my motives in declining the invitations I receive. You know, dearest Mother, and you appreciate my aims, motives, feelings; and it is enough. I want no better society than my books and dear Lucy. She is just the companion for me—never obtrusive, instinctively reading my feelings, and adapting herself to them; serious, playful, pensive, by turns, and always at the *right time*. When we walk, she is at my side, or gliding away, as I happen to be moody or social: when we sit in the woods, listening with subdued feeling to the 'voice of God among the trees,' she is absorbed in thought, so hushed, so retired within herself, that I am *alone* as I love to be in the solemn woods.

"Lucy has a fine taste in drawing, and sketches admirably from nature. On one occasion, I caught her in the act of pencilling my pretty phiz on the cover of a book. I said nothing till the picture was complete. It took her a long time, I thought, to put the finishing strokes. At length she laid down the pencil, and contemplated her work in silence. An expression of sudden pain darted across her face,—she glanced at me, and colored deeply, but instantly became pale again, as she met my eye, fixed on her with a look of inquiry. I begged to see the sketch. 'Very artistically drawn,' I cried, delighted with the accuracy of expression in every feature; 'but who is this?' I asked, pointing to another face, which seemed the very embodied soul of Frank's noble-hearted Southern. Lucy was musing and did not answer. 'What does this mean?' I again asked, 'it is very like my brother's Southern friend, Stanton!' 'Ah!' she exclaimed, but suddenly relapsed into her musing attitude, saying carelessly, 'Oh! I only wanted to see how you would look together!' I confess my curiosity was considerably excited; but as Lucy has never alluded to the little *scene* of that evening it has died of starvation.

"Now for the main subject of my letter, which, according to rule, must be put in a P. S.

"Will you suffer me to remain another year! They all wish it, especially Lucy, who entreats me with tears to stay, and for her sake I have promised to do so, if I have your permission."

FROM MRS. LEE TO KATE.

"It is thanksgiving eve. The parlor hearth is blazing merrily. A group of happy faces are

gathered round it. *There sits your dear father, who has 'renewed his youth,' since our beloved son returned to us. Here he is, at my elbow, looking a foot taller, at least, than he did a year ago. Our hopes have not been disappointed. The highest honors of the class were his, or might have been, had he not voluntarily relinquished them in favor of his friend Stanton. This steady, generous friend, is now one of our circle, and will be, we hope, for some weeks, previous to his departure for the South. We already love and admire him as much as Frank could wish. He is the life and charm of our social circle, that is, when he suffers himself to be drawn out of the reserve so common to those of his temperament.*

"Our dear Rose has grown so that you would hardly know her; as for Hetty she seems to think herself large enough. We are all here—but where is our beloved Katy? Our hearts are yearning towards her—we feel a vacancy, which only her bright presence can fill. We say to ourselves and to each other, she is the best! the dearest! she has made us all happy, and will she not come to share our joy? Most reluctantly we grant you permission to remain, but for *one year*, remember! for we long to clasp you to our hearts, especially Frank, who talks of nothing but you and gentle Lucy! He is half in love with her, I do believe! By the way, I can throw a little light on that 'sketch' of hers. I read aloud your description of Lucy, all but the *scene*, as you call it. Stanton listened like one in a dream. "Lucy Morris! yes, it must be the same! I remember her well. My mother had some friends residing in the vicinity of Holly Wood, and used often to take me there. Little Lucy, just then bereaved of her mother, had found a home for a time in the family of Mrs. West, the lady whom we visited. I used to spend hours in contriving amusements for her; but she was unlike other children, thoughtful, mature, far beyond her years. Her greatest delight was to lean on my knee, and listen to stories of wonderful events gone by, and accounts of the wonderful men who acted in them; her questions and remarks evincing an acuteness of observation, and depth of thought quite unusual in one so young. I remember to have had the feeling that she was destined to an early grave. On one occasion I expressed it to her, (unwisely perhaps, but I was then a mere boy,) when she looked up in my face and asked 'would you weep for me, dear Eddy?'—so I had taught her to call me."

"And when did you see her last?" inquired Frank, looking so like a jealous lover, that we could not forbear a little good-natured raillery.

"Not since she was a mere child; two years old perhaps!" replied Stanton.

"Here the subject rested, for the young men both fell into a fit of abstraction that lasted till bed time.

"P. S. Your brother has been elected 'Principal' of the Academy in our village, with a salary of \$800 per annum. So you see he is to be a pedagogue after all."

KATE TO HER MOTHER.

Holly Wood, May.

"Alone, lonely, with no being to sympathize in my joys or griefs, I now, for the first time, experience a depression of spirits that quite unfits me for the task of instruction. Task! it was hitherto a delightful one! but now my heart sinks, my courage flags; I pine for the breezes of my native hills; for the dear familiar voices; for the old elms; the rose-bushes; the stream where I used to play in childhood! Do the wild flowers spring along its borders as they used to! Dear Mother! forgive my childishness—I can not help the gushing tears! My heart is sad, *very* sad, and I have none to say it to but you. 'Where is Lucy?' do you ask. Gone. Her delicate health rendered some change of air necessary. Mr. Ashton, in alarm, determined to set out immediately, and to spend the summer in journeying with his darling child. His love for her is unbounded. Poor Lucy pleaded hard to remain with me. 'I shall be better soon,' she would say—'I am beginning to improve already. You do not understand my case, dear grand-papa—dear Miss Lee—let me stay! I shall soon be well!' Mr. Ashton shook his head however, and so the preparations for a journey were made.

"On the evening before their departure, Lucy and I sat together at my window, as we often did at the calm hour of twilight; I gazing on her pale face—she, as it seemed, communing with her own thoughts; for though her eye wandered from object to object, she evidently saw as though she saw them not. I put my arm within hers. She turned her soft, dreamy, mournful eyes on mine, gazed earnestly and long in my face, and then, talking to herself rather than me, she murmured, 'I see it all now! yes! my vision is clearer than it once was—she will be happy!—Well, she deserves to be so! she lives to make others so!' After a pause she continued, 'It was *so* bright! I could have wished it *not* a dream; but—I'm waking now, after so many years! I shall live to some purpose yet!' She paused again, and I whispered, 'You do, Lucy! you do now! you make *me* at least happy! Why talk so sadly! I love to see you cheerful, dear girl! and would do any thing to make you happy.' 'Any thing?' repeated Lucy, raising her head with sudden animation; but it soon drooped again on my shoulder, and she went on talking to herself. 'She would do it! yes, I know she would! but it is *for me*—not her! yet she will help me. I was *so* lonely once! she came, she loved me, she unfolded my own heart to me. She made me conscious of powers within of whose existence I had

scarcely dreamed. I am weak—she knows not *how* weak—but I *can* be strong—I shall be. I already feel a new soul growing within me; my shadowy life is passed away! now begins the *real*, the *earnest*, the *active*!"

"Why! how strangely you are talking, dear Lucy!" said I, not knowing exactly what to think of this new development of character.

"Am I?" she asked vacantly. "Well, I am a strange girl!"

"You are a dear good one, at any rate," said I, folding her in my arms, 'but why not confide in me? Why not tell me all you feel?' I thought of Edward Stanton at the moment, but as she had never made any allusion to him, I dared not do it.

"Not now, dear Miss Lee!" she replied, 'not now! but when I return, when I am older in the new life that just dawns upon me, then—not now.'

"Mr. Ashton's voice upon the stairs, calling for Lucy, put an end to our conversation.

"Dear Mamma! I think of her, till I forget myself. The impression is sometimes strong upon me that our destinies are interwoven—*how* I know not—whether for good or for evil I can not tell—but no storm shall fall on Lucy, if I have power to avert it."

June 23rd.

"How happy I am to-night, dear Mother! Guess why! Mr. Stanton is here, and I have spent the whole evening in talking about *you*, and *Frank*, and *home*, and all the dear ones there! and it is almost like seeing you. I fancy you will ask if I have seen the *original* of the 'sketch.' Yes—there was no mistaking the lineaments of that face; once seen, it is not soon forgotten at least, so it would seem from Lucy's experience. He has been asking after his 'interesting little friend,' and paid so fixed attention when I spake of her, that I really became quite flurried and could not go on."

July.

"MY DEAR FRANK:

"Your friend promises to become very *neighborly*. He has purchased an estate adjoining Mr. Morris', where he now resides, at least when he is not at Holly Wood, and that is six days in the week. He comes over almost every afternoon to inquire about Lucy, or to tell me something about his visit to you, that he had not thought of before. Somehow or other, he contrives to make me talk a great deal, but I don't think he knows half I say, for he sometimes asks the same question three times over. Poor fellow! I hope Lucy will return soon, or he will evaporate into an abstraction. He must be desperately in love —"

CHAPTER V.

And so he was, not with Lucy Morris, whom he remembered only as a very interesting girl; but

with the unconscious Kate Lee herself. He had no intention of falling in love—indeed he thought nothing about it; but the frank, intelligent, sprightly face of Kate insensibly interested him; while her manners, cordial, artless, and unaffected, like her guileless heart, made him feel *at home* in her presence, as he had never done in that of any other lady. Forwardness would have disgusted—affected coyness repelled him—but the native simplicity and sincerity of Kate Lee, at once, interested and pleased. Her vivacity amused, her good sense instructed, and her cheerfulness made him happy. Day after day found him at her side, riding, walking, reading, singing, (both loved music,) and it was not long before Kate discovered that whether he read, or sung, or only talked, his voice was the finest she had ever heard. Something in its deep, flute-like tones, caused her heart to thrill with emotions it had never felt before. The commonest things, when uttered by that voice, seemed, all at once, to glow with life. Was it strange that the daily tasks grew lighter, now that evening brought its delightful rambles, its long conversations about home, and Frank, and Lucy! She believed in her heart, that Stanton had some tenderer thoughts of Lucy than he breathed in words, and once or twice Kate sighed when she thought of her near return, without well knowing why. Stanton, on the contrary, often spake of the pleasure he anticipated in renewing his acquaintance with her. Kate tried to feel as anxious for her arrival as she believed him to be—but she was surprised, and vexed with herself, to find how great was the effort required.

CHAPTER VI.

Month after month had rolled away. The "last rose of summer" lay faded and fallen,—Autumn, rich, sober, thoughtful Autumn had come, and with it Lucy and Mr. Ashton; the former evidently improved in health, and with more elasticity of spirits than was usual with her. Kate observed that she was now more constantly employed than formerly; and that she seldom indulged in dreamy, idle musings. Mr. Stanton continued his visits at Holly Wood. Towards Lucy his manner was gay and playful; with Kate it became serious, and he conversed in a tone of deeper feeling. The former was not long in marking the difference, and assigning its true cause. In his presence she said little, and withdrew whenever she could with propriety, to her books, or her needle, but seldom to those solitary walks which she had once loved. He did not urge her to stay, at which Kate wondered—but innocently thought it was because he loved to speak of her as he did frequently in her absence.

Weeks glided on. Lucy became more and more industrious—Kate more and more observing. She studied Lucy's face and manner—her own heart

she closely questioned, and the result was a hasty resolution to go home.

"And may I not accompany you?" asked Lucy, when Miss Lee had communicated her intention; "I have always wished to see the land of the Pilgrims. May I not go with you?"

"Ah! you can not get away so easily! There are other voices to be heard, as well as mine. Wait, my pretty bird, till your wings grow: then come, and doubt not I will welcome you, even as I now fold you to my heart."

"But why must you go? Is it for my sake? It can not be for *your own*? There is no reason why you should fly from—from Mr. Stanton?" inquired Lucy, suddenly looking up in the face of her friend, as if a new idea had just struck her.

"Is he not then a *dangerous* companion?" asked Kate, looking full in Lucy's eyes.

"Not to those whom he loves!"

"Not to *you* then, dear Lucy!"

"You mistake, dear Kate! widely mistake the truth."

"It is you who are mistaken, Love! Does not Stanton evidently show his preference for you? With whom is he happy? For whom are his sportive sallies, his brilliant fancies, his smiles! all for you, Lucy!"

"And because he thinks me a child—a too serious one—and wishes to amuse me. He never trifles with the one he loves. Believe me, I am too sedate, too reserved, *too like himself*, it may be, to please him. He wants what I have not—an ever-bubbling fount of cheerfulness, to enliven the wastes of life, a vivacity just like your own, to beguile its weariness, and break up its monotony. Don't you believe in the *harmony of contrasts*? I do—and from my own daily experience, I feel a yearning for *something* out of, and unlike myself, to make up my completeness. A part of myself is wanting——"

"Your *worser* half," suggested Kate.

"No, no! my *stronger* half! My soul is weak. It seeks a strength that seems to *belong to it*, and yet is not in it. From childhood, my hopes, my yearnings, my dreams, vague and half understood even by myself, ever shaped themselves into the form of one who had forgotten me, but whose image, tones, looks, had become interwoven with my very being; so that I seemed to have no existence separate from his. I lived only for him; only in myself. *You* came—your voice awoke in me a better soul; I saw you sacrificing yourself for others—I became conscious of a latent power to *act—to live*—hitherto I had only *dreamed*. By slow degrees I awoke, I stretched out my arm, I tried to rise—then I felt my weakness, I looked around for help, I saw you, and I said 'I will rest on Kate! She will teach me to stand—she will infuse her strong soul into mine. There is an *earnestness* in her life, that shames me into courage.'

The *shadow* that haunted me so long recedes. A something *real* stands forth in the distance. It beckons me on, it seems like the *other soul* which, united with mine, shall make a whole. It is not the image which memory used to present to my dreams. It is more like hers who awoke me to a better life. And can I say to it 'leave me!' Let me sink back to darkness, to weary inaction! Stay, dear Miss Lee; be my better angel, at least for a few months longer, till I become more like yourself! But yonder comes one that will persuade you, if I can not."

"Don't go, dear Lucy!" But Lucy had glided away as Stanton came up, and feigned to be looking for something among the fallen leaves.

"Is it true that Miss Lee is about to leave us?" inquired Stanton, in a tone that quickened the pulse at Katy's heart.

"I have been away from home nearly two years," replied Kate, with a composure of manner that surprised herself; "there are many there who watch for my coming!"

"And well they may! well they may!"

The earnestness of this reply called up a warm glow to the cheek of Kate.

"But who cares for me," he continued, in a tone so melancholy that she involuntarily turned her full, glistening eye on his—"who is then to bid me 'welcome home' when I turn from a weary world? You have a home! a bright happy home! and warm hearts there to welcome you; I am an orphan—alone—homeless. Nay, should a passing memory of the stranger, whose path you have so often cheered, *should* such a thought come to you, in that distant home, say that you will not banish the intruder, and my heart shall bless you!"

"My brother's friend will surely not be forgotten," answered Kate, so warmly, that a moment after she repented of it.

"Will you then think of me? Will you pray that I, too, may be happy! that I may have a *home*?"

The eyes of Edward must have seen the tears starting into our Kate's just then, or else it was by chance that he possessed himself of the little hand that lay trembling on his arm, asking as he did so, "and will you, dear Miss Lee, will you return to be the light of that home?"

The reply was so low, that Stanton was obliged to bring his head very near Kate's in order to hear it.

CHAPTER VII.

Holly Wood, Nov. 30th.

"Well, dear ones! another year is gone! joyfully I am turning my feet to the ark where my loved ones dwell. Next week I shall set out for dear New England. And whom do you wish to see besides my ladyship? Not Mr. Stanton, though he pleads hard to be my guardian angel; but grand-

papa and dear Lucy. Mr. Ashton will spend only a week or two with you; Lucy has promised to stay till she has learned to manufacture dough-nuts and johnny cakes—I guess that the pedagogue will give her lessons. Whether she will *pay* him, remains to be seen. Of course I have not hinted my guesses to *her*. You will find her an apt scholar, Mr. Frank! The gentle, pensive, dreamy girl is becoming almost as great a *busy-body* as myself. Her character is daily unfolding, changing, or *settling* itself, if I may use the term. She will make a charming woman. I used to fear for her. She was all ideality once—but the *ideal* now serves, in her, as a veil of enchantment about the *real*, not sufficient to disguise—just enough to soften and beautify.

"P. S. Mr. Stanton begs a remembrance, and signifies his intention to visit you next summer if *Papa has no objection*."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Next summer" has come; the Lee's are in a state of unwonted commotion. Preparations for some great event are going on; it is rumored in the village that a wedding is approaching. I may as well whisper in the reader's ear that "Papa made no objection," and so Mr. Stanton is coming to claim his promised bride. Frank has gone to meet him. The two friends have already embraced as *brothers*, and are hastening homewards.

And what of our Kate! She sits in her still chamber, looking out upon the streams, the walks, the flowers of her childhood, now passing away forever! Another home is hers! another path lies before her—but the star of love beams brightly upon it; and though her *dear ones* may not walk with her there, yet the *dearest one* is at her side, and it is enough!

And Lucy! what of her! she has found the *other part* of herself—at least, so it would seem, for there is a light in her eye, an elasticity in her step, a color in her cheek, that belonged not to them when we saw her last.

CHAPTER IX.

Let us look into the parlor! There are the father and mother, happy, but quiet and almost *sad*. There is Kate, looking tenderly from one to the other, the color coming and going on her cheek, so that Stanton, who sits in a recess, gazing upon her unobserved, thinks he never saw her so beautiful! Frank too is there, looking quite sentimental for a pedagogue!

Listen; they are all talking about Lucy. "I am so sorry she is going away!" says Rose; "I shall have nobody to dress my dolls!" "She is so kind to help me in my lessons," chimed in Hetty. "I am sure I shall never love any body else half so well!" Frank thought his sister more sensible

than ever before. "And I," said Mrs. Lee, "have, surely, cause to love her! Never was a child more attentive to the wishes of a parent than she to mine!" "She is so gentle, so good, so child-like!" joined in Mr. Lee, "and so affectionate," said Kate; "and so artless!" said Edward.

Frank says nothing. "And don't you love Miss Lucy, too?" innocently asked little Hetty.

"We will excuse you from telling," observed Mr. Lee, pitying Frank's embarrassment, "provided you go and find her."

"And provided also, that you *tell her*!" whispered his friend, slyly, as Frank passed out.

Lucy had stolen away for a lonely ramble. It led to a grove, where she had often, with Kate and her brother, sat under the trees, at sunset, and watched the crimson clouds, and listened to the low sighing breeze. She was there now—leaning against an old moss-covered pine, whose branches waved gently in the evening wind, giving forth a low, plaintive murmur, that seemed the echo of her own thoughts. There she stood, and gazed up into the deep blue sky—spirit-voices whispered among the trees, and died away in soft cadences. Long she stood there, and gazed, and listened, till the past, the future, the present, were all forgotten—life, its cares, its joys, its sorrows no longer existed. Nothing lived in the universe but herself, and the great spirit of love breathing around her, its presence *felt* rather than seen. Absorbed in deep devotion, she scarcely heeded that one who had often worshipped with her there, had placed himself by her side. They spake not! they breathed not; but his hand was clasping hers, and both were happy! They had often wandered, hand in hand, among the groves, and over the hills; and Frank had felt that he could traverse the rudest waste with the gentle Lucy by his side; and she had never known weariness when his strong arm sustained her.

"How sweet it would be to stand here thus for a life time!" whispered Frank.

"Methinks I never understood the mystery of life till now!" said Lucy. "Nature unfolds herself to me in a thousand beautiful forms, since I had your eyes to see them! With you I live another life—my soul expands; I feel capable by your side of rising to the height of all that is glorious and beautiful!"

"And why should you ever leave me, dearest Lucy!" cried young Lee, folding the enthusiastic girl to his heart, and kissing away the tears that trembled in her eyes. "Will you be my own, my own sweet wife!" he asked, but most provokingly, got no answer, for Kate and Edward made their appearance just at this interesting crisis. Lucy threw herself on Kate's neck, while Stanton joined his friend, and sobbed, and laughed as Kate wickedly asked—

"Ah, have you found the missing part of yourself here in the woods?"

"I am perfectly happy now, my own sweet sister!"

"And so am I!" "And so am I!" exclaimed the two young men approaching and folding the united sisters in their arms.

And now, farewell, patient reader! Should it be your hap to enjoy the southern hospitality of Edward Stanton and his amiable wife, do not forget my compliments to "our Kate"—or should an equally benign Providence lead you into the polished circles of her native village, fail not to inquire for Professor Lee, and his gentle bride, as also for our old friend, grand-papa.

AN EVENING WALK.

From eastern climes how peaceful and sedate
In sober majesty pale night comes on,
And o'er gay nature's sweetly varied face,
Deep shading all, her silver mantle throws.
Congenial silence on her solemn steps
Obsequious waits,—and thoughtful. Not a breath
Disturbs the placid air. On the bough the leaf
Unquivering hangs. The crystal lake seems
To enjoy the happy calm, nor wears a dimple
O'er all her silver surface. By her side
Sweet contemplation walks with pensive brow
Intently musing. Nature seems to feel
The soft impression and sinks down to rest.
How sweetly gay is yon cerulean field
Inlaid with the glittering gems of Heaven
Set by thy Almighty hand, Father of light,
And love and beauty. In the dawn of time
Thou formed'st at nature's universal frame,
Moulding its every part, with sovereign skill.
The golden sun, bright mass of vivid fire,
Thou fashioned'st in the hollow of thy hand.
Around the centre thy omni-fic word
The starry orbs in beauteous order hung
And bade the planets know their various spheres;—
Imposed those laws by which the harmony
Of heaven is preserved. Then to thy will
Obsequious, in majestic, solemn state
First moved the grand machine, and ever since
Has moved, incessant travelling in the
Glorious round. Where'er I cast my eye
The solemn scenes to solemn thoughts invite.
The rising mists gathering o'er the hills
Hide deep their verdant heads. O'er all the plain
The liveliest green sinks into deepest shade,
And mute are all the songsters of the day.
Sovereign director of unnumbered worlds
'Tis thine to bid cities and empires rise
And at thy pleasure fall;—to lay in dust
The proudest glories of the sons of men—
To make a desert on the fertile plain,
Or with thy beauty clothe the barren soil.
All is thy work, and all thou dost is good.
While at this solemn hour the prostrate world
Unconscious lies, and the mad sons of riot,
Pursue the midnight revel; oft let me
With all that blest tranquillity of mind
Which innocence and meditation give,

To such delightful solitudes repair,
And to its sweet enthusiastic joys
Give up my ravished soul.
Oft let fancy take her flight through regions
Unexplored, through ideal worlds delighted
Range, happy in her own gay created charms.
Blest solitude! a thousand joys are thine;
The boundless social wish, the wide embrace
Which grasps the works of God with universal praise.
Peaceful and calm, with thee fair virtue dwells,
And sacred wisdom makes her blest abode.
Thrice lovely pair! ornaments of Heaven,
Your happy paths let me forever tread;
Unwearied follow where you point the way,
And all your footsteps reverently adore.

Gloucester, April 23rd, 1844.

T. F.

THE RURAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE OF GERMANY,

With characteristic sketches of its cities and scenery, collected in a general tour, and during a residence in the country in the years 1840, '41 and '42. BY WILLIAM HOWITT. American edition—Philadelphia, 1843. One vol., octavo, pp. 197.

Year by year German literature is acquiring more and more importance. It is so extensive, so various, and so highly wrought, that it commands attention, and its characteristic patient and labored thinking necessarily gives it great perfection in those departments to which it is chiefly directed.

The reading world is much divided in opinion as to its value. By some it is spoken of as surpassing the literature of any other country, while with others it is a favorite mark for ridicule. And this is not surprising, for at a first glance, many German works present a strange medley. Lofty and elevated sentiments are mixed up with the most common and trivial matters, and to illustrate an argument or a theory, a comparison is taken up from the street, or the kitchen. In their philosophy, again, we find positions laid down as matters of course, which to us are not very easy of comprehension. These are regarded by some as monuments of the power of human reasoning. Others finding them wholly unintelligible, naturally reject them as unmeaning words. Yet we find Germans of strong mind and acute judgment subscribe to them unhesitatingly.

German literature and German life should be studied together, for without the one, the other could not be what it now is. To their literature, their manners are in no small measure indebted for their present form, and we see the traces and effects of their every-day life in every page of their writings. Perhaps there is no more perfect picture of a certain kind of German life than that contained in Goëthé's *Wilhelm Meister*. Acknowledged by his fellow countrymen to be such, the strong and marked impression which it leaves upon the mind is likely to outlast the comparatively

faint ideas derived from a dozen books of travels through the country. The weakness of the hero, and worse still, his contemptible obsequiousness to the noblemen whom he meets towards the end of the book, constitute a strong picture of a certain class of German youth, and show the injurious effect of the veneration entertained by most Germans for those elevated above them by titles of nobility. The condition of morals depicted there is more forcibly brought before us, than it would be by a hundred statistical accounts of the state of their capitals, and the facility with which Meister twice transfers his affections from one to the other of the heroines of the third volume, needs but to be read to be appreciated.

Goëthé's opinion appears to have been, that the best education for a young man consists in roving about the country, connecting himself with strolling actresses, now acting himself, now instructing others to act, and finally purchasing a right to associate with noblemen by the sacrifice of his independence. To prove this more satisfactorily, a friend of the hero's is introduced, a young man of energy and strong mind, who has devoted himself chiefly to commerce. After a long separation they meet again towards the end of the book. Meister has acquired a *déagé* air, and has grown tall and handsome. Werner's exertions have given him a slight stoop, and have rendered his nose rather sharp and thin. The superiority, therefore, of the former's mode of life is obvious.

In the "Life of Quintus Fixlein," Richter has given us a very interesting little sketch of a country school-master who becomes a country parson, and who, though extremely simple and plain, attracts and pleases us by his true German goodness of heart. His classification of the errata of German authors is entirely in keeping with the close attention to trifles, which has too frequently been the aim of the learned of that country. Fixlein's mother is a simple old country woman, who loves her son and admires his acquirements without having any very well defined idea what they are; and his bride, Thiennette, is as dutiful, loving and retiring as any German could wish. The portraits are all eminently characteristic, and are not easily forgotten: we can not help receiving them as faithful. So it is with other writers. Germans are fond of describing their countrymen, and a want of close likeness and circumstantiality are among the last faults of which they can be accused.

On comparing the German character with that of other countries, we at once perceive various peculiarities, good and evil, which separate it distinctly from all the rest.

On the evil traits we shall not enlarge. The Germans themselves make no attempt to conceal them, and they lie open to the observation of every one. They may be said chiefly to consist in a less close observation of some of the laws of moral-

ity, a want of independence, and an absence of energy.

First and foremost among the good, we place the German goodness of heart, openness and straightforwardness. These are inestimable. Perhaps there is no place in the world where a stranger may sooner feel himself at home than in Germany. He meets with kindness every where. The very peasant smiles as he meets him, and wishes him good morning. English warmth of heart is concealed by reserve and coldness of manner; French warmth of manner and politeness are too often a cover for indifference, but in Germany we find the warmth of manner and of heart combined.

The untiring patience of the Germans has always been acknowledged, and though sometimes a matter of ridicule, certainly commands our respect. To it we are indebted for new and curious views in philosophy, for our best dictionaries of the classical languages, for the best commentaries on the writers of antiquity, and for the productions of all their musical composers who have been most celebrated for genius and originality. If occasionally carried to an extreme, it is a fault common to most other virtues.

German honesty stands unsurpassed in Europe. Though there is much poverty, there is little destitution: the very needy are assisted by the government; thus dishonesty is kept down, and the rest of the people are left uncontaminated. Of their rectitude we have the strongest evidence, that of strangers, whose ignorance of the language places them at the mercy of all whom they deal with; and when we find all their testimony concurring, the evidence is conclusive. Strangers find it impossible to recollect the comparative values of the different coins in consequence of the great variety circulated through the different German States, and yet they have rarely reason to complain of imposition. In illustration of this, we may quote an anecdote from a little book of travels in Germany, recently published.

An English clergyman just arrived in a German port, and entirely unacquainted with their money, was solicited for alms by a little boy. Finding that he had nothing but gold about him, he resolved to make a trial of German honesty, and gave a piece to the boy to have it changed. The latter soon returned with a handful of silver, out of which the Englishman told him to keep a small sum which he named. To pay his fare, he held out the handful to the coachman, who took what he considered just. The rest was placed in a pocket by itself, and was examined by a German friend who pronounced it to be exactly right. To those who are acquainted with European morals, this incident will have its significance.

German industry is unwearied and unending. It is not that strong and irrepressible energy which with us overcomes all obstacles and surmounts all

difficulties; it partakes strongly of the character of the nation,—slow, patient and opposed to innovation. But man, woman and child, none are idle; the rich valley of the Rhine is made to bear to its uttermost;—soil is carried to almost inaccessible parts of the mountains, and when there is no hold to retain it, it is secured in baskets fastened to the rock. The breaking up of each spring carries with the water and ice a large portion of this soil, and the same labor is to be gone through year after year; yet the peasant never shrinks from it. The very leaves of the forest are collected to serve as litter for the horses.

These are perhaps some of the most salient points in the character of the great Teutonic Nation. We do not hesitate to say that there is much evil mixed with the good: immorality, insensibility, obstinacy and other faults are constantly to be met with; yet the time is past when these were considered, not as blots upon a fair surface, but as themselves constituting the national character.

Father Bonhours has already been severely handled for having doubted the possibility of a German's possessing "*de l'esprit*," and we will therefore spare him, merely asking if it be possible at this day for any one to read the pages of Goëthé, sparkling even through the mist of a translation, to become acquainted with the deep feeling of Richter, the ballads of Uhland and Herder, or Schiller's "*Würde der Frauen*," and question the existence of German genius?

The "*Rural and Domestic Life of Germany*" appears to be written in a good spirit. The author has evidently travelled for enjoyment, has always been willing to be pleased, and when mishaps and disappointments were inevitable, in place of betaking himself to the old English resource of grumbling, he has made light of them, and has been willing to forget them. His descriptions are often lively, and in some places he seems to have written from his heart; but on the other hand, he is frequently dull, and his book is long, unnecessarily long, spun out. Had this and the "*Student Life of Germany*" been compressed into one volume, the size of either, the whole would have been much more readable. Nor can we compliment him upon his additions to the English language, upon the new words which he has introduced, and which are remarkable neither for their aptitude nor their euphony. Yet with these unquestionably great faults, the book has many amusing passages, and shows evidences of observation. The author evidently kept his eyes and ears constantly open to what was passing.

He opens his subject with the just observation, that we should commit to paper our first impressions of a new country, and not wait until use has dulled our appreciation of their differences from what we have been accustomed to. Thereupon he proceeds to describe the air of the first German

town that he entered, the ill-paved streets, upon which a man accustomed to smooth pavements is in constant danger of falling, the projecting iron shutter-bars, which are ready to receive him as he falls, and the many obstructions peculiar to a German village, the sidewalk filled up by a mass of firewood, or an old carriage set on the pavement *to be out of the way*.

The "overpowering smells" are another, and we should judge, a very disagreeable novelty which strikes the traveller on his arrival. It appears that Cologne with its thirty-six odors is but a type of German villages in general.

Mr. Howitt is struck by the care which the peasant shows in preserving and making use of every thing.

"The cuttings of his vines are dried and trussed for winter fodder. The very tops and refuse of his hemp are saved for the bedding of his cattle, nay, the rough stalks of his poppies, after the heads are gathered, serve the same purpose, and are all converted into manure. When these are not sufficient, the children gather moss in the woods; and in summer you constantly meet them coming down out of the hills with their great bundles of it. In autumn they gather the very fungi out of the woods to sell for poisoning flies, and the stalks of a tall species of grass to sell for cleaning out their long pipes. Nothing is lost; the leaves in the woods are raked up as they fall, and are brought home before winter to serve as bedding for cattle. The fir-cones, which with us lie all scattered in the forest, are as carefully collected to light their fires, or are carried in sacks and sold in the cities for that purpose. The economy and care of the German peasant afford a striking lesson of utility to all Europe."

But with all this industry and attention, they nevertheless take good care not to break the bow by over-straining it. Saints' days and holidays are periods of great merry-making; a large portion of every Sunday is devoted to amusement, and at intervals they have their "*Kirchweigs*," or wakes, when the whole town or village turns out and passes the day at some spot selected for the purpose in the neighboring country. While at Heidelberg, Mr. Howitt was present at one of these wakes, and the spot chosen is the Wolfsbrunnen, or Wolf's Spring, about a mile from the town.

"As we approached the Brunnen, we saw a dense crowd there. The sheds and tables were all occupied. There were groups of fierce-looking, whiskered and smoking students, other groups of families, with their choppin, or glass measure of wine, and bread and butter, or cheese, and sundry cakes, enjoying themselves in quiet as they looked on at the gayety around them. The upper outside galleries of the house were filled with gay spectators. Donkeys were standing ready saddled for such as chose to hire them for the young women returning to the town, and music announced that dancing was going on near. This we found was in a large shed close to the inn. Several of the trout reservoirs were planked over to prevent people walking into them, and a throng of gazers surrounded the dancing scene. There was a sort of orchestra at one end, at which twenty couples were waltzing. It would have looked strange in England to see shop-boys and girls, nay, shoemakers' and tailors' apprentices, joiners, smiths, boots, or any body, waltzing with their smart-dressed girls in the

shed at a country wake. It would want but this to put waltzing out of fashion with all the other classes of our countrymen. But Germany is the country of waltzing, the waltz is the universal and almost only dance of the people, and they could just as well live without tobacco as it. From the highest saloon in Vienna or Berlin, to the lowest shed in the village, or to the village green, round spin the Germans, and are as happy as if they were in Paradise; nay, what would Paradise be to them without a long pipe, a tall glass of beer, a smart girl and a brisk waltz? The dancing, indeed here, would not have disgraced a splendid saloon. The dancers were for the most part people under the middle size, and had nothing remarkable in their appearance, but some of the girls were very pretty, and this exercise gave an attractive glow to their naturally fresh cheeks. Here and there was a student in the circle dancing with some pretty girl of Heidelberg, and we could not avoid being reminded of Goëthé, as he describes himself in his life, mixing in such scenes at Frankfort with the fair girl, destined afterwards to figure as Margaret in Faust. Indeed what writer in Germany has so completely transferred to his works the popular life of his country as Goëthé has? His descriptions both of the country and its people come before one continually with a delightful surprise."

A pleasant feature in the German character is the fondness for travelling. With many of them, it is true, travelling is a mere search after dissipation; the cities are visited as places of luxurious enjoyment; the baths for the sake of their gambling houses, and their crowds of revellers. But with by far the greater number of German tourists, the source of attraction is the beauty of nature. The mountains, the valleys and the rivers are visited, are seen with enthusiasm, and the traveller returns refreshed, both in body and mind, well prepared to encounter the trials of another year. In Mr. Howitt's words—

"There are no people on the face of the earth that all summer long enjoy themselves like the Germans in their gay capitals; but autumn approaches, and the great climacteric of the year is reached. The whole nation is astir. Not a man or woman can rest long. Every one must fly in quest of change, and pleasure and health. The whole population is like one huge hive of bees at the point of swarming, there is one vast motion, buzz and hum. Every soul must have his *Herbstreise*, his autumn tour. He must visit the watering places, and drink and bathe. He must traverse the Rhine, the Elbe or the Danube. He must climb the mountains of Switzerland, or the Tyrol. Steamers are every where loaded to sinking, inns are full to suffocation, and landlords stand shaking their heads, gabbling German, French, English, Italian, and Russian, and bowing away disconsolate travellers, and dusty carriages from their doors. Railway trains are enormous in length; and a smoking and a talking are going on in them that are astounding to the stranger. Baden, Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, all the Badens; Schlangenbad, Carlsbad, Wildbad, Alexiabad, all the Bads; Ems, Ischl, Bad-gastein, every watering place is full. Meeting in the early morning, and drinking of the sulphurous or effervescing water in the Kursaal, or holding a five o'clock gossip in the warm general baths, men and women together; plunging into hot or cold baths in private, making drives to the neighboring castles and scenery, sitting for two hours at tables d'hôte; purchasing of nosegeys and paying musicians; the parade, the splendid conversation-house, the ball, the reunion, the gambling in an evening,—and thus it goes at the watering places.

"But every spot of the country which is attractive; every mountain district, every gay town, every fine stream is alive with the ever-moving throng of pleasure-tourists. The heights and castles of the Rhine and Danube; the vales and defiles of the Saxon Switzerland; the romantic regions of the Salzburg, the Noric and the Swabian Alps, the Franconian and Thuringian forests, in short, every spot of gaiety or beauty receives the temporary hosts of these wanderers.

"And in truth I can say from experience, that a more delightful mode of spending an autumn is to be found in no country. When winter closes again upon your home, you shall find that this sunny dream does not fade, but that you have laid up a life-long store of rich remembrances; have widened the field of your vision, and spread around regions of beauty through all the space of your inward world, that neither winter can reach, nor night darken, nor time snatch again from your knowledge and enjoyment."

So fully are the advantages of travelling understood, and it may be, overestimated, that all the young *Handwerksburschen*, or apprentices, after finishing their *Lehrjahre*, or apprenticeship, are obliged to travel for from three to six years, over the country, supporting themselves by their handicraft, and improving themselves by observing the different methods practised in different cities. On their return they must make and exhibit a "*Meisterstück*," or masterpiece, which if satisfactory, entitles them to enter formally upon the practice of their craft. Each trade has its guild, or association in every town, and the wandering apprentice receives assistance, if in need of it, from the guild of the trade to which he belongs. If he falls sick, he is cared for until he recovers. This system is at once so curious and so universal, that we shall quote some of Mr. Howitt's remarks upon it.

"But there are advantages derived from this wandering system of the handicrafts, which may be said to be far more than a justification of it. If much time is lost to their artistical advancement, and if they seldom reach that degree of excellence, which an exclusive direction of their attention to the capitals of Europe would bring, on the other hand, they see more of their own country than the same class in any part of the world does. They wander at public cost through the various States of their common country. They see the varieties of men and manners, of cities and costumes. The beauties of nature are brought under the eye of all that have a feeling for them. They tread the spots celebrated in their history, and calculated to inspire a patriotic sentiment. They are made aware of the greatness and extent of the Fatherland. Galleries, works of art, noble specimens of architecture, celebrated ruins, and peculiar institutions are open to their observation, and many of them, as we shall see, do not neglect to avail themselves of these privileges, and lay up for their future lives, a store of the most delightful recollections and subjects of conversation. It is in fact in this point of view, rather than as a means of perfecting themselves in their individual arts, that the excellence of the system, in my opinion, lies: though at the same time, it is not to be denied, that it is attended with many dangers and abuses, as it must be while it lets loose such a swarm of raw and rude youths, as must of necessity exist in this class, who, without gathering much good for themselves, are very capable of corrupting those that they circulate amongst."

Here follows a description of the youth upon his

travels, and the feelings he is likely to experience at the approaching prospect.

"It is thus that we see these youths strolling on in groups, or one by one, from town to town, in every part of Germany. A leathern knapsack on their backs, under the cover of which is generally rolled a cape, to throw over their shoulders in rain; a hat, often covered with oil-skin; in summer a linen blouse bound round the waist with a belt, in the hand a stout stick, and in the mouth, or peeping out of a pocket, a pipe. The dignity of carrying a stick and a pipe in public, or in company, is one to which the youth only arrives, on issuing out of his apprenticeship, and taking the rank of a 'gesell.'"

"Imagine a youth who has passed his apprentice years in some stupid little town, and under some severe master; amid circumstances and tempers which make a house worse than a prison, and of which the bitterness is only too sure to fall upon the innocent apprentice,—imagine with what delight he must look forward to the hour which shall set him free, and spread before him a new existence, and new realms and years of novelty, variety, more freedom, and as he fondly hopes, more good."

Much time must unquestionably be lost in this way, but, according to Mr. Howitt, its advantages may be seen in every mechanic that one meets with. He dwells upon the love of nature and fine scenery which is so universal among the lower classes, and very reasonably attributes it to the cultivation it receives during the most excitable and enthusiastic years of a man's life. To it, also, he ascribes a certain intelligence and extension of view which he finds even in the poorer part of the community.

"If any one think this too poetical to be true, we can only advise him to enter the dwellings of such men as shoemakers, saddlers, or other such handicraft tradesmen, and talk with them and their families, and he will soon convince himself to the contrary. He will find something at once so manly and so friendly, such a domestic feeling, and such a feeling of nature as will most agreeably surprise him. We have no doubt whatever, that this nature-loving and poetical feeling which so universally distinguishes the Germans, even to the commonest class, has been by means of these wanderings, wonderfully developed in the man, and thence introduced into and diffused through every member of their families. It is this which sends them forth on all Sundays and holidays in such crowds into the country, to solitary wirthshouses in the woods, into the villages and the hills, to smoke their pipes, and drink their coffee in orchards and garden arbors, all Germany over. It is this which makes them read Goëthé, Schiller, Hauff, and such other of their writers as abound in and cherish this spirit."

The Germans generally appear to be unusually well acquainted with their best writers. Our author observes that when he was in the neighborhood of Lichstenstein, the people seemed to think that they could scarcely do enough for the Englishman who had read and admired their favorite Hauff.

We have before alluded to Mr. Howitt's prolixity, and in passing, we may instance his childish description of Christmas amusements, consisting of translations of nursery-songs, a dissertation upon Peinrichel, a sort of German St. Nicholas that reads lectures to naughty children, and an account of his having introduced all this into his own fa-

mily, the whole occupying ten closely printed octavo pages of the American Edition,—one twentieth of the entire volume. The same may be said, in a less degree, of his chapter on sleighing, but he in a measure redeems it by concluding with an amusing story, which, but for its length, we would extract.

We have next a good chapter on the peculiarities of etiquette, always an interesting subject, as being strikingly indicative of national character, and often an amusing one, as contrasting singularly with our own manners and customs. Among the Germans, a lady may waltz all night with strangers, yet it would be an unheard of violation of propriety, for one of them to offer his arm next day while walking in company with the whole family: A lady and gentleman may ride off *tête-à-tête* in a sleigh for miles alone, and yet when they walk, they must take particular care that their dresses do not touch. If a gentleman on parting, or after a long absence, were to take a lady's hand, she would probably think him demented. But of all strange prejudices, perhaps the strangest, is against a lady's wearing spectacles. It seems that there was a lady in Mr. Howitt's party who was nearly blind without those useful contrivances. Her necessity for wearing them came near breaking up a large sleighing excursion which had been for some time planned by a number of friends. The gentleman in whose sleigh she was to ride, positively protested against it when he found that he and his sleigh were to offer a *pair of spectacles* to the admiring gaze of the street loungers. The students, he said, would insult her as they passed by, he should be obliged to challenge them, and sundry duels would ensue. The whole affair was at a stand, when some ingenious contriver suggested—a veil! and the difficulty was satisfactorily arranged. Throughout all Heidelberg the lady was known as *Fraülein Brillé*,—Miss Spectacles.

During his visit to the watering-places, he gives a rather lively description of scenes at the gaming-table. Play, it appears, is permitted by the government at these places only, and constitutes one of their greatest attractions. The subject, though one of interest, has been too often and too well described before, to possess any novelty.

Further on, we have an instance of the justice and good sense of a German *Bürgermeister*. On his visit to Lichstenstein, Mr. Howitt engaged a "vorspan," or additional pair of horses, to assist them up the mountain to the hotel at the summit. After remaining there some hours they wish to go on, and their road descends a different part of the mountain from that which they ascended. Meanwhile, the owner of the *vorspan* has persuaded the coachman that there is yet a bad hill which they can not pass unassisted, and notwithstanding the assurances of the people at the hotel, the coachman refuses to go on without him. On understand-

ing the state of the case, Mr. Howitt agrees that the owner of the *vorspan* shall go on with them, and that if there prove to be another hill, he shall be paid, otherwise not. No hill having appeared, Mr. Howitt refuses the money, and the man becomes violent and menacing. He is told that if he insists he must come on to the Bürgermeister in the next village, to which, after considerable difficulty, he consents.

"At the village inn I inquired for the Bürgermeister, and the Wirth (inn-keeper) cried out to a servant: 'Hole den Schmied,' 'Fetch the blacksmith.' I replied I did not want the blacksmith, but the Bürgermeister. 'It is the same man,' said he. Presently appeared the blacksmith in his shirt sleeves, and tolerably smutty, from the forge. When he had heard the case, and the man was running on very volubly in his Swabian dialect—'Stop!' said the worthy welder of iron, 'There needs only one word. Did you put your horses before the carriage, or behind it?' 'Before, to be sure,' replied the man very confidently. 'Then,' answered honest Vulcan, 'you can go about your business. Every body knows that it's all down hill from Lichtenstein hither, and who wants a *vorspan* to pull him down hill. Had you put on your horses behind to drag, I would have awarded you your money.' The good man refused to receive any thing for his trouble, even to partake of a bottle of wine, but wiping his mouth on his shirt-sleeve drank a glass of beer at his own cost, expressed his satisfaction in being able to prevent imposition on a stranger, and only begged, that if we saw a countryman of his in similar need, we should help him if we could."

München, or as we have strangely corrupted the word, Munich, the great metropolis of artists, occupies no inconsiderable portion of the rest of the book. It is an interesting specimen of what the patronage of a ruler, combined with a moderate expenditure of money, can do towards encouraging the arts. It appears too, that independently of this view of the case, the expense has been fully made up to the citizens, by the crowds of strangers drawn to view the many celebrated works of art which adorn their collections. The most interesting are undoubtedly the *Ægina* marbles, two groups discovered in 1811 by Baron Haller and purchased for 6,000 pounds sterling by the king of Bavaria. The subject of one of these is the battle of Hercules and Telamon with Laomedon; the other represents the fighting over the body of Patroclus. There are other antiques, and various works by Canova, Thorwaldsen and Schadow.

Workmen were engaged in building up the clay model of a figure of Bavaria, 55 feet high, intended to be cast in metal from the cannon taken from their enemies. These were lying round, ready for use. The statue is described as being a beautifully symmetrical female figure, whose size may be realized from the fact that the thumb-nail was as long as a man's hand. It was to be placed in the "Theresien Meadow."

Towards the end we find an account of an interesting visit made to the Brocken, the mountain whose singular spectres have always excited so much curiosity. Far loftier than any of the neighboring elevations, it is exposed to sudden and tremendous storms, during one of which Mr. Howitt reached its summit. These storms often rise so

unexpectedly, that persons are in danger of being lost even when within sight of the Brocken-house. Several anecdotes are mentioned to show the danger, one of which will suffice.

In January 1837, the landlord descended the mountain, and Karoline Heyder, one of the servants, accompanied him. Returning they were met by another servant, Karoline Kuhlemann, and both servants sat down to rest, a few hundred yards from the house. Nehse, the landlord, went on. He had scarcely reached the house when he began to feel uneasy, and returned to seek them, but they were nowhere to be found. Meantime a severe storm had arisen;—a search was made all night, but proved fruitless. It was continued next day, but with no better success. Three or four days after, they were found covered up with ice and snow, and all attempts to recover them failed.

The day after Mr. Howitt's arrival the storm passed away, and the unusually pure and clear atmosphere gave him a splendid view of 500 miles in circuit.

"What the expanse of prospect here is, may be imagined, when we say that it includes as observed, a circle of nearly 500 English miles, inhabited by from five to six millions of souls. A part of Prussia, Hanover, Saxony, Hesse, Weimar, Brunswick, Gotha, and most of the little principedoms of Anhalt-Dessau, Köthen and Bernburg, Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen and Rudolstadt, Lippe-Deimold, Schaumburg, and Waldeck, etc. The cities of Halberstadt, Magdeburg, Brandenburg, Wittenberg, Halle, Leipzig, Göttingen, Hanover, Brunswick, Wolfenbüttel, and very many others, with the castle in Gotha, the cathedral in Erfurt and the whole chain of the Thuringian forest hills, and in fact, castles on the heights in almost every direction, and to the vastest distances, including 89 cities and towns, 668 villages, fortresses and hamlets, from a height above the level of the sea of 3,633 feet."

The whole concludes with a hasty glance at German Literature, a short article on Education, in which the author is very severe upon German superstitions, and a chapter upon Religion. These subjects are much too comprehensive to be discussed in supplementary chapters, and we therefore pass over them without comment. The article on Literature concludes with a catalogue of German authoresses, in which we notice the names of Caroline Pichler, Fanny Tarnow, Gräfin Hahn-Hahn, Bettina Brentano, and others less known out of their own country.

On closing the book, we feel called upon to notice several things that have struck us unpleasantly. There is a want both of manliness and of modesty running through the whole, which contrasts strongly with the volumes of Dwight and of Russell, and Mrs. Howitt's poetical merits are obtruded upon us much too often. We do not like to see him place his wife's name so very near the head of his list of thirty or forty of the most celebrated English authoresses. There is a would-be familiarity, too, with the reader, which shows itself constantly,—a great mistake for an author, who is never so much respected as when he respects himself. L^c.

SONNET—TO HELEN.

BY JOHN TOMLIN.

Thy beauty, like the scene,
Helen, is forever
Glorious, as the parted river,
With green isles all between.

As morn upon the mountain,
Thy spirit on me shines;
As thirst craves the pure fountain,
My spirit for thee pines.

Alas! alas! no more
To thee the plaint I pour!—
To what etherial isles
Thy fondest visions go,
May Friendship's blessed smiles
O'er all those visions flow.

Jackson, Tennessee.

SUNRISE.

The morning comes—the twinkling stars
Melt in the glow of day,
And heaven lets fall her golden bars
Upon the rippling bay:
The flowery banks are robed with light;
The violets wake from sleep;
And nature paints her semblance bright
Upon the glassy deep.

The balmy nectar of the morn,
Flushed with the orient sun—
How swift, through every veinlet borne,
Its sparkling currents run!
Our hearts, with younger life, leap up,
Like flashing founts at play,
To quaff, from morning's rosy cup,
The dewy balm of day.

'Tis harvest-time—and many a note
Salutes the ear of morn,
Warbled from many a feathered throat,—
Oh, thus was Music born!
List, loved one! as the cadence swells
E'en to the cope of heaven,
And mark the glad some tale it tells,
In sweetest numbers given.

It rises to the Lord of all,
Who rears the swelling grain;
Who watches o'er the sparrow's fall
And hears the lark's refrain:
For them, men's fields prepare a feast—
God's commoners they be—
Oh! listen! while that feather'd priest
Says grace on yonder tree.

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How blithely rings the holy air,
Echoed through heaven's fane,
Bending the solemn woods in prayer
And reverential grain;
Even the tinkling leaves aspire
To swell the matin hymn;
And what a wild, Æolian lyre,
Is that old, antler'd limb!

Like Memnon's statue, Nature sings,
Vocal with holy lays,
While, from unnumber'd choral strings,
Resounds her cheerful praise.
No gloomy shadows round her throng,
Bred by ascetic Art,
But sunshine fills her happy song—
The sunshine of the heart.

A CLASSIC RELIC RECOVERED.

The reader of the following will know as much of the subject, as we can pretend to. We will only add a brief account of the supposed author of the relic.—[*Ed. Mess.*

MIMNERMUS was [a poet of Colophon, in Ionia, who flourished about 590 B. C. With him is said to have commenced the second period of the pentameter, that is, the application of the alternate hexameter and pentameter verse to other than warlike themes. (*Wieland, Attische Museum*, vol. 1. p. 338.) The poetry of Mimnermus was so sweet and harmonious that the ancients gave him the appellation of *Ligytaides* λυγίτης, "melodious."] He was a votary of love and pleasure, and is so distinguished by a line in Propertius, (1. 9. 11.)

"Plus in amore valet Mimnermi versus Homero."

Horace likewise (*Ep.* 1. 6. 65.) refers to him in a similar connection, though in much stronger terms,

*Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque
Nil est jucundum, vivas in amore jocisque.*

The very few verses that remain to us of this poet breathe a pleasing melancholy. He deplores in them the shortness of human life, the rapidity with which youth passes away, and the array of evils which afflict humanity. The ancient writers speak with great admiration of his poem on Nanno, a young female flute-player, of whom he was deeply enamored, and who preferred him to young and handsome rivals. The fragments of Mimnermus are to be found in the collections of Stephens, Orsini, Winterton, Brunck, Gaisford and Boissonade. (*Schöll, Hist. Lit. Gr.* vol. 1. p. 191. *seqq.*)—See Anthon's *Lexipriore*.

O ye who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculean lore,
What rapture! could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious, tender hearted scroll
Of pure Simonides.

Wordsworth.

The subjoined beautiful relic of antiquity has not, we believe, as yet appeared, either in translation or original, in this country. It is an *epithalamium* or nuptial hymn, which had been chanted, as was the custom, by a choir composed of the most

beautiful young maidens, on occasion of a marriage solemnized at that Shrovetiate of the Greeks—the famous Festivals of Delos. It has been discovered by an Italian antiquary, on a marble tablet, recently disinterred, *not* from “Herculaneum” but from the “*Artemisium*,” or the chapel attached to the temple of Apollo; it is published in an Italian magazine, the *Il Aliratore*.

The “happy pair,” in this instance, are sweetly named Theëtis and Ismène. The choir, or, as it was technically termed, *theoria*, is Corynthian. The composition is, we perceive, variously ascribed to Simonides and Mymnermus, the two most tender of the Greek poets. That it is a “tender-hearted scroll,” the critics, then, are implicitly agreed. Their diversity of opinion, as to the authorship, appears to have arisen upon one or two passages, which the more fastidious conceive to be too warmly colored for the pencil of the “pure Simonides,” and to savor rather of the softer soul of Mymnermus.

We shall not pretend to decide this disagreement; critics are as authoritative as “doctors,” or rather *are* doctors in their own line. But as we have studiously preserved the expression of the passage impugned, it will not be impertinent to offer a few remarks, on this point of delicacy, in reference to these passages, and also to the ancient erotic poetry in general.

In the first place, the *subject* of the poems under consideration is perhaps inevitably suggestive of the obnoxious quality imputed—certainly so, to the depraved of imagination; but as to the phraseology, the most spurious “delicacy” must allow it, we think, to be not unbecoming even the innocent and virgin lips that utter it. This indeed is no more than should be presumed from the good taste, if not the good morals, of either of the great masters of poetical propriety, to whom the authorship is ascribed.

With regard to the general charge of “indelicacy” preferred against some of the Greek and Latin poets, it is first to be considered, are we, can we be competent judges. In questions of this nature—questions, in a great degree, of the taste, the sentiment, the particular purity of the reader, rather than of any general principle of morality, ought not allowance to be made for admitted differences in manners, in times, in temperaments? The Greek felt more exquisitely, conceived more vividly than we do; and naturally suffused his images and expressions with a corresponding intensity and glow of coloring. He had no northern climate to blunt the delicacy of his organization—no prosaic institutions to stunt the native energies of the soul; a frivolous civilization had not yet introduced the art of hypocrisy, nor impurity of heart suggested the idea, and necessitated the observance of a conventional refinement. It may safely be suspected that it was but the reflection of their own morbid licentiousness that the monastic

fanatics of the tenth century saw in the exquisite Elegies of this same Mymnermus, which they so barbarously destroyed—a licentiousness that, like the jaundice, colors every object it contemplates, with its own distempered hue. The remark is applicable, with little qualification, to more modern, though no less monkish “delicacy” in this particular. It is, on such a principle, unsound in morals as unjust in criticism—or, we should rather say, it is from the absence of any fixed principle at all, that Anacreon too is pronounced a profligate, while he is admitted, (however inconsistently in *our* notion of the character,) to have been also a “sage.” It is this that has also calumniously stigmatized the name of the high-souled Sappho—the “Tenth Muse”—to an infamy perhaps as immortal as her genius and her love!

But this is not the place to pursue this prolific matter. Though we concur, but on different grounds, with the opinion that makes Mymnermus the author, it happily, is not requisite to the propriety of the present publication, that we should have vindicated the general decency of his writings—still less, that we should enter upon a formal apology for the other poet-sages of his country or his class, against the prudish and pedantic carping of modern coldness or modern cant.

A word, in conclusion, with regard to the translation of this “*Delian* fragment.” In an enthusiastic despair of seizing the volatile essence of its graceful spirit, the discoverer has declined to attempt a version, even with the aid of a language which, in melody and expression, is all but equal to the divine original. The classic reader will probably regret that we have not followed this exemplary veneration or discretion. But the poems are presented here, chiefly as an object of literary curiosity. If, however, we have entirely failed to convey any idea of that inexplicably touching union of impressive dignity with infantile simplicity, (which characterizes the style and identifies their antiquity,) of that “Jovian elegance” which the country and the dialect of the Muses alone, perhaps, could inspire and express, we beg it be remembered, in addition to the ordinary difficulties of adequate poetical translation, that we have had to contend against the “harsh, northern, whistling, grunting guttural.”

AN EPITHALAMIUM.

FROM THE GREEK OF MYMNERMUS.

CHOIR SINGS.

SCENE, *front of the Bridal Chamber.*

I.

Tho' in the opening spring of life—
Tho' choicest of Corynthian maids—
(Corynth with that rare beauty rife
Before which every other fades,)

Yet, O Ismène, 'mong our band
 There blooms not one can vie with thee;
 The courser from Thessalian land
 Has form less fair and step less free :
 Thou, noblest flower our gardens bear !
 The lily Greece is proud to wear.

II.

The Loves hold revel in thine eyes ;
 The Arts take life beneath thy touch—
 O graceful girl ! O charming wife !
 We come with joy to greet thee such :
 To-morrow, from the dew-bright flowers,
 We'll weave a crown for yonder pine,
 And 'neath its boughs shed fragrant showers,
 And on the bark engrave this line :
 "Stranger, thine incense pour to me,
 For henceforth I'm Ismène's* tree."

III.

Hail happiest pair, we wish you joy !
 May she who rules the genial bed,
 Latona, grant a sire-like boy,
 And Venus still new ardors shed !
 Repose you *there* in rapture's arms,
 Respire but true-love's tenderest strain ;
 When morn unveils her earliest charms,
 We'll come and chant for you again.

MORNING HYMN.

I.

O Venus, thou fairest in heaven !
 O Love, thou delight of the earth !
 We praise you at morn, at even,
 With Hymen, the source of our birth.

II.

Awake thee, Theëtis, and turn
 To gaze on thy beauteous young bride—
 And now, that Love's fires cease to burn,
 Survey her, thy bliss and thy pride.

III.

See the graces around her keep warden,
 The freshness that glows o'er her air—
 Yes the rose is the queen of the garden,
 Ismène, the rose of the fair.

IV.

Awake then, Theëtis, nor one bright,
 Dear moment miss. Drooping above
 Mark her lid tremble soft to the sun-light,
 And give thee its first look of love.

It is proper to apprise the reader that both the hymns are of the same metre in the original. We have, however, allowed ourselves to imagine that a measure more cheerful—more *cheering* than that

* A Greek usage.

we have adopted in the former hymn, would better befit the spirits of a marriage-morning. But being a bachelor, we, of course, do not answer for the accuracy of this surmise, in a matter so mysterious to the uninitiated.

LINES.

"What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue."

We chase, we chase unreal things,
 That flee us as we follow,
 We haste, we fly, but swiftest wings
 O'ertake to find them hollow !

We chase in youth the roseate cloud
 That flits before, above us ;
 We clutch to find it but a shroud,
 To wrap the friends that love us.

Our later years find us the same,
 Bright follies still pursuing ;
 They laugh and flee, but leave the shame
 To us of our undoing.

Yet still we fancy that the grave
 Can give us peaceful rest ;
 We yield to earth the gift she gave
 And drop into her breast.

A. JUDSON CRANE.

August 8, 1844.

PARTING FROM NIAGARA.

My spirit grieves to say farewell to thee,
 Oh beautiful and glorious !

Thou dost robe
 Thyself in mantle of the color'd mist,
 Most lightly ting'd, and exquisite as thought,
 Decking thy forehead with a crown of gems,
 Woven by God's right hand.

Hadst thou but wrapp'd
 Thy brow in clouds, and swept thy blinding mist
 In showers upon us, it had been less hard
 To part from thee.

But there thou art sublime
 In noon-day splendor,—gathering all thy rays
 Into their climax green and fleecy white,—
 And changeful tincture, for which words of man
 Have neither sound nor sign, until to breathe
 Farewell,—is agony.

For we have roam'd
 Beside thee at our will, and drawn thy voice
 Into our secret soul,—and felt how good
 Thus to be here,—until we half implor'd

While long in wildering ecstasy we gaz'd,
To build us tabernacles, and behold
Always, thy majesty.

Fain would we dwell
Here at thy feet, and be thy worshipper,—
And from the weariness and dust of earth
Steal evermore away.

Yea, were it not
That many a care doth bind us here below,—
And in each care a duty,—like a flower
Thorn-hedged, perchance, yet fed with dews of heaven,
And in each duty an enclosed joy
Which like a honey-searching bee doth sing,—
And were it not that ever in our path
Spring our own planted seeds of love and grief
Which we must watch and bring their perfect fruit
Into our Master's garner,—'twere most sweet
To linger here and be thy worshipper,
Until death's footstep broke this dream of life.

Tuesday, June 11th, 1844.

L. H. S.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

We invite the particular attention of our readers to the following resolutions, and solicit their aid in the cause of the Institute. The best means of enhancing our National glory will be to connect it with the progress of Literature, Science and Art, for the advancement of which the Institute has been established. We have already proclaimed our *leading principle* to be "the promotion of a pure Native Literature and a devoted National Spirit." Hence, every thing so *National* and noble in its design and influences, will ever receive the warm support of the Messenger.—[Ed. Mess.]

The Committee of the National Institute, consisting of the Hon. JOHN C. SPENCER, (chairman,) Hon. J. R. INGERSOLL, Hon. W. C. PRESTON, Hon. ABBOTT LAWRENCE, Hon. R. J. WALKER, Hon. R. CHOATE, Hon. W. C. RIVES, and A. D. BACHE, Esq., superintendant of the United States Coast Survey, appointed to make arrangements for the April meeting of the friends and members of the Institute, having, in compliance with a request of the Society, submitted its report, the same was communicated to the meeting of the 8th instant by the Corresponding Secretary, who accompanied it by a report, and the correspondence and papers which relate to that meeting; whereupon, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the report of the committee, and that of the Corresponding Secretary, communicating said report, be adopted.

Resolved, That it is expedient to publish a volume of the proceedings of the meeting of April, 1844, and that for this object the Corresponding Secretary of the Institute be requested to obtain all the

papers, addresses, and communications which constituted the exercises of said meeting.

Resolved, That, as soon as all the materials shall be ready for publication, the Vice-President appoint a committee of publication, of which he shall be the chairman, whose duty it shall be to examine the materials carefully, to reject all papers it thinks inexpedient to publish, to omit passages it may conceive to be objectionable, and to reduce such as appear to be too long; and also to make a contract for the publication of as many copies of the work as they shall think proper, which, when published, shall be distributed in the following manner:

1st. One copy to every subscriber who has paid, or who shall pay, the sum of five dollars.

2nd. One copy to every society and institution in the United States, and foreign countries, in correspondence with the National Institute; one copy to every college in the United States; and one copy to each member of the present Congress. The remainder to be sold on account of the Institute, and under its directions, with the exception of 500 copies to be reserved for future use.

Resolved, That it is expedient to publish a third bulletin of the proceedings of the National Institute, for which the Corresponding Secretary, under a former resolution of the Institute, has already prepared the principal portion of the materials, and that the third bulletin form a part of the aforementioned volume.

Resolved, That the third bulletin shall consist of the following materials:

1st. Abstract of the proceedings, embracing the correspondence, and a statement of the contributions, donations, and deposits, with the names of the contributors, donors, and depositors, from March, 1842, where the second bulletin terminates, to the present period.

2d. Copies of the two memorials lately presented to Congress on behalf of the Institute.

3d. Charter of Incorporation.

4th. Constitution and By-Laws.

5th. Lists of Officers, and of honorary, corresponding, paying corresponding, and resident members; and also of societies and institutions, foreign and home, in correspondence with the National Institute.

Resolved, That a prospectus be issued by the committee, announcing the publication of a volume to embrace the proceedings of the April meeting and a third bulletin.

Resolved, That, inasmuch as Congress has adjourned without making any provision for the Institute, it is expedient that new exertions should be made to raise money throughout the United States to sustain it, and to promote its objects. And that, with this view, the Vice-President and the constitutional officers be authorised to send an agent or agents to such places as they may select, for the purpose of collecting money to defray the expenses of the publications, and for the general purposes of the Institute, to be expended under the Board of Management.

PETER FORCE, *Vice-President.*

FRANCIS MARKOE, Jr.,
Corresponding Secretary.

WASHINGTON, July 12, 1844.

Notices of New Works.

LEAFLETS OF MEMORY: An Annual for MDCCCXLV. Edited by Reynell Coates, M. D., Philadelphia. Published by Butler & Williams.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING: A Christmas, New-Year and Birth-day present, for MDCCCXLV. Boston: Published by Lewis & Sampson, 1845.

Two of the most beautiful annuals we ever saw, and two, moreover, which reflect the highest credit on the taste, zeal and generosity of their several publishers. A word about this class of publications, which, for some time past, have fallen into disrepute. Meagre collections, as they were, of wishy-washy nothings, the products of minds which received so little pecuniary encouragement that they cared not what they perpetrated, based at best on an unsound literary taste, and frequently, the offspring of no taste at all—how could they do otherwise? Bound and embellished, however, in the most costly manner, they appealed to the eye though not to the *mens divini* of the mass, and being, like Peter Pindar's razors, only made for sale, of course carried out the purpose of their creation. The "almighty dollar" was the *nil ultra* of the publisher's hopes, and gaining that, the after complaints of his patrons were matters of the most minor consideration. The annuals, too, were never worth the dollar aforesaid, nor even the time demanded for their perusal. But they were never intended for such a sequence: nobody dreamed of reading them. They were received *as gifts* of course; of course admired, we can do nothing less with things that cost us nothing, and lying a reasonable length of time on the centre-table, were robbed of their embellishments, and expedited, as Mantalini has it, to "the how-wows." The plates were next consigned to the pages of scrap-books, but these went out of fashion, and with them expired the annuals. They were the dandies of literary productions, like all dandies, more remarkable for their exterior beauty than interior brains, and, fluttering their little hour in the parlors of ladies, were dismissed with the contempt they so richly merited.

"The Leaflets," however, as well as "Friendship's Offering," is a book of a different character, as indeed are all those, which have a master mind as an architect.

First, of the exterior.

The binding is rich, Arabesque and unexceptionable, an excellent accessory even to the most abstruse publications, (the Bible, itself, is more read since Harper has illustrated it,) while the engravings which are steel are the *chef d'œuvres* of the best British *artistes*. Of these there are no less than ten. Among the most beautiful are those

entitled, "The Grecian Maid," "The Rose of the Ruin," "Past and Present," "The Heart's Best Dream," and "The Christian Slave," all of which embody not only the finest art, but the loftiest ideality. In addition to these are a title page and presentation plate, both of which are illuminations, adding to a chaste and cultivated modern taste the grandeur and gorgeousness of Froissart. The letter-press of the volume is noble, large, open and commanding, and the paper hot-pressed, and of the very best quality.

But of the contents. As may be imagined from the title, they are not wholly original, nor indeed, are all the illustrations themselves. The skill, however, with which they are moulded to new articles, or rather, with which new articles are moulded to them, deserves, to say the least of it, the very highest praise. This is entirely the work of the talented editor, who to a lofty and spiritual genius, whether as a prose or poetical writer, adds the greatest critical ability and the supreme taste. Some of the original matter is grand, and one article, a remarkably vigorous description of "Lake Michigan," by Sidney P. Williams, M. D., "paints the lily." Among the other names which contribute to swell the riches of this volume, are those of Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Chas. Gore, T. K. Hervey, Louvret de Convray, (translated by Dr. Coates,) "The Author of Chantilly," Thomas Colley Grattan and many others of equal celebrity. Altogether, the "Leaflets," to boil down our criticism, is not only worth a position in every parlor in the country, but likewise, one in every judiciously selected library.

"FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING," on the other hand, though a less expensive, is scarcely a less beautiful production. Its illustrations are mezzo-tints—we like mezzo-tints; there is something so liquid, so soft, so *spirituelle*, in a word, so poetical about them, something which we feel, but find it difficult to express; something which the harsher lines of a steel, or copper-plate never can compass, but which the mezzo-tint breathes in every light and shadow of its surface. Among these, "Hope," the frontispiece, illustrated as it is by a sketch from Reynell Coates—a sketch that reminds us more of Jean Paul than any other living or dead writer, delicious and dreamy as the engraving itself, "Crossing the Ghoo," "The Parting" and the "Mimic Chase" stand preëminent. By the way, a word about the text which accompanies the "Mimic Chase." Like the "Julian Savary" of the "Leaflets," it embodies much of the living presence of the Author. If ever two characters portrayed one, that of "Mr. Johnson" in the former, as well as "Old Mr. Logan" in the latter, exaggerated, perhaps, by the *artiste*, portrays Dr. Coates. Not intentionally, so we know, but it is hard to separate one's self from one's creations. We form a standard of character and whatever

we paint, whether a lady, a lover, or an old man, there is something of the author about it. Just such a noble, kind, benevolent, worthy, philosophical, far-seeing gentleman, is the editor of the first and we think the last of these volumes. The contents, like those of the *Leaflets*, are not altogether original, but they have been selected with the same care, the same taste, and the same judgment. They are from the pens of Leitch Ritchie, Mrs. Shelley, F. M. Reynolds, Miss Montague, R. Bernal, M. P., J. A. St. John, Lieut. G. F. White, R. A., Edward Fitzgerald, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Sir Egerton Brydges, and others, who appear, not in their every-day robes, but in their court-dresses, gemmed and decorated, it must be confessed, as Americans are not want to see them. Indeed, almost the entire collection is a novelty even to our reading. And the original articles—they are equal to the “best imported,” and give the lie, the loud, the direct lie to those British reviewers who have dared to assert that America can never produce a distinct literature. We trust that the publishers will be amply recompensed.

[Communicated.]

URANOGRAPHY; or a Description of the Heavens, designed for Academies and Schools; accompanied by an Atlas of the Heavens. By E. Otis Kendall, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in the Central High School of Philadelphia, and member of the American Philosophical Society. Philadelphia, Butler and Williams. Richmond, J. W. Randolph & Co.

This treatise is evidently of a higher class than that of ordinary school-books. The name of the author assures us of this, and we are glad on that account to notice its appearance. There has already been too much reason to regret the manner in which most elementary works have been prepared. The humble nature of the employment has generally thrown the composition of these into the hands of mere compilers, wholly incompetent to conduct it with the care and knowledge, which the importance of education in this country demands. The consequences of this are seen clearly enough in the manuals of the physical sciences in use in our schools. A want of clearness, of ease and liveliness of expression and of accuracy in description—an adherence to antiquated opinions—a general ignorance of the spirit and progress of modern philosophy disfigure nearly all.

It requires, indeed, the hand and judgment of a master to execute well that most difficult of all tasks—the translating of scientific into common language—and those who are fitted to attempt it are naturally reluctant to undertake a labor which can not add to their reputation. Some exceptions, and those of the most brilliant kind, are familiar to all, and for our own part we are disposed to place in point of utility and of difficulty of execution the

Astronomy of Herschel above his *Treatise on Light*, and the *Algebra of Euler* before his vast work on the *Integral Calculus*.

The *Uranography* of Professor Kendall is another exception to the general practice, and we were not surprised to find it distinguished by those qualities of style and composition, which flow from a thorough and practical acquaintance with the subject. The station which the author occupies in one of the highest institutions in our country, and the facilities, unprecedented with us, which he has had for investigation and discovery, are sufficient sureties for the accuracy of his work. The treatise is not of course wholly original; it is based upon a work of Littrow's, which we have never seen, but the arrangement and most of the details are due, we presume, to the judgment and research of the editor. Any one who wishes to test the knowledge of modern astronomy, exhibited in the work, may turn to the chapters on *Nebulae* and the *Double Stars*—subjects long familiar to astronomers, but only recently opened to the public through the showy sketches of Nichol. These chapters and several passages scattered through the book will be interesting even to those who have past their school-days, and they must seize at once upon the vivid imagination of youth.

As a school-book it seems to hold the proper medium between a scientific treatise and a bald summary of facts. The simplicity of the language, the careful selection of the most important points and the fullness of explanation upon those are recommendations which will soon introduce it into general favor; and here, in the clear atmosphere and under the brilliant skies of the South, the study seems almost necessary.

HARPER & BROTHERS. NEW-YORK, 1844.

MORSE'S SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY, illustrated with Cero-graphic maps.

In this work, so handsomely “gotten up,” Mr. Morse has adopted an arrangement which we think will prove highly useful, greatly facilitating the studies of the pupil. The maps, beautifully executed, can be consulted without loss of time, and the illustrations must incite the interest and assist the memory of the student. The fineness of the print is the chief objection. It might have been larger, even at greater cost. The eyes of the young are not so efficiently cared for in the type of their school-books. Perkins, Harvey and Ball have also sent us,

THE H— FAMILY; TRALINNAN; AXEL AND ANNA; and other tales. By Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt.

We have received through Messrs. Drinker and Morris. THE GRANDFATHER; one of the popular novels of Miss Ellen Pickering.

ABRAHAM NEIL, OR TIMES OF OLD, a romance by G. P. R. James, Esq., who, from the frequency and sameness of his productions, appears to be a sort of ATTORNEY AT NOVELS; having some years ago prepared some very excel-

lent forms, which he now fills up to suit new parties, with some slight variation of incident; and

TRANSACTIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CHIFFONNIERS. THE SPOON, with upwards of one hundred illustrations, &c. By H. O. Westman. No. 2. 25 cents—In 4 No.'s.

Mr. Editor, this Western man must have a "plenty of Spoons," for did you ever see such a variety of bowl, and shin and handle. They may shew the progress of art and civilization. Some not over refined people are in the habit of disparaging spoons, "dipping the summits of their digits into the repositories" of food, and proclaiming boldly that "fingers were made before spoons." It's well it was so; else the Chiffonniers would have been cut off from their very laudable pursuits. Nature requires only one pattern and "hits the exact thing" at once; but man must continually improve and invent. His "digits," not only supersede the use of all the spoons the most scientific Chiffonnier ever saw, but are necessary to form and then to *handle* every spoon and all "the spoons," in the world. The author remarks, "It had been well for the world had soldiers never handled any weapon but the spoon!" Quere. Would they then have been soldiers? Just imagine the army going through the drill with such weapons: "shoulder spoons," etc! or undergoing a review by the President of the Chiffonniers!

Such a weapon might not have produced war; but it might pestilence and famine, since the soldiers, grown so expert in the use of their arms, might demand *rations* beyond the public supply. In one sense then it would be a *rational* proceeding.

But this declaration of the author reminds me of two circumstances, which may serve to show that "spoons" are more formidable than he supposed. I recollect a thrilling account given from the pulpit many years since by a country parson, of a terrific battle, fought by some children, with pewter spoons, over a bowl of buttermilk. They made their "weapons" flash and clash, like the heroes of Ossian; and black eyes, bloody noses and swollen heads and faces attested the fury of the conflict.

Again, when Philip of Macedon consulted the Oracle, as to the issue of the war he was waging upon Greece, he was told to "fight with silver weapons and he would conquer the world." A certain student of Greek, calling upon one more advanced to translate for him the response of the Oracle, was told, "*fight with silver spoons and you will conquer the world.*" At recitation he boldly translated it thus and received a "basting" for his supposed mockery. How unjust it was! for any modern fortune hunter would at once see the beauty and literal force of the translation. But the unsophisticated pedagogue had never heard of a girl's having "*the spoons.*" Have I not then a right to conclude, that the substitution of "spoons" for muskets and swords would be disastrous to the

peace, independence and integrity of the nations of the earth!—[*Am. South. Os. B. Minor*]

LEA & BLANCHARD. PHILADELPHIA, 1844.

THE HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES. By Charles Mills, author of the History of Chivalry.

The crusades can never cease to be a source of wonder and delight, surpassing all romance and fiction. They exhibit, in a very striking manner, some most singular and curious aspects of human motive and character. Mr. Mills' is a standard work on the subject; and is but one of a series of such works, in progress of publication. Messrs. Lee & Blanchard, Carey & Hart, the Harpers, the Appletons, and other standard publishers deserve the highest commendation for their manly course in the late mania for cheap publications. The sweeping and often destructive current never bore them from their fast moorings. In so far as they yielded to it, it was only the result of necessity; and they have endeavored to make the spirit of the day subserve the useful purpose of diffusing valuable books more widely among the people. With this view, the "Library of Standard Literature" has been commenced by Messrs. L. & B., and we hope they will meet the patronage they so richly deserve.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. By Box—a new Edition, complete in one volume, with numerous illustrations.

THE CYCLOPÆDIA OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE is progressing. We repeat our former commendations. Drinker and Morris have it.

FAIRY LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND. BY T. CROFTON CROKER. 250 pp., 8 vo.

It is not ungrateful to turn from the agitation of "Repeal, Repeal," and from the excitement of State prosecutions, to the legends of this interesting, but unhappy country. Indeed it would be improving to the public taste, and morals too, if more were disposed to drive away the engrossing realities of tumultuous life, by excursions into "Dreamland." There are some, perhaps too many, who are disposed to leave fairy legends and traditions to children only. But these have often too much to do with the character and the Romance of a people, for them thus to be confined to the nursery. Some critics have gone so far as to assert, that no country can have a great Literature, especially Poetry, that has not its early fables and traditions. And when they are found to influence the national character, and the imagination and modes of thought, they become full worthy of the attention of the Historian and the philosopher. The work before us consists of a number of narratives, written in simple and natural style, illustrating in various forms the legends and superstitions of the South of Ireland. Sir Walter Scott, in his letter, thanking the author for a copy of the work, says, "you are to consider this as a high compliment from one, who holds him on the subject of elves, ghosts, visions, &c., nearly as strong as William Churne of Staffordshire—

"Who every year can mend your cheer
With tales both old and new."

Scotland has similar fictions and traditions, and it was Sir

Walter Scott's intimate acquaintance with these, which in part has made him, in Romance, her best Historian. For further information, our readers must refer to Drinker and Morris, who have the work :—and also,

TYLNEY HALL. A NOVEL. BY THOMAS HOOD, Author of "Whims and Oddities," "Comic Annual," &c. With a portrait of the author.

Mr. Hood is well known as one of the leaders of the humorous school of English writers. The "New Spirit of the Age," a very interesting recent republication, says of Hood, "the predominating characteristics of his genius are humorous fancies grafted upon melancholy impressions. It is a curious circumstance that in his 'Whims and Oddities' of by gone years, the majority of them by far turned upon some painful physicality. A boy roaring under the rod—a luckless individual being thrown over a horse's head—an old man with his night cap on fire—a clergyman with his wig accidentally caught off his head by a pitchfork—a man pursued by a bull—skeletons, death, duels—cats with mice—dogs with kettles, &c., &c."

But the following, from the same work, is more to our present purpose. "Though the touches of sadness are generally brief, and at unexpected seasons, Mr. Hood has still shewn himself capable of writing a long narrative of serious interest and sustained purpose—carried on through the very thick of the cross-fire of puns, jokes and extravaganzas—and convinced us, that had he pleased, (or had he possessed less versatility,) he would have taken a permanent position among the highest class of English novelists—if his **TYLNEY HALL** does not already entitle him to this rank. It will be recognised as a work of genius, when hundreds of novels which have been popular since its publication, have lined trunks and the trunks been burnt for firewood."

Hood is much more good natured than Hook was, whose wit was generally malicious, and his humor satirical.

ROSS' LATIN GRAMMAR, a new and improved Edition. By Nathan C. Brooks, A. M. Philadelphia, 1844.

The classical attainments of Mr. Brooks are already well known, and the readers of the Messenger will recollect some of his polyglot diversions. He has been engaged in teaching for some years, and is now the principal of the Baltimore High School, which important position he has filled with honor and usefulness. In the preparation of this grammar, he has been guided by his own experience as to the wants of our schools and bestowed pains to make it supply all the deficiencies that he has been lead to observe and deplore.

In acquiring languages, the synthetic method must be greatly pursued—and the memory chiefly relied on. It is not expedient to fill elementary works with annotations, criticisms and the so called "philosophy of language." This work is the first of a contemplated series for the use of schools, into which Mr. Brooks desires to see his grammar introduced, and of whose favor it seems to be very worthy.

CAREY & HART. PHILADELPHIA, 1844.

THE WORKS OF THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH, in 3 volumes.

The Rev. Sydney wields one of the sharpest pens of the day and has of late been exceedingly severe upon American Repudiation, for which some of our citizens will be disposed to condemn his writings, unread. If so, they will lose a treat and much instruction. It may well be doubted whether

his wit, power and earnestness are not preferable to the elegance and apt allusions of Macaulay. One of the founders of the Edinburgh Review, he has been a constant and prominent contributor, discussing with signal ability almost every class of subjects and removing all dryness from every thing he handles. The public owe their thanks to the publishers.—[*Am. South.*]

JOHN S. TAYLOR & Co. NEW-YORK, 1844.

HELEN FLEETWOOD. By Charlotte Elizabeth.

The great demand for this popular and instructive story has already called for a second edition, which the publishers have just issued in their usually neat style. It is one of the best of its Authoress' productions. Call on Perkins, Harvey & Ball; who also have

THE OBLIGATIONS OF THE WORLD TO THE BIBLE. By Gardiner Spring, D. D., of New York City.

The obligations of men to the Bible can not be too often or too deeply impressed upon our minds. Dr. Spring seems to have treated this vast subject in a very useful manner, adapting his lectures principally to young men, who, destined to give stamp to human affairs, should enter upon life with just sentiments to guide them in their career. The Chapter on "Slavery" may well be commended to the attention of many, who pretend to be so fully aware of the Spirit of the Bible, in reference to that Institution. Dr. Spring's views are perhaps as liberal as could be expected, under the circumstances of the case. Certainly Fanatics and Agitators receive no encouragement from him.

A LOGICAL VIEW OF THE TESTIMONIES TO CHRISTIANITY. By E. Starnes. Prepared at the request of the Franklin Literary Society of Augusta, Georgia.

Our thanks to the talented author for this very neat publication. We are glad to know that his legal studies do not preclude him from Literary pursuits and the effort to shield the minds around him from the poisonous influence of Infidelity.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

The Southern Quarterly, for July, 1844; *Silliman's Journal*; *Graham and the Ladies' Magazine* are all before us. We can not review their contents and their well known merits render any thing else superfluous.

Mr. Gill, agent, has sent us the last *Blackwood*, *Ladies' Quarterly*, and *Edinburgh Reviews*. Leonard Scott & Co. are now the only publishers of Blackwood, and they certainly deserve extensive patronage for the superior style, the cheapness and expedition with which they bring out all their reprints.

ERROR CORRECTED.—We committed an error in the notice of Young Kate, in the reference made to Mr Terrell and the Louisville Journal. Both Terrell and Tappan are named in the work; Terrell particularly. When we penned the notice, neither the book nor the journal was at hand, and having read both, we trusted to a treacherous memory.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

OCTOBER, 1844.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PROPAGANDISM.

BY AMERICUS SOUTH

B. B. Minor

Mr. Editor,—In the conversations that I have held with you as to the guiding principles upon which you intend to conduct the Southern Literary Messenger, I have been highly gratified to find them such as met my most hearty concurrence, being, as I sincerely believe, eminently useful and demanded by the present circumstances of our beloved country.

Indeed, sir, the tone and spirit of the Journal have already displayed those principles, and its nationality, its devotion to American feelings and interests are plainly perceptible in its pages. These United States are the glory of the age! and of all past ages! in physical advantages, in natural magnificence, in free institutions. The very pulsations of the unfettered heart of America shake the foundations of arbitrary power, and alarm the advocates of bolstered establishments.

Whilst those advocates are thus apprehensive for their fate, they are not idle; but pursue an ever vigilant system of counteraction and disparagement. From the tumultuous tossings of the Freedom which we enjoy; from the excesses often committed by their own lately disenthralled victims, who do not rightly appreciate the liberty that here refreshes their souls, down to the mode of smoking, spitting, talking and eating, are drawn facts and fancies, upon which this system is based and by which it is supported. Domestic institutions, inwoven with our social and political organization, as little understood by their revilers as light is by the blind, are assailed, misrepresented and even interfered with, in the most unprecedented and unjustifiable manner. This system, for it seems such to me, is pursued and propagated by drivellers, travellers, historians, literateurs, statesmen and ministers of state.

In view, then, of the greatness and glory of our free and happy country, the hearts of all her people should beat with fondest devotion to her. A national spirit dedicated to her, should be cherish-

ed, and she should be the land of our pride and our ardent love. And whilst she and her institutions, her people and their manners are assailed, belittled and insidiously undermined, it behooves every American to consider the tendency and the motive of these things, and planting himself firmly upon American sentiments and principles, to withstand their influence.

Our national mind has been like our territory, open to the reception of every thing from abroad. The importation of foreign ideas has been like the immigration to our shores, from almost every country on the globe. These ideas require to be digested, always; and often to be resisted, or expelled. This is plainly the province of one branch of the Literature of a country; but where is the national Literature here to embody and enforce it! where the organ of any such continuous operation upon the public sentiment?

If we look to England, we find a splendid monument of Literature, its summit almost lost in the clouds; reared with a skill, adorned with a taste, inscribed with sentiments, illuminated with names, and exulted over with a pride and a joy purely national. Every thing in England is, or must soon be exclusively English. Her present Literature, is thoroughly imbued with a national spirit. Her leading Magazines, however they may differ among themselves, and even descend to a virulence and indecency equal to that so much complained of and scandalised amongst us, are yet all devoted to their own land and made the vehicles of incessant propagandism of British notions, wishes and resolutions.

These United States have an Independence as decided, a character and interests as distinct, opinions and feelings as peculiar, and institutions all their own, and, in an eminent degree, dependant for their success upon public sentiment. Yet this has been for more than half a century, constantly—systematically operated upon by deleterious

influences—nay almost entirely manufactured for us.

Is not all this to produce an effect here? Have the productions of genius and learning lost their power? Have the trees ceased to grow, as the twig was bent? These influences from the East, unsuited to our circumstances, pass not over us in vain:—they leave some trace behind them. But with the exception of some of our leading newspapers, whose home-made tone is conspicuous, where is there any special organ here, that subserves the part of the leading reviews of England; not in reference to the parties that divide the Empire; but as between her and foreign governments? We have journals of no less excellence—distinguished for their ability and independence; but they do not specially assume the office, I have endeavored to point out as due to the country. The North American Review and others deserve praise for their spirited vindications of our country, against her unscrupulous assailants. But these should sometimes be passed by in silence: what we need is something above this—a high toned periodical that shall steadily aim at inducing and infusing into the popular mind a more self-relying, self-thinking, self-judging, national spirit, adapted to our noble institutions and ever opposing by its current of generous patriotism, the tide that has been so long and injuriously setting upon us from across the Atlantic.

The constant in-pouring upon us of Foreign ideas, engendered by and only fitted for monarchical establishments, intended often directly to oppose and act upon that silent, onward power of truth and liberty, imbosomed here and hence diffusing itself through the civilized nations of both hemispheres, amounts in fact to a species of *English propagandism*, and is persisted in and carried out with a zeal and constancy worthy of a Loyola. One striking example to illustrate this, though the same is exhibited in a thousand other forms, may be found in Alison's History of Europe, during the French Revolution. The subject of this great work is one of the most splendid that ever engaged the pen of a historian. To use his own words, "in no former age, were events of such magnitude crowded together, or interests so momentous at issue between contending nations. From the flame which was kindled in Europe, the whole world has been involved in conflagration, and a new era dawned upon both hemispheres from the effects of its expansion." This flame was the French Revolution, and taking the excesses of that terrific explosion as a fair sample of popular liberty, he studiously disparages every system of government that aims to be more liberal than that of England, and bends the weight of no ordinary talent and learning to sustain, in its tory principles, the *statu quo, ne plus ultra, sat bene* institutions of Great Britain. There are not wanting, the while, references to America to support his monarchical principles; but when he

comes at last to write the history of this country, his design becomes more open, and his toryism and disingenuousness are only equalled by his gross and unpardonable ignorance.

Yet this voluminous, and in many respects attractive history, has been diffused and read in this country to an extent that a patriot might covet for the best charters of our liberties, such as our immortal constitution, the life and writings of Washington, the Madison papers, and the like.

This spirit of embodying the principles, ideas and policy of England in her great Literary works, as Hume, Blackstone, Alison, &c., is a very powerful and most insidious species of propagandism, which our people have ever been ready to embrace and promote. So just and non-interfering—so anti-proselyting has been the whole career of the United States since the foundation of their independence, that there has been no pretext with England for any other mode of operation upon them. The course of this Government, the freest and most enlightened on the Globe, has been characterized by higher honor, justice, humanity and faith, (I say this unhesitatingly with all the clamor of repudiation, here and abroad, still ringing in my ears,) during its whole existence, than that of any other Government, for the same length of time. In this period, India, China, even Africa, and her own suffering and oppressed children can "a tale unfold," upon England, alike shocking to justice and humanity. Our course has been so different from that of France in her revolution, though the dangers and tendencies of our Institutions are by British politicians identified with hers, that England for a long time has had no excuse for doing any thing more than, at home and here, to disparage and undermine Republican Government, by insinuations, writings, libels and misrepresentations.

But alas! we are now compelled to open our eyes to other things, in addition to all this! Because it is proposed by some to receive into this Union an Independent country that seeks our fellowship and protection, an official despatch from an English minister of State proclaims England's determination to interfere with our domestic institutions—so peculiar in their nature, as to be indissolubly connected with the peace of our whole country, and the safety and lives of nearly half our citizens, and the polity of just half of these States! The indifference with which this extraordinary document, thus solemnly put forth, by the *Censor morum* of nations, is most astounding, and shows how difficult it is, in the heat of party excitement at home, to excite attention and reflection to indications from abroad. Scarcely more surprising than this general indifference is the attempt which some have made to fritter down this startling document and to represent it as perfectly consistent with the duty and respect that one nation owes another. No reference shall here be made to the Texas question.

farther than to state that in all the debate upon it, the Hon. Senator Rives was nearly the only one who seemed to attach any thing like its due importance to Lord Aberdeen's remarkable despatch.

In connection with the views I have already expressed, I had intended to prepare a special review of that State-paper; but I find the subject so fully and ably treated in the communication, which you have handed me, that I shall conclude with only a few thoughts not touched upon by that reviewer.* I find that I have been completely anticipated by him, in the tenor of the article, as well as in references to history and a proposed parody upon Lord Aberdeen's letter, to all of which I would invite the attention of your readers.

The writer alluded to has clearly shown that the *propagandism* of England in reference to slavery among us, is the same as that of France towards her, which she resisted with force of arms and with all the power of her eloquence, authority and police. But whilst her action is the same is her provocation the same? Has she any provocation, even in the vagaries of dreaming? The "democratic ambition," "the discordant passion for Independence," "the fervor of innovation," (all of which beautiful epithets we borrow from the *liberal-minded* Alison,) so opposed to the principles of English monarchy, were powerful political engines in the hands of an excited and unrestrained people. But how can slavery here have any effect upon the security or the permanence of British Institutions? England has declared herself ready for a crusade, *sentimental* as yet, for the sake of a philanthropy, most horribly disregarded in her own dominions, in reference to her own oppressed and famishing subjects. Thus we find her without excuse even, coming with her *propagandism* towards us, whilst she has not yet stopped her complaints against France.

Some say, "England has only declared her wishes, in reference to the abolition of slavery and no one can object to that; she expressly disavows any intention to interfere with it." This is not all she has done. She has avowed a determination to see her wishes gratified and to use all *proper* means to procure a "consummation," so "devoutly to be wished for." Proper means! She will have the choice of them, as well as the decision as to their propriety; and who knows not how readily the means come to be adapted to any end that is admitted to be ardently aimed at, or desired. English History can throw a Drummond light upon this subject! But this is not all! What means can be proper, in reference to such a delicate subject, intertwined with our laws, our constitutions, our habits and our interests, and that, too, in foreign and independent states, possessing every right and attribute that England herself does?

She declares that she "is constantly exerting

* See subjoined article on "Lord Aberdeen's letter."
[Ed. *Mss.*

herself to procure the general abolition of slavery throughout the world."* The United States are at least a part of the world, and slavery exists in one half of them;—hence *she is constantly exerting herself to procure the abolition of slavery here.*

"The means which she has adopted and will continue to adopt, for this virtuous and humane purpose, are open and undisguised."† * * * "the Governments of the slave-holding States may be assured, that although we shall not desist from those open and honest efforts which we have constantly made for procuring the abolition of slavery throughout the world," &c.‡ What, then, are those "open and undisguised means?" those "open and honest efforts?" Suppose her efforts ever so honest, the result will be the same. It must be effected directly or indirectly, and I can see no more improper mode than the one she is now pursuing, except an open war, "for this virtuous and humane purpose." The abolition of slavery in these States, however procured, will necessarily lead to conventions of the United States and all the States to form and ratify a new constitution:—it would alter the constitutions of all the slave-holding States and produce a thorough revolution in all the social and political arrangements of the people; and if effected in the mode and by the means now employed, will lead to most disastrous and appalling consequences. "Yet we shall neither openly nor secretly resort to any measures which can tend to disturb the internal tranquillity, or thereby to affect the prosperity of the American Union."§ What sublime logic! What shallow casuistry! Interfere with the political constitutions of a country and endanger the lives of its people, yet not "disturb its internal tranquillity!"

Even if England mean to do nothing, but engage in "open and honest efforts" for the abolition of slavery in these States, she must still occupy the same position that France did to her. Her efforts were open—and no people ever thought their efforts more honest. Whilst France had done nothing but declare her principles and invite the coöperation of all lovers of freedom, Great Britain commenced her denunciations, and even when she declared war, had little to proceed upon, but the avowed revolutionary sentiments of that misguided people. When England is the party acted upon, her ideas of right and justice are correct; but when John Bull wishes to gore another nation's ox, the whole affair is entirely reversed.

We have remarked that England has not yet ceased to cry out against the *propagandism* of France. The last number of Blackwood|| thus harps upon it.

In an article upon Lord Eldon, the writer sets forth the dangers that threatened England and Eu-

* Lord Aberdeen's letter to Mr. Packenham.

† Ibidem. ‡ Ibid. § Ibid.

|| Blackwood, for August, 1844.

rope, from the French revolutionists and their emissaries. Referring to the events that followed "the cruel murder of the innocent and unfortunate Louis XVI," he says, "the French minister at the Court of St. James was ordered to leave the country, and war was proclaimed. The revolutionary committees in England now assumed increased activity. Communications were established between them and the Jacobin Government; and while France prepared for war, English republicanism prepared for revolution. The time of the struggle was fully come. The English minister now buckled on his armor. * * * Opposition never exhibited more brilliant parliamentary powers. Fox was matchless in declamation, alternately solemn and touching; Sheridan, Grey and a long list of practised and indefatigable talent, were in perpetual debate; but Pitt 'with huge two hundred away,' finally crushed them all. * * * He extinguished that principle of evil increase, by which all the efforts of foreign Governments had been baffled in their contests with Jacobinism," &c.

In strong contrast with the coloring always given to the conduct of other nations, ever stands the self-laudation of England; as a specimen of this, we will just quote a little farther from the same article. "On the continent, the conspirators against the State would have been thrown into dungeons for life, or shot. In France, the idol of the Revolutionist of all countries, they would have been carried before a mob tribunal, their names simply asked, their sentences pronounced, and their bodies headless within the first half hour. *In England they had the benefit of the Law in all its sincerity, the assistance of the most distinguished counsel, the judgment of the most impartial tribunal, and the incalculable advantage of a trial by men of their own condition, feelings and passions.*" To swallow this, one must forget the whole history of State trials in England, where, as is too well known, the State has procured the conviction of nearly every prisoner upon whom it has once laid its stigma!

But this is departing from the subject. To return;—England now pretends to have very recent charges against the improper propagandism of France, and rumor says that they are likely to be made the pretext of a war against Louis Philippe. I allude to the Tahiti affair; and it is amusing, though instructive, to see what a face some British writers endeavor to put upon it. The immediate cause of complaint is an alleged indignity offered to Mr. Pritchard, the British consul, by the French on that Island. When the matter was recently alluded to in the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington declared that a great outrage had been committed, for which reparation must be made. The reparation demanded by the British Government, is said to embrace "the dismissal of M. D'Aubigny; the recall of M. De Bruat, who on

his return to Tahiti sanctioned the conduct of M. D'Aubigny; the demolition of all the fortifications raised in the island during the sovereignty of France; and finally, the establishment on the station of a fleet for the protection of the subjects of both countries." Very ample satisfaction indeed!

But there are other Tahiti transactions discussed in the English Journals, in that one sided mode, which the prejudices and strong nationality of England always adopt. From their account of these, and the long-established animosity and jealousy between the two countries, it is not wonderful that England should at length be able to put her complaints in some definite shape, so as to demand the satisfaction already alluded to. An article, in the Dublin University Magazine of July 1843, entitled "*Propagandism in the Pacific*," contains in substance the following statements.

In the first place it is charged that "For several years past the French Government of Louis Philippe, aided by the Romish Priesthood, have been persevering in their endeavors to obtain a political ascendancy in the Pacific; and had this been done in an open and manly way, our remarks might have been brief; we shall, however, as the matter stands, enter into some detail."

It thence appears, that a law of Tahiti prohibits the residence of any foreigner, without permission from the Government. In 1836, two French Romish Priests attempted to intrude themselves upon that island; but this law was enforced and they expelled, after milder measures had failed.

"The piety of Louis Philippe, however, was offended, and Captain Du Petit Thouars was despatched to obtain redress, and the conduct of this officer was sufficiently disgusting. The French captain, instead of treating with the native authorities at once, put himself in connection with the grog dealer, Moerenhout, who was at the same time consul for the United States and secret agent for France. The consequence of this dishonorable conference was a demand for an apology and for the sum of two thousand dollars as a fine for the conduct of the queen in dismissing the priests. Unless this was done, the valiant Du Petit Thouars threatened to batter down the town of Matavia, and establish a creature of Moerenhout's as sovereign. What follows is honorable to Englishmen: the unfortunate Tahitians had no money, but the sum was advanced by three British subjects, Mr. Pritchard, the British consul, Dr. Vaughan, and Mr. Bicknell, the son of one of the missionaries. *We feel curious to know what became of this and other sums extorted from the Polynesians. Did it go to the French exchequer, or was it absorbed by that money-getting polypus, La Fayette's Utopia, and the best of all possible republics, Louis Philippe?*"

This also shows the temper of the article: and in the decency of the closing lines, which we have italicised, even Martin Chuzzlewit might find something to delight his fastidious taste. But the courteous writer proceeds to state, that in April 1839,

the French frigate, *L' Artemise*, Captain La Place, visited Tahiti and compelled the repeal of their anti-intrusion law, so that "Jesuits and runaway convicts may find an asylum in Tahiti." In May 1843, the French ship of war, *L' Aube*, Captain Dubuset, compelled the Queen of Tahiti to dismiss her police, because a drunken French captain had been punished, which "touched French honor."

He then returns to Du Petit Thouars, and every thing, even the encirclement of the Queen, is thrown in to heighten the enormity of that admiral's conduct.

"We must now come to the climax of these iniquities and the crowning exploit of Du Petit Thouars; and we may venture to assert that the odious combination of obscenity and falsehood, priestcraft and infidelity, is a disgrace to a nation calling itself civilized. But the iniquities of Du Petit Thouars were preceded by an appropriate prelude by the French consul, Moerenhout. This person, some months before the arrival of the French frigate, and apparently in anticipation of that event, and when the queen was absent from the island, endeavored to prevail upon the chiefs to sign a letter surrendering the sovereignty of Tahiti to Louis Philippe."

"After this fraud Du Petit Thouars arrived in September, 1842; and we have now to record acts which would have cashiered any English officer, and have permanently expelled him from all correct and moral society. For some days after the arrival of our buccaneer all was quiet, and many professions of peace were made on the part of the French. The Queen and principal chiefs were then requested to visit the frigate, that the commander might pay his respects to them, and of course it was understood that his visit was of a friendly nature. The poor queen however was in hourly expectation of her confinement, of which Du Petit Thouars appears to have taken unmanly advantage; and it will hereafter be seen that under any circumstances this officer was no fitting society for a modest woman. The mingled cowardice and meanness of what followed requires no comment. In the evening the British and American consuls received an official document stating the differences that existed between the Tahitian and French Governments, which would probably lead to hostilities; and all French, British and American subjects were therefore warned to take means for securing their persons and property.

"Before the queen or her friends could be consulted, or the day appointed had arrived, the French admiral had settled the affair by means of fraud and falsehood, equal to any thing to be found in the memoirs of his countryman Vidocq. A secret meeting was held during the night, at which four chiefs attended, and a document signed by them resigning the sovereignty of the island to the French king. Next morning, the queen was required to sign this act of abdication within twenty-four hours, or to pay a fine of ten thousand dollars. But a sad experience had taught the islanders the terrific power of France, and had rendered her very name odious among them. The queen declared she would rather die than subscribe to this swindling document; and although in a situation whose delicacy would have called for some forbearance and

courtesy on the part of a gentleman, Admiral Du Petit Thouars was inexorable; and as the money could not be procured, she affixed her signature just one hour before the firing was to commence."

"No honest man can entertain a doubt as to the mode in which Tahiti was brought under the supremacy of France. It was compulsory in the strictest sense of the word; and it is therefore with a feeling of humiliation that we have to refer to Admiral Du Petit Thouars' official account of the transaction. Nothing can better show the opinion of the French Admiral respecting his own conduct than that he has been obliged, in order to give a plausible statement of these misdeeds, to fill his official report with falsehoods of the most disgraceful nature."

"Middleton's Letter was far from exhausting the parallels between ancient and modern Roman polytheism. The present history affords an instructive one. Licentiousness and the real presence proceeded with equal steps, and the rights of Paphos were identified with the progress of Popery. It remains only to be added, that all these transactions have met with the full approbation of Louis Philippe, who has bestowed on the Admiral the cross of the Legion of Honor. We would suggest, that in addition, he be created chief of the Arroyos, and sent back to Polynesia with a cargo of Jesuits."

"We have thus seen the approved mode of obtaining the sovereignty over a defenceless people. Priests are smuggled in, in opposition to the police regulations of the country, a French agent or consul demoralizes the people by the sale of spirits, the greatest crime a European residing among barbarous races can be guilty of. The priest and the agent stir up strife, they are ordered to quit the country, French honor is insulted, a frigate arrives, demands a fine, calculated on purpose to be so high, that it cannot be paid, and as a compensation, the country is taken possession of under the sovereignty of France. This general statement is fully borne out by the conduct of the French in the Sandwich Islands, a conduct perfectly parallel to that pursued in the Society Islands, of which we will now give some account."

After giving other statements of a similar character, in the same courteous and conciliatory tone, the writer continues:

"The causes which have led to these strange transactions are not difficult to discover. No one will be simple enough to believe that piety or religious motives actuated the French Government in these crusades to the antipodes. We would as soon expect that the Religious Tract Society should publish a cheap edition of Volney's Catechism. In fact, it is purely a political speculation in which

* Feeling some compunctions for thus blackening the character of the French Admiral, he here adds the following exculpatory note.

"There is something in all this we cannot fathom. Admiral Du Petit Thouars is the son of a brave officer, who fell gloriously at Aboukir, and his uncle was an amiable and respected member of the French Institute. Still, we cannot accept him as a sample of French naval officers. We rather suspect that he and Captain La Place are not over fastidious, and therefore sometimes useful people, who will undertake duties which men of nicer feelings would decline."

any other form of religion would have been employed as readily as the Roman, provided it proved itself an equally efficacious instrument to bring about the ends sought for. We believe there are two objects more particularly aimed at, and also that the forcing of priests and brandy on the islands of the Pacific is only a small part of a very comprehensive scheme. One object of this propagandism is what may be called a dynastic one. We believe there is but little attachment to the Orleans family in France, while it is viewed with rooted aversion by that great part of the nation which calls itself liberal—and in truth, Louis Philippe occupies a lonely position more removed from the sympathies of his people than Louis the Eighteenth and Charles the Tenth. As some party is better than none the present attempt is to obtain the adhesion of the priest party, and of course along with it the friendship of Rome and Vienna."

Since England has such ideas of the piety and honor of France, what must we think of her conduct, if we apply the same charitable rules of interpretation? Is there nothing political in her *philanthropic* movements? Has she no political ends to subserve, by operating upon internal institutions here, dearer and more delicate than the laws or institutions of all the islands of the Pacific? She is "constantly exerting herself to procure" a change in our Governments, of far more consequence to us, than any in Tahiti can be to her. Yet whilst Sir Robert Peel is demanding satisfaction for the wrongs of Tahiti, Lord Aberdeen, as it were just across the room, puts forth a manifesto of worse interference and propagandism here. And Lord Brougham, a sort of superficial pantologist, with one breath lashes a very inconsiderable repeal agitator in the United States, and in the next, with a visage as benevolent as a Quaker's coat, has the impertinence to inquire what her Majesty's Government are doing with slavery here and in Texas! If England is in pursuit of good—if true Philanthropy is her motive, why does she refuse the petitions of Lord Ashley and Dr. Southwood Smith? Why does she trample upon the sufferings of her oppressed laborers? Why stifle the voice of her Indian slaves? Why tamper with the slave trade? For once, my Lords, let charity begin at home.

But we have not yet done with France and England. The scene now changes from the Pacific to the Mediterranean; The French fleet, under Prince de Joinville, is bombarding Tangier, a sea port town of the Kingdom of Fez, in Africa. It is a place of some trade, supplying the opposite coast with provisions, has a castle and is surrounded by a wall, and may be useful as an entrepot into Africa and the Mediterranean. What says England to this. The Tories tell Sir Robert to urge the Tahiti affair, and the Whigs call for war; and the continental powers, it is rumored, declare that "*La Jeune France*" must have a drubbing. What is Tangier to England? She has the impregnable Gibraltar on the opposite shore.

In 1683 Charles II. thought Tangier was not worth the expense of keeping and caused the works to be blown up. But now, it is one of the granaries of Gibraltar itself! Its cession to France will greatly injure the British merchants! Even the Paris Globe, the organ of M. Guizot, says, "England can only hold Gibraltar, as long as no great Power has possession of the coast of Morocco and Tangier. Place cannon on the African coast of the Straits, and the importance of Gibraltar will diminish one half." Of course England will magnify its importance, and the enormity of seizing it. There is no little truth, however, in the views of the Paris National which says, "Small as is this little island of Tahiti, it is a point on the sea, and every other nation is forbid to establish itself any where, without the permission of Great Britain. This is the bottom of their way of thinking; they speak of honor and of ambition; they make a noise about Pritchard; but their ideas really run on having a domination every where sovereign. Under the cloak of international laws which they pretend have been violated, they pursue only a miserable object of cupidity, jealousy and covetousness."

Balance of power! Propagandism in the Mediterranean! The "Democratic ambition" of "young France!" These are enough to justify every thing. Under the impression that the Liberal party in France have a rooted aversion to Louis Philippe, and that there is very little attachment to the Orleans family, it is feared that on the death of Louis Philippe, there will be another republican outbreak in France and perhaps a war for the extension of free principles. This the crowned heads greatly fear, and thinking that the war will be waged under more favorable auspices, against the aged and pacific Louis Philippe, crippled perhaps by the disaffection of his subjects, it may ere long be commenced. The King of the French, it appears, has been none too quick in fortifying his capital.

A pretty picture of human rights this presents, the crowned heads of Europe precipitating a war to prevent the diffusion of glorious Liberty! They assume that they have a right to power by prescription, or *jure Divino*, and considering themselves aggrieved by every effort to extend popular freedom, they band together to arrest the onward march of human happiness and improvement. Millions must suffer and endure, whilst their toil sustains and pampers the few thousand that ride upon their backs, or trample upon their necks!

But let us take another view of the case, by reversing the picture. Are the principles of absolutism so negative and passive that there is no propagandism in their advocates? The friends of liberty are overwhelmed by the majority against them. They must be active. They have every thing to contend against and are not left free to assert their freedom, even within their own just

authority. When despotism wars upon them, does not it assert and propagate its own essential principles? Thus is often perpetrated a grosser injustice, a more unjustifiable interference, than "Democratic ambition" was ever guilty of: I plead not the cause of Revolutionism, nor of Radicalism; but of constitutional liberty, "by law restrained;" such as our Republican fathers enjoyed and established. But England gives very nearly the same coloring to our Republicanism, that the writer above does to the character of Admiral Du Petit Thouars; and is by no means willing that we should be placed under favorable circumstances to develop the glory and power of our institutions. Our success will shame all her proud pretensions, falsify her prophecies and frustrate her hopes. But that there are difficulties to be encountered—inflammable materials here to be enkindled, we see as plainly as she does. To increase these difficulties, to ignite these materials will best promote her policy and her permanence, by casting opprobrium upon free government. We are beset by an insidious policy, by a cunning diplomacy, and may well be upon our guard.

Though slavery has been the primary ground of the foregoing views, yet I have given them a national bearing. I believe that non-interference with slavery is a national interest—as much as the defence of the North would be, by troops or munitions contributed by the Southern States. The interests and duties of the North and of the South in both cases are perfectly reconcilable. But I would not disguise, nor surrender my decided devotion to the South. It is a part of my education, a bequest from a venerated parent. My father, the late Christopher Columbus South, was one of the most ardent of patriots. Perhaps a sort of pride that he was named after the great discoverer, lent additional force to his attachment to his country. He was fond of recalling and dwelling upon the characters and exploits of the great ones of the Revolution. The best patriots and most upright were his greatest men—"Goodness is greatness," was his maxim. He endeavored to inspire his children with the same sentiments. As he was named after one great discoverer of America, he called me after another, and used to say to me, "Americus, let your name indicate your principles:—be an *American*. Love your country, your whole country, and let all your aims be for her and for God." He was also an old fashioned Virginian, and thought it perfectly compatible with honor, conscience and religion to hold slaves; and that we had as much right to security and peace in their possession, as the non-slave-holders have to their cherished institutions. Hence, I have thought it right to let my *whole name* indicate my principles—an American Southerner:—

IN THE UNION AND FOR THE UNION; IN THE SOUTH AND FOR THE SOUTH.

THE TEMPEST OF THE SOUL.

BY MRS. MARIA G. BUCHANAN.

On stormy Doubt's tempestuous ocean,
Once struggling tossed my bacr of Life;
Loud was the billow's fierce commotion,
Fearful the wind's o'erwhelming strife.
The thunders hoarse of justice started
Affrighted conscience from her sleep—
And guilt's red lightnings wildly darted
Their lurid glare across the deep.

Sin's midnight darkness had enshrouded
The beaming "Sun of Righteousness;"
The golden star of faith was clouded,
Its rays cheered not my deep distress.
The warfare rude fair peace affrighted,
Her snowy wings she plumed for flight;
Not e'en *hope's* smile irradiant lighted
The gloom of that remembered night.

Death's icy form seemed hanging o'er me,
Upon my soul his terrors fell;
Despair's dark whirlpool yawned before me,
Beyond appeared the lowest hell.
Onward my fated bark was rushing;
Wild horror woke within my breast;
When Lo! the tempest calmly hushing,
A Voice was heard proclaiming "Rest."

Oh, God! oh, God! my glad emotion,
As mercy's seraph form appeared!
With glorious wing she swept doubt's ocean,
And high a golden banner reared.
The symbol on its folds engraven,
The Cross on which a SAVIOUR died,
Was to Religion's blessed haven
My, only true, unerring guide.

Memphis, Tenn., 4th July, 1844.

SONNETS TO FRANKLIN'S PRINTING PRESS.

Now in the possession of John Murray, Esq.

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

I.

RELIC of FRANKLIN'S TOIL! Time-honored press!
Had'st thou a tongue, what story could'st thou tell
Of him who labored at thy bar so well!
But now thy mute oration hath not less
Of strange, mysterious power the mind to fill
With rev'rent thoughts of him who gave the age
New light and truth in each unfolding page,
And made the lightning herald of his will!
Old Press! Worm-eaten Press! I love to gaze
Upon thy quaint, old-fashioned form and style,
And think of FRANKLIN's genius all the while!
Though now obscured by Art's increasing blaze
And lost for Art's best use, thou still shalt share
His mighty name, and all his works declare.

11.

Type of that grand, imperishable art,
Which sheds its countless rays from pole to pole,
Lighting the regions of the darkened soul,
Thy name enkindles fire within my heart!
Vast change the world hath seen between thy day
And this—and though worn out and laid aside
Unfit for use, 'tis with no common pride
We gaze upon thee now,—as well we may!
No marble pillar bears his honored name
Who wrought thee well—no cenotaph is graced
With fading characters upon it traced
To be the silent record of his fame;
The proudest monument to him we find
Is light and truth as lasting as the mind!
Brooklyn, L. I., July, 1844.

LORD ABERDEEN'S LETTER.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SENATE AND DOCUMENTS RELATIVE TO TEXAS, from which the injunction of secrecy has been removed. *Senate. 1st Session, 28th Congress. Doc. 341.*

We do not intend at this time to discuss the Texas question. We refer to the documents above, only for the purpose of calling attention more particularly to the letter of Lord Aberdeen's at pp. 48-9, which we consider the most extraordinary State paper of the age.

That the reader may examine it attentively, we quote it. We beg him to read it carefully.

FOREIGN OFFICE, *December, 26, 1843.*

SIR:—As much agitation appears to have prevailed of late in the United States relative to the designs which Great Britain is supposed to entertain with regard to the Republic of Texas, Her Majesty's Government deem it expedient to take measures for stopping at once the misrepresentations which have been circulated, and the errors into which the Government of the United States seems to have fallen on the subject of the policy of Great Britain with respect to Texas. That policy is clear and simple, and may be stated in a few words.

Great Britain has recognized the independence of Texas, and, having done so, she is desirous of seeing that independence finally and formally established, and generally recognized, especially by Mexico. But this desire does not arise from any motion of ambition or of self-interest, beyond that interest, at least, which attaches to the general extension of our commercial dealings with other countries.

We are convinced that the recognition of Texas by Mexico must conduce to the benefits of both these countries, and, as we take an interest in the well-being of both, and in their steady advance in power and wealth, we have put ourselves forward in pressing the Government of Mexico to acknowledge Texas as independent. But in thus acting we have no occult design, either with reference to any peculiar influence which we might seek to establish in Mexico or in Texas, or even with reference to the slavery which now exists, and which we desire to see abolished in Texas.

With regard to the latter point, it must be and is well known, both to the United States and to the whole world, that Great Britain desires, and is constantly exerting herself to procure, the general abolition of slavery throughout the world. But the means which she has adopted, and will continue to adopt, for this humane and virtuous purpose, are open and undisguised. She will do nothing secretly or underhand. She desires that her motives may be generally understood, and her acts seen by all.

With regard to Texas we avow that we wish to see slavery abolished there, as elsewhere; and we should rejoice if the recognition of that country by the Mexican Government should be accompanied by an engagement on the part of Texas to abolish slavery eventually, and under proper conditions, throughout the Republic. But although we earnestly desire and feel it to be our duty to promote such a consummation, we shall not interfere unduly, or with an improper assumption of authority with either party, in order to ensure the adoption of such a course. We shall counsel, but we shall not seek to compel, or unduly control, either party. So far as Great Britain is concerned, provided other States act with equal forbearance, those Governments will be fully at liberty to make their own unfettered arrangements with each other, both in regard to the abolition of slavery and to all other points.

Great Britain, moreover, does not desire to establish in Texas, whether partially dependent on Mexico, or entirely independent, (which latter alternative we consider in every respect preferable,) any dominant influence. She only desires to share her influence equally with all other nations. Her objects are purely commercial; and she has no thought or intention of seeking to act directly or indirectly, in a political sense, on the United States through Texas.

The British Government, as the United States well know, have never sought in any way to stir up disaffection or excitement of any kind in the slave-holding States of the American Union. Much as we should wish to see those States placed on the firm and solid footing which we consciously believe is to be attained by general freedom alone, we have never in our treatment of them made any difference between the slave-holding and the free States of the Union. All are, in our eyes, entitled, as component members of the Union, to equal political respect, favor, and forbearance on our part. To that wise and just policy we shall continue to adhere; and the Governments of the slave-holding States may be assured that, although we shall not desist from those open and honest efforts which we have constantly made for procuring the abolition of slavery throughout the world, we shall neither openly nor secretly resort to any measures which can tend to disturb their internal tranquillity, or thereby to affect the prosperity of the American Union.

You will communicate this despatch to the United States Secretary of State, and, if he should desire it, you will leave a copy of it with him.

I am, &c.

ABERDEEN.

Right Hon. RICHARD PAKENHAM, &c.

Is not this the first time that the doctrine of foreign interference with our domestic concerns has been broached from the other side of the At-

lantic? "Great Britain," says her Minister, "in constantly exerting herself to procure the general abolition of slavery throughout the world." He adds, she has already "adopted and will continue to adopt" means "for this humane and virtuous purpose." She "earnestly desires and feels it her duty to promote such a consummation;" but she "will not interfere unduly, or with any improper assumption of authority, or seek unduly to control" in the matter, "PROVIDED OTHER STATES ACT WITH EQUAL FORBEARANCE."

Mark the salvoes and the qualifications. No undue interference or control, no *improper means*, PROVIDED other States act with equal FORBEARANCE! Taught from early youth up, to believe that, from that Government, *all* means are undue, all interference improper, we regard this paper with abhorrence. The question of slavery with us, admits not even of discussion from such a quarter, much less will it brook interference.

Mark too, the effrontery with which this doctrine as to interference with our domestic institutions is put forth from the other side of the water. English interference with our system of slavery is claimed not only as a matter of right, but of *duty*. England feels it her duty to procure the abolition of slavery here! So writes Lord Aberdeen, and so says the letter.

Nor is this all. With the air and manner of arrogance boasting of virtue, his lordship goes further and reminds this Government that they, the English, "have never, in their treatment of them, (us,) made any difference between the slave-holding and free States of the Union." This document assures the Governments of the slave-holding States, that although England *will not desist* from the efforts which she is constantly making to procure the abolition of slavery among them, they are entitled to as much "political respect, favor and forbearance on her part" as the free States.

"FORBEARANCE!" Forbearance is a virtue; the exercise of patience; long suffering; indulgence towards those who *injure* us; DELAY OF RESENTMENT. Consult if you please the Lexicographers.

You are a scholar and a statesman, my lord, skilled in diplomacy. You know the force of words, and weigh well their meaning before you commit them on paper in the affairs of State; come tell us, therefore, why is it, since your Government has not yet supererogated so far as to intermeddle with our private affairs and domestic concerns, why is it that for that you claim for her the lowly and humble, the meek and christian virtues of forbearance. Is it our wholesome system of democracy that tries her patience? the example of a great republican government, prosperous and happy at home, strong and powerful abroad, that causes this long-suffering? What is the injury that has called for indulgence from her? Is it because we were too

valiant in war, too great in peace? Or for what ancient grudge is the delayed resentment yet to come? for these are some of the conditions required to dignify the mere negative act of "cease to do evil" with the ennobling virtues of FORBEARANCE.

Perhaps his lordship will tell us too, what those *means* are which he says Great Britain has already adopted and will continue to adopt, what those efforts are which she is constantly making to procure the abolition of slavery here? We should like to know. When Governments boast of philanthropy and ministers prate about the feelings of humanity which actuate them, we always expect to see some terrible display of frantic benevolence. History tells us of a people that, "in the name of liberty, once got drunk with crime to vomit blood." Raving mad with new-fangled doctrines of social equality, they took off the head of their sovereign and threw it down in the arena of Revolution, a bloody gauntlet to the kings of Europe. They made oath to a new Constitution and pronounced it an "eternal anathema upon absolute thrones." Resolved no longer to treat with crowned heads, they viewed them and their subjects as "pacific savages;" they called all regularly accredited ambassadors, "titled spies," and declared themselves the natural allies of all free people. With liberty and equality for their watchword, they proclaimed the "rights of man," and preached to enslaved multitudes the captivating doctrines of political regeneration.

The course which a certain "sea girt isle" took, when such doctrines were propagated and as soon as she was threatened with the influence of French philanthropy, may perhaps afford England a lesson with regard to the doctrines of universal emancipation, the *black* philanthropy which she now preaches and the interference which she now threatens with regard to the domestic arrangements of the United States.

For twenty long years she and the allied powers of Europe urged fierce and desolating wars because there were French propagandists. England once complained, even at the cannon's mouth, that the discussions of the Clubs, and the political disquisitions of the people of a neighboring nation endangered the safety of her own domestic institutions. And, as the doctrines now preached by the world's convention and the anti-slavery societies of London, are, in principle, not far different from those put forth 50 years ago with such awful consequences by the Clubs of Paris—as the doctrine now proclaimed by Lord Aberdeen breathes the very spirit manifested in the famous decree of the 19th November, 1792, which made it known that the French nation "*would grant fraternity and assistance to all people who wish to recover their freedom*;" we propose hastily to point out a few only of these points of resemblance that they may serve us for subsequent illustration.

"The unprecedented and alarming proceedings

on this occasion" (19 Nov.) says Alison the Historian, "joined to the rapid increase and treasonable language of the Jacobin societies in England, excited a very general feeling of disquietude in Great Britain"—as do now, in this country, the abolition societies of the North, encouraged and incited by those of London. England then invited a confederation against the French, and through Lord Granville proposed that the efforts of the allies should be limited in preventing their *interference* with other states, or extending their conquests or *propagandism* beyond their own frontier.*

Howsoever the plant may have been watered, the seeds of the French Revolution are to be found in the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, Raynal and the Encyclopedists. There, philosophical speculations upon religion and politics, disquisitions upon the condition of man here and hereafter, discussions upon political subjects took place and were all entertained in the widest range. The young amused themselves with visionary speculations as to the social compact, and the imaginative dreamed of equal rights, civil and religious freedom, until they were at last aroused from their slumbers by the cries from the guillotine. Thus arose one of the most remarkable eras afforded by the history of civilized man. And from a like source has arisen the present anti-slavery mania in England.

But let us first see, judging from the past, to what extent England would be likely to tolerate from her neighbors such an interference with her domestic concerns as Lord Aberdeen now tells us she feels it her duty to make towards ours.

Both Mr. Pitt and Mr. Burke, speaking for the English Government, said the decree of the National Assembly, which promised "fraternity and assistance" in the name of the French nation, "to all people who wish to recover their freedom", "was not levelled against particular nations, but against every country where there was any form of government established;" they said it was "a decree not hostile to individuals, but to the human race; and that was calculated every where to sow the seeds of rebellion and civil commotion." It was made the cause of war.

How awful and calamitous in her mind did this thing of foreign interference in the domestic institutions of nations appear when brought home to Old England; nay, half a century gone, and it was dreadful to all kings and people. The Clubs of Paris advocated the cause of popular liberty, discoursed on the sovereignty of the people, questioned the divine right of kings, and all Europe rose up in arms and put France in coventry for her principles. The Pitt and Granville act made it criminal for a British subject to hold even so much as a friendly correspondence with a French republican. The contagious in-

fluence of democratic principles might, it was dreaded, cross over the channel: therefore the people in England were forbid "peaceably to assemble and petition for the redress of grievances." If they complained of rotten boroughs, or asked for reforms in Parliament, they were told they were inoculated with French principles, an indescribable something, a sort of *mal frances*, and turned empty away.

So alarming was this doctrine of stepping behind thrones to interfere with people, so dreadful the idea of teaching them, or even telling them of the "rights of man," that as soon as the revolution commenced, kings on their thrones and ministers in their palaces were seized with a general consternation at its principles and its progress. Immediately their jealousies of each other were allayed, their passions stilled, and a general but rapid pacification throughout Europe took place, that they might combine in war to stifle its principles and prevent the contagion of French democracy from reaching their subjects.

"The first object of the war," said Austria and Prussia to Denmark in alliance, "is to form a bulwark against the *revolutionary principles* of the French Republic."

"Great Britain," said the English Ministry, "never claimed a right to interfere in the internal affairs of France, or to dictate to her inhabitants the form of government, or race of sovereigns they were to choose. The war was undertaken," said they, "not to partition or circumscribe its territory, but to oppose a barrier to the inundation of infidel and *democratic* principles, by which the Republic first shook the opinions of the multitude in all the adjoining states."

"The extinction of the Revolutionary spirit," says the faithful historian, after the lapse of half a century, "the stoppage of the insidious system of *propagandism*, by which the French democracy were shaking all the thrones and endangering all the institutions and liberties of Europe, was the *real* object of the war."

In reply to the arguments of Mr. Fox and Mr. Grey against the war in 1793, it was urged by Mr. Pitt and Mr. Burke in behalf of the Ministry, as one among the reasons why the war should be continued, that the *French principles*, the doctrine that national sovereignty resides in the people, was carried through Europe by means of the *Jacobin societies*. It was the seducing language of freedom used by these emissaries of the societies, that spread such consternation among the crowned heads of Europe.

Do not the abolition societies of London now, in their effects, and the bearings of their doctrines upon the domestic institutions of this country, offer some points of resemblance to the Clubs of Paris in the influence which their *propagandism* had upon

* *Parl. History* xxxiv, 1,313 *et seq.*

* *Alison's History of Europe*, vol II., p. 63.

the internal affairs of Great Britain at the end of the last century! Is not their language also *seducing*? And who so blind that he can not discover in this despatch of Lord Aberdeen the identical principle contained in the celebrated decree of Nov. 19, 1792, of the National Assembly, which England then considered and made cause of war? The objects are somewhat different, it is true; but the principle is the same. Wherein is the difference, as to principle, between the Jacobin Clubs of Paris with their affiliated societies preaching liberty and equality, the "rights of man," the sovereignty of the *people*, to the subjects of Great Britain and seeking to stir up insurrection among them in 1793,—Wherein, I say, is the difference in principle, between them in '93, and the anti-slavery societies of London in 1844. Have not these their affiliated societies here, their missionaries armed like those of the last century with the torch of insurrection, and preaching from the same text of liberty and equality, the captivating doctrines of "freedom to the slave," "the political regeneration of the African," the "emancipation everywhere of man from bondage to his fellow man!" In the terms of the historian, was it not the "seducing language of freedom," held forth by "French emissaries and British demagogues" to the "lower orders of society," that caused the seditious meetings of England in '95 and led to the act prohibiting the people of the realm, even peaceably, to assemble! Like causes produce like effects, the world over. Have not the agitation of the abolition societies, instigated by English emissaries,* called on the slave states for the enactment of more rigorous laws! These states, at least many of them, have been compelled to copy after the famous Pitt and Granville act, and make it criminal for the slaves peaceably to assemble, even to worship their God, unless, like the British subjects of that day, the meeting be held under the eyes of magistrates. In either case the bonds of servitude were already galling enough; and in both, the indiscreet acts of misguided friends made them chafe still more. Mr. Pitt himself was the advocate of parliamentary reform in England; was in favor of giving ear to the grievances of the people, of extending the political privileges, and of bettering the condition of the poor man in England, as the slave-holding states here were for improving the condition of the blacks. But the French people began with their propagandism, and so far from abating in the realm, these evils which his eloquence had held up in such strong colors, he opposed all reform. Judging it better to abide old evils than to try new remedies at such a time, he found it necessary for the safety of the country to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, to make all assemblages of the people seditious meetings in law; to draw tighter the already hard drawn reins of Government and

to rule with a stronger arm a people now becoming, at the instigation of the "friends of freedom," more and more restive of all restraint.

The same results in this country have marked the efforts of like societies here and in England to better the condition of the African. The Governments of all the slave-holding States commiserated the black men among them, and were actually casting about for the means of ameliorating their lot. Some of them, as Kentucky and Tennessee, were even discussing the question of immediate emancipation.

But in rushed the intermeddling and mischievous spirit, both foreign and domestic, of abolition, with its fanaticism, its turbulent doctrines and incendiary appeals, and the slave states, like England under Pitt, found themselves compelled to turn short round, and, for the sake of domestic peace, to make the black man's servitude still more bitter. The privileges of social intercourse were curtailed among slaves. The patrols were more rigid, and it was made by law a high offence to teach a slave his A B C. Manumission was surrounded with new difficulties, and the freed black man, once beyond the limits of the state in which his freedom had been obtained, was ostracised forever.* Thus, the efforts of the abolitionist, like those of the English Government, for the suppression of the slave trade, only aggravated the evil. Whenever that Government, or its people, have stepped from British soil to interfere with the condition of the Ethiopian, so far from bettering it, they have made it tenfold worse than before. The right of search is worth more in her eyes than the suppression of the slave trade. In all her efforts for its suppression, nothing but the right of search would do, notwithstanding the startling fact that with every new treaty for this right, the trade increased and its horrors grew. Since she commenced to suppress it by this means, which for more than thirty years has been a *sine qua non*, the trade has increased with tenfold horrors, and in numbers from 80,000, to hundreds of thousands of souls a year.

The unfortunate sympathy of that Government and the intemperate zeal of anti-slavery societies have caused blood to be spilled from the blacks more than enough, we religiously believe, to float the English Navy. If the embodied voice of the American slave and native African could be heard, it would be in the deepest tones of bitterness, God save us from our friends, the English and the abolitionists.

What would you have her do, it may be asked, let the African slave trade alone! By no means. We would have her pursue that course with regard to it, which common sense every where teaches and the principles of which we see put in practice every day. With her, nothing would do but the right of search. She tried it for thirty years; the evil increased the more. She extended this right until,

* Garrison and others.

* Instance S. Carolina.

counting the lives lost in battles among the natives for victims, and in transportation, and the number actually sold, as slaves, it involved the annual destruction in 1840 of not less than 300,000* human beings. Whereas, when she commenced to put down this trade, the largest estimates did not put the loss from death and slavery together at more than 80,000 souls a year. When we are ill and find ourselves growing worse under this or that course of treatment, we change the course, and try new remedies. But this England would never consent to do, until she was brought to it by us at the treaty of Washington in 1841-2.

The African clause of that treaty was suggested by this journal—proof-sheets of which were sent by its late editor to Lord Ashburton and to members of the Cabinet on the arrival of the former in this country. The treaty presents a literal transcript of the plan there proposed.

And what has been the result? Let Lord Aberdeen tell. He stated in Parliament, on the 25th of July last, that the number of slaves torn from Africa from 1768 to 1841 had averaged from 58,000 to 100,000 a year, that in 1840 the number was 90,000, but in 1842-3 it only amounted to 25,000—less than it has ever been known to be for 100 years. Such are the beneficial effects of this treaty of coöperation. And if England would but let the right of search alone, and use her influence with other nations, as the United States long ago proposed that she should, inducing them to declare the trade piracy and to coöperate each one with a naval force on the coast of Africa, in two years more a slaver would be as rare on the Ocean as a pirate now is. But at the time of announcing such satisfactory results of this, the American plan for suppressing the slave trade, his Lordship produced, amidst the commendatory plaudits of hear! hear! a new set of instructions to English cruisers, directing them to search vessels under the American flag to see if they were entitled to wear it!

The course which the same Government and the abolitionists are pursuing with regard to the question of slavery among us only aggravates the evil. This interference continually makes matters worse too. And here again the maxims of common sense, supposing England and the abolitionists sincere in their sympathy for the black, ought at least for his sake, to prevail with them. Their advice is spurned, and by officious intermeddling and their own indiscretion they have become exceedingly obnoxious to slave-holders. Your neighbor does not manage his domestic affairs as you wish that he should, and as you believe would be more conducive to the comfort of his family for whom you have a great regard. And in your frantic desire to see matters with him on a different footing, you tamper with his servants, fritter away, by intermed-

dling, the influence you once had with him, and make yourself personally offensive to him.

After this, though the object you have in view be really the most noble, and though you act from the best and most disinterested motives, still, after such a state of things has been brought about between you, would you not consider any direct interference on your part as tending only to make matters worse? You certainly would. If England and her abolitionists really desired to make the chains more galling upon our slaves, could any course be adopted that would so completely effect their object as the one now pursued? England feels it her duty to procure the abolition of slavery here!

Pardon this episode. We love justice and hate oppression whatever be its color.

Neither are we the advocates of slavery nor enemies to the slave. We hope we are his friend. But the institution with us, regard it as we may, is a matter which admits of no discussion, will brook no interference from abroad. It is a domestic institution. And neither the British Government nor its anti-slavery societies have any more to do with it here than they have with the peccadillos of the man in the moon. From the disposition of man, it is but natural that the censorship of England in this matter, like that of all anti-slavery intruders, should only aggravate an evil, of which, if let alone, we should be too happy to rid ourselves.

Fanaticism as it regards the Republican form of Government, and an ardent desire thoroughly to inoculate the subjects of Queen Victoria with democratic notions, and with our ideas as to the sovereignty of the people, surely would be as excusable in us as a people, as the anti-slavery mania is in Great Britain. Suppose therefore we should become as raving mad as to the political condition of her subjects as she is with regard to the domestic concerns of the slave-holding States of the Union, and that the American Secretary of State should write to the British Government the counterpart of Lord Aberdeen's letter. It is easier to imagine than describe his Lordship's manner and air at opening and reading such a despatch as this from the American Government:

"Department of State, etc.

"We desire to see Ireland free and independent. It must be and is well known both to England and the whole world, that the United States are constantly exerting themselves to procure the general dethronement of kings throughout the world, and to establish republican democracies in their stead. But the means which we have adopted and will continue to adopt for this humane and virtuous purpose, are open and undisguised.

"With regard to Ireland, we avow that we wish to see aristocracy abolished there as elsewhere. But although we earnestly claim and feel it to be our duty to promote such a consummation we shall not interfere unduly, or with an improper assumption of authority either with the people of England or Ireland in order to secure such a course.

* British estimate.

"The United States Government, as Great Britain well knows, have never sought in any way to stir up disaffection or excitement of any kind among the oppressed people of Ireland. Much as we should wish to see that island placed on the firm and solid footing which we conscientiously believe is to be attained under the Republican form of Government alone, we have never in our treatment of them made any difference between the aristocratic and democratic portions of the realm. All are, in our eyes, entitled, as component parts of the realm, to equal political respect, favor and *forbearance*, on our part. And the aristocratic counties of the realm may be assured that we shall not desist from those open and honest efforts which we have constantly made for the subversion of monarchies and the establishment throughout the world of free Governments founded upon the sovereignty of the people.

"You will communicate this dispatch to her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and if he should desire it, you will leave a copy of it with him.

Signed,

UNCLE SAM."

To complete the parallel, let us call together our world's convention to anathematise monarchies, and to curse the aristocracy of England, let our people send over to Ireland their emissary Garrisons, *et al*, preaching "war to the palace; peace to the cottage," universal suffrage, social equality, political regeneration of man every where. And the red hot democrats who would come over here from England to plot treason against her aristocratic institutions, let them be invited to conferences upon the subject by our cabinet ministers as the abolitionists from America have been by the English ministry. Moreover, let Congress recognize the principle of laying discriminating duties* in favor of merchandise, the produce of Republics—and to complete the parallel, let us suppose that one half of the people of this country be formed into repeal associations and anti-monarchical societies with their representatives in Congress constantly making calls on the Government in the name of these societies, for information concerning the effects in Ireland of their agitation, as Lord Brougham, in behalf of the anti-slavery societies of London, does of ministers in Parliament concerning the abolition of slavery with us.

Let such be the circumstances, and what in England would be thought of such a despatch from the American Government?

Both ministry and people would rise up against it in a body, and with one voice pronounce it more dangerous and offensive, wicked and alarming than the famous decree of the French nation granting *fraternity and assistance to all people who wish to recover their freedom*; and about which, England, dragging kings and emperors with her, plunged the whole of Europe in war for more than twenty years. Yet this letter is but a transcript of Lord

Aberdeen's, reference being made to political servitude instead of domestic slavery, to make the parody.

The tone of this letter, the connection between Lord Brougham and the anti-slavery societies of London, their sentiments, the principles which they avow, their course of conduct, and all the circumstances of the case between Great Britain and the United States as now presented, bring forcibly to mind that dreadful state of things which existed between France and Great Britain fifty years ago. The French then, were the friends of humanity *par excellence*, and felt it *their duty* to interfere with the domestic institutions of England. There was orator Brissot, like Lord Brougham, now, with his Societies *des Amis des Noirs*, preaching the doctrines of abolition and fanning the flames of popular insurrection, servile revolt and massacre.

England was then acting on the defensive; she was then, too, encumbered with slaves herself; and occupied, with regard to France, very much the position which we now hold with regard to her. Let us therefore apply to her the golden rule "do unto others —;" for history with its faithful pen, tells us exactly how far the renegade slave-holder was then disposed to tolerate any foreign interference whatever with the slaves of her subjects.

The circumstances which we would bring to mind, occurred 50 years ago in the British House of Commons, when the Canada bill was under consideration, and when the memorable debate took place between Mr. Fox and Burke on the French revolution. Great men were present, and it was in times of high excitement. The opposition was strong, ministers able, debate animated and eloquent. The British Parliament, adorned as it is with great names, never presented a more splendid array of talent than it did on that occasion. Pitt dazzling the world with the compass and splendor of his youthful mind was then at the head of the ministry. He was present on the occasion. There too were lords North and Granville, Grey and Sheridan, the excellent Willberforce and a host of others, not so great only because not so good. The two champions, the old man and his disciple, walked together and entered the house arm in arm. It was the last time they appeared as friends—and they had been bosom friends for twenty-five years—for they were about to split upon the "rights of man."

The scene was gorgeous and the auditory intent and eager.

"Feeble as my powers are in comparison with my honorable friend's, whom I must call my master, for every thing I know in politics," said Mr. Fox in the delightful tones of his oratory. "I owe to him, I should yet ever be ready to maintain my principles even against his superior eloquence. I will maintain that the rights of man, which he states as chimerical and visionary, are, in fact, the basis and foundation of every rational Constitution, and even

* Discriminating duties were laid this year in England against slave grown coffee.

of the British Constitution itself, as the statute-book abundantly proves: for what is the original compact between the king and the people there recognized but the recognition of the inherent rights of the people, as men, which no prescription can supersede, no action remove or obliterate.

"If these principles are dangerous to the Constitution, they are the principles of my right honorable friend from whom I learned them. During the American war, we have together rejoiced at the success of a Washington, and mourned, almost in tears, for the fate of a Montgomery. From him I have learned that the revolt of a whole people can not be the result of excitement or encouragement, but must have proceeded from provocation. Such was his doctrine, when he said with equal energy and emphasis, that he could not draw a bill of indictment against a whole people. I grieve to find that he has since learned to draw such an indictment and to crown it with all the technical epithets which disgrace our statute-book.

"Taught by my right honorable friend that no revolt of a nation can spring but from provocation, I could not help feeling joy ever since the Constitution of France was founded on the *rights of man*, the basis on which the British Constitution itself is rested. To vilify it is neither more nor less than to libel the British Constitution; and no book my right honorable friend can write, how able so ever; no speech he can deliver, how eloquent so ever, can induce me to abandon or change that opinion.

"I, for one, admire the Constitution of France. I consider it, all together, as the most stupendous and glorious edifice of liberty which has ever been erected on the foundations of human integrity in any age or country."

Mr. Burke commenced his reply in a grave and solemn tone, befitting, says the historian, the solemnity of the occasion, and the rending asunder of ties which had endured unbroken, for the quarter of a century. After one of the most brilliant but touching displays of oratory that has ever been witnessed in the British House of Commons, he concluded in tones of deep pathos:

"It is perhaps indiscretion at any period, but especially at my advanced years, to provoke enemies, or give friends an occasion for desertion; but, if a firm and steady adherence to the British Constitution should place me in such a dilemma, I will risk all, and with my last words, exclaim, Fly from the French Constitution."

"There is no loss of friends," said Mr. Fox.

"Yes," said Burke, "there is loss of friends. I know the price of my conduct. I have done my duty at the price of him I love. Our friendship is at an end. With my last breath, I will earnestly entreat the two right honorable gentlemen who are the great rivals in this House, that whether they hereafter move in the political hemisphere as two flaming meteors, or walk together like brethren, hand in hand, to preserve and cherish the British Constitution; to guard it against innovation, and save it from the dangers of theoretic alterations. It belongs to the infinite and unspeakable Power, the Deity, who with his arm hurls a comet like a projectile out of its course, and enables it to endure the sun's heat and the pitchy darkness of the chilly night, to aim at the formation of infinite per-

fection: to us, poor, weak, incapable mortals, there is no safe rule of conduct, but experience."

Mr. Fox rose to reply, but his utterance was choked with emotion. The strain was heavy; the leaders of the whig party—the two great champions of human liberty—were melted to tears; the ties of a life time were broken, and the departing spirit of friendship which graced the scene and made the struggle glorious, was gone forever. The whigs held a meeting over this great schism in their ranks, and the next morning, the old man eloquent found himself read out of Parliament and excommunicated by his party. Confessing himself too well stricken in years to seek another, his spirit was yet too haughty for recantation, too proud to seek new alliances, he therefore bowed to the disgrace and left the House.

The following is from the Morning Chronicle of May, 1791:

"The great and firm body of the whigs of England, true to their principles, have decided on the dispute between Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke; and the former is declared to have maintained the pure doctrines by which they are bound together, and upon which they have invariably acted. The consequence is, Mr. Burke retires from Parliament."

Mr. Burke was in advance of his age, for political forecast. And it was during this debate that he sketched out in their practical bearings the doctrines proclaimed by the "*Amis des Noirs*" and the principles now uttered by England and abolitionists.

"Are we," said he, "to give them—the ancient Canadians—the French Constitution—a constitution founded on principles diametrically opposite to ours—as different from it as wisdom from folly, as virtue from vice—as the most opposite extremes in nature—a constitution founded on what is called the *RIGHTS OF MAN*? Let it be examined by its practical effects in the French West India Colonies. These, notwithstanding three disastrous wars, were most happy and flourishing till they heard of THE RIGHTS OF MAN. As soon as this system arrived among them, Pandora's box, replete with mortal evils, seemed to fly open, hell itself to yawn, and every demon of mischief to overspread the face of the earth. Blacks rose against whites, and whites against blacks, and each against the other in murderous hostility; subordination was destroyed, the bonds of society torn asunder, and every man seemed to thirst for the blood of his neighbour.

'Black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle.'

All was toil and trouble, discord and blood, from the moment this doctrine was promulgated among them; and I verily believe, that wherever the *rights of man* are preached, such will ever have been, and ever will be the consequences. France, who had generously sent them the precious gift of the *rights of man*, did not like this image of herself

reflected in her child, and sent out a body of troops, well seasoned too with the *rights of man*, to restore order and obedience. These troops, as soon as they arrived, instructed as they were in the principles of government, felt themselves bound to become parties in the general rebellion, and, like most of their brethren at home, began asserting their rights, by cutting off the head of their general.*

Alison, at page 240 of his beautifully written history, says :

"Hardly had the cry of liberty and equality been raised in France, when it responded warmly and vehemently from the shores of St. Domingo. Independently of the natural passion for liberty which must ever exist among those who are subjected to the restraints of servitude, the slave population of this colony were rapidly assailed by revolutionary agents and emissaries, and the workshops and fields of the planters overrun by *heated missionaries*, who poured into an ignorant and ardent multitude, the new born ideas of European freedom."—*Vol. II.*

And again, in the faithful language of philosophy teaching by example, he ascribes the insurrection of St. Domingo to the inflammatory addresses circulated on that island by the self styled *Amis des Noirs*, the anti-slavery societies of Paris; and thus remarks upon the sudden transition from a state of slavery to one of servile emancipation : "A child does not acquire the strength of manhood in an hour; nor a tree the consistency of the hardy denizens of the forest, in a season. The hasty philanthropists,—(would Lord Brougham be less hasty now than Brissot then was ?)—who conferred upon an ignorant slave population, the precipitate gift of freedom, did them a *greater injury than their worst enemies*. To the indolence of the negro character, the blacks of St. Domingo have joined the vices of European corruption; profligate, idle and disorderly, they have declined both in numbers and in happiness; from being the greatest sugar plantation in the world, that island has been reduced to the necessity of importing that valuable produce; and the inhabitants, naked and voluptuous, are fast receding into the state of nature from which their ancestors were torn two centuries ago by the rapacity of Christian avarice."

When the opposition in the persons of Fox, Sheridan and Willberforce declaimed against the war in '94, as a contest "of doubtful policy in its commencement, and more than doubtful justice in its principles," Mr. Pitt in behalf of the English ministry replied : "Peace would at once prove destructive to the French West India Islands, by delivering them over to anarchy and Jacobinism, and from them, the flame of *servile revolt* would speedily

spread to our Colonial possessions in that quarter,"* and, there in the halls of British Legislation, and in the name of the British government, he urged this, as one of the reasons for continuing to make war.

It was in those times too, and in reference to this very principle, of allowing other nations to interfere with their domestic concerns, that Mr. Burke made use of the famous simile which was never surpassed for felicity of application. He said, "If my neighbor's house be in flames, and the fire is likely to spread to my own, I am justified in interfering to divert a disaster which promises to be equally fatal to us both."

To this observation, says Tory Alison, the historian, no answer has ever been made. Thank you, Jew, for that word. And to it, no answer ever will be made, so long as the first law of nature, the duty of self preservation, written at creation on the heart of man, remains unrepealed by the great Jehovah. Texas is of most inflammable materials, and a spark falling there, from the frantic benevolence of Lord Brougham and his Brissots, or lighting there from the wild interference of Lord Aberdeen, might wrap a portion of this confederacy in a blood red conflagration.

Pray, my Lord, in your next despatch bear these things in mind; and recollect, that with regard to slavery in this country at least, England can not be permitted, at this late day, to enact the fable of the fox and the trap. When some self-righteous neighbour of yours, holding high his head, and thanking God that he is not as other men, shall tell you that the restraints put upon your servants are cruel, that though the rules you have adopted in your domestic arrangements with regard to them, are sanctioned by custom, yet they are wicked and oppressive; that the butler, the steward and cook, the boots and the ostler, should be admitted as your equals in society and treated as such at home, and that such being his sentiments, he *felt it his duty* to interfere with your domestic concerns, in order to promote such a consummation. When you, my Lord, shall be ready, quietly to sit down, and patiently to hear the ravings of such a madman, then, but not till then, may England tell America, she *feels it her duty to procure* the abolition of slavery among us.

Moderate ourselves, we would impose a spirit of caution every where upon the agitation of this question among us, and thus sever from the future progress of emancipated freedom, those bloody triumphs by which its past history has been often stained. Of this one thing, the abolitionist every where may rest assured, that the South, if it can not convince with reason, will at least resist with fortitude.

* Burke's Speeches.

* Alison. Vol. 1, p. 362.

THE SCIOTE CAPTIVE.

BY NASVUS.
Susan Walker
 Authoress of "Pretension," &c., &c.

PART I.

"The spider's most attenuated thread—
 Is cord,—is cable, to man's tender tie
 On earthly bliss; it breaks with every breeze."

Young.

A soft and dreamy twilight was slowly robing in its hazy vesture the beautiful isle of Scio. Balm-y zephyrs, laden with spicy, aromatic odors, gently lifted the young flowret's bloom to drink in the refreshing dews of evening, ere it folded its tender petals for the calm repose of night:—while they passed o'er the limpid waters of the blue Ægean, with scarcely a perceptible motion, so unruffled was its surface, it seemed more like an unbroken, waveless mirror than a vast body of that element ever susceptible of violent and tempestuous agitation. Well might Scio be termed the "Paradise of modern Greece," for the scenery which meets the traveller's eye as he sails through the Strait, approaching the island, is pronounced to be unequalled by any thing in the Archipelago. The mountains are removed some distance from the shores, so that it appears in all its loveliness,—while the town of Scio presents a magnificent slope, covered with gardens extending to the very edge of the sea, all filled with flowery luxuriant and odoriferous plants. Trees producing the finest fruits in the greatest profusion form extensive groves of inexpressible beauty and richness, midst which, gleam the white houses of Venetian architecture, presenting a lively contrast to the ever-greens overshadowing them. While the loud and terrible war-cry, followed by the deadly blows of the yataghan dealt by the ferocious Turk, were devastating the whole of Greece with the noble blood of her slain, this "flower of the Levant" bloomed in peaceful beauty, basking in the sunshine of blissful ease, and enjoying Nature's vast store of unrivalled perfection. The joyous music of her bright-tinted birds breathed a melodious anthem of rest, as if they too were happy and grateful to thus chime their vocal tribute to the Great Creator for the blessing of so bright an abode. Could sorrow breathe her sigh, or fetter the heart, where so much scenic grandeur and loveliness saluted the eye? Hush! methinks I hear the murmur of a sad voice even in that Paradise—Ah! yes, there is no spot too bright, or too hallowed, since the loss of our primeval gift of perfect happiness, that can prove secure against the intrusion of her tearful visage.

"Alas! why is my spirit held in such sad du-rance," murmured Ino Del Castro, as she leaned

against the open casement of her latticed bower, gazing out upon the smooth waters of the Ægean. A dreamy melancholy rested on her fair face; the cloudless azure of the high heavens was not more beautifully clear than was her full beaming eye, then humid with mournful tenderness. The evening's gambolling zephyrs had scattered her long flaxen tresses unrestrainedly over her soft cheek, which rested upon her small hand, whilst the other held a lute, from whose strings sweet sounds had but a few moments before floated on the odorous air—but they were hushed in deathly stillness, for Ino's heart echoed not their tones of gladness.

"Surely," continued she, "blessed with Adrian's love, I should joy in the present, and the magic wand of Hope conjures nought but a bright future to my ardent fancy—but yet, a shadow of darkness seems to pass o'er its brightness, and like a 'receding sail she flits into dimness,' leaving me oppressed with a boding dread of—I know not what."

Ino started—a long drawn sigh answered her musing query—the step of some one cautiously retreating from the closely surrounding shrubbery was distinctly heard, and as she bent forward, a few tinkling notes of a tambour caused her heart to beat with increased fear, for she knew it was an instrument rarely touched by a Greek, it being of Turkish invention and monopoly. But ere she had time to solve the mystery, a gush of joyful relief chased away the thrill of her terror, when she turned and beheld Adrian Marcova at her side.

"Ino," said he, "why is thy brow so contracted and shaded, or thy lute so ominously silent? Harm can not come nigh thee when Adrian is near." He seated himself at her feet, and looked inquiringly into her face, which soon regained its usual brightness. "It does indeed seem," continued he, "as if congenial spirits, even when separated, are subject to the same mysterious communings—for ere I sought thee, there was—nay, at this moment, there is a deadly weight upon my soul, a powerful struggle with internal gloom, which not even the holy calm of this hour, nor the sunlight of thy beauty and love can disperse from my mind. Yes, Ino, it is in vain to longer conceal from thee, that I am, even now, miserable and unhappy."

He paused. The varying changes of Ino's face, as she listened to so strange and unusual a confession, seemed to check the freedom of further explanation. The curls which had so luxuriantly shaded her brow and cheek, were wildly pushed back—every rosy tint had fled from the latter, while from her eye was banished the moisture of tenderness, as she bent it, bright and distended with startled scrutiny, upon the gloomy face of her lover.

"Not happy," said she, drawing a long breath while her lip trembled with aroused emotion—"why this sudden change, Adrian? a few days ago thou did'st confess thyself supremely blest with

the full return of *my* affection. Hast thou *since* then had the slightest sign whereby Love's augury proved me false, or unworthy of thine?"

"By my plighted troth not one," replied he with ardor, taking her extended hand—"too truly doth my trusting heart own the purity and sincerity of thy love. But Ino, hast thou never felt that, even in the full tide of sublunary happiness, some unbidden woe seems to cast a weight upon thy bosom? 'Tis thus with me,—in spite of present bliss I feel such, because"——

But Ino's bewildered look caused Adrian to again pause in embarrassment.

"Speak out—keep nought back," answered she hurriedly—"though thy words may cause bitterness to mingle with my fondly imagined happiness. When thou did'st woo my love, I gave it freely—aye, freely as runs yonder fountain—I thought there was a response of heart to heart. When this hand was sought, which thou did'st declare the loudest trump of Fame, or the heaviest coffer of Fortune could not purchase, it was plighted with joy and confidence. And yet, thou art now unhappy—Oh! Adrian, why is it thus? speak,—yea speak freely to one incapable of suspicion or change towards thee."

Her voice was broken—her lip deadly pale—though her face was sorrowfully calm as she leaned to hear his answer.

"Ino, listen to me. I have sought thee this evening to freely pour forth my heart's every fear, hope and struggle. New emotions now stir within me, new incentives now nerve my every energy—the cause of which is, the strange warning of my dreams last night. It hangs upon my memory most fearfully, and I feel it will and must affect my future course of action. Methought I was in a land of brighter loveliness than even our own loved Scio. No Eden was more verdant with every natural beauty, and as I rested 'neath an umbrageous tree, laden with the golden fruit of knowledge and happiness, revelling in the ecstasy of blissful admiration, I wondered that Ino Del Castro enjoyed it not with me. Just then, I saw a being of surpassing loveliness rise before me. A golden circle somewhat obscured her features—in her hand she held a sparkling chalice, which she presented to my eager lips, whilst with the other, she showered from a glittering cornucopia innumerable gifts around me—but lo! as I prepared to sip the chalice, it was slowly withdrawn, leaving me the victim of a greater disappointment than ever annoyed Tantalus. Indignantly I vented my spleen upon her, when suddenly, the golden mist faded from her countenance, and Ino, my own loved one, stood before me in the form of the genius of liberty—I sprung towards her,—but alas! she raved me back, and casting down her chalice and horn of plenty, bade me to ignobly enjoy earth's pleasures, but Ino could never be mine, until Lib-

erty owned me her champion, and I had raised my arm to strike a blow for my struggling country. I awoke, the victim of intense excitement—and the same feelings that burned within my bosom in my dream, still held their sway. My cheek became dyed with manly shame at my ignoble inaction: that I had so senselessly withheld my arm, impotent though it be, from the stern action of patriotic zeal and valor—yea, though through the very length and breadth of my native country, reverberated the din of an avenging war, and all hearts were nerved for the conflict, yet I had thought alone of an inglorious peace and ease—resigning myself to the joys and rapture of love and beauty, scarcely deeming by my apparent inanity those rights for which so many were sacrificing their all to secure, worth the hazard of a die. This day accounts of the bloody revolution have strengthened those impressions, and increased the fire of my long slumbering energies. I have now, Ino, to hear from thy own lips, whether thou wilt wear the love of one, who thus cowardly and basely enjoys every national blessing and privilege, indulging in such unworthy passiveness, or whether thou wilt prove thyself the radiant genius of my dream, in strengthening my resolution to strike a blow for desolated, fettered Greece."

Ino had intensely hung upon the animating words of Adrian, and with every tone of his passionate expressions, changed the speaking lines of her countenance. When he reprehended his own inaction, that flash of scorn was reflected in hers; when his eye fired at the thralldom of his country, hers, so etherially blue, became darkened as the heavens, when agitated by elementary power, while her form, so like a frail reed, subject to each passing wind, and whose "motion of blushed at itself," became towering with heroic dignity, and she seemed in her majesty a being fit to

'Raise a mortal to the skies,
Or bring an angel down.'

"Forgive me, Adrian, my heart has done thee wrong—I give thee back my love, untainted by a single doubt. Go to the field of strife, where glory awaiteth thee, and when thou hast wove the chaplet of laurels around thy brow, return to Ino, that she may entwine her own gift, the evergreen myrtle, in an unfading diadem. The 'piping time' of peace I feel will not last long, when Scio thus insensibly resigns herself to the specious terms of the faithless Turk. Our present security rests upon the slight tenure of a tyrant's often violated oath of amnesty—and I tremble when I think of such fearful, murderous infidels. Stay not then, Adrian, for *Ino, love*, or any other equally inferior reason—but ere thou leavest me"—— The heroic valor of Ino's bosom yielded for a moment to her womanish weakness. She paused, gazing tearfully upon her kneeling lover. He rose, and

parting the bright hair from her pale brow, while a similar emotion seemed to subdue his energetic firmness—"Enough" said he, brushing away a tear from his eye, "the past moment of weakness was for thee, Ino—but it is over and truly dost thou seem the genius of my dream. Yonder caique, (pointing to a small vessel moored on the water's edge of the garden distinctly seen from the bower,) is waiting to bear me to that scene, which thou, with the heroism of olden times, hast bid me encounter. I do thy bidding, loved one, and when absent may my parting token guard thy heart, for 'tis love's amulet." He cast around her neck a light wrought chain, with a small ornament chased with diamonds, and as he clasped it he mournfully asked for Ino's exchange token. "This," said she, passing her hand through her hair, and severing a rich curl, bound it upon his wrist—then taking from her shoulders a small, but gorgeously embroidered scarf, she tied it around his arm—"wear this badge on thy armor—'tis Ino's banner—look first to that of thy country, and then to her's—for upon it is emblazoned the device thou hast often admired—'Love, truth and valor.' If the first be true, the latter must, for she is the twin sister of patriotism, and following their dictates, thou ne'er canst prove a recreant."

The next moment Adrian Marcova was bounding the steepy slope of the garden, where waited a well-wrigged caique, properly manned, to bear him away. Long, long did the moistened eye of Ino roam o'er the blue waters of the *Ægean*, and when the mist of night's settled darkness made all things seem alike, then did she wend her steps towards her own silent chamber, there to feel the aching sadness of her heart's sudden solitude.

Ino Del Castro was the only child of one of Scioto's most influential and wealthy noblemen. It was ever his proud boast and delight to count over the long line of princes and heroes from which he had descended, into the listening ear of her, his heart's pride—who had from her infancy been almost his only companion, while she, with equal delight, loved to hear a recapitulation of the noble deeds of her valorous forefathers, until it seemed as if the same chivalrous spirit had become deeply blended with her native gentleness and timidity. Enjoying with his high descent the lineal wealth and influence of his ancestors, Del Castro had become rather too independent of the world's sympathy, and seemed selfishly disposed to live in a proscribed circle of his own choice. Although it was not his nature to actually repulse the social advances of the islanders, yet he continued to move amongst them, without being in feeling, or sympathy, one of them, honored by all, but personally intimate with few. One month had passed since Adrian's departure, every evening of which, at their trysting hour, found Ino at the casement of her bower, watching the various caiques as they

shot up and down the sea, hoping to receive some news from him, and then, when weary with watching, she would steal down the same steep bank to make "assurance doubly sure" by personal inquiries of those, whom by chance she tremblingly met. With a disappointed heart and mournful face she had turned her steps homewards one evening, and as she was tracing her way rather circuitously amongst the rocks, she paused in a narrow pass where they jutted out so far as to admit of only one person's egress, to give another lingering look behind, when her eye rested on the tall form of a turbaned Turk intercepting her pathway, and standing proudly before her.

"Fear not lady," said he softly, and bending low his lofty person, "thou beholdest a friend—for 'tis only before such beauty as thine, that Stamboul's heart hath ever bowed. Deign, then, to return him one glance of kindly feeling."

"My friend, indeed!" replied the indignant Ino—"away from me—and add not to thy natural cruelty the deeply dyed sins of falsehood and treachery. Can an oppressed Greek ever own a Turk for her friend? Dare she trust the specious overtures of one of thy hated race? Hence, from my sight and beware how thou dost compel Ino del Castro to cry an alarm within the precincts of her own home!"

"Unbend thy matchless brow, uncurl thy beautiful lip, fair Ino—I mean thee no harm. By the great Allah I do not! Hear me but one moment. I love, nay I adore thee—and when thou hast deemed thyself alone with thy own pure thoughts and the one mighty Allah, I, yea Stamboul, the hated Turk, was near thee, inhaling the very atmosphere, which oft wafted far away thy warmest sigh—I dared not intrude myself, for I feared to lose the momentary enjoyment of a vision of thy radiant beauty. Even now, I only appear before thee, to crave thy gracious smile—say then, most lovely Ino, that thou wilt hold me thy friend!"

"Away, sir, and cease thy plausible fawning," cried Ino stamping her foot with increased vehemence. "I would as soon seek out some deadly serpent to coil itself around me, as to take thee by the hand of honored friendship. Insult me not by thus intercepting my path; nor dare again to pollute my ear with expressions of admiration."

She proudly waved her hand for Stamboul to retreat—her person was elevated with resolute defiance, while her eye flashed with the fire of scorn. but he continued unmoved for a few moments—and then after gazing respectfully, but mournfully upon her, retired from the path with folded arms; and as he stepped aside to permit her to pass, he again bent upon her a scrutinizing look, while he said in a haughty, emphatic tone,

"Pass on, proud lady, all potent in thy present beauty and happiness—when next we meet, Allah grant thy nature may be softened, and though the proffered love of Stamboul, the Turk, may now be

spurned with disdain, perchance there yet may come a time, when *his friendly* aid may not be scorned, nor deemed unavailing by Ino Del Castro."

Ino paused not to hear his retreating footsteps, but rapidly regained the family mansion. She forbore to apprise her father of the suspicious appearance of a Turk near their dwelling—for although he did wear the unsightly tarbouch, still there was an expression about Stamboul's face and an air of nobility about his whole person, that spoke greatly in his favor, together with his respectful manner towards her, when so wholly in his power. Her feelings were more of lenient pity than of revenge towards him, and hoping her scornful defiance and indifference would completely check any further insulting pursuit, she resolved to be silent about her singular and suspicious rencontre.

A few evenings afterwards Ino and her father sat on the beautiful portico of their princely mansion, watching for the signal of the vessel which they had been apprized would bring some tidings from Adrian. The daughter gracefully reclined on a low seat at the feet of her father, whose hand was fondly laid upon her head as he looked into her bright and anxious face with unspeakable pride and delight.

"Ino," said he, "methinks thy heart must be sad, for of late I rarely have been gladdened with the music of thy once joyous voice. Thou surely wouldst not keep from thy *father* aught that disturbs the hitherto gentle current of thy happiness."

Ino spoke somewhat hesitatingly. "No, dear father, nothing but the absence of Adrian and his long silence cause me uneasiness. Could I be other than happy with thee—so indulgent, and in a home so like the first Eden?" She pointed and looked around upon the scene before them, while Del Castro's eye followed hers with melancholy admiration.

"Daughter," replied he, "I often feel as if I will not be spared to bless thy union with Adrian Marcova. This scene, now so radiant with nature's lavish loveliness, may ere long be darkly changed. The sanguinary track of war—the bloody sword—the blackening fire-brand of the ferocious Turk may, ere long, awfully transform its present beauty and peaceful security."

"Oh! say not so, dearest father, such fears are but the consequences of yielding to thy natural despondency of mind. I too, feel them often cowering my very soul, but I shake them off, remembering that unsullied happiness seems never the destiny of man. If it were otherwise, why should he in the height of every bliss, so often feel an aching void? Ah! it is because the human heart is ever restless in its 'home of love, or lair of hate.' Let us then always hope for the best—endeavoring to cultivate that proper and happy balance of mind, which is neither too much elevated by prosperity, nor depressed by adversity."

A thoughtful silence ensued, which was broken by Ino's taking her father's hand and pointing to the moon, whose course was high in the heavens. She proposed retiring into the house, as the hour was late, and the night air too heavy for his exposure. Del Castro's nightly blessing was unusually fervent as he embraced his daughter, and ere he retired to rest, he affectionately charged her to discontinue her vigils for the signal, giving directions for the servants to be in readiness, should the vessel cast her anchor at their garden's slope.

But the anxiety and perturbation of Ino's mind, forbade the calm repose of sleep. She gave full sway to the rapid tide of thought, as she sat beside her chamber window, gazing upon the deep and silent slumber of Scio in its greenness and luxury, which did indeed then seem to her almost prophetic of her father's fears. The clear light of the moon shadowed brightly a picture, Ino looked upon with bursting pride and delight. Before her stretched a long and spacious piazza, supported by lofty pillars and balustrades of Venetian taste, overlooking a large garden verdant with sweet-scented shrubbery, and innumerable groves of orange, lemon, citron and almond trees. A wide and extensive court-yard which was beautifully paved with small slabs of variegated marble, that glistened in the soft, silvery moonlight, lay on an elevation leading to the garden. On the left, was a large reservoir several feet square; in the midst of which rose an exquisitely sculptured water-nymph, from whose hand poured a sparkling jet of limpid water. Near this fountain was Ino's cherished bower, immediately on the summit of the slope to the sea, and there too, had her untiring taste mingled with that of nature. It was covered with the far famed Sappian grape-vine, and many other fragrant twining flowers:—a cherished spot, consecrated by Adrian's first vow of love, and hallowed by his warmly breathed farewell. Well, indeed, might the darkness of despair hold the spirit in a fearful thralldom, when a presentiment of the desecration of a scene so fair, as Ino's eye then lingered o'er, would obtrude on the mind. A knell of woe fell upon her heart, when she remembered the precarious tenure of Scio's security, but gradually her innate buoyancy regained its wonted power, soothed by the unbroken harmony of nature, and she was soon enabled to banish all unwelcome presages of ill. Ino's life had passed unchequered by the contrasted shades of light and darkness; its stream had glided along unchecked by bitterness or disappointment, and never darkened by the troublous wave of sorrow. Adrian's absence had cast the first shadow o'er its surface, but still the talismanic voice of Hope whispered

"Bear on—bear nobly on,
Love's victory hath a goal in view,
Where rest will sure be won."

Giving her last thought and prayer to her betroth-

ed, Ino sought her couch, where sleep soon banished all reality of woe, or anticipation of joy. Although her spirit roamed in a bright land of dreams, yet her slumbers were often disturbed, causing her to start with indefinable apprehension, and finally to awake in full consciousness that all was not well. Hark! could those fearful shrieks and piteous cries be only the phantasy of an excited imagination? Suddenly her chamber became awfully illuminated, while the roar of the cannon and the tumult without were almost deafening. She sprang to the casement—great Heaven! what a sight met her horrified gaze! Forests of gleaming sabres and heavy yataghans flashed around her; men falling on every side with piercing groans; flying women with babes clinging to their exposed bosoms, delicate maidens wild with horror rushing to and fro, children trodden down with demoniacal fierceness by the thousand turbaned fiends, who, with their sabres, felled the old and young, that flew before them. The shouts and howling cries of the Turks as they applied the fire-brand to the dwellings, causing the flames to envelop every abode of wealth and splendor around, or in their unhallowed pathway, together with the moaning echoes of despair from the mangled, massacred Greeks, formed a scene, which none but that place where “the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched,” could equal in horror. Suddenly a barbarian seized an infant from its mother, and dashed it against the walls below Ino’s chamber; then with one stroke, holding the wretched woman by her hair, severed her head, and as he prepared to repeat his savage deed upon another, Ino could see no more; with a prayer upon her blanched lip, she sank down in dread expectancy of her own terrific doom. The tumult increased without; loud voices of rapacious plunderers and clashing weapons were then heard in the court below, crying out for “Del Castro’s hidden treasures and his own *kingly* blood!” The stairs resounded with their deadly tramp—a furious scuffle then ensued in the antechamber; with a deafening force, the door was burst open, and Ino was clasped in the arms of her courageous, though almost exhausted father.

“Thank heaven thou art here, and I see thee but one short moment, to bid thee make thy peace with God. Ino, my cherished child, treachery and ferocity claim us both their victims; see they come—Great Heaven preserve us!”

Ino’s wandering senses were rapidly recalled to a consciousness of the horrors of her situation, by the fierce array of reeking swords around her; as she clung to her father’s bosom, one arm clasped her, whilst the other bravely contended with some four or five Turks. She forgot her own danger, and rushing before the falling weapons, cried for mercy towards her aged parent. A bloody, ponderous yataghan was lifted, the ferocious eye of the murderous fiend glared upon her with determined

vengeance, then, clenching his teeth, he let the heavy weapon fall, but a strong arm quickly averted the fatal blow, while a loud voice exclaimed—

“Down, down, down, inhuman monster! Thy hand is already fearfully imbued in the blood of the innocent; thy devilish brutality cries out for vengeance against thee, and die thou shalt, though thou art my fellow-soldier.” The heavy form of the Turk rolled on the floor. It was a mortal stroke, his life’s blood flowed fast, laving the delicate feet of Ino in its crimson tide, while he who had sent his wretched soul into worlds unknown, coldly and scornfully drew his sabre from the still and senseless body, and turning to the awe-struck and silent soldiers, who had followed him, said in a tone of warning denunciation:

“Comrades, I slew him not in wrath, but a just shame and common humanity demanded vengeance, for where’er *his* eye hath rested, there fell destruction and death. Look without, see the roaring flames and suffocating smoke, hear the heart-rending cries of butchered innocents. Are not your eyes already gloated with sights of unheard of cruelty? Is not the air now *heavy* with the loathsome odor of freshly shed blood? Stop, then, in your sinful career, and spare this noble old man and his heroic daughter. All that your captain shares of plunder, or honor, shall be given to you, and *Stamboul’s* hand and heart will be proud to own you his followers. But, if your thirst is still unslaked; if your appetite for human gore is not satiated, then take *my* life, one of your own sex, and equal in strength, not that of an old man and a helpless female.”

“Leave me,” continued Stamboul, on receiving no answer from the silent spectators. “I claim these two as *my* captives; pause I beseech you in your butchery, and remember ye are *men*, and Allah looketh upon you!”

The tramp of the awed soldiers was soon heard receding from the chamber, leaving Ino kneeling beside the insensible Del Castro, while he, on whom she had showered so much indignant scorn, and who, in that hour of need, had made her feel the injustice of that scorn, by his noble protection and generosity, stood gazing with folded arms upon her, in stern, but mournful composure. She raised her father’s head upon her bosom; the cold dew of death oozed o’er his noble brow, his white hair was clotted with his own warm blood, that was then rapidly flowing from a wound on his temple, which Ino in vain endeavored to staunch.

“Father, dear father! Oh! live for thine only child. Who will protect her midst such a fearful massacre? Oh! God, if thou seest fit to take *him*, let us die together! Stamboul, water from yonder vase may restore him,” cried she on seeing him rapidly sinking. “See, he revives; speak, father, it is thy Ino who now implores thee to speak.”

Del Castro moved faintly, and opening his eyes,

feebly raised himself, while his glance fell shudderingly upon Stamboul at his side, he said in a clear, but low voice—

"Draw near, my beloved child. I die gladly, for never could I have beheld the devastation of my native isle—and never would I have lived the captive of a treacherous, blood thirsty infidel. But alas! my fair, frail flower, how wilt *thou* meet thy terrible fate? Take this, (drawing a small dagger from his bosom,) should dishonor hang o'er thee, let it be thrice plunged into thy heart. Like one of old fall upon its point, ere thou wouldst become the victim of thy captor. Ino—one kiss ere I leave thee—its glow will banish the chill of death."

Quickly the glazed and fearful seal of man's last foe dimmed the dying father's eye as it was fixed in speechless woe upon his agonized child, and then there rested against her now desolate bosom, the cold and motionless head of her last earthly protector. No wail escaped her—no frantic gesture of despair or grief—but gazing long and silently on the sunken face of the dead, she softly laid the head upon her lap, whispering—

"Hush, he sleeps!—see Adrian, how gently he breathes, how calm his loved face seems. I fear to move, lest it should arouse him. Here, (beckoning to Stamboul,) assist me to lay him upon my couch, it is more comfortable, and he will sleep longer."

Stamboul obeyed her, and carefully laid the body where she bade him. Ino bent over it, and tearing a piece of her robe she calmly removed the stains of blood from his brow and matted hair; after arranging the clothes upon the body with exact care, she turned to Stamboul, who stood wrapped in the same melancholy silence, and drawing near to him whispered, lower than before—

"Come, Adrian, we will watch together in our consecrated bower." Her hand was laid upon his arm, and as she steadfastly looked again into his face, reason returned—with one loud, wild shriek, she shudderingly retreated from him, and throwing herself beside the corpse, gave vent to her long pent anguish of soul. What a picture of grief met the softening gaze of her captor,—caused by the cruelty of his people! Sympathy and a noble generosity of feeling bid the tears, those bright diamonds from nature's mine, to glisten in his eye—and approaching the weeping orphan, he said soothingly—

"Fear not, Lady Ino—thanks to the great Allah, this arm hath availed thee more than my offered love, this hand will never be lifted to harm or insult thee, nor will this heart do thee greater wrong than purely love thee. Although thou hast said such a feeling is impossible with a Turk, Stamboul will yet prove to thee it is not. . . . The changes of war have made thee *my* captive, but fear not, perchance thou wilt find thy lot a happy

one, compared to that which would have befallen thee from other hands."

"Yes, Turk, thou sayest true, that I am a debtor to thee for *life*. I yield to the dread result of this night's sanguinary conflict—but I bid thee remember my father's last injunction, (she glanced before him the dagger;) let not Ino Del Castro have cause to repent thy timely rescue. Be assured her hand would not tremble, nor her heart quail to be her own deliverer from dishonor. She relies upon thy feelings of generosity and humanity—let her then own the truth of *one* example of honor and mercy belonging to thy accursed nation."

The dawning light of day ne'er broke o'er a darker and more woe-cast scene than on the devoted, desecrated isle of Scio, the once bright abode of bravery, learning and beauty. Turks, still infuriated, were stalking forth in the streets, "seeking whom they might devour," trampling and denuding the dead bodies of all who lay in their pathway. One was seen to pierce with his sabre the head of a female, and raising it high above him, severed the long bright hair from it, and twined it in his turban as a trophy of his victory—whilst another would scoffingly pile together the limbs and heads, and then with one stroke scatter them around him in wider confusion, as if it was a pastime of delight to look upon the work of death and cruelty. In one place lay the mother with eyes fixed in the horrid stare of death upon the mutilated body of the infant she clasped, while only a few feet apart lay its reeking head.

Bodies of once gallant men lay in heaps near those dwellings they had in vain endeavored to defend—whose walls were then bespattered with the brains and dripping with the gore of their helpless inmates. Even at that hour of the morning, the groans of the murdered as they breathed their last moan filled the air, and a faint cry of mercy occasionally fell upon the cold ear of the hardened foe, as he passed along in his brutal examination of the slain. Soon the sounds of barbarous music announced the array of the captives, and with loud shouts and whoops they were brought forth. Many a fair maiden's burning eye eagerly scanned the ranks to detect her betrothed, and many a noble bosom almost burst asunder the thong of confinement, when their glance fell upon the fettered hands of those plighted to them with vows of unchanging love. The rude song of victory was then struck, and forth the numerous and despairing band was marshalled for the land of the tyrant, midst a disgusting scene of unballowed revelry and obscene mirth.

Ino Del Castro was spared this inhuman and degrading exhibition. She was borne away ere sunlight arose, respectfully attended by her captor and his train. One only thought brought relief to her anguished soul—it was, that Adrian had been spared that horrible, maddening scene, and although

the hope of ever meeting him again was faint and worse than vain—still it was sufficient to bind fast her expiring energies, causing her to remember amidst even the dark desolation of that hour—

“The gloomiest day hath gleams of light,
The darkest wave hath bright foam near it,
And twinkles through the cloudiest night,
Some solitary star to cheer it.”

The groans of the hapless, massacred Sciotes reached the ears of their countrymen, giving a new impulse to their struggle for liberty, and hurling tenfold blows of vengeance on their hated foe. When the terrible tidings reached the ear of Adrian Marcova it bowed his gallant spirit to the very dust, almost crushing his heart with a paralyzing agony. He had, midst the battle's fiercest power, unshrinkingly faced the enemy, hand to hand he had met him in the thickest danger, and when swords were clashing o'er his head, and the loud cannon's peal rang in his ear, still he averred not. In imagination, the genius of his dream ever stood beside him, cheering him with the music of her voice, bidding him remember he fought for *liberty* and *love*, while his eye oft and anon rested on the cherished banner bound on his strong arm. But alas! how changed the scene of life! how crushed his buoyant energies! No genius wooed him with her encouraging smile. Where was the beauteous Ino? Perhaps mangled by the touch of the demon Turk, or more dreadful still,—her fair and delicate limbs were then bound by the degrading chains of some relentless captor. Each horrible picture, presented by fancy, harrowed his mind to the highest pitch of despair, and with a sickening heart, though faintly fluttering with hope, that she might with her father be amongst the number who were said to have taken refuge in the mountains, where they were safely concealed from their pursuers, he prepared to revisit the ill-fated land of his youth and love. It was at the hush of eventide that the light form of one muffled in disguise, sprung from a small caique—himself the only oarsman—and bounded up the rocky pathway leading to the garden of Del Castro's once magnificent dwelling. The silence of the grave rested on that sad scene, “all ruin'd and wild.” The house was still standing, though a part of it was crumbling and blackened with the smoke of the flambeaux. The bright polish of the court-yard was dimmed by the terrible stains of the deadly strife, the fountain was still and the same spattered marks sullied the purity of the glistening marble water nymph, while the grass and flowers around were trodden down and withered. Ino's bower, strange to say, had been untouched by the hand of destruction, for the foliage around it was as brightly green and blooming as ever. He entered, there hung her lute already strung as if it had just trembled to the touch of her fairy fingers. The casement from

which she had last beheld him was open and every arrangement wore the lamentable appearance of a recent occupancy—but alas! where was the presiding Egeria of that tasteful retreat! Insensibly Adrian wandered over the grounds, and then through the gloomy halls of the mansion. The richly carved wood-work was burnt to a cinder in every room. From the saloon he ascended to the chambers. A feeling of sickening woe chilled his heart as he stood in Ino's apartment, and when his eye dwelt upon the countless crimson spots on the floor, Adrian could gaze no longer, but flew wildly from that desolated scene, to roam he knew not where. It was with the greatest effort of self-command and prudence he forebore to hurl an avenging blow upon the few straggling Turks who crossed his pathway, but remembering he was there in pursuit of Ino he stealthily wandered o'er that still endeared spot for several days, in hopes of hearing something of her fate. At last he sought those secret glens and caves amongst the mountains, determined to explore every pass ere he gave up the pursuit. Evening found him wearied and sick with disappointment, and sinking almost exhausted on the green banks of a small stream to cool his parched thirst, he gave way to the agony of his soul. Soon the cautious approach of some one aroused him, when his eye fell upon a singular being standing before him. She was one of those hated, scorned, but unmolested wretches, known to all as the circe of the mountains: a sorceress, well skilled in the preparation of all medical herbs and familiar with the concoction of poisonous plants.

“Ah ha!” said she in a shrill voice, “I see a Greek, not hunted too by yonder blood-hounds! Thou must have a charmed life about thee, youth, to have thus escaped their insatiable gluttony for Sciote gore. What and whom seekest thou in these solitary mountains?”

Adrian was for the moment chilled by her scoffing manner and hesitated ere he replied. Like all who have ever yielded to despair he felt reckless about encountering further disappointment, but remembering that the knowledge and power of one of her race had often proved efficient, a sudden hope induced him to answer her question with respectful earnestness.

“Yonder once beautiful village was the home of my youth and manhood—I wooed and won one of its loveliest maidens—I left her at my country's call, and the bloody mantle which those savages in form of men have cast o'er the island now likewise rests on her fate. I know not where to seek her, something assures me she is not among the butchered—and yet my suspense can not brook the thought of her being in dishonorable captivity. Oh! if thou knowest aught of Ino Del Castro, in heaven's name tell me her fate and the eternal gratitude of Adrian Marcova will be thine.”

“Know I ought of the most beautiful of Sciote beauty! Did not Lamia, the circe, as her enemies

call her, stalk with the power of ubiquity through the carnage of that awful night. Did these glaring eyes behold the terrible woo of those helpless victims of ferocious treachery? Did not this strong hand snatch from each falling foe the deadly sabre, that it might lay low another? Did not her warning voice point out places of safety here in these mountains to the flying, maddened Sciotes? Yes, all this did she see and do, and surely the groans and cries of Scio's fairest queen, Ino Del Castro, reached her ear too."

Lamia paused, and resting her long, bony hands upon her sturdy staff, looked strangely into the anxious and terror stricken face of Adrian, who became almost frantic with impatience at her evasive language.

"Say on, hag, and tell the worst of thy fearful tale, but spare until then thy present look of fiendish exultation at the sight of my wretchedness."

A feeling of kindly pity passed o'er her face as she, unmoved, replied:

"Scoff on Greek, call me fiend, hag or any thing else, it is what Lamia is used to, but the accents of gratitude have *sometimes* been poured into her ear. Alas! the day star of glory shines not on fallen Greece now. Noble and heroic blood no longer flows in the veins of her sons—anarchy, homicide and parricide now stalk through her once flourishing habitations, for it is as often Greek to Greek, as a resistance to oppressive tyranny. Had Scio's bosom been not so senseless, she would not now lie weltering in her life's gore, her soil not so rich with the marrowy fatness of human bones, nor her sons and daughters wanderers and in captive chains. But Lamia will do thy bidding. Ino Del Castro saw the last struggle of her devoted father, her gentle hand smoothed his dank hair in the hour of death, but a noble captor stood by, whose timely aid averted the blow that would have sent *her* pure spirit to Paradise. Stamboul, the Turk, Mahmoud's General, owns Scio's flower for his captive. She suddenly disappeared, for I sought her midst that tearful band in vain, ere they left for the Sultan's dominion. I have told thee, Adrian Marcova, *all* that these poor eyes *saw* and *all* I *know*, what further aid can Lamia render thee?"

"Thou art said to be skilled in the powers of divination, and can, unmolested, encounter yonder ruthless tyrants—assist me then in seeking and rescuing Ino—give me thy counsel what course to pursue, and oh! Lamia, if aught from human hands can avail thee, Adrian Marcova's will be ever ready and true to assist thee. Wealth shall be thine, a home will be given thee in a far off happier land, and if unchecked happiness can follow a good deed, Lamia will assuredly enjoy such."

A derisive smile passed o'er the features of the sorceress as she listened to his earnest petition—it faded, giving place to one of conscious importance and superiority.

"Fangh Greek! thy offers fall upon a senseless ear, they pass as a light wind o'er my resolutions, for knowest thou, Marcova, Lamia the circe is far above *thine* as well as all *human* aid. What she will do for thee must be free as the waters of this rippling stream. But think not her heart is dead to all kindness, though unkindness from others has made her what she now is. Thou beholdest in her the victim of perjury and outraged love, who, in the hour of remorse and despair, sought these secret glens, vowing vengeance against thy faithless sex; nay, a deep hatred to all of the human species. Ere that massacre of hellish origin took place in Scio, nought delighted me so much as the work of destruction and bloody deeds—no task was so pleasant as the decoction of deadly poisonous drugs, which oft were administered with my own avenging hand. But that epoch of my transformed nature, those beastly and inhuman desires have passed away, and Lamia now wishes to die a *woman*, yet it is only *here*, in these mountain wilds, will she breathe her last; here will she end her days. Listen then to my counsel. Disguise thyself as a Turk, put on the tarbouch, trowsers and flowing kirtle—the chibouk in thy mouth, savage ferocity in thine eye and journey to the Sultan's kingdom. The slave markets are daily crowded with Greek slaves of both sexes, where perchance thou mayest either gain a sight of Ino Del Castro, or some tidings of her fate. If not at first, be cautious in thy enquiries of Stamboul, and if thou art prudent in so doing, I feel confident thou wilt be successful. I will now hie to yonder village to procure for thee the hateful disguise and arrange thy further plans. When I have fulfilled some of my various missions here, perchance I may follow on to stand by thee in the hour of peril or danger. Dost thou accept Lamia's counsel?"

"Most gladly, and if a strict adherence to thy directions, with the aid of a *greater* power, doth ensure me success, Oh! Lamia what would not this grateful heart sacrifice for thee!"

Lamia complied with her promise. In a short time Adrian Marcova was wending his way to the land of tyranny and slavery, habited as one of that justly accursed race, and so closely disguised that not even the keenest penetration of the most suspicious Turk could cry him false.

[To be continued.]

HOPE.

An echo from the — of — — — So. Ca.

If I were called upon to name the emotion of the human mind, which is most efficient in its influence upon mankind, which suggests the grandest enterprises, and which supports under the most trying reverses, I am certain that I should only be anticipating your own judgment in pronouncing Hope to be that feeling.

The earliest visions of childhood are tinged with its golden hues, and the reveries of the boy and of the man are filled with the gorgeous palaces and regions of delight, which it can plan and build.

It animates the schoolboy at his tasks, it emboldens the soldier for the battle, it nerves the sailor against the perils of the sea, it gives light and strength to the patriot who is contending for his country in its darkest day. There was a time when it encouraged a little band of men to leave the green fields and hills, in which their youth was spent, and the wives of their heart, and the children who had grown up around them; and to venture out amidst untravelled regions of the deep. Hope led them on, though the warnings of the wise, and the laugh and scoff of the witty, and the regrets and lamentations of the loving, were ringing in their ears. Hope led them on, though the prejudices of their education, and the solemn dictates of science opposed their course. Though the mountain billows of the Atlantic rose up before them, and the rude winds of heaven blew around them, and their frail bark trembled beneath the mighty voices of the deep, yet Hope was at the helm, and they were guided by it until they rested from their labors, doubts and fears, upon the borders of this new and noble continent.

Though less splendid results, than accompanied the struggles and success of Columbus, may attend its exercise; yet, in the every day affairs of life, Hope is not less active in supporting the weak, encouraging the strong, and beckoning the prosperous to more extended and energetic efforts.

It sits with the mother by the side of cradled infancy, winds the wreath of laurel around its little brow, and teaches her to love not only that *which is*, but that *which will be*; when weakness puts on strength and walks, when knowledge has brought its treasures, and when wealth and fame and honor shall attend his steps. It goes with the student to his books; it stands by the side of the man of business in his daily toils; it mounts with the statesman up the steep of office: it lies down with the rich upon the bed of anguish; it walks with the strong upon the path of vigor: there are none so low as to be without its companionship, there are none so high as not to need its help. As an old poet has described it:

"Sweet Hope * * * by thee
We are not where, or what we be,
But what or where we would be: thus art thou
Our absent presence, and our future now."

And finally, it leaves no man until he come to those

"Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, where hope
Which comes to all, can never come."

Our holy religion shows itself to have come from the God of our nature and our mind, by the provision it makes for the employment of this noble faculty; and as eternity is greater than time, so are the objects of Hope which it proposes greater than any which can be aspired to on earth. The objects of anticipation, held out by this world, were not enough for the encouragement of mankind. The wealth, honor and power, which it could give, were too limited in their value and duration; they failed too soon themselves, or the human power of

enjoying them was too fleeting: and as man was himself immortal, he longed for the certainty of those immortal anticipations, which he hoped were true.

This certainty, the Scriptures which were written aforetime, give us. They dissipate the mysteries of human life; they show that all our prospects are not bounded by the grave, they open through its narrow walls the gate of everlasting life, and they teach us how we may be empowered to go in thereat. "Whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope."

They speak to us first of *patience*.

This patience exercised, they bring us *comfort*.

And thus we rest on solid ground of *Hope*.

This is a blessed, a precious hope; a hope when all others fail, fadeless and pure, a hope that never deceives, but which rewards the expectant with greater bliss than that which he imagined.

In all things else Hope promises but to delude; it builds fairy palaces, but they vanish as we approach them; it throws its enchantments around distant objects, only to disappoint us when we grasp them; it surrounds a wished-for honor with a glorious halo, it exaggerates the enjoyments of wealth, it paints a Paradise in the pleasures of the earth—but when obtained, the honors descend upon an old and aching brow, and the pleasures and the wealth can only be displayed to mock the bitterness of heart which can not enjoy them, and aggravate the wretchedness of a condition which was already miserable.

"Vain pomp and glory of the world I hate you," has been the language of more than one unsuccessful aspirant for earthly honors: and in such an hour, all that the services of a long life had obtained, would be given for the humblest title to that hope which maketh not ashamed.

This hope is an anchor to the soul in every period of life: the more violent the gales we encounter, the stronger is its hold, and in the final shipwreck of the human spirit, its greatest power and tenacity is displayed.

To change the figure and to conclude:

A worldly man who is growing old is like a pilgrim who has long been struggling up the steep sides of some lofty mountain, but whose strength at last has failed him, and who is beginning to descend. His prospects once were boundless, but now they are becoming narrower with every downward step; village after village is hidden from his eye, field after field disappears from before him, until at last he sees nothing but the green hillock beneath his trembling feet, which is soon to be hollowed out for his gloomy and narrow grave.

The Christian also is a pilgrim, and the mountain side is steep, which he is endeavoring to ascend, and he is weary and worn with his upward toil. But he has no earthly nor desponding thoughts. He has no cares nor anxieties to drag him down. His treasures are in heaven, and thitherwards he constantly aspires. He commits his way unto the Lord—his body is buried on the mountain top, and angels bear his soul to heaven.

F. P. L.

THE CICISBEO, OR CUSTOMS OF SICILY.

BY LIEUT. WM. D. PORTER, U. S. A.

CHAPTER I.

The following events and scenes occurred on the Island of Sicily, partly in the city of Messina. Turning into the Straits of Messina, avoiding Scylla and Chyribdis, sailing along the coast of Calabria, you pass a little fort seated like a gull on a projecting point, termed a "mole;" you enter the quiet harbor of Messina and land in front of a line of beautiful public edifices, before which, extending along the water, is a walk neatly paved with square limestone. Passing through arches covering the streets, you enter a wide, well paved street, on either side of which the stately palaces of the nobility meet your gaze. At the head of this street, near a turn of the Bay, or arm of the Straits, stands the stately palace of one of Messina's haughtiest nobles, the Count de Cheveta. Ostentatious, haughty and reserved, the Count seldom appears in public, but as a member of the Council. His palace, or palazza, as it is generally termed, is situated in the most romantic and secluded portion of the city of Messina: the verandah overhangs the clear, quiet arm of the Bay; the gardens extend along the shore of the Straits; on one side you have a view of the coast of Calabria, on the other Mount *Ætna* appears almost to overhang the cypress trees and myrtle bowers which beautify and grace his property.

It was the last of the carnival, and one of those soft evenings so peculiar to Sicily;—the Count and his friends were, as usual on occasions of this kind, gathered at the front windows of his palace, pelting the masquers with sugar plums, which were returned with great spirit, and sometimes with interest. The gardens of the Count were illuminated with various colored lights, throwing among the arbors and shrubbery a soft and mellow radiance; the moon also lent her silvery rays, giving a still softer effect to the quiet of the garden. In this garden, two children were playing at hide and seek, their joyous laugh rang among the bowers as each detected the other's hiding place. While engaged in this childish sport, another joined them. He was the brother of one and the cousin of the other. The last of these children was a boy not above sixteen, yet he walked with the steady step of manhood, and o'er his brow was already seated the sedateness of mature age. "Gerald," remarked Constantine De Cheveta, "the Count, my father, requires your presence in the hall; leave off this childish buffoonery with Ada and come with me."

Ada, thus referred to, was only thirteen; her soft, black hair curled in long glossy ringlets over an alabaster neck, and almost swept the ground. She was for her age very slight and delicate, but active as an antelope, she bounded over her father's lawns and made the tall cypress groves merry with her laugh. Her eyes were blue, resembling the soft heavens overhanging her native land, her brow was fair and pencilled by eyebrows of raven hue; in her manner, she was peculiarly soft and volup-tuous, showing at the age of thirteen, all the Sicilian. Gerald, her cousin and playmate, was about to leave home to join the army as a page. In all he was a Sicilian.

The two youths left the garden together and were soon with the Count, who gave Gerald his final instructions previous to his departure and turned to the window again to amuse himself by throwing sugar plums at the passing masquers.

After Gerald left the garden, Ada sought a favorite retreat at the foot of a large cypress. Thoughts of love, far above her years, passed through her mind. She had not long remained in this secluded spot before Gerald again stole from the hall and sought the same retreat.

"Ada," he whispered, "where are you?"

"Here, Gerald, at the foot of the cypress," was the reply, in a voice so musical and mild, that it might have been mistaken for the soft voice of the nightingale.

Gerald seated himself by her and placed one arm around the delicate waist of Ada, who unconsciously placed her hand in his, leaning her head upon his shoulder, and turning her soft blue eyes up in his face. A gentle sigh escaped her, the first sigh of love.

"Gerald, what detained you so long! I had almost determined to return to the *Casa* and join in throwing sugar plums."

"Ada," replied Gerald, "Uncle detained me to receive his benediction and advice, previous to my leaving Sicily, I am afraid, Ada, for a long time."

A tear stole down the cheek of Ada at this announcement, which was kissed off by Gerald.

"Gerald, do not forget the little song I taught you, and do not teach it to any one, for if you do, cousin, I won't love you."

"No, Ada, I promise you I will not, nor will I again sing it until we meet."

The children arose and tripped, laughing and singing, back to the palace.

CHAPTER II.

The last night of the carnival was succeeded by a day of solemnity. The churches were crowded by the nobility of Sicily, who, to all appearance, were as penitent, as the day before, they were joyous. The Count De Cheveta and family proceeded to the church of St. Paul's to offer up

prayers to their patron saint for the safety of their only son, and Gerald, their favorite nephew. Ada and Gerald kneeled in front of the Virgin, their hands clasped in each other's, and their young hearts poured forth in silence a prayer for the welfare, safety and prosperity of each other.

The family returned to the palace of the Count, where a slight breakfast of chocolate and toast was already waiting. The hearts of Gerald and Ada were too full to partake even of this slight meal. Too young to conceal their thoughts and feelings, or even to be aware of the extent of their affections, they gave free vent to their sorrow on parting.

Constantine and Gerald embarked on board a light Xebec, which loosing her wide white sails to a gentle breeze, gracefully swept around the point which forms the harbor of Messina, and was soon gliding through the straits, her sails swelling and hull bending to the increasing breeze. Constantine was on deck gazing with boyish wonder and surprise upon the snow-capt mountains of Calabria, until his spirits became as buoyant as the light bark that bore them o'er the bounding waves. Gerald, on the contrary, had thrown himself upon the deck and watched the gradual disappearance of Messina, in the distance, nor did he move from his position until the dome of St. Paul's sank beneath the horizon; then rising, he slowly walked to the prow of the vessel and appeared to watch the sparkling foam as it danced in the beams of the golden sun, while in fact he thought only of Ada.

On the departure of her brother and cousin, Ada rushed to her room, which overlooked the harbor, and gave full vent to her sorrow in a flood of tears. The separation from Gerald was the more distressing to Ada in consequence of his being her confidant and playmate. She was the only daughter of the Count and Countess, who were loth to send her early to a convent, the usual school for young Sicilian girls; but now that the two boys had left, and having no one to confide in, she proposed to herself the necessity of finishing her studies. For this purpose the convent of St. Urmola was selected. It was necessary that *lent* should expire previous to her departure, and in the interim the Countess was preparing Ada for the separation.

The moment at length arrived when she was to be placed under the care of the Lady Abbess of St. Urmola, who, on the admission of her pupil, received the usual fee, and promised to attend strictly to her religious and mental education.

CHAPTER III.

Several years had passed since the transpiration of the events mentioned in the last chapter, and Ada De Cheveta had bloomed into full womanhood; her figure was still slight, but began to assume a

more graceful appearance; the eye had gained a deeper blue and her whole manners were soft, lovely and love-infusing. The Count and Countess were anxious that Ada should unite her affections to those of some rich and influential noble. Associating with the best Sicilian society, since her return from the convent, had to all appearance eradicated from her mind the remembrance of Gerald. She was the gayest of the gay, and her musical laugh and soft, sweet voice enraptured all who became acquainted with her.

About this time, or a little previous to it, a young English merchant settled in the city of Messina. He was of a sedate turn of mind, and presented credentials that at once admitted him into the very best society of Messina. He saw and soon became enraptured and in love with Ada, who appeared not averse to his addresses. He continued his attentions, and in a very short time her hand was partly promised him by her parents. During this time, her brother arrived in the city; he had grown to manhood and looked upon all foreigners with distrust; he was averse to the alliance and reminded Ada of her youthful affection for Gerald, which often drew forth a sigh from her, but the ties of consanguinity prevented any matrimonial engagement taking place between them.

Ada did not love Gerald less for her attachment to Mr. Johnston, but the wealth of the Englishman, and her parents' wishes determined her to give her hand to this foreigner. Mr. Johnston was rich, young, handsome and accomplished,—to none of which could any lady have a very serious objection, much less Ada, the daughter of a Sicilian Count, whose fortunes had long been on the decline.

Frank Weston, a friend of Johnston, arrived in Messina the evening previous to the final arrangements between the parents of Ada and Mr. Johnston. Frank was about thirty-five, slightly made and rather hard featured; he could not exactly be termed a rake, but was one of those truly flippant beings whom we meet every day in good society,—one of those butterflies always fluttering around and among the ladies, laughing and making witty remarks without meaning them,—whose constant boast is, that they are not susceptible of love, yet are deep in its mysteries,—who are always using the worn out adage of "Ladies' hearts are trifles light as air," only to be played with, not owned: and yet are deeply engaged in winning the trifles, ever near it, yet never gaining the object. Weston was in fact a cosmopolite, in the strict sense of the word; he had travelled over nearly every portion of Europe, like an old trunk, collecting dust without becoming polished. By some curious and singular incident in Johnston's early life, he became acquainted with Frank Weston, and though their characters were entirely dissimilar, they became sincere friends.

Frank, while at Naples, had heard that Johnston was in love, and the intention of his visit to Messina was to persuade his friend to give up his Sicilian love, and remain in single blessedness like himself. Though Weston was selfish, he felt a sincere friendship for Johnston; probably this very selfishness of heart caused the feeling, as it was reasonable to suppose if his friend once married, the companionship would in all likelihood cease.

Weston sought his friend and found him reclining on an ottoman at the Count's. "Tom, my dear fellow, how do you find yourself?" was Weston's first remark, on entering the saloon.

"Well, my good friend, Frank; you are in time to be a witness to my marriage ceremony."

"Ah! Tom," remarked Weston, "you know not what you do. Oil and fire will sooner unite in harmony than a Sicilian and an Englishman. I know the parents of your lady love. The Count is haughty and the Countess proud; they would look upon you with distrust, and believe me, you can have no hopes of thawing them into compliance. I understand you have been dancing attendance here now two months, without any prospect of success, and that her brother, the heir apparent to a penniless title, treats you as haughtily as though he owned the whole of Sicily, and could command Mount Stromboli."

"Frank, my dear friend, forego for once your opinions; the Lady Ada is beautiful; to-night I serenade in the Italian style under her window; she is then to answer me; to-morrow, I demand her of the old Count, my fortunes against his titles, and I am not mistaken in the result."

These remarks only brought forth a laugh from Weston, who touching his friend gently on the shoulder with the point of his cane, replied, "Tom, that is too good, 'tis very good; well you are and always have been of a sanguine temperament. I will admit the lady Ada is beautiful, her blue eyes fringed by long silken lashes, arched and pencilled eyebrows and raven hair curling down an alabaster neck, are within themselves sufficient to create love within a breast less susceptible than yours. I must confess I have at times felt a warm sensation akin to love around my heart, but withal she is a Sicilian girl, her blood thrills hotly through her veins, and a dull phlegmatic English husband will soon be changed for an enthusiastic Sicilian Cicisbeo. Ah! Tom the customs of Sicily are far different from those of 'Old England'; the sunny skies, soft airs and sweet perfumes from citron groves produce feelings far different from those generated by the foggy climate and dingy woods of England. What effect must a soft climate have upon those who are born under its influence? Look at the pliant, graceful figure, the soft and melting eyes of the Sicilian girl, the uneducated and careless grace of action, the voluptuousness in every smile, love in each look that sends the warm blood rush-

ing through the veins of the entranced gazer! Ah! I tell you, Tom, a husband in Sicily is only a convenience; the Cicisbeo is the true lover."

A slight blush covered the cheek of Johnston, but it was only for a moment. Rising from the ottoman a little excited, he replied, "Frank, your picture is too highly colored, I say she has no other lover than myself; I never hear the guitar under her window; nor do I ever see those sure indications of love, flowers on her table; besides, has she not promised to leave her 'sunny land,' and live in 'foggy England'? Believe me, all is well; farewell Frank, we will meet at the signing of the contract."

"Farewell, Tom, good luck attend you, but beware the Cicisbeo."

"Never fear," replied Johnston, "that will be settled in the contract."

The two friends parted,—Johnston to prepare for his future happiness, and Weston to the hotel *Du Roi Del' Angleterre*, where his friend and friend's love were soon buried in a bottle of "old south side madeira." Johnston felt the full force of his friend's warning; the word "Cicisbeo" rang in his ears even after he had reclined his head upon his pillow. A thousand plans passed through his mind to be adopted for the purpose of inducing the friends of his betrothed to relinquish the custom of placing the word Cicisbeo in the marriage contract. Ada had frequently in discussing the point told him that it was a mere matter of form, a legal technicality which no one thought worth while abolishing, or adopting. With a troubled mind and heavy heart sleep overcame him; nor did he again awake until the morning light warned him it was time to rise.

CHAPTER IV.

Constantine's aversion to all foreigners was a sufficient reason for his objection to Mr. Johnston, but in addition to this, the national antipathy of a Sicilian to an Englishman determined him to throw every obstacle in the path of Johnston. His cousin Gerald, for whom he had more than a brother's affection, had induced him to visit Rome, to obtain a dispensation in favor of Gerald; but as he had not been enabled to receive an answer to his application, he returned to Sicily to have the progressing arrangements postponed indefinitely. He had concealed the arrival of Gerald until both of their wishes were fulfilled. With these views in his mind, he sought Ada and found her seated quietly in her favorite boudoir near the old cypress. Tapping her gently with his glove, he pleasantly remarked, "Why Ada, my sister, still thinking about your future foreign husband? or may be in hopes of a Sicilian one."

"Pshaw, brother, why do you continually harp on a Sicilian husband? Can't an Englishman be as accomplished and as handsome as a Sicilian?"

"Yes, Ada, my beloved sister, but you are wrong, very wrong to countenance these foreigners; they may be rich—in fact we know Mr. Johnston is wealthy; we also know him to be an accomplished gentleman, but Ada, he will not understand your Sicilian heart. He is dull, heavy and austere; you are soft, confiding and affectionate. Ada, do you recollect your cousin Gerald?"

"Yes, brother, I recollect him, but as a boy. He was not more than fifteen years old when he left home to join the army; but still I can love Mr. Johnston, though he is not a Sicilian."

"About as much, Ada, as a Sicilian girl should love her husband, that is, spend his money, receive him with affection when the day's business is over, give him your lap-dog to carry and not allow him to be too inquisitive about your little love affairs. Do you think Mr. Johnston will agree to all this?"

"Certainly, brother, I think he will agree to any thing I like." The little beauty tossed her head and returned to the house, not, however, without an uneasy thought crossing her mind.

Gerald concealed behind the shrubbery, was listening to the conversation between Ada and her brother. She had scarcely disappeared before he came forward where Constantine was standing, biting his lips in anger. Gerald had disguised himself as a minstrel, or common Sicilian singer. He asked his cousin if he thought Ada would recognize him in that costume, "you know I am changed but little since I was a boy." While they were in conversation, Ada returned to apologize to her brother for the hasty manner in which she had left him. Gerald was the first to see her.

"Ah! here she comes," remarked he, "how lovely she looks." His emotions were so great that Constantine had repeatedly to tell him to be careful and not betray himself.

Ada approached her brother, at the same time extending her hand, and apologized in the sweetest manner for her haughtiness, as she termed it, which was by Constantine evidently forgiven. Ada in turning again to depart, observed Gerald in his minstrel's costume, she was struck with his beauty, and asked her brother if that was the minstrel he had brought with him from the army, and would he permit him to attend her wedding.

"Yes, my dear sister, this is the minstrel you have so often heard me speak of, would you like to hear him sing?"

"By all means, brother." She looked at him for a moment, and in a low voice said to Constantine, "Gracious heaven! how he reminds me of my little cousin Gerald! come forward, senior minstrel," said she aloud. Gerald advanced, his heart almost bursting its bounds, and addressed her in a low voice, at the same time kneeling at her feet. "Lady, I know a little song taught me by a younger not many years ago; he had then but a few days joined the Army."

"Pray sing it," said Ada. Gerald took rather longer to tune his guitar than he might wish Ada's countenance. Ada becoming impatient and annoyed by his gaze, said, "pray sing." Gerald struck the accompaniment and sung the following verses:

Swiftly rows thy gondolier
That wafts thee love from me;
The breeze that fans my cheek must bear
This song of love to thee.
By yonder shining orb I swear,
Those stars which brightly shine,
That nought can make thee, love, less dear.
Ah! no! till death I'm thine.
Swiftly rows thy gondolier, &c.

Ah, here is still the citron grove,
Aye breathing sweet perfume;
The myrtle bow'rs you loved to rove
Still brightly, sweetly bloom.
Yon changeful orb may pass away,
Those stars may cease to shine,
Yet naught can change this heart; my lay
Shall still be thine, love, thine.
Swiftly rows thy gondolier, &c.

During the performance of the minstrel, Ada appeared to become rooted to the spot on which she stood; as line after line flowed in music from his lips, her cheeks at one time became crimsoned, the next moment a deadly paleness crept o'er them. She listened in mute surprise, and even after the minstrel had risen and was waiting for the usual presents on occasions of this kind, Ada remained silent, and was only aroused from her stupor by her brother reminding her of the usual fee due the minstrel, who immediately retired upon a preconcerted signal being given him by Constantine. Ada in great agitation turned to her brother; the tears running down her cheeks, and her voice choked with emotion, she said—

"Oh! Brother! what dreams of pleasure does that little song call forth! I taught it to my cousin Gerald, and methinks I see a likeness of him in the minstrel; but no! it was but my fancy, and yet that fancy almost creates a belief in my mind that this minstrel is Gerald."

At this moment the Count and Countess entered the walk where their children were conversing. Constantine called to his mother and told her that his sister Ada had lost her heart with a poor minstrel; "for would you believe it, dear mother, he sang an old love ditty to her and *presto* her love for Mr. Johnston was clean gone." This was said with a laugh peculiar to Constantine when he intended to be sarcastic. The Countess with that haughtiness peculiar to Sicilians, reproved her son in the following manner. "Constantine, my son, I am tired of all this minstrelsy, the country is overrun with it; and besides, my son, it is time you should begin to assume that dignity which suits the high station you hold, and which the titles of your family require." The Countess was pec-

liarly haughty. To cast ridicule upon the titles of her noble lord was in her opinion one of the unforgiven sins. Constantine knew this and thought it a propitious moment to seal the fate of Johnston and advance the prospects of his cousin Gerald. With a sarcastic laugh, he replied, "Mother, Mr. Johnston says he can purchase a Sicilian countship for a sixpence, and I think our broken fortunes and the sacrifice we are about to make, almost induce me to believe it true." This remark his mother felt, but recovering from a momentary feeling of shame, she mildly replied, "Fie my son, this is not dignified, particularly on the day your sister's marriage contract is to be drawn up, signed and sealed. We have come to search for you and Ada to be present; the priest and lawyer are at the house, and are only waiting the arrival of Mr. Johnston; so come, my children, we will return."

The party returned to the palace where they found all waiting. Mr. Johnston and the lawyer appeared both agitated as if they had been in a dispute. The Count inquired if the contract was ready, and the reply being in the affirmative, it was handed him to sign. Mr. Johnston at this moment stepped towards him and begged that a favor which he was about to ask might be granted him. The Count laid the parchment upon the table and awaited the request. "Sir," said Johnston, "previous to signing and sealing that contract, may I request that one word be altered in it, and if this be granted I will add thirty thousand pounds to your daughter's settlement. It is the word '*Cicisbeo*.'"

The discharge of a bomb could not have created more surprise among the party, than did this request. The fingers of the Count relaxed their hold of the pen in them and it fell to the floor; the Countess rolled her pious eyes to heaven, and ejaculated, "Saint Ursula protect us;" the priest crossed himself; Constantine smiled with inward satisfaction, and his bitter sarcastic laugh was just audible. Ada thought of her cousin Gerald, and a slight flush passed over her cheeks. The priest was the first to recover from his astonishment, and explained to Johnston that it was one of those customs which could not be abolished. Johnston turned to the Count and with a voice choked with agitation asked him if he would consent. "The Count replied through his teeth, "No, I'll not abolish an ancient custom."

The mind of Johnston was harassed by feelings which could not be appreciated by his Sicilian friends; in signing the marriage contract his hand almost refused to do its office; his agitation was by the Count and his lady attributed to the anxious desire on his part to have it speedily fulfilled; but Constantine, always jealous and suspicious, attributed his uneasiness to its true cause.

The contract being now signed, all but Ada retired to a small private parlor to partake of some refreshment.

Ada's thoughts were still on the minstrel. It can not be, (she mentally remarked,) her cousin; no, it was some poor beggar picked up by her brother; then, the song! Why should this minstrel create such feelings in her heart? And again that song! Gerald promised not to sing or learn it to any one. At this moment her eyes fell upon the contract, she advanced towards it and the first word noticed was "*Cicisbeo*." Gerald again passed across her mind; the notes of a guitar struck her ear; it could be no other than Gerald's. The contract was dropped, and Ada hastened towards the direction of the sound. Ere she had reached the door, she was met by her brother, who told her that the minstrel wished to sing one more song before he left. Ada with a heavy heart consented. The minstrel was called in. Ada had seated herself upon an ottoman; tears stole unconsciously down her cheeks, and she scarce heeded the musician. Tuning his instrument, he struck a plaintive accompaniment and sang these extempore verses.

Tears, lady, dost weep in sadness,
Thou, once joyous and gay,
Breathing o'er earth thy spirit's gladness?
Tears on thy bridal day!
Where, oh! where is the laughing brow,
Where light curls gently wave,
Like dancing sunbeams upon snow?
Oh! give them not to the grave.
Tears, tears, on thy bridal day!

Oh! weep not so, thou'lt wed to night
The flower of chivalry;
Tears will but dim thine eyes' soft light:
Would'st change thy destiny?
Then prithee, sweetest lady, call
Thy spirit back from its dreary thrall,—
Back to the laughing earth now spring,
And let thy voice its music ring,
For this is thy bridal day.

The last note had nearly died away when Ada unconsciously took up the lay; the minstrel accompanying it with his guitar.

Ah yes, the world may laugh and think
We're happy, e'en upon the brink
Of some dark abyss of unchanging woe,
Which none but we can see or know.
For ah! how can they think the eye,
So seeming bright, beams agony?

Ada ceased and appeared to be lost in a deep melancholy. Constantine had carried on the masquerade, he thought, quite long enough. "Look up, my dear sister, look up and see your playmate, lover and cousin Gerald." Ada raised her eyes and gazed upon him for only a moment; then throwing herself in his arms, exclaimed:

"It is,—it is my own dear little cousin. Oh! how happy you have made me; long, long have I looked for your return, but alas I am about to be married, and there is the contract." Gerald looked at the contract and observed, "Your English husband that is to be, dear Ada, does not object to

your having a 'Cicciseo,' he does not deprive you of your lovers."

"No, Gerald, but he consented with a very bad grace; to think, Gerald, of a Sicilian girl without a Cicciseo! What would I do for some one to bring me flowers, to write love songs, and in short to love me as a Sicilian girl should be loved when her husband is pouring over his musty counting-house books: it destroys the monotony of a married life. I think you have grown very handsome, dear Gerald."

"Do you, Ada? come, this is your wedding night and though our consanguinity forbids a marriage, we are not forbid to love, let us visit the 'old cypress tree.'" Away they both joyously took their course to the old favorite spot.

They had scarcely left when Johnston entered, and seeing the contract lying open, he took it up and saw still the hated word "Cicciseo." With his knife he tried to erase the word and alter the reading of the contract;—the seal and wax being on the table, he folded and sealed it and left the room.

The lawyer came in directly afterwards, and seeing the contract sealed, attributed it in his mind to the priest, he took it as a matter in the line of his business for safe keeping, until it was to be delivered to the priest, previous to the marriage ceremony, which was to take place that evening at the Church of Saint Paul's.

CHAPTER V.

The church of St. Paul's is situated near the great square in Messina. The wealth of many nobles has been expended in its decorations; chaste Mosaic, in figures, flowers and historical sketches, beautify the pave of the building; the artist has displayed his talents and ingenuity in embellishing its vast dome and walls, in costly frescos, principally incidents from the life of St. Paul; nor has the sculptor neglected to display his taste and ability, in filling the various niches and altars with figures of the most graceful and striking character. In one, the Holy Virgin is sculptured in parian marble; in another, the patron saint stands out boldly, shaking from his hand a serpent; the altar fills one end of the vast building, and is surmounted by a massive silver cross, upon which hangs the Saviour; Candelabras of silver, massive and rich, decorate the altar, and the whole is enclosed within a massive rail of pure white Italian marble. The dome is supported by pillars of an unknown and lost marble, massive and antique in their appearance, but having the freshness of yesterday. It was at this church the ceremony was to take place, which was to unite the Lady Ada with Mr. Johnston, and as the Count De Cheveta traced back his ancestors as supporters and founders of this building, it was decorated and lighted for the occasion by himself.

We must now return to the Count's palace, where preparations were making upon a scale equal to the rank and wealth of the parties to be united. Ada seated on an ottoman, dressed in her wedding suit, attended by her bridesmaids, waited the moment of announcement for her to enter the costly carriage which was to convey her to the church. Over her countenance was a shade of apparent melancholy, a tear stole down her cheek, and as her bosom swelled in anguish, an unconscious sigh escaped her: she finds too late her hand is given but not her heart. A page announces that her future husband is ready to receive her. Rising and followed by her bridesmaids, she was received at the door by her mother, who presented her to Mr. Johnston; passing through the spacious well-lit halls of the Count's palace, Ada was handed into her carriage by her affianced; the wide gates of the court yard were thrown open and the cavalcade passed slowly under the archway, and emerged into the open streets, amid the shouts of nearly the whole populace of Messina—shouts of "Long live the Count De Cheveta."

At the church of St. Paul's, Ada was received in the arms of her father, and lifted over the steps of the church, as the superstitions of the Sicilians lead them to believe that a bride touching the steps of a church, is a forerunner of an unhappy marriage. Passing up the spacious building, the bridal party kneeled at the altar. The priest and two assistant brothers of the same order, commenced a low chaunt, the Sacrament was then administered to the young couple, and the priest offered up a blessing in behalf of the pair who were about to be united in love. The marriage contract was then received from the lawyer, blessed and purified by holy water, a low chaunt was again performed, a blessing offered and the contract placed in the hands of Ada; the ring was then received by the priest from Mr. Johnston, blessed, purified, and placed upon the finger of the bride. Two wreaths of pure white Jessamine were then placed by the priest upon the heads of the bride and groom, marriage promises were responded to by both, a prayer and benediction were then offered, and given by the priest, after which all united in a solemn chaunt and prayer.

The ceremony performed, the parties returned to the palace, where was assembled all the beauty, nobility, and fashion of Messina. The vast palace of the Count, on this joyous occasion, was refuted on a scale sufficiently magnificent; the halls were hung and festooned with the finest and richest damask. Tapestry of the rarest and most costly kind, representing historical, love and rural scenes, covered the walls; chandeliers of every description, wrought by the most skilful mechanics, and massive in appearance, lit the rooms. A thousand varieties of wild shrubbery and cultivated plants were intermingled, bearing flowers of every hue.

from the purest white, through all the different tints to crimson, blended with cerulean blue, and golden colors were called in to form artificial groves throughout the mansion. Even the vast gardens of the Count were fancifully arranged and illuminated, and his hospitality on this night extended even to the lazaroni. Minstrels were employed and united to add their soft music and wild song to enliven the evening; jugglers, a class so famous throughout Sicily, could be seen showing their tricks without a fee to the gaping crowd in the gardens; nothing was left undone which the utmost ingenuity could invent, or a refined taste accomplish, to render the evening pleasant.

Weston was, as usual, fluttering around the ladies. He sighed to the sylph-like Lady Cecilia, and boisterously laughed with Madam Gross, drank punch with Senior Cosmo, and gambled with Don Pelata, eat pistacchois with young Munchenarro, and waltzed with the laughing Selima Penaro. Suiting himself to all characters, he soon became the general favorite. Passing round the room he saw his friend Johnston, leaning against one of the marble pillars which supported the roof of the hall, looking intently at a couple who appeared to take no part in the festivities.

The lady was neither tall, nor short; her figure

had assumed a plumpness bordering on the voluptuous, a full formed forehead denoting mirth as most prominent, a skin rather brunette, large, black, swimming eyes, fringed by long silken lashes, that overshadowed them, giving them a soft and languishing appearance. Her face was turned up, and looking at a gentleman leaning over her, she appeared to be listening to him with great attention; at one moment blushes dyed her cheeks, and her eyes fell; at another, anger, love, grief, and all the different shades of passion appeared to take possession of her countenance. The gentleman was tall, dark-eyed, and handsome. The two friends' attention was attracted to this couple. Weston asked his friend who they could be?

"Probably husband and wife," replied Johnston.

"No," remarked a Sicilian, "that is Lady Remar, one of the most talented and accomplished ladies in Messina. She is married to one of the most disagreeable men in this place, and that gentleman is her Ciciabeo."

"Bah!" said Weston, "he is a happy dog."

Johnston hurried away in disgust, and as he turned, his eye rested on Ada waltzing with her cousin Gerald.

[To be continued.]

THOUGHTS.

BY DR. JOHN C. McCABE.

In the studio of J. P. Merrill, in Fredericksburg, stood the Portrait of a young and beautiful girl. As my heart did homage at that shrine, (a beautiful woman,) that man pauses before but to fling incense, the following thoughts suggested themselves.

The young maiden at the Casket, one soft hand resting there,
While the sweet cool winds of evening play amid her clustering hair;

In the other hand a miniature—the face of one who keeps
A place within her thoughts, perchance,—and as the warm tide leaps

Within her blue-veined fingers, and to her sweet, bright cheek,

Awakens a strange feeling whose thoughts she may not speak.

Sweet maiden at the Casket, with forehead fair and high,
With beauty on thy kindling cheek, and in thy bright blue eye;

I would I had the wizzard's lore thy destiny to read,
Upon thy hand's fair palm; and it should pleasant be indeed!
I'd read to thee of smiling skies, of pathway strewn with flowers,

Of all the bright and beautiful to charm thy girlhood's hours.

Before thee is a pedestal, surmounted with an urn,
Enshrining memories of joys that never may return;
And 'round an open lattice the wild and straggling vine,

Its tendrils leaping up with joy, all carelessly doth twine;
But what are these? *the beautiful* is stamped upon that brow,
'Tis written on the smooth fair cheek that glows before me now;

'Tis kindling in that soft blue eye, and in that lip's sweet smile,

Well might the Anchorite break his vow, and yield him to their guile.

Oh maiden at the Casket! though I no wizzard be,
Still would I gladly, gladly read, a pleasant fate to thee!

Thy brow should be unclouded, and thine eye should never shed

A tear for joys departed, or above the treasured dead;
And thy young heart in its gladness, with holy beat should thrill,

To the music of life's poetry untroubled by an ill.

And thy lip should ever smile as now, thy face be all as fair,
And the gentle winds should wanton still within thy clustering hair.

Yet, maiden, close that Casket. Put back the locket there,
Look not into the future—it may be sad or fair;

Still, still methinks I see upon that distant rosy cloud,

A destiny all beautiful; above the little crowd—

And to my eye the vision now distinct and bright is given,
And it tells of happiness on earth, and endless bliss in Heaven.

Norfolk, Va., 1844.

LETTERS OF PLINY THE YOUNGER.

(TRANSLATED FOR THE SOV. LIT. MESSENGER.)

Chil. Howard
 Compliment; Hunting; Mode of Life; Forensic Argument;
 Plan of Study; Education; Conjugal Affection; Senate's
 Honors to Pallas; Female Heroism, &c.

TO MAXIMUS.

When I have been arguing in court, it has often happened that the judges, though not prone in general to compromise their dignity, have risen and applauded simultaneously, and as it would seem, involuntarily; and often in the senate I have gained such distinction as most of all flatters my ambition. But never did I receive higher gratification than from what Tacitus lately told me. At the circus, he said, he sat near a Roman knight and conversed with him on various literary topics; after which the knight asked, "are you an Italian or a provincial?" "My literary character seems not unknown to you," replied Tacitus. "Then you are either Tacitus or Pliny," the knight rejoined. To find our names thus sacred to letters, and familiar by reputation to those who never saw us, gave me inexpressible pleasure. Something like this had occurred a few days before. Fabius Rufinus, a man of character and standing, reclined near me at a feast; and next him a villager just come to Rome, to whom Rufinus pointing me out, asked, "Do you see that man?" And then spoke of my habits of study. "It must be Pliny then," replied the man. Such an incident, to tell the truth, is to me a full recompense of all my labors. The Greek orator had a right to be proud when an old woman of Athens pointed him out with the words, "There goes Demosthenes;" and why may not I exult in a similar mark of fame? Yes, I was delighted, and shall not affect to deny it: nor need I fear the charge of vanity, in repeating merely what others say of me, forbearing self-praise; especially since I write to one who envies no man's good name and is a friend to mine. Farewell.

TO TACITUS.

I give you leave to laugh, as doubtless you will, when you hear that I, your old acquaintance, Pliny, have actually killed three boars, and very fine ones they are. *What, you?* you ask. Yes, in truth and honesty; and that too with little sacrifice of philosophic ease, for, to tell the truth, I merely sat near and watched the nets. I had taken with me, not the boar spear and lance, but a pencil and tablet; and, meantime, selecting a subject, wrote down such ideas as occurred, so that I might return from the sport with a full note book, at least, if with empty hands. Now, don't ridicule this mode of studying; for it is wonderful how the mind is raised by the excitement and exercise of the body. The quiet solitude and deep silence which the

hunter finds in the woods are powerful aids to reflection. Whenever you hunt, remember that you have my example for carrying a writing tablet as well as your bread bag and wine flask; and credit me, you will meet Minerva wandering in the mountains as often as Diana. Farewell.

TO FUSCUS.

You ask how I pass the summer days in my Tuscan villa. I wake spontaneously, and generally about six o'clock, often before and seldom later. The window blinds remain closed, for the mind is invigorated by silence and darkness. Retired from all business, and absorbed in a book or reverie, the thoughts cease to be diverted by surrounding objects; and the eyes, having nothing to engage them, appear to see whatever the mind is contemplating. If engaged with an unfinished composition, I reflect upon it carefully, and with as close attention as if actually writing or revising; and compose more or less according to the facility or difficulty of the subject. I then call an amanuensis, and admitting daylight, dictate what is thus elaborated; after which he leaves me for a time, but is again sent for and dismissed again. About 8 or 9 o'clock, as it may chance, (for I am not very exact in measuring time,) I repair to the portico, or summer house, and again compose and dictate. I then order the carriage, and even during the ride am employed as when walking or reclining; for I consider the change itself a sufficient recreation without intermission of study. On returning, I sleep a short time, and then walk; and next read Greek or Latin in a clear loud tone, to strengthen the chest rather than the voice, though both are improved by the exercise. Afterwards I walk again, dress, exercise and bathe. At supper, if my wife or a few friends only be present, some book is read aloud. After supper we have comedies or music. Finally, I walk with my household, which reckons some learned men in the number. Thus the evening is spent in diversified conversation, and the day, though the longest in the year, is quickly conducted to its close. Sometimes the order of the day is a little varied; for if I have meditated or walked more than usual, after reading and the siesta are dispatched, I ride, not in the carriage, but on horseback, which is a more expeditious because a more energetic mode of exercising. Sometimes friends from the neighboring towns visit me, and civility claims a part of the day for them; though at other times, when fatigued with study, they afford me a seasonable recreation. Occasionally I hunt, but never without a note book, so that I may bring home something though I should catch nothing. Farmers in general, as they seem to think, are never at leisure; so, let their complaints commend my literary diligence, which would not be discreditable even to a city gentleman. Farewell.

TO TACITUS.

I often argue with a learned and ingenious man who considers brevity as the highest excellence in forensic arguments. I however think brevity desirable, if the case will admit it; otherwise, it is a mere prevarication, to omit what ought to be spoken, or to pass slightly over what ought to be amplified and fixed in the mind by reiteration. In many cases argument gathers force and weight by progression, and sinks into the mind, as steel pierces the body, as much by protracted impulsion as by a sudden blow. In this conflict of opinions we resort to authorities; and from the Greeks he cites Lysias against me, and Cato and the Gracchi from our own countryman, whose orations are certainly very brief and concise. To Lysias I oppose Demosthenes, Æschines, Hyperides and many others; and against Cato and the Gracchi, counterpoise Pollio, Cæsar, Cælius and especially Cicero, whose longest oration is adjudged his best. And in point of fact, every good book, like other good things, is better for its size. It is admitted that statues, images, paintings, and in short, the figures of men and animals in general, if designed with taste, are highly recommended by ample dimensions. The same principle obtains in works of the mind; and magnitude alone seems often to give weight and authority to books. All this and much more I often urge in support of my opinion; but he contrives to evade it, (being extremely subtle and versatile in argument,) and contends that these men, on whose authority I rely, published their orations at greater length than they delivered them. I think differently. Many speeches of various orators might be alleged, and among others, Cicero's for Muræna, Varenus, &c., in which the crimes charged are indicated by a brief and barren catalogue of titles alone. From these it is evident that he spoke much in court which was omitted in his published speeches. In the oration for Cluentius he said that he had argued the cause at large, without assistance, in accordance with the ancient custom; and in that for Cornelius, that he had spoken four days. Nor can we doubt that in a speech of several consecutive days he must have dilated amply what was afterwards reduced so as to be compressed into one large pamphlet. But a forensic argument is not an oration, it might be objected. I know that some persons think so; but I am well convinced, (though perhaps I am wrong,) that a good law speech may be an indifferent oration, but not conversely; for an oration is the exemplar and archetype, as it were, of forensic speaking. Accordingly, in the best of each kind, we find a thousand extemporaneous strokes of art; and even sometimes in published speeches, as in that against Verres; an artist? What artist?—you say well: it was *Polycletus*. It follows therefore that pleading approaches perfection as it resembles an oration, provided sufficient time be allowed to give it due

expansion; and if such time be denied, it is no fault in the orator, but a grievous one in the judge. This opinion is supported by the laws, which give abundant time, and recommend, not brief, but copious, or at least *elaborate* arguments, which are incompatible with brevity except in the most unimportant cases. I will add what that excellent master *observation* has taught me. I have had some experience as an advocate, a counsellor and a judge. Men's minds are variously moved, and arguments which seem feeble often produce a great impression. Our judgments, feelings and prejudices are much diversified; and hence, from the same argument we often draw different conclusions, and sometimes the same conclusion, but by different mental processes. And besides, each man is partial to his own original view; and is apt to regard the speaker as a deep logician when he hears him insisting on what his own sagacity had already discovered. Therefore, all should be given something which they can recognize as just and regard with partial favor. Regulus once said to me in a casual interview, "You think it necessary to urge all that can be said in every case; but I at once perceive the throat and grasp that"—and, indeed, he grapples manfully with whatever he seizes, but often mistakes his mark. I replied that a man might mistake the knee, or the calf, or the ankle for the throat. "For myself," said I, "since I can not always discern the throat, I assault every part successively, and in short *leave no stone unturned*."* As in agriculture, I cultivate vineyards and fields, as well as rear nurseries of trees; and in fields sow not wheat or rice alone, but barley, beans and other pulse; so in pleading I sow various seeds broad cast, and reap whatever comes up. For the minds of the judges are not less obscure and deceptive than the qualities of the soil and the changes of the weather. Nor have I forgotten what praise the comic poet Eupolis gives that consummate orator Pericles:

"For passion's rapid energy he knew,
Yet could be gentle and persuasive too;
Could calm the heart, diffusing peace around,
Or leave a sting to rankle in the wound."

But Pericles himself could never have blended soft persuasion and soothing gentleness with brevity and rapid energy, or with either, (for these expressions are not synonymous,) unless an ample range had been allowed him. For to soothe and to persuade demand a liberal scope of amplification; and he may leave a sting in the minds of his hearers, who not simply punctures, but fixes it deeply. Add what another comedian† says of the same Pericles:

"He thundered, lightened and convulsed all Greece:—
for it is not a short and mutilated speech, but a

* "παντα denique λιβον κινῶ."

† Aristophanes.

lofty and majestic oration that thunders, lightens and throws all into mingled tumult. "Some measure, however, should be observed:"—who denies it? Yet he as much fails to keep that measure who sinks below, as who soars above the proper mean,—he who is too succinct, as much as he who is too diffuse. You hear the epithets *feeble* and *sterile* as often as *turgid* and *redundant*. In the one case the orator exceeds his subject; in the other he fails to develop it properly: each errs in part, but one from weakness and the other from strength; and the latter is the fault of a noble intellect, though not of a chastened taste. In saying this, I do not mean to commend excessive proximity even in Homer; but rather,

"His words fell deepening like the winter's snow."

Nor yet am I always displeased with

"A story brief indeed, and unadorned,"

although, if forced to choose, I should prefer an oration that fell like snow, that is copious, deepening, continuous, and in short, celestial and divine. "But many prefer short speeches:"—they do, but the indolent alone, whose fastidious objections it were ridiculous to respect as reasonable. And if you take them into counsel, you will have to prescribe all speeches, long or short. Thus far you have my opinion, which I am willing to change if you oppose it; but in that case I beg you will explain your reasons for dissenting. I ought, 'tis true, to bow to your dictum alone; but in a matter of such importance, I would rather be vanquished by reason than authority. So then, if you agree with me, you can write as short a letter as you like; but write nevertheless, for I want my judgment confirmed. If you think me wrong, however, then prepare a long and elaborate epistle. A subtle form of bribery, is it not?—to burthen your dissent with the labor of a long letter, and let you off with a short one in case you concur with me. Farewell.

TO FUSCUS.

You ask what plan of study I think you ought to pursue in your present agreeable retreat. It is highly useful, and many writers advise it, to translate Greek into Latin, or Latin into Greek; for by this exercise you attain a correct and elegant phraseology, store of metaphors, and the art of clear and forcible statement, as well as the mind's general improvement in imitating the best models. Besides, the translator must encounter fairly many things which the careless reader escapes. In this way the understanding and judgment are ripened. It will also be well to select from books you have read some theme of which you remember the substance and argument, and write as if in emulation; after which, compare your production with your author's and examine every sentence critically to

see whether yours or his mode of expression is preferable. If in any respects yours is better, you will have just ground of self-gratulation; but some cause to blush, if yours is inferior in all. Nor will it be amiss to select occasionally the most celebrated authors, and thus contend with the highest. The effort may be bold, but not improper, because it is withdrawn from the public view. Yet we see many acquire fame by daring rivalry of this sort; and some who can scarcely follow their authors as humble imitators, presumptuously hope to surpass them. Occasionally revise what you have written, after you have had time to forget it, and retain, erase, interline and alter as improving judgment dictates. It is a heavy and wearisome task perhaps, but of benefit proportioned to the effort it costs, to return with resolution to a discarded essay, and interweave with the old fabric new figures harmonizing with the whole. Your first aspiration, I am aware, is forensic eloquence; but notwithstanding, I would not advise you to cultivate exclusively a contentious and argumentative style: for the mind is strengthened by exercise in various departments of thought; as the earth's fertility is restored by a succession of different crops. I would have you at times compose a historical essay; at times practise epistolary writing, and at other times compose verses; for at the bar a style of narration, not historical simply, but almost poetic, is often requisite; and brevity and purity of expression abound most in letters. In versification, do not attempt a long, continuous poem—for that requires much time to perfect—but short and piquant epigrams, which may aptly employ the intervals of leisure occurring in every occupation. Such verses we call *jeux d'esprit*;^{*} but trifles though they are, they sometimes gain as much celebrity as graver compositions; and therefore let me assume the poet in urging you to cultivate poetry.

As ductile wax receives whatever form
The artist's plastic fingers would impart,
And Cupid now, now Venus bright and warm,
Now Mars, and Pallas now displays his art;
As water's sacred stream will flames arrest,
Or deck the dewy turf with vernal flowers;
So should the mind, with every art impress,
As variously display its various powers.†

* The translator has ventured to use a French phrase, because the original word *lusus* has a half technical meaning, which the English will hardly reach. But apology is scarcely necessary, for Pliny's letters are quite copiously besprinkled with Greek, a language which, in point of refinement, fashion and foppery, bore nearly the same relation to the Latin that the French does to the English.

† Subjoined are the original words of this indifferent epigram:

Ut laus est ceras, mollis cedensque sequatur
Si doctos digitos, jussaque fiat opus,
Et nunc informet Martem, castaunque Minervam.
Nunc Venerem effingat, nunc Veneris puerum;
Utque sacri fontes non sola incendia sistant,
Sæpe etiam flores vernaque prata jurant:
Sic hominum ingenium flecti ducique per artes
Non rigidas docta mobilitate decet.

In this way have the minds of the greatest orators, and even of the greatest men, been invigorated or amused—indeed, I may say, both amused and invigorated; for it is wonderful how the intellect is refreshed and quickened by such light exercises. They give expression to love, hate, resentment, pity, compliment—in short, all that belongs to life, or is canvassed in courts and law-suits. There is also an advantage common to this and all other versification, that the constraint of rhythm enables us to wanton with delight in unfettered prose, as we most willingly engage in what experience teaches us we can do with greatest facility.

Perhaps I have already written more than you wished; yet one thing is omitted, for I have not told you what books you ought to read, though that you might infer from the directions given for writing. But remember the adage, “Read much, but not many books:” and therefore select carefully the best authors in their respective lines. Which these are, it is superfluous to point out; and besides, this letter is already so unconscionably long that the time it urges you to spend in study is consumed in reading it. So, resume your pen, and proceed with your interrupted labors, or else select something from the topics I have recommended. Farewell.

TO TACITUS.

I am glad to hear of your safe return to the city. You have come too at a time when I have special need of your assistance. I have been staying these few days at Tusculanum, in order to perfect a little work now on hand, fearing that if my diligence is remitted before it is finished, I shall hardly be persuaded to resume it. Meantime, that my fit of industry may not be interrupted, I beg leave, in what may be called a precursory letter, to anticipate a request which will be renewed when I see you. But first understand the occasion. A short time since, while on a visit to my birth-place, a youth, the son of one of my countrymen,* came to pay his respects to me. I inquired whether he was pursuing a course of study. He replied that he was. “Where?” I asked. “At Milan.” “Why not here?” “Because we have no teachers here,” replied his father, who was present and had himself brought the boy. “And why are there none?” I asked;—“for it deeply concerns you who are fathers,” (and by good fortune many fathers heard me,) “to have your children finish their education here. For, where can a boy have a more agreeable residence than in his native town? or be better restrained from bad habits than under his father’s eye? or be more cheaply educated than at home? How much better would it be then to retrench the

board and travelling expenses and other incidental charges now paid for tuition in distant towns—all which are a heavy tax—and with the money thus saved employ competent teachers! For myself, I have no child, it is true, but for the good of our community, as for a child, or parent rather, I am willing to advance a third of whatever sum you are pleased to contribute. Indeed, I would promise the whole, but I fear that such a gift might be misapplied to improper purposes, as I have observed has frequently happened when teachers have been hired at the public expense. For this evil there is but one remedy, which is, to leave the negotiation of the contract to the parents alone, by which a deep interest in selecting well is superadded to the conscientious obligation. For men are not apt to be careless of their own interests, though they often neglect those of others; and they will be induced to see that none but competent preceptors are engaged, if the cost is to be defrayed in part by them as well as by myself. Therefore deliberate and resolve, and assume a liberal spirit from my example, who desire that what I have to contribute may be as large as possible. You can not adopt a measure more honorable and beneficial to your children, or more grateful to your country. Let them be educated here where they are born, and then they will early learn to love their natal soil, and to prefer it as a residence before all others. And I trust you may employ professors of such celebrity that in a short time young men will resort hither from neighboring towns, just as your children now repair to complete their education at distant colleges.” I have thought it best to communicate all that occurred, from the fountain head, so to speak, that you might better know how great an obligation you will confer by undertaking what I enjoin. I commission you therefore, and considering the importance of the subject, I even beg you, that among the many men of letters whom your literary fame assembles round you, you will seek out preceptors to whom proposals may be made; but with this reservation, that my faith is not to be given to any, since all the details of the contract must be left to the parents themselves. They will judge and select: to myself I reserve merely a portion of the trouble and expense. Therefore, if you find a man who relies so far on his acquirements, let him go with the express understanding that he must consider nothing certain but his own competent ability. Farewell.

TO VALENS.

After speaking, lately, before the judges in Quadruple session, I happened to think of the time when, as a young man, I had practised in the same court. My mind, as usual, proceeded farther in the train of reminiscences thus opened. I endeavored to recal the names of my early associates and com-

* “Municipis mei filius prætextatus.” The *prætextatus* was worn till the age of seventeen.

petitors; and of all these it appeared that I alone survived and continued at the bar—such changes had mortal frailty, or fortune's inconstancy produced. Some of these lawyers are dead, others in exile; one has been forced from practice by age and ill health; another has retired, voluntarily, to enjoy the luxury of ease; a third commands an army; and a fourth is a court favorite, and thereby exempt from the toils of business. I too have known many reverses. I have been promoted, endangered, and promoted again by professional studies; been benefitted, injured, and again am benefitted by the friendship of good men. Count the years and the time is short, but seems an age if reckoned by vicissitudes. From such experience we learn the wholesome lesson never to despair, never to presume, since life's revolving orb brings such diversities of fortune. And now, if you ask a reason for this letter,—it is my custom to communicate all such reflections to you, in order to instruct you by the same precepts and examples which I use for my own self conduct. Farewell.

TO HISPULLA.

I know that you have ever been a pattern of domestic virtue, requiring your excellent brother's love with love as deep and warm; and that your affection for his daughter leads you to supply the place of the father she has lost, as well as fulfil the duties of an aunt. Doubtless, then, it will give you the highest pleasure to hear that she is altogether worthy of her father, her aunt and her grandfather. Her natural sense is excellent, and her household economy admirable: she loves me well, and her love is the best pledge of conjugal virtue. Her literary taste, acquired from me, is sedulously cultivated. She possesses my works, and reads and even studies them indefatigably. When I have an important cause to argue, she is filled with solicitude; and if success attends my efforts, it gives her the deepest satisfaction. During its progress she stations emissaries, who report to her whatever approbation and applause my speeches excite, and whether the decision of the court is in my favor. When I recite a poem, she sits among the audience disguised with a veil, and listens to the praises bestowed with the greatest avidity and delight. She also sings my songs, and adapts them to the harp, that best of all teachers, *love*, supplying to her the place of a musical instructor. From all this I confidently hope that perpetual and ever-strengthening concord will cement our union; for her affections are not fixed upon my person, which declining years have now somewhat impaired, but on my character and fame; nor would a mind less elevated become a pupil on whose education your care and instructions had been bestowed; who saw nothing under your roof

condemned by virtue or religion; and who, in fine, had been trained up to love me by your judicious influence and advice; for while you seemed to regard my mother with the respect and affection of a child, you were also in some sort my preceptress in boyhood, and in your partial view considered me as promising then all that my wife thinks I now exhibit in maturer age. Let us both, then, offer you the most grateful acknowledgments,—I, as indebted to you for her, and she as recognizing a corresponding obligation, since the selection on both sides was made by yourself. Farewell.

TO MONTANUS.

You will be moved both to wrath and laughter when I have told you what otherwise you would never conceive. On the Tiburtine road, and within the first milestone, (I marked the place well,) is a monument to Pallas with this inscription: *In reward of his fidelity and dutious obedience to his patrons, the Senate decreed him pretorian ornaments and fifteen millions of sesterces,*—but he, content with the honor, declined the gold.* I have never marvelled, it is true, that dignities of state have oftener been the reward of fortune than of merit: but this epitaph is a convincing proof how vain and worthless are such honors as those lavished on this filth and refuse of humanity;† honors which the scoundrel‡ presumed not only to accept, but in part to refuse, transmitting the fact to posterity in praise of his moderation. Yet why be angry? It is better to laugh, that such men may know how little they gain when raised above their sphere merely to be laughed at. Farewell.

TO THE SAME.

You will have learned from a former letter that my attention was arrested by this inscription on Pallas' monument: *In reward, &c.*§ I afterwards thought it worth while to examine the decree to which it referred; and found it so copious and fulsome, that the magnificent epitaph appeared modest and humble by comparison. If those ancient dignitaries, Africanus, Achaicus, Numantius and others, or even those of later years, Marius, Scylla, Pompey and the rest—for I will not descend lower—be compared with this court favorite, their honors will sink into meanness before the splendor of his. But the Senators themselves, shall we ascribe their decrees to courtesy or necessity? Courtesy I would say, but that such a principle misbecomes so dignified a body. Necessity then!—but no man, however enriched, need be reduced to this. Amb-

* About £121,093 15s. sterling. See Adams' Roman antiquities.

† "in hoc cœnum, in hac sorles."

‡ "furoifer."

§ Repeated at length in the original.

tion then, and the lust of rising in court favor! But who would consent to his own and his country's infamy, for the sake of promotion in a State which offers its highest honors to the man who first flatters Pallas in the Senate? I pass by the fact that pretorian ornaments were pressed on a slave's acceptance, for they were slaves who offered them. I pass by the decree that the emperor would not only urge but *compel* Pallas to wear the golden rings, for the Senate's majesty forbids the praetor* to wear irons. These are light matters and deserve but a passing notice. What follows demands more attention. *The Senate gives Caesar thanks in Pallas' name*, (was the hall ever purified after such profanation?) *because he had not only distinguished him with the highest honors, but had vouchsafed to the Senate the privilege of testifying its affection towards him.* Certainly, for what could better beseech the Senate than to show its devotion to Pallas? It adds, *that Pallas, (to whom they all professed themselves so much beholden,) might reap the well-earned reward of his singular fidelity and remarkable industry.* You would think he had subsidized armies for the republic, or enlarged the bounds of its empire. To this it is added, *since the grateful liberality of the Senate and Roman people could be displayed as well in no other way as by augmenting the resources of this most faithful and economical guardian of the royal treasure.* This then was the Senate's ambition, this the people's triumphant joy, this the consummation of grateful liberality, that the Senate should be allowed to add to Pallas' wealth by a lavish donation from the public treasury! Hear what follows: *The Senate indeed wished to decree that fifteen millions of sesterces should be presented to him from the treasury; and since his mind is so far removed from sordid avarice, that our public father should be earnestly entreated to compel him to yield to the Senate's wish in this particular.* For they had not power to decree that the refractory man should be dealt with by public authority; and therefore Pallas must be implored to indulge the Senate, and Caesar himself, his master, be called in lest his proud and intractable moderation should disdain the proffered fifteen millions. He *did* disdain their oblation, which was all he could do, and in that displayed more arrogance than if he had accepted it. Yet the Senate, humbly complaining, converts that too into praise, in the following pathetic words: *But when our most excellent prince and public father, at Pallas' request, desired that so much of the decree as related to giving him fifteen millions of sesterces from the treasury might be rescinded; the Senate declared that they had willingly resolved to offer that sum among the other honors decreed, as in discharge of a public debt to the fidelity and diligence of Pallas; but that in this*

* In the absence of the consul, the praetor was empowered to convene or prorogue the Senate at discretion.

they humbly obeyed their prince, because in any case they deemed it impious to oppose his will. Just imagine Pallas *vetoing*, as it were, the Senate's decree, moderating his own honors, and refusing, as too much, the fifteen million sesterces, yet consenting to accept the pretorian ornaments as if they had been of less value. Imagine Caesar, in presence of the Senate, obeying his freedman's wishes, or rather *commands*—for the freedman ruled his patron, when his wishes prevailed before the Senate. Imagine the Senate obsequiously declaring that they had gratefully resolved to decree Pallas that sum, with his other honors,—ay, and would have persisted in their purpose but for the emperor's will, which it was impious to oppose in any thing. And so there was need both of his own modesty and of the Senate's loyalty, to prevent his depriving the treasury of fifteen million sesterces. In this, forsooth, above all things else, they would have disobeyed, if disobedience had been pardonable in any thing. Did you think that was all?—wait a little and hear what follows: *Wherefore since it is expedient that the emperor's beneficence, ever ready to commend and reward the well-deserving, should be published everywhere, and especially where it may most incite to similar good deeds; in order that the distinguished fidelity, integrity and diligence of Pallas in the discharge of his duties may provoke an honorable emulation, it is ordered that the particulars related in large detail by our most excellent prince, on the 4th day of February last passed, with the Senate's decree made thereupon, be engraved on a brazen monument to be placed near the mailed statue of the deified Julius.* It was not enough for the Senate hall to witness such shame; but the most conspicuous spot is selected that the record of infamy may be read both by contemporaries and posterity. They were pleased to perpetuate all the honors of this fastidious slave, those he disdained as well as those which, so far as the Senate was concerned, he actually bore. His praetorian honors, like ancient treaties, like the sacred laws, are sculptured and inscribed on public monuments designed to be eternal. To think that the prince, the Senate and Pallas himself should have exhibited such egregious—what shall I call it!—for the arrogance of Pallas, the submission of the emperor and the abject servility of the Senate were thus decreed to be placed before the eyes of all the world! Nor did they blush to allege the reason of such meanness—the good and satisfactory reason, to wit, that Pallas' reward might provoke others to zealous emulation—so cheap and worthless were even those honors which Pallas scorned not to accept! Yet men of honorable family were found who desired and strove to obtain what they have seen bestowed on a freedman and promised to slaves. I heartily rejoice that my lot has not cast me upon those times, of which the history scandalizes me as if I had lived in them.

You sympathize with me, I doubt not; for I know how frank and warm your heart is; and therefore you will more readily excuse me, as having shown too little rather than too much feeling, although in some places indignation may have transported me beyond epistolary propriety. Farewell.

TO NEPOS.

I have remarked that the sayings and doings of illustrious men and women are not always celebrated in proportion to their heroism; and this will appear by what Fannia told me yesterday. She is the grand-daughter of that Arria who was her husband's solace and example in death. She related many things of her ancestor not inferior to that magnanimous act, though unknown to the world; and I think you will be as well pleased to read the account as I was to hear it. Her husband Cæcinnus Pætus and their son both lay ill at the same time, and as it then seemed, of mortal sickness. The son died, a beautiful boy of modest manners, and beloved by his parents as much for his excellent promise as because their child. His mother prepared the funeral and conducted the obsequies, concealing his death from her husband. On entering his chamber, she pretended that the boy still lived and was recovering. When he inquired after his son, as he often did, she would say that he had *rested well* and had a *fine appetite*; and when unable to suppress her tears, she would leave the room and abandon herself to grief; then drying her eyes she would return with a serene aspect as if the mother's anguish had been left without. It was a noble deed, certainly, to unsheath the steel and bury it in her breast, and then withdrawing the poniard, present it to her husband with those immortal and almost divine words, *Pætus, it is not painful*. But a vision of eternal fame may have incited her to this; and therefore it displayed more greatness of soul when, without such a motive, she restrained her tears, concealed her grief and assumed the air of a happy mother while her son lay dead on his couch. Pætus was of Scribonianus' party when he took up arms in Illyrium against Claudius; and on his leader's death was arrested and brought to Rome. On entering the ship Arria prayed the soldiers for leave to accompany him, "because," she urged, "an ex-consul is entitled to servant's assistance in preparing his food and making his toilet:—all this I will undertake alone." Her entreaties were disregarded. She then hired a fishing skiff, and thus followed the ship. In the presence of Claudius, she said to the wife of Scribonianus, who had appeared as a witness in the case, "Shall we listen to *you*, who bear to survive your husband though slain in your bosom!"—from which it is plain that her high-spirited death was not the effect of a sudden impulse. Besides, when Thrasea, her son-in-law, in deprecating her fatal

purpose, said among other things, "Would you have your daughter die with me if I were put to death?" She replied, "I would, if she had lived as long and happily with you as I with Pætus." Her friend's anxiety increased, and they watched her more closely. She perceived it and said, "Your labor is vain; you may make my death a hard and painful one, but death in some form you can not forbid." With these words she sprang from the chair, and struck her head violently against the opposite wall, and immediately sunk to the floor. When consciousness returned, "I told you," she said, "that I would find a rough road to death, if you denied a smoother one." Now does not all this, through which she forced her way to death, seem more than her thrice famed *It is not painful, Pætus!*—and yet a halo of glory encircles her dying moments, while what I have told is buried in oblivion. Thus you see is proved what I first asserted, that the world's applause is not always the meed of magnanimity. Farewell.

NIGHT.

BY E. B. HALE.

"Oh! night, how queenly is thy majesty!"

The maiden moon goes sailing by,
In gallant, gallant trim;
And right and left the fading stars
Hang flickering and dim.

Bath'd in the soft and liquid light,
Fair nature slumbering lies;
Hush'd is the busy hum of men,
And clos'd the weary eyes.

But 'round and 'round in merriest mood,
Beneath the greenwood tree,
The goblin trips the frolicsome reel,
And sports in lightsome glee.

And on the gently swinging boughs,
And 'mid the quivering leaves,
The elves of merry mischief full,
Sing to the whispering breeze.

And here and there, and ev'ry where,
Along the flowery green,
In joyous groups they cheerily trip,
Around their Fairy-Queen.

O, give me night, the glorious night,
The moonbeams in the sky!
'Tis the time to draw the breath of life,
And a glorious time to die!

Ay! time of times! fling off the coil,
The weary chain unbind;

O, who would tie the spirit up,
Or bind the immortal mind !

So sings the Heaven-panting soul,
Weary and worn with care ;
Wooing the climes of purer light,
That tread the upper air.

But when the soul is bound to Earth,
By many a tender tie ;
Oh ! 'tis a hard and crushing thing,
To lay one down and die !

And when one's very bosom-friends,
Are bosom-friends no more ;
And all the tender sympathies
Of life and love are o'er ;

O, ask the mourner not his grief,
Bid not his tears to flow :
His all of love and joy are gone,
And what is left but wo !

O, 'tis a night for purest love ;
Blest are the happy twain,
Who gaze into each other's eyes,
With sympathising pain !

And blest are they who arm in arm,
Sweet converse lingering hold,
While Fancy smoothes the rugged path,
And strews the flow'rs of gold !

Oh ! if the human heart can thrill,
With love's divinest pow'r ;
'Tis in the glorious summer-time,
At night's bewitching hour !

When the maiden moon comes sweetly up,
All beautiful and bland ;
And breezes from the curling sea,
Woo the alluring land !

And streams with softer ripples run,
And voices softer tell
Those pleasant things that shall for aye,
Within the memory dwell.

And if there is a mournful time,
Bereft of joy and gladness ;
A dark distressing weariness,
A lone and lingering sadness ;

Or if around the human soul,
No sympathy has wove
The time-enduring tendril bands,
Of joyfulness and love ;

O, lonely is the glistening night,
And lonely is the shade ;
And lonely is the loveliest spot,
Where truthful friends are laid ;

And lonely is the waterfall,
Lonely, the gushing stream ;
For life, with all its loveliness,
Is but a lonely dream !

FRIENDSHIP.

[*Translated from the Italian.*]

Besides your parents and other near relatives that nature has bestowed upon you, besides your instructors who have so richly merited your esteem, and whom you delight to reckon among your friends, you will probably experience a peculiar sympathy for others, whose virtues are less known to you, especially for young persons about your own age.

When ought you to yield to this sympathy and when repress it ? The answer is not doubtful.

We owe our good will to all, but we ought not to carry it to the degree of friendship except for those who merit our esteem. Friendship is a brotherhood, and in its highest sense, is the beautiful of fraternal attachment. It is the perfect harmony of two or three souls, never of a great number, that have become necessary to each other, that have found the greatest disposition to comprehend each other, to render mutual assistance, to put a noble construction on each other's actions, and to incite each other to excellence.

"Of all associations," says Cicero, "none is more noble, none more stable, than that which is formed by good men, when they are united by the bond of friendship and a congeniality of disposition."

Dishonor not the sacred name of friend, by giving it to a man of little or no virtue. One who contemns religion, one who takes not the greatest care of his dignity as a man, who does not feel that he ought to honor his country by his talents as well as by his blameless conduct ; one who is an irreverent son or a malevolent brother, though he were a wonder for the attractions of his person and the elegance of his manners, for the extent and variety of his learning, and even for some brilliant impulse to generous actions ; such a man ought not to prevail upon you to become his friend. Though he were to manifest for you the liveliest affection, admit him not to your intimacy ; the virtuous man alone has the requisite qualities for a friend.

Before ascertaining a person to be virtuous, the mere possibility that he is not so, ought to confine you, in regard to him, within the bounds of general politeness. The gift of the heart is too important a thing ; to be in haste to bestow it, is a culpable imprudence ; it is an indignity. Whoever attaches himself to degraded companions, degrades himself, or at least, draws their infamy upon him to his own disgrace.

But happy he who finds a worthy friend! Virtue, left to its own strength, often languishes; the example and approbation of a friend redouble it. Perhaps he is fearful at first, feeling himself inclined to many faults, and not possessing a proper consciousness of his own merits; the esteem of a man that he loves, raises him in his own estimation. He still experiences a secret shame that he does not possess all the worth which the indulgence of another supposes, but his courage increases by his efforts to correct himself. He rejoices that his good qualities have not escaped the notice of his friend; he is grateful to him for it; he has the ambition to acquire other claims to his esteem, and thanks to friendship, we sometimes see a man advancing vigorously towards perfection, who was far from it, and who otherwise would have remained so.

Make no strenuous efforts to acquire friends. It is better to have none at all, than to be forced to repent of having chosen them with precipitation. But when you have found one, honor him with an elevated friendship.

This noble affection has been sanctioned by all philosophers; it is sanctioned by religion. We find some beautiful examples of it in Scripture: "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." But better still, friendship was consecrated by the Redeemer himself. He pillowed upon his bosom the head of the sleeping John, and when he was suspended upon the cross, before he expired, he pronounced these divine words full of filial love and friendship: "Mother, behold thy son,—Disciple, behold thy mother."

I believe that friendship, (I mean elevated, true friendship, which is based upon high esteem,) is almost necessary to man to draw him away from his propensities to evil. It imparts to the soul something poetical, a sublime and noble strength, without which he rises with difficulty above the miry slough of selfishness.

But this friendship once conceived and promised, engrave its duties upon your heart. They are many! nothing less than to render yourself all your life worthy of your friend.

Some persons advise us not to contract a friendship with any one, because it takes too strong a hold upon the affections, distracts the mind and produces jealousy; but I hold with a very excellent philosopher, Francisco di Sales, who, in his *Philothea*, calls this "an evil counsel." He grants that, in the cloister, it may be prudent to guard against particular attachments: "But in the world," says he, "it is necessary that those should unite together, who wish to combat under the banner of virtue, under the banner of the cross. Men who live in an age where there are so many obstacles to be overcome in their way to Heaven, are like those travellers, who, in rugged and slip-

pery paths, hold together for mutual support, in order to walk with greater security."

The wicked join hands to do evil. Should not the virtuous combine to do good?

LOVE SKETCHES.

Maiden! on whose placid features
Childhood's beauty lingers still,
Who hast never known the shadow,
Of a proud, imperious will,

Dreary hours are dark before thee,
Hours that try the soul they task,
But the skies are starry o'er thee,
Mercy grants what faith shall ask.

Care can never soil thy spirit,
Deepest grief shall soon depart,
For thou'rt strong in all the aiding,
Heaven sends the pure in heart.

Bertha half sat, half reclined on a lounge, and played idly with the fragrant cluster of roses she held in her hand. Clara was busily occupied with her embroidery, and Herbert was reading aloud to them from that lovely prose-poem, the "Home" of Frederika Bremer. A sweet and tranquil summer afternoon was drawing brightly to its close, and the undisturbed beauty of the world without seemed not more peaceful than this trio of dreaming hearts. Herbert read well and feelingly, and he had reached the touching portion of that fascinating home-chronicle, which paints the melancholy death of Henrich, his mother's most gifted and best beloved, the "summer-child" of many hopes and prayers.

"Close the book, Herbert," said Clara, as he paused at the conclusion of this sad scene, "such pictures are uselessly sorrowful, and the impression they leave is too painful. We take from life much that makes it great and glorious, by imagining an early doom the ordinary lot of the unusually talented. Such records depress the spirit, and I do not like, even in fiction, to dwell on the disappointments of hope."

"How different our tastes are!" returned Bertha; "I feel more sympathy with griefs and events like these, than with gayer ones, and to me there is something of a higher peace, a purer tendency, in the moral humility such tearful lessons teach us."

"And is there not enough in the daily and hourly experience of our feebleness, in the frailty of our own best purposes, to teach us humility?" replied Clara bitterly. "I would acquire in its stead strength and power, the strength to combat, the power to control circumstances, to mould them to what they were not, to what we will. It is time enough when disappointment inevitably comes, to learn passively to endure it."

Herbert's gaze was bent on her earnestly as she uttered these words, and though he doubted her philosophy, he did not contradict the proud expressions that so well became the impassioned beauty of their speaker. And yet they awoke reflections in his mind, which grieved and perplexed him, and he felt as he marked the momentary and unconscious dejection which at times flitted over her faultless face, that the shadows were dark on her heart and that all was not peace within. The elasticity of her youth—that charm which returns not—was prematurely vanishing and giving place to the care-tinted thoughts of womanhood, and he feared that, with all her brilliant endowments, her self-relying pride, she had none of the quiet, abiding principle, which brings even to the deluded visionary, an enduring hope and solace. Herbert dwelt on this calmly: there was no sentiment in his heart for her now but the true, deep solicitude of a brother's affection, and that involuntary interest which ever follows the destiny of the one we loved first. He knew her faults well, and though he would willingly have sacrificed much for her happiness, she was dear less for herself than as Bertha's sister. He admired her too, as men always admire beauty, and he felt that sympathy in her aspiring tendencies, which the cultivated intuitively experience towards the mind which soars beyond the commonplace aims of life, and strives, however unwisely, however vainly, to work out and realize the loftier portion of its intellectual nature. There is in all the high spirits that have once hoped proudly and have watched the world well, an emotion of kindness, perhaps mingled with compassion, towards the ambitious, and it may be, that with Herbert this feeling strengthened, because he now regarded her tranquilly and philosophically. He had learned to reason on her character, to read at once its insufficiencies and its aspirations; he saw in them much to pity, yet something to approve, and he admired her more, because he loved her less. And well Clara knew this, and bitterly in her secret soul she felt and mourned it, and sometimes as she looked on Bertha's innocent and placid face and saw the guileless enjoyment of which it bore the lovely impress, she would turn away in irrepressible regret, and thoughts would overcast her spirit, whose sudden and envious sorrow startled and appalled her as they passed.

"Is all the purer and better portion of my nature lost?" She wrote thus in her diary, "have I suffered one dream to concentrate every gentler and softer feeling, to prompt every impulse, to sway every motive, and is all else harshness, despondency and wretchedness? I pause as I trace that word, for the habit of concealment has grown to be natural, and I can scarcely deal candidly with my own thoughts. I would not willingly acknowledge even to myself that such a change has swept over me, and yet I may as well write as feel that

I am wretched. My interest in things around me is lessened, the poet's page has lost its charm, and literature, the enchanting dream-world of my purer days, is no longer a source of pleasure. Fiction wearies me; I am too really and earnestly sad to find entertainment in the portrayal, however skillful of imaginary events. Society gives me but momentary excitement and distraction; I return from scenes of gaiety and my spirit feels its loneliness the deeper from their contrast. I am too proud to appear melancholy, and the effort to seem happy is a constant trial. How many such mental mysteries, such useless, and self-imposed martyrdoms as mine, the social world might show, and while each one mournfully feels his own depressing burden of care and its concealment, how little he sympathizes with those who, like himself, are living on in silent and passive endurance, and not one light word is restrained by a kind thought for the heart, perchance breaking beside him! We know not the mysteries that control our nature, that make our impulses marvels to ourselves, changing the tenor of our human destinies and altering the future for our souls. We divide all that is dearest in existence, pleasure is essentially a sympathy, and our joys are in part the property of others to be known and shared. But our griefs, life's shadows and its truths, the things that make us what we are and turn us aside from what we might have been, the haunters of our memories, the diggers of our graves—ah! *they* are wholly and undisturbedly our own, to be buried in the stillness of the heart that bore them, and covered with the dust of the hopes they broke." "And yet I was created for something better and higher than this idle, complaining nothingness; I have strong yearnings that might guide me upward to nobler aims, that might fulfil my holier dreamings. When I look on the past, brief and bright as it is for me, there is yet a sentiment of disappointment that so many of my anticipations should already have proved vain, that my womanhood has so faintly sustained, so feebly worked out the beautiful ideality of my childhood. It is a hard lot too, to be incessantly pursued by this wild, taunting desire for the admiration of the many, and yet to have so little in common with them. I begin to believe that talent, accompanied by such imaginative tendencies, is nothing but a curse, and I would joyfully relinquish every ray of intellectual superiority, to attain the placid peacefulness that sheds so holy, so changeless a lustre over my sister's quiet and loving life. Well! this can not endure for ever; all things will fade, even as hope fadeth, and we are but wanderers and strangers here, and pilgrims—whither!"

Bertha was alone, and her movements were quick and excited as those of one whose thoughts were unusually and painfully restless. Very different from her ordinary composed and pensive happiness, was the trace of shadowy care now

darkening her forehead, as if a cloud swept over its fairness. She closed and locked the door of her apartment, and then, with a burst of irrepressible tears, gave way to the only tumultuous sorrow that had ever ruffled her tranquil existence.

Ah! it is a dark and fearful thing, the young soul's first realization of its power to suffer, its obligation to yield to the trespasser it strives in vain to repel. Many a shattered illusion is then trodden in the dust, and numberless are the enchanting hopes that then take their final flight for heaven. The shade may pass from the dreamer, but the mind has learned to doubt; fear for the future blends with enjoyment of the present, the sunshine has grown paler, and many anxious hours of questioning and regretting lie beyond the mournful threshold of youth's first real grief.

For several minutes Bertha could not restrain her tears, and rested her head on her hands in trembling and agitated silence. Then the unflinching resource of her heart returned to soothe her, and when she again looked up, there was peace on her brow; reliance had brought her composure, and prayer had bade her look upward and be strong. And truly hers was no idle repining, but earnest cause for tears and prayers lay heavy on her spirit. She was about voluntarily to dissipate the loveliest vision of her life, to put aside the radiant delusion of her earnest love, to give to one affection the priceless offering of another. She had observed of late the depression hovering around Clara, her listlessness and dejection, and that petulant, sarcastic bitterness of tone and speech which betokens a mind diseased. She had watched her closely with devotion's unerring solicitude, and gradually the dark truth dawned upon her, and from the true tenderness of her own nature, she learned rightly to divine the existence of another's love. It was a terrible thought to Bertha that she had, however innocently, interfered with her sister's happiness, and none knew the voiceless suffering with which day by day she continued her silent observation, and gathered a thousand trifles to confirm her first suspicions. Herbert, too, she scanned narrowly; she saw his eye follow Clara's graceful movements in unconcealed admiration; she heard his eager and ardent replies in conversation; she felt that he was interested in her sister's views and character, but more than this, not even her watchful investigation could detect. She discovered in his conduct nothing to regret, no change nor swerving, and she marked this with a thrill of pride in the knowledge that one who had been so dear, so well deserved such preference. And yet, she believed that if unshackled by another engagement, his feelings of interest might be fostered into something warmer, and with the inherent humility of her character she fancied he would perhaps be happier with Clara than with her. Bertha's estimate of her own virtues was lowly and unjust, she

was prone to doubt her capability of inspiring love, and to fear her ability to retain it. Her doubts and fears on this subject were morbidly acute, and she had none of the vanity and self-approval, which would have successfully combated their representations. It never for a moment occurred to her that Herbert knew best how to promote his own happiness, and that while Clara was more ardently admired, *she* might be more fervently beloved; but even to enter into such competition seemed like inflicting a wrong on one she believed almost perfect. She did not perceive the selfishness, the lack of self-control in Clara's giving place to the sentiments she experienced, and the want of that high and compensating principle, which can unhesitatingly sacrifice all things to its innate sense of right. It seemed to Bertha so natural that Herbert should be loved, and there was so evident an effort on her sister's part to conceal, if not to conquer her emotions, that the less favorable view of the case never appealed to her judgment, and she remembered only that Clara was altered and unhappy.

It was with meditations and intentions like these that Bertha had sought solitude to commune with herself, and which finally determined her to be no longer a hindrance to Clara's tranquillity. Sorrowful enough were her vivid dreamings, as step by step imagination wandered forward, and unrolled the sad chronicle of long and lonely years to be. And yet with all, a gleam of comfort blended and she was strong in the true consciousness of her own purity, and felt an honest pride in the self-command that proved itself so intense in its hidden power to sacrifice. But frequently in the time that came afterwards, did she look back on the reflections and resolutions of that hour in sorrowing wonder, and marvel at the delusions which had made such visions hers: and alas! the period arrived too, when she realized that these struggles were all unavailing to secure her sister's peace, for Clara's was one of the minds whose unrest lies within, and for whom external circumstances, however favorable, can bring but temporary contentment.

And yet who that has resignedly suffered, shall say such trials are in vain, if they lead thought onward a single step toward its better bourn, if in stealing bright realities from this world, they add brighter hopes to the everlasting treasures of another?

That evening Bertha completed a closely written letter, and though her cheek was wan, and her hand trembled, as it traced Herbert's address, there was neither shrinking nor faltering in the spirit that had knelt down in its trusting simplicity and humility, and found consolation and repose.

JANE TAYLOR WORTHINGTON.

Chillicothe, Ohio.

GERALDINE.

BY HENRY B. HIRST,

Author of "Isabelle," "The Burial of Eros," &c.

The martins twitter 'neath the eaves,
 The swifts adown the chimney glide,
 The bees are humming 'mid the leaves
 Along the garden side ;
 The robin whistles in the wood,
 The linnet on the vane,
 And down the alder-margined lane
 The throistle sings, and by the flood
 The plover pipes again.

But ah ! alas, alas, no more
 Their merry melodies delight—
 No more along the river's shore
 I watch the swallow's flight ;
 And bees may hum, and birds may sing,
 And silver streamlets shine,
 But on the rocks I sit and pine
 Unheeding all, for thought will cling
 To nought but Geraldine.

Oh ! Geraldine, my life, my love !
 I only wander where we met
 In emerald days—when blue above
 The skies were o'er us set—
 Along the glens, and o'er the vales,
 And by the willow tree,
 I wander, where, at even, with thee
 I sung the songs and told the tales
 Of olden chivalry.

I stand beneath the sombre pines
 That darkle all thy father's hall,
 Begirt with noisome ivy vines
 That shroud me, like a pall.
 Aye, there, where ruin frowns around,
 Until the cock doth crow,
 I watch thy window-panes below,
 Upon the soddened, blackened ground
 Where nothing good will grow.

I've watched thy lattice as before,
 To see the glimmer dimly pass,
 When thou wouldst open thy chamber door,
 Of lamp-light on the glass ;
 But no light from thy lattice peeps,
 And all within is gloom,
 And silent as a vacant tomb,
 Save when a bat, affrighted, cheeps
 In some deserted room.

Why comest thou not ! Night after night
 For many a long and weary year,
 'Neath many and many a May-moon's light,
 I've waited for thee here.
 Aye, blackest night and wildest storm,

When frowning in the sky,
 Have glanced on me with lightning eye,
 And charnel figures round my form
 Have gleamed and hurried by.

Why comest thou not, or wilt thou soon !
 The crimson sun doth wax and wane
 Day after day ; the yellow moon
 Gildeth thy casement pane
 Night after night ; the stars are pale
 Expecting thee ; the breeze,
 Rustling among the dreary trees,
 Sighs for thee, with a woful wail,
 Who art beyond the seas.

They tell me thou wilt never come,
 Alas ! that thou art cold and dead,
 And slumbering in the green sea, foam
 Along a coral bed—
 That shriekingly thy ship went down
 Beneath the wailing wave,
 And none were near to heed or save ;
 And they smile to see my frown—
 To hear me groan and rave.

Thou *dead* ! no, no, it cannot be,
 For, if thou wast, thy ghost had kept
 The solemn trist thou madest with me
 When all save passion slept—
 Thy ghost had come and greeted me,
 And bade me be at rest,
 And long ere this upon my breast
 The clod had lain, and I with thee
 Were roaming mid the blest.
Philadelphia, April, 1844.

REMARKS ON VARIOUS LATE POETS.

Semper ego auditor tantum, nunquamne reponam,
 Vexatus toties rauci Theside Codri ?

Juvenal.

No. I.

LEIGH HUNT.

We propose to devote a few essays to the examination of some of the late aspirants for immortality in English poetry, weighing the claims advanced for them by their admirers with their merits as shown in their works. The complaint has often been made, and unfortunately not without reason, that American criticism is apt to be wanting in courage, when applied to foreign productions. The *ipse dixit* of the Edinburgh, or the Quarterly, is too frequently taken by us as a *boldus*—swallowed down and digested without question or examination ; and it is frequently even worse. An English author is praised by his own clique, who raise a storm of applause over the chicken of their

own hatching; we hear the echo of their mock thunder rolling down the wind, and, too distant to ascertain its real nature, take it up and roll it back again, much to the amusement of the true thunderers at home, who perhaps have been all the while laughing at the paltry *Salmonides*. Again, in England there are numerous critics ever on the look out for a novelty, and perpetually eager to be the discoverers and patrons of some great, but hidden genius. These men fasten on every new poetaster, every unsledged tacker of rhymes, and proclaim him "the master spirit of the age," "the commencement of a poetical revolution," with sundry other stereotyped phrases, which have no doubt wearied our readers as frequently as they have ourselves. These catchwords are sent from mouth to mouth among this set, and we, good, easy Yankees that we are! take it all for Gospel, and wonder at the fungus reputations which thus appear to spring up in a night, while they may notwithstanding be totally unknown to the class of readers who give the real and final stamp of approbation.

These reflections have just been stimulated anew in us by the perusal of a late work—"The New Spirit of the Age," by R. H. Horne. The author, himself a poet, though of no great celebrity, in his remarks on the English rhymers of the present day, shows a singular degree of partiality towards the ideal dreaming school which seems to have so completely spread its influence over the recent English poetry. We are still free from it—may we continue so! Mr. Horne's predilections may be summed up in a word,—he considers Alfred Tennyson as a greater poet than Byron, and exalts Leigh Hunt to an equality with Wordsworth, whom he regards as *the* poet of the age. Such criticism, however, can not endure long. True poetry can be understood by the many, and such alone will live. It does not require a separate education to enable a man to appreciate and enjoy Shakespeare, or Milton, or Byron,—they wrote for the universal mind, and in language not to be mistaken. It is only the pretenders, the smaller fry, the minnows of these tritons, whose readers must undergo a separate course of study to fit the mind for a proper enjoyment of their productions. These poets write not of man, or of nature, as they are in reality around them, but as they appear in a self-created world, and the misguided followers gradually assume the same sickly tone of mind, until they can relish no healthy, no natural food, and shrink from the energy and power of the real masters of the human lyre. Scott was in the right when he read his "*Lady of the Lake*" to a neighboring farmer, and judged of its merit by the effect it produced on an acute, but uneducated mind. Such we find to be the case with all those poems which the world has pronounced immortal, and such will it be, long after the present school of dreamers has vanished and been utterly forgotten.

It would be an interesting thing to trace the rise and progress of this peculiar sect, though it would take too much space, and too much time at present. Undoubtedly Shelley and Coleridge may be considered as its founders; but the cloak, which adorned the shoulders of these prophets, serves but to expose and heighten the deformities of the pretenders, who are endeavoring by its assistance to impose their trivialities on the public for inspired dreamings. Some few credulous souls have been taken in, as by Father Miller and Prophet Joe Smith, but the imposture will soon be discovered, and the quacks consigned to their native oblivion.

Among the most conceited and outré of the present race of bards may be named Leigh Hunt. His literary history is rather a curious one. At the age of sixteen, he published quite a ponderous volume of poems, singularly good, considering his age, but totally worthless in every other point of view. He then appeared as an essayist, and gained some little attention by his youth and the strength with which he delivered his opinions. This continued for a number of years, during which he chiefly contributed to a paper named the *Examiner*, conducted by his brother John, until for some libellous expressions towards the Prince Regent they were prosecuted, and were foolishly imprisoned for two years. This, of course, stimulated Hunt's vanity, warm enough before, and inflated by the applause consequent on his youthful efforts, raising him, in his own opinion, to the dignity of a martyr. While in prison, he published "*The Descent of Liberty, a Masque*," and on leaving it, his "*Story of Rimini*," the greater part of which was written during his incarceration. Since then, his efforts in verse have not been frequent. "*Foliage*" appeared in the course of some two years after the *Rimini*, and then his *Pegasus* took a long rest. Some years since he produced a drama or too, and more lately a volume of "*Tales in Verse*." These constitute nearly the whole of his poetical attempts. During this time, the Tory journals, of course, took every opportunity of attacking such a man, and the savage criticism of Gifford, and the coarse personalities of Wilson were poured on him unsparingly. He was praised in the Whig Reviews, when mentioned, but it was done timidly, more for the man than the poet, and they evidently saw that the wisest course lay in letting him alone. He laid himself open in his works to every kind of attack, and yet, it must be confessed that he was frequently treated with more harshness than he deserved. Wilson's critical lecture upon his "*Choice*," in the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*," is perhaps as well executed and ferocious a mixture of criticism and personality as the annals of magazines can afford. These assaults continued for a number of years, and he was constantly exhibited on the pillory of abuse for the amusement of the profane,—but now times have changed with

him. The mighty men of old, with whom he used to be compared, have disappeared. Byron, Shelley, Scott, Coleridge, Campbell and Southey, have gone, while Moore, Wordsworth, Rogers, and all who remain, are mute, or nearly so. The critics must therefore lower their ideas, and Hunt will bear a very tolerable comparison with Tennyson, Barry Cornwall, Haynes Bayley, Eliza Cook, *et hoc genus omne*, and thus, in his old age, he is reaping the harvest of praise that was denied him in his youth. Pity that the latter fate were not as well deserved as the former! Even Christopher North turns round and condescends to approve of his former "re del Cocknio Parnaso."

Such has been his literary history. The revolutions of favor which he has experienced were shared alike by Wordsworth and Coleridge, but not in so great a degree, and, at the same time, much better merited. The chief wonder would appear to be, how a man with no more talents than Hunt possesses could manage to attract so much attention through so long a series of years. But this admits of an easy explanation. Ever since the year 1801, in which he commenced his authorship, he has been industriously engaged in writing and sending forth his works, both in prose and poetry, to the world. His intense vanity, apparently, will never suffer him to be at rest unless he has the satisfaction of knowing that some one is writing or talking about him; which pleasure he can generally procure by his smartness and some natural talent.

Considering the length of time during which he has been engaged in writing poetry, his productions in that branch of literature are singularly few and insignificant. It may be that he writes with difficulty, and employs much time in finishing and polishing. If so, he has the happy art of concealing his art, for his poetry all seems as if it were written "stans pede in uno," without the slightest care, either in the composition or revision. We would rather put him in the class to which Horace consigned himself, "*raro et perpaucalloquentis*." This is in poetry, for his prose essays and works are innumerable as the leaves of Vallombrosa, and in one of his autobiographies he acknowledges, that some of them are superior to any of his verses,—a truth he does not much relish.

It might be expected, that in poems extending over so many years, there would be observable a great difference in style and manner,—but this is scarcely the case. After his "*Juvenilia*"*

* We will say no more concerning this production. Considering it as poetry, it is beneath criticism, and we will only quote his own remarks on it (Autobiography prefixed to *Descent of Liberty*, p. 4.) "My verses were my own, but not my will. The pieces were written with sufficient imitative enthusiasm, but that is all. I had read Gray, and I must write something like Gray; I admired Collins, and I must write something like Collins; I adored Spenser, and I must write a long allegorical poem, filled with '*na's*,' '*whilom's*' and personifications like Spenser." This is

some time elapsed before he published any thing more in a poetical form, and during that time he appears to have formed that *system* of poetry to which he has since adhered. This system is, in reality, a kind of cockney variety of Wordsworth's, enriched with an admixture of the faults of the old English poets, and pedantic allusions to the ancients, particularly the Greeks. It can readily be seen, that such a plan would materially injure the effect of the highest genius, and it is therefore not surprising that it destroys the little with which Leigh Hunt has been blessed.

This system is more particularly carried out in "*The Story of Rimini*" than in any other of his poems, and as that is at once the most ambitious and the best of his productions we will examine it more particularly as an exemplification of his merits and demerits. The story itself is excellently adapted for the purposes of the poet; it has great capabilities, and the little episode which Dante has made of it in his *Commedia Divina*, touched, as it is, with the hand of a master, is considered as the most beautiful passage in that great poem. Hunt's production is in parts quite good, and sometimes rises to the pathetic, but his "*system*" is continually interposing itself between him and his better poetry and injuring the effect of his most striking passages.

The poem opens with the description of a fine spring morning—one of the best of which he can boast, for he is not usually very felicitous when speaking of nature.

"The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay.
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there's a crystal clearness all about;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;
And when you listen you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil;
And all the scene in short,—sky, earth and sea,
Breathes like a bright-eyed face that laughs out openly."

Now this is really quite pretty, notwithstanding the faults of style, and the air of jauntiness and smartness which pervades it. These blemishes, however, it has in common with the whole poem, and, indeed, is remarkably free from them, considering that it was written by Hunt.

Our author then proceeds to describe the scene in Ravenna where Guido, the Prince, is awaiting the coming of "bold Giovanni, Lord of Rimini," to whom his fair daughter is to be married. There is a very long description of the gorgeous train of perfectly true, (except that the poems are not exactly like Gray's, Collins' and Spenser's), and no doubt, if he lives forty years longer, he will have as just an idea of his subsequent efforts.

the expected bridegroom—we extract a few lines as a specimen.

"With various earnestness the crowd admire
Horsemen and horse, the motion and the attire.
Some watch as they go by, the riders' faces,
Looking composure, and their knightly graces;
The life, the carelessness, the sudden heed,
The body curving to the rearing steed,
The patting hand that best preserves the cheek
And makes the quarrel up with a proud neck.
The thigh broad pressed, with spanning palm upon it,
And the jerked feather swaling in the bonnet.

Others the horses and their pride explore,
Their jauntiness behind and strength before;
The flowing back, firm chest and fetlocks clean,
The branching veins, ridging the glossy lean,
The mane hung sleekly, the projecting eye
That to the stander near looks awfully,
The finished head, in its compactness free,
Small, and o'erarching to the bended knee.
The start and snatch as if they felt the comb,
With mouths that fling about the creamy foam,
The snorting turbulence, the nod, the champing,
The shift, the tossing, and the fiery tramping."

We have no doubt that Mr. Hunt considered this labored passage as a most vigorous piece of description, but we doubt whether he will be able to find any one of his opinion. What, for instance, are we to think of

"the riders' faces
Looking composure, and their knightly graces."

And who ever heard of "the jauntiness behind" of a horse, while certainly a "flowing back" would render him very unfit for the saddle. Altogether, who that ever knew any thing about a horse would pretend to describe one of the above fashion? It is just what might be expected from a cockney, who about once in five years enjoys the opportunity of seeing one out of harness. As to the diction, any remarks of ours would but injure the happy effect which it must produce on the reader. A couplet like

"The flowing back, firm chest, and fetlocks clean.
The branching veins, ridging the glossy lean,"

Or

"The thigh broad pressed, with spanning palm upon it,
And the jerked feather, swaling in the bonnet,"

is enough to condemn the whole batch of cockney poets to the shades.

But to proceed. The train passes on, and at last, while Guido and his fair daughter Francesca are anxiously looking for the bridegroom from the balcony of the palace, a voice

"exclaims, 'the prince! now—now!'
And, on a milk-white courser like the air
A glorious figure springs into the square."

The author does not stop to inform us why the prince's courser was like the air, (probably because

the next line ends with "square,") but goes on to say that Francesca falls in love, at sight, with this "glorious figure," which she of course deems to be her husband—but her father has been too cunning for her. Extremely anxious to have the match take place, and knowing that

"She had stout notions on the marrying score,"

he has had recourse to artifice. Giovanni di Rimini is a stern and bold warrior, but little used to the niceties of female intercourse, and, through the advice of Guido he has sent his brother Paulo to marry Francesca by proxy, and conduct her to Rimini. She, believing Paulo to be her destined husband, gives her consent, and finds her mistake too late to retract it. Paulo is entangled by her beauty, and thus, in the first Canto, we have enough seeds of misery for the other three.

The second Canto is occupied in detailing these various intrigues, and in describing the bride's journey home. From this we can extract but two lines.

"plashy pools, with rushes,
About whose sides the swarming insects fry,
Opening with noisome din as they go by."

The third Canto naïvely commences, after the following silly and egotistical fashion.

"Now why must I disturb a dream of bliss,
Or bring cold sorrow 'twixt the wedded kiss!
Sad is the strain with which I cheer my long
And caged hours, and try my native tongue.
Now, too, while rains autumnal, as I sing,
Wash the dull bars, chilling my sicklied wing,
And all the climate presses on my sense,
But thoughts it furnishes of things far hence,
And leafy dreams affords me, and a feeling,
Which I should else disdain, tear-dipped and healing," &c.

We suppose that as Milton deploras his blindness and his having "fallen on evil days," Hunt presumed that he might bemoan his two years' imprisonment, and the cold rains of Autumn which "washed the dull bars." As might be expected, such a mistake carries its own punishment with it.

He then draws the portraits of the brothers, Paulo and Giovanni. The latter is excellent as a character, and is only spoilt by the low and vulgar language used.

"Bold, handsome, able if he chose to please,
Punctual and right in common offices,
He lost the sight of conduct's only worth,
The scattering smiles of this uneasy earth,
And, on the strength of virtues of small weight,
Claimed towards himself the exercise of great.
He kept no reckoning of his sweets and sour;—
He'd hold a sullen countenance for hours,
And then, if pleased to cheer himself a space,
Look for the immediate rapture in your face,
And wonder that a cloud could still be there.
How small soever when his own was fair."

Of course Francesca finds it difficult to love this

unengaging husband, being already smitten with his engaging brother. She sees all the affections and attentions, with which she endeavors to conquer the unlawful love, thrown back upon her, and yet still she strives.

"And did she chance at times like these to hear
Her husband's footsteps, she would haste the more,
And with a double smile open the door,
And ask him, after all his morning's doing,
How his new soldiers pleased him in reviewing,
Or if the boar was slain which he had been pursuing," &c.

In the meanwhile, the situation of Paulo was scarcely more to be envied. For some time he was unconscious of his love, and the description of his self-deceit is admirably true to nature, with the same faults of language and expression. Thus they remain for awhile, each hour attaching them more strongly to each other, and opening their eyes to their true state, till, one fatal afternoon, they were reading the old tale of *Launcelot*—

"And Paulo, by degrees gently embraced,
With one permitted arm her lovely waist,
And both their cheeks, like peaches on a tree,
Leaned with a touch together thrillingly;
And o'er the book they hung, and nothing said,
And every lingering page grew longer as they read.
As thus they sat, and felt with leaps of heart
Their color change, they came upon the part
Where fond Geneura, with her flame long nursed,
Smiled upon *Launcelot* when he kissed her first.
That touch at last through every fibre slid;
And Paulo turned, scarce knowing what he did,
Only he felt he could no more dissemble,
And kissed her lovely lips, all in a tremble.
Sad were those hearts, and sweet was that long kiss.
Sacred be love from sight whate'er it is.
The world was all forgot, the struggle o'er,
Desperate the joy. That day they read no more."

There is so much that is beautiful in the foregoing passage, that we have not the heart to criticize its faults as they deserve, even the "all in a tremble," and we have only to regret the slight vulgarity of the concluding lines. Hunt had better have kept still closer to Dante.

Giovanni soon discovers the intercourse between his brother and wife by her talking in a dream. He immediately rises and forces Paulo to follow him to the tilt-yard, where they fight; when Paulo throws himself on his brother's sword and expires. His death is beautifully told, but Giovanni mourns over him in stuff like this—

"I trust we reap at last as well as plough;—
But there, meantime, my brother, liest thou;
And Paulo, thou wert the completest knight,
That ever rode with banner to the fight;
And thou wert the most beautiful to see,
That ever came in press of chivalry;
And, for a sinful man, thou wert the best,
That ever for his friend put spear in rest;
And thou wert the most meek and cordial,
That ever among ladies eat in hall;
And thou wert still, for all that bosom gored,
The kindest man that ever struck with sword."

Francesca dies on hearing of Paulo's end. According to his last request, they are both buried together at Ravenna, and the poem concludes thus,

"They say that when Duke Guido saw them come
He clasped his hands, and, looking round the room,
Lost his old wits forever. From the morrow
None saw him after. But no more of sorrow.
On that same night, those lovers silently
Were buried in one grave, under a tree.
There, hand in hand, and side by side they lay,
In the green ground;—and on fine nights in May
Young hearts betrothed used to go there to pray."

The faults and beauties of the poem can easily be seen from the above extracts. The story is well developed and well told, and some of the scenes and characters are described with a fidelity which shows Hunt to be a man of some observation in his own small sphere, though they are all so common-place, that they prove him to have had no conception of a character beyond the most ordinary kind. But all the good points of the poem are more than overbalanced by the low poverty of the language, the occasional vulgarity of the ideas and the extreme harshness of the versification.

As respects language, he observes in his preface, "the proper language of poetry is, in fact, nothing different from that of real life, and depends for its dignity upon the strength and sentiment of what it speaks. It is only adding a musical modulation to what a fine understanding might really utter in the midst of its griefs or enjoyments." We do not intend to dispute this point, which has been so often debated, or to repeat the arguments in favor of it, which have been already urged ad nauseam, and refuted ad misericordiam, but will only say that, granting the truth of Mr. Hunt's proposition, he will still be convicted. He not only uses common but vulgar language, which certainly no "fine understanding" would use under any circumstances; and he commits the glaring error of not varying or rising with his subject. A man under the influence of his passions of course speaks in a more elevated manner than when his mind is in a state of repose; but Hunt, writing in a forced style, is unable to catch even these common distinctions, and describes a fine spring morning in language as good, or better, than the scene of high wrought interest where Paulo—

"could no more dissemble,
But kissed her lovely lips all in a tremble."

It is really pitiable to be so completely brought down by the folly of the author as one must be by such expressions; and they are frequent, occurring on almost every page. Thus, what can we say, when told that Duke Guido on hearing of his daughter's death,

"looking round the room
Lost his old wits for ever,"

or the information that the Princess Francesca

— "had stout notions on the marrying score?"

and the lament of Giovanni over the dead body of his brother comes like a cold shower-bath upon one's feelings, really moved by his untimely fate. It tempts us to throw down the book in disgust at the man who has so lessened himself.

But it is not only in using low and vulgar phrases that his language is bad. As Wilson says, he is "re del Cocknio Parnaso," and Bow-bell is heard through all the notes of his hand-organ. The passages that we have quoted above bear ample evidence of this. If more is wanted, his use of the words "neat," "nice," and "fine" would be sufficient to convict him in any court in Christendom. Nearly every thing of which he approves has one of these adjectives liberally bestowed on it, and frequently in places where none but a cockney would use them; but "fine" is his chief favorite,—we meet with it on almost every page.

"Some of the *finest* warriors of the court."

"Never was nobler finish of *fine* sight."

"Reaching, with stately step, at the *fine* air."

"With orange, whose warm leaves so *finely* suit," &c.

and in the "Descent of Liberty," he dignifies a good old man with the title of "fine old Eunomus!"

But, as if all this were not sufficient to destroy the effect of any language ever written, his style has to suffer still further degradation from his use of old and obsolete words, manufactured phrases, and out of the way terminations. This arises in a great measure from his admiration of the Elizabethan poets and his scorn of Pope and his school. Spenser is his great favorite, and, in adopting the faults of his versification, without its beauties, and in catching up an occasional word from him, Hunt no doubt, in the inmost recesses of his little heart, imagined that he was becoming, not a parodist, but a rival.

Thus, we are continually meeting passages like the following from Rimini—

"And the far ships, lifting their veils of light
Like joyful hands, come up with scatterry light,
Come gleaming up, true to the winned-for day,
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay."

These adjectives like "scatterry" he is very fond of, and is continually manufacturing them when there is a halt in the metre to be filled up. Thus we have "shiny peace," "a sphery strain," "springy-strengthened," "winy globes," "pillowy fields," "clumpy bays," "knify way," "pillowy place," "grapy coats," "pinky lashes," "sweepy shape," &c., and one of his sonnets commences

"A steeple issuing from a leafy rise—
With farmy fields in front and sloping green."

Another favorite crutch to assist the gouty feet of his measure is the termination "ness;" "leafiness" and "lightsomeness," he is very partial to, and uses them continually, with "sunniness," "floweriness," "beamingness," "gladsomeness," "rosiness," "surfy massiveness," &c., &c. Then we are constantly meeting with "sidelong," as "sidelong deck," "sidelong eye," "sidelong hips," (these we can partially understand, but what does he mean by "sidelong meekness!"—and "sleek," as "sleek sea," "the mane hung sleekly," or,

"For as the rack came sleeking on, one fell
With rain, into a dell,
Breaking with scatter of a thousand notes,
Like twangling pearl; and I perceived how she,
Who loosed it with her hand, pressed kneadingly,
As though it had been wine in grapy coats,
And out it gushed with that enchanting sound,
Like a wet shower to the ground."

Nymphs.

Pray, did Mr. Hunt ever see a dry shower of rain?

Sometimes these conceited and outré words produce a most ludicrous effect. A long poem called "The Nymphs," in "Foliage," is full of them. Thus,

"There lie they lulled by little whiffing tones
Of rills among the stones,
Or by the rounder murmur, glib and flush,
Of the escaping gush," &c.

Or,

"And there the Hamadryads are, their sisters,
Simpler crown-twisters,
Who of some favorite tree, in some sweet spot,
Make home, and leave it not,
Until the ignorant axe downs its fine head,
And then the nymph is fled."

Or,

"And now I find whose are the laughs and stirrings
That make the delicate birds dart so in whisks and whirrings."

Or,

"And hey! what's this? The walls, look,
Are wrinkling as a skin does,
And now they're bent
To a silken tent.
And there are crystal windows;
And look! there's a balloon above
Round and bright as the moon above!"

But it is not only in expressions that we have to find fault with him, but frequently also in ideas. There is nothing, in any of his poetical works, really immoral or licentious,* but there is frequently

* We have frequently been amused by the straightlaced morality of the Tory critics who abused Hunt as the defender of evil passions in "Rimini," while they praised to the utmost "Parasina," a story very similar in general outline. Not that we would for a moment institute a comparison between them, but surely, if the former is calculated to do harm, the infinite beauty of the latter would only heighten its powers of evil.

a cockneyish vulgarity about him, especially when speaking of women, which is truly disgusting.

For instance, how appropriate such passages as the following are, in a serious poem!

"And for the poet, when he goes to hide him,
From the town's sight, and for the lass beside him."

But, when he gets among the nymphs, he lets his fancy run riot,

— "some upward eyed
Feeling the sky, and some with sidelong hips
O'er which the surface of the water slips."

It is not easy to understand the size of these ladies who were engaged in "feeling the sky" while reclining on the surface of the ocean.

Again—

"some in the water sporting
With sides half swelling out, and looks of courting."

Or,

— "another only shewed
On the far side a foot and leg that glowed,
Under the cloud; a sweeping back another,
Turning her from us, like a suckling mother;
The next a side, lifting her arms to tie
Her locks into a flowing knot; and she
That followed her, a smooth down-arching thigh
Tapering with tremulous mass internally," &c., &c.

But enough and too much of this; we might pardon the downright vulgarity of these descriptions if they were in the least degree necessary to the conduct of a poem, and there are things fifty times worse in nearly all of our "classics," but these are entirely gratuitous—merely introduced for their own sweet sakes, and to gratify the susceptible feelings of the author.

It is time now that we should turn to Mr. Hunt's versification and harmony, a point on which he professes to have bestowed great attention, and to be able to teach like a master. He holds in utter abhorrence Pope and all subsequent poets, down to Rogers and Crabbe; he allows some credit to Dryden, but he evidently and conscientiously believes that, since the days of Shakespeare and Spenser, no one has in reality been able to write an heroic line, with the exception of little Leigh Hunt. The fault he finds with Pope is the cant of the time in which he wrote—that of too much sameness, and a melody too unvaried. This, and the modest opinion of his own powers are not advanced in one place, or in two, but they are fixed ideas and as immutable in his mind as his system and style. On reference to the copious extracts made from "Rimini," (entirely at random with respect to the versification,) the reader will see what kind of irregular jangling metre he would substitute for the smooth and easy flow of Pope's lines. We submit a few more specimens, taken almost without examination from the same poem, as proofs of his

sense of both rhythm and harmony, and they are such as may be found on every page without searching:

"A little rainy, and towards might-fall chill."

"Society her sense, reading her books,
Music her voice, every sweet thing her looks."

"Each by a blooming boy lightsomely led."

"Some with a drag, dangling from the cap's crest."

"Some turning a trim waist, or o'er the flow
Of crimson cloths hanging an arm of snow."

"Of snortings proud, and clinking furniture."

"As to a friend appreciated at sight."

"My master bade me say then," resumed he,
'That he spoke firmly when he told it me.'"

"Firmly to speak, and you firmly to hear."

"That he was forced this day, whether or no."

These three last examples, by the way, occur within the space of five lines!

These lines might be considered as very indifferent prose, but being presented to us as poetry, they could scarcely be excused in a poetaster with six months' practice. In an old rhymist like Hunt, who is continually enlightening the world on the subject, and abusing his superiors for being better than he, they are ludicrously unpardonable. But it is part of his "system," and he therefore perseveres in it to the destruction of the little pleasure left his reader by his style and manner; though he modestly informs us in his preface that in writing thus, he is merely doing what Chaucer and Shakespeare did!

One of Hunt's most remarkable productions is his little collection of poems entitled "Foliage." The said "Foliage" is, with the true diffidence of genius, divided into "Greenwoods," or original poems, and "Evergreens," or translations. Byron once pronounced the volume "the most monstrous centaur ever begotten by Self-Esteem upon a Nightmare;" but this, we presume, was in one of those fits of morosity during which he used to abuse every one for the pleasure of saying the hardest things he could. The main features of the work in question, according to the author, (see preface,) are "a love of sociality, of the country, and of the fine imagination of the Greeks." The latter is evinced in the translations, of which more anon. As to love of the country, with a man like Hunt, that means a place like his favorite Hampstead, where you have brick and mortar round you, and all the delights and conveniences of a suburb to a great city, but in reality no country. He does not understand the country, as passages already quoted will abundantly testify, though he is continually prattling about it, and occasionally break-

ing out into fits of enthusiasm, such as evinced in the following charming couplet—

"The two divinest things this world has got,
A lovely woman in a rural spot!"

With regard to the "love of sociality," his claims to that are chiefly founded on his epistles to various friends. A few lines from one to Hazlitt will be quite sufficient as a sample. He is describing a visit in anticipation.

"Then have Mozart touched on our bottle's completion,
Or one of your favorite trim ballads venetian:—
Then up for a walk, before tea, down a valley,
And so to come back through a leafy walled alley,
In which the sun peeping, as into a chamber,
Looks gold on the leaves, turning some to sheer amber;
Then tea made by one, who, although my wife she be,
If Jove were to drink it, would soon be his Hebe,
Then silence a little,—a creeping twilight,—
Then an egg for your supper, with lettuces white,
And a moon and friend's arm to go home with at night."

Now this exactly fulfils a cockneys idea of "love of sociality" in which the "bottle," the "tea," the "egg" and "lettuces white" are a necessary ingredient, and if Hazlitt was able to resist an invitation containing so glowing a picture of dinner and supper, not to forget the tea, he must have been made of as stern stuff as Jeremy Bentham himself, who never stirred out of his house. At all events, Hunt appears to relish it very much, for he gives us twelve or fifteen pages of similar nonsense, of which the above is a rather favorable specimen, revealing a number of secrets in the household economy of Mrs. Hunt and himself. But whenever he attempts to be light and sportive, he misses it sadly. Take for instance the opening lines of a long address to a musical box.

"Hallo!—what!—where?—what can it be
That strikes up so deliciously?
I never in my life—what, no!
That little tin-box playing so?
It really seemed as if a sprite
Had struck among us swift as light,

* * *
Touching out, smooth, clear and small,
Harmony, and shake and all,
Now upon the treble lingering,
Dancing now as if 'twere fingering,
And at last, upon the close,
Coming with genteel repose."

And here is a part of a long ode upon his son. It should have entitled him to the laureateship.

"Ah! little ranting Johnny,
For ever blithe and bonny,
And singing nonny, bonny,
With hat just thrown upon ye;—

* * *
Sir Richard, too, you rattler,
So christened from the Tattler,
My Bacchus in his glory,
My little cor-di-fiori,

My tricksome Puck, my Robin,
Who in and out come bobbing,
As full of feints and frolic as
That fibbing rogue Autolycus,
And play the graceless robber on
Your graver brother Oberon,—
Ah Dick, ah Dolce-riso,
How can you, can you be so?

* * *
And when we home must jog, you
Shall ride my back, you rogue, you,
Your hat adorned with fine leaves,
Horse-chesnut, oak, and vine-leaves,
And so, with green o'er head, John,
Shall whistle home to bed, John."

This is certainly a very pleasing exhibition of paternal fondness and partiality, and proves the author to be a very respectable and affectionate papa, though he does complain of his offspring's

"getting me expenses
By losing balls o'er fences,"

yet we can not, in our moral blindness, see the propriety of publishing three pages of such balderdash to prove it.

In a very different strain are some lines to a son on a sick bed. Simple description of natural feeling is sure to please, and on reading these verses we are ready to excuse the numerous faults of expression, and to regret the "system" which has induced him to incur them. We had intended to have extracted the whole piece, but are already exceeding our limits, and must be content with a few stanzas.

"Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little, patient Boy,
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down and think
Of all thy winning ways,
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid,
The little gentle hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

* * *
To say "he has departed,"
"His voice"—"his face"—"is gone,"
To feel impatient-hearted
Yet feel we must bear on;
Ah! I could not endure
The whisper of such woe
Unless I felt this sleep ensue—
That it will not be so."

* * *
With respect to Mr. Hunt's appreciation of "the fine imagination of the Greeks," we think it not

impossible that he *may* do so, in himself, but, most certainly, nothing that he has ever written would tempt one for a moment to believe it.

Take for instance the following passage from Homer. He says, in his preface, that his translations from the *Iliad* are an experiment to render the *Æonian* with as much energy as possible. As usual, he makes his favorite mistake of adopting vulgarity for vigor.

Priam, in lamenting the death of Hector, addresses his surviving sons thus,

"Off with a plague, you scandalous multitude,
Convicted knaves, have you not groans enough
At home that thus you come oppressing me?
Or am I mocked, because Saturnian Jove
Has smitten me and taken my best boy?
But ye shall feel yourselves, for ye will be
Much easier for the Greeks to rage among
Now he is gone; but I, before I see
That time, and Troy laid waste and trampled on
Shall have gone down into the darksome house."

So saying, with his stick he drove them off
And they went out, the old man urged them so.

"—Be quicker, do, and help me, evil children,
Down-looking set! Would ye had all been killed,
Instead of Hector at the ships! oh me!
Cursed creature that I am! I had brave sons,
Here in wide Troy, and now I can not say
That one is left me. Mestor like a God,
And Troilus my fine-hearted charioteer,
And Hector, who, for mortal, was a god,
For he seemed born, not of a mortal man,
But of a god; yet Mars has swept them all;
And none but these convicted knaves are left me,
Liars and dancers, excellent time-beaters,
Notorious pilferers of lambs and goats!
*Why don't ye get the chariot ready and set
The things upon it here, that we may go?"*"

It is really difficult to understand the mental obliquity which could so degrade this noble passage, and then flatter itself for its "vigor." Yet, after such an attempt he has the audacity to turn round and remark that "Pope, in that elegant mistake of his, in two volumes octavo, called Homer's *Iliad*, turns the Dodonean oak of his original into smooth little toys." We are no great admirers of Pope's Homer, yet we would not degrade it by naming it in the same day with Hunt's travesties of some of the finest passages in the *Iliad*. If we were to follow out his elegant meta-

* We suspect that while Mr. Hunt was cogitating upon this last couplet, during a rural walk near Hampstead, he overheard some retired cheesmonger, about to take a jaunt, rating his servants for laziness, and using the same words

"Why don't ye get the buggy ready and set
These here things upon it, that we may go?"

This being what "a fine understanding might utter in the midst of its griefs and enjoyments," the happy inspiration seized him, he added "musical modulation" to it, and the couplet now stands out in bold relief,—a miracle of art happily combined with nature.

phor given above, we might truly say that his Hampstead lathe manufactures it all into Tunbridge kitchen ware.

His love of the fine imagination of the Greeks has led him to parody several idylls of Theocritus, some of the odes of Anacreon, &c., and we can only say that they are worthy of the passage above quoted. He then descends to the Latin, and favors us with some translations from Catullus, and we can see that he evidently thinks well of his powers as a translator, from his attempting the two most difficult pieces in that not easy author—the "Atys" and the imitably beautiful Epithalamium of Julia and Manlius (Hunt terms it "refreshing"!!!) As might be expected, these are complete failures. The opening lines of the latter will serve as an ample specimen.

"O Divine Urania's son,
Haunter of Mount Helicon,
Thou that mak'st the virgin go
To the man, for all her no,
Hymen Hymenæus O;
Slip thy snowy feet in socks," &c.

What *would* Catullus think of himself if he could see his most charming poem so vilified? If he and Hunt should happen to meet in the Elysian fields, we fear it may go hard with the latter. Certainly, in the whole range of English poetry, from Chaucer to Tennyson, there is no couplet any where which can be compared for mingled force and elegance, to

"thou who mak'st the virgin go
To the man, for all her no,"

to say nothing of its melodiousness; or to the tavern direction of

"Slip thy snowy feet in socks."

Hunt must have imagined Manlius to have been an inn-keeper, and that Hymen was a guest desirous of getting to bed.

He is also a "trim sonneteer." We have sonnets to his wife, and to his friends, to grasshoppers and other such small deer, and sonnets descriptive, and meditative, and two on being crowned with ivy by Keats, and three on receiving a lock of Milton's hair from "——, M. D." We extract one of these to show how he succeeds in this most difficult of all species of writing.

"I felt my spirit leap, and look on thee,
Through my changed color with glad grateful stare,
When, after showing us this glorious hair,
Thou didst turn short, and bending pleasantly,
With gracious hand gav'st the great lock to me,
An honoring gift, indeed! which I will wear
About me, while I breathe this strenuous air,
Which nursed his Apollonian tresses free,
I'll wear it, not as my inherited due,
(For there is one, who, had he kept his art,
For freedom still, nor left her for the crew

Of lucky slaves, in his misgiving heart,
I would have begged thy leave to give it to,)
Yet not without some claims, though far apart."

Comment would but injure the effect of this delightfully anticlimactic effusion, which proves the author to be most blissfully ignorant of the laws which govern the true sonnet. The chief sentiment that it excites in us is that of wonder how the author's spirit could leap and look through his changed color, and how Southey could manage to survive the vital thrust aimed at him in that long parenthesis, even if he escaped the deleterious effects of having "a crew of lucky slaves in his misgiving heart."

In one of the early numbers of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," Wilson has a most savage review of a poem which he states to be by Hunt, in imitation of Pomfret's "Choice." As we have never been able to meet with this in any of the collective editions of his poems, we presume that it must have appeared in some magazine or newspaper, and that the author felt afterwards very properly ashamed of it. If we recollect aright, it commenced somewhat after this fashion—

"I have been reading Pomfret's 'Choice' this spring,
A pretty kind of sort of kind of thing,
And yet, I know not; there is skill in pies,
In raising crusts, as well as galleries," &c.

It may, however, very likely, be but an outrageous hoax of Wilson's, who had talent and impudence sufficient for any thing of that nature. Had it been attributed to any one else, we should reject it without hesitation, but there is really no knowing of what absurdity such a man as Hunt may not be guilty.

Since the date of the "Foliage" Hunt has published very little in verse. Some eight or ten years since he brought forth "The Legend of Florence," a drama, which was favorably reviewed at the time. It contains fewer faults of language and expression than his former pieces, but the characters are unnatural, and the plot devoid of interest. A year or two ago, he published some little metrical tales. These we have been unable to procure, but as far as we could judge from copious extracts given in a favorable critique of the time, he had retained his former style, and his "system" was still an incubus which weighed him down, and like Sinbad's old man of the sea, could not be shaken off.

In taking a general view of Leigh Hunt and his poems, we would say that he was a man with the materials for a moderately good poet, destroyed by attempting too much. He looked around and saw that all the chief poets of the age were forming schools for themselves, and writing each after his own genius, no longer recognizing any one as a model or as a master. There was Byron on one path, Shelley on another, Wordsworth on a third, Scott on a fourth, with Moore, Coleridge, Campbell

and Southey, each after his own fashion. It therefore naturally occurred to him that, in order to rival these successfully, it was necessary for him to form a separate track of his own, and having no very decided genius to show him the way, he chose that which he deemed would best suit the spirit of criticism which was then arising. In this manner he formed his "system," and instead of modestly confining his genius to what it was suited for, he has been ever since pushing it into ambitious attempts, and aspiring to sit in the chair of the master. Like the frog in the fable, he has been aping the ox, and though his overstrained skin may never have burst, still it has been in such a ludicrous state of distention, that its own small but not inelegant proportions have been completely disguised. It is only when he is least ambitious that he is pleasing.

His talent lies principally in the delineation of common characters, such as he could see around him any day in London or in his dearly beloved Hampstead, but of any thing beyond the most every day walk of life he has not the most distant idea. If, however, he were satisfied with this, he might have acquired some real and lasting reputation by confining himself in poetry to subjects such as Miss Austin has treated in prose, or by descriptions of natural feeling, such as the lines to a Sick Son, quoted above; but this is too low a pursuit for his ambition. He is continually attempting higher themes, but the cloven foot shows itself through all, and he can never divest himself of his cockney accent. Thus, in Rimini, a poem which gives opportunity for the highest and most exquisite delineation of character, there is not a personage who might not be found in nine houses out of ten throughout London. Were this intentional, it might be excused, though it would plead sadly against his taste, but he is evidently striving to render them more exalted, and, with such a mind as his,

"ceratis, ope Dædale,
Nititur pennis."

The mixture of finery and vulgarity produced by this is continually annoying.

In the Legend of Florence he takes a still bolder flight, and, resolved to shake off the trammels of the common-place, he soars into the impossible. The heroine is all goodness, self-devotion and meekness; the hero, one of those fiery, self-denying lovers, such as one meets with in sixth-rate novels and no where else; while the jealous husband, the necessary villain of the piece, is character such as the world ne'er saw; without loving his wife, he is ferociously and unaccountably jealous of her, ready to slaughter her, or to scold her on the slightest provocation, and yet mild and amiable to every one else. Altogether it is a tissue of absurdities.

With respect to his versification, nothing can be

said that will be too harsh, nor any thing that can be harsher than it is itself. He is continually censuring all the poets of the eighteenth century for their smoothness and harmony, and giving us to understand that he alone understands the true laws of rhythm and melody, while, in the numerous and copious passages that we have quoted, the reader can scarcely find half a dozen really melodious lines; his ear, indeed, seems to have been singularly defective, and what he wanted in knowledge he made up in assumption. He even seems ignorant of the fundamental law, that the further in the line that we place a misaccentuation the more glaring it becomes, for, when he wishes to relieve us from the pains of regular versification, he usually substitutes a trochee for the iambus of the fourth foot, in the heroic line. In one place, he compares Pope and the subsequent poets to a church-bell, where the Elizabethan men represent the organ. If this be the case, he may truly be likened to a set of pan-pipes, emulating the latter, but without the regular fulness and power of the one, or the varying and spirit-moving harmony of the other.

Another thing which militates strongly against Hunt's taking a high rank as a poet, is his want of imagination. He seems to be aware of this himself, and to have generally endeavored to get on without it. The only pieces of any length in which he has endeavored to exercise any play of imagination are the "Descent of Liberty," "Feast of the Poets," and "The Nymphs," and these, at least in our humble opinion, are utter failures. To this constitutional coldness we may also attribute his inability to project himself into the characters of his story, a power so necessary to the success of a great poet. When we take up one of Byron's poems, we see that he identified himself, for the time being, with the character which he was describing, and that he felt the same passions, griefs and triumphs which he was depicting. This is the true secret of success, and without it, it is impossible to awaken the interest and sympathies of the reader. Shelley's *Revolt of Islam*, though beautiful as a poem, and full of the most exquisite passages, never thoroughly arrests the attention, while his unpretending *Rosalina* and *Helen*, or magnificent "Cenci" moves the deepest recesses of the spirit. The poet must feel, or seem to feel what he is writing, and he will then write in earnest. This is the art beyond all art of which Hunt was totally ignorant.

We began with the intention of only considering Hunt's poetical works, or we should certainly venture some remarks upon that miserable book, triply born of monstrous egotism, sickly vanity and envious hatred—the "Notices of Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries." The true secret of Hunt's course in respect to this book, we think,

lies in a nut-shell. Byron's vanity, and Hunt's intense self-esteem and egotism could not, of course, coalesce, and Byron's powerful mind naturally bore down the weak one of his companion. To such a man as Hunt, this would take the form of a positive injury, aggravated by his brooding over it, and by the sense of real benefits received from the injurer. This feeling long rankled in his mind, growing stronger and stronger each day, until it finally burst forth in mingled froth and venom in the volume mentioned, after the removal by the death of Byron of the barrier which kept it in. The chief curiosity in the book, however, is the "Notices of the Author's Life," appended to it. Hunt seems to have felt the same reverence towards himself that Boswell did for Johnson, and accordingly he, "Boswells" himself most completely, relating every little anecdote of his infancy, his boyhood and his maturer years, and giving copious portraits and anecdotes of his ancestors, relations, friends and schoolmates, with their acquaintances, servants and tutors. The English language may challenge the world to produce such another biography—the only one that has a chance of rivalling it is Goëthé's, with its tiresome portrait galleries. That of Hunt is interesting in one point of view, at least, as it enables the observer to trace out all the small passions and motives of his little soul; indeed, he frequently does this himself, and anatomizes and lays bare his petty feelings with a candor quite remarkable. Rather than have nothing to say of himself, he would say ill.

We suspect that, notwithstanding his unpleasant literary course, Leigh Hunt has always been a happy man. He is a good husband and father, (if we take his own word for it,) and a pleasant friend where his vanity is not concerned. His views of life are singularly just and cheerful, much more so than we should expect in one with the bitter experience he has had. We can not resist quoting a few lines from the preface to "Foliage" as a good instance of his way of thinking, and of the execrable style of his prose. "For my part, though the world as I found it, and the circumstances which connected me with its habits have formerly given me no small portion of sorrow, some of it of no ordinary kind, my creed, I confess, is not only hopeful, but cheerful; and I would pick the best parts out of other creeds too, sure that I was right in what I believed, or chose to fancy, in proportion as I did honor to the beauty of nature and spread cheerfulness and a sense of justice among my fellow creatures."

How few are there who, after the continual attacks which Leigh Hunt had borne, could have given utterance to such a sentiment!

HENRY C. LEA.

Philadelphia, July, 1844.

THE FORSAKEN.

BY ANNA M. HIRST.

They tell me, in the giddy crowd
 No laugh is half so loud as thine,
 And that the homage of the proud
 Is frequent at thy shrine—
 That mid the dance, and in the song,
 And where the red wine freely flows,
 Thy step is light, thy voice is strong,
 Thy cheek with pleasure glows.

They tell me beauty smiles to hear
 The magic music of thy tongue;
 That, when thou singest, the votive tear
 Falleth from old and young—
 They tell me this and smile to see
 My heaving breast and heavy eye,
 Though well they know that loving thee,
 I love until I die.

Well, go thy way; and never wake
 The feeblest memory of me,
 To wring thy worthless heart—I break
 Thy chains and set thee free.
 Thou! to thy mirth! I, to my gloom!
 Health to the coldest of the twain!
 The fennel draught be mine, the doom
 Of those who love in vain.

Philadelphia, Sept., 1843.

LINES, WRITTEN AFTER SICKNESS.

BY MRS. E. J. KAMES.

I.

I bless Thee, O my God!
 That from the shadowy path of sickness thou hast led
 My faltering feet once more, tho' with slow step to tread
 The haunts so long untrod.
 That thou hast suffered, these clouded eyes again
 To rest with *Hope* renew'd, on nature's green domain:
 That yet there is a spell in balmy breeze and bough,
 To still the throbbing veins upon this aching brow—
 That the soft summer sod
 And all its loving flowers, a welcome seem to give,
 So to my trembling touch they cling, and bid me live;
 I bless Thee, O my God!

II.

I bless Thee, O my God!
 That thou hast lifted up this weary head, long bow'd,
 And shone upon me through the stormy trouble-cloud—
 That thy chastizing rod
 Hath to deep lowliness subdued this soul of mine—
 That sorrow's "long still work" hath drawn me to thy
 shrine.
 Hence thou the murmurs of my erring heart hast still'd,
 And with a Sabbath calm my fainting life-pulse fill'd—
 That from its dim abode,
 (Whate'er the trials of my earthly lot shall be,)
 My Spirit may go forth, and find its strength in Thee—
 I bless Thee, O my God!

July, 1844.

ANSWER TO "FAIR PLAY."

To the Editor of the Sou. Lit. Messenger.

SIR:—Having just received by your welcome Messenger for August "Fair Play's" reply to "a Subaltern," and believing that even he has made some mistakes in the statement of the Augusta Arsenal case, I send you herewith a short history of that affair, which I will substantiate by documents.

On the 1st of April, 1843, the company of Artillery in question arrived at Augusta Arsenal, Georgia, and its Captain assumed command thereof, by virtue of General Order, No 21 of 1843, which was issued at Washington on the 8th of March of the same year; and which, previous to being issued, was laid before the Honorable J. C. Spencer, then Secretary of War, for his consideration and approval, both of which he gave to it. On the 14th of March, 1843, the Acting Chief of the Ordnance Corps remonstrated against the above order, in a letter, addressed to the authority issuing it, which said letter was also laid before the Honorable Secretary of War, J. M. Porter, and was returned with the following endorsement thereon—viz:

"General Worth will be required to detain the company of Artillery destined to Augusta Arsenal, till the necessary arrangement of the Ordnance Bureau can be made for removing the Ordnance officer and discharge of the hired men, when he will leave there a store-keeper and two or three ordnance men to assist in the care of the arms. The store-keeper and his men will have quarters, so as not to interfere with the company, or be liable to exclusion or charge."

The above endorsement was sent to the Acting Chief of the Ordnance Corps, with the following instructions in a letter from the proper officer, dated Washington, March 17th, 1843—viz:

"Orders having been dispatched to detain the company at St. Augustine until the arrangement referred to has been made, you will please give all the necessary orders and instructions conformably with the Secretary of War's endorsement, and report, for the information of the Commanding General, when the arrangement is completed, which it is supposed will be within a few weeks."

With the view of giving the Ordnance Department a chance to carry out the above instructions, and with the expectation of returning to their quarters in "a few weeks," the company of Artillery evacuated the post on the 17th of May, 1843, and took up lodgings in an old dilapidated farmhouse outside the military post; after which, the following state of things presented itself—viz: To the east of the Arsenal and about a mile off, (I am thus particular to gratify my friend "Fair Play"), was quartered the Captain of the company; to-

wards the south-east, and about three quarters of a mile off, was stationed the Assistant Surgeon; and to the north, and about half a mile off, were stationed the subalterns and the body of the company, there not being sufficient quarters in its immediate vicinity for the Captain and Surgeon. All these separately hired buildings. Instead of the troops returning to their proper public quarters in a "few weeks," as was ordered, this state of things continued all summer, and in the fall, the Captain had to give up his quarters and crowd himself, subalterns, men, and all, into the same building, which had formerly been used to accommodate, as a summer residence, one family; and some correct idea can be formed of its value, when I inform you, that the rent paid for it was only one hundred dollars a year, and such was its shattered condition, that this rent had, according to agreement, to be expended in repairing the house before it could be made habitable at all; whilst the public building occupied by the subaltern of Ordnance, cost the Government eleven thousand dollars, the legal interest on which, in Georgia, would be eight hundred and eighty dollars. Thus we have a subaltern of Ordnance, luxuriating in quarters at nearly nine hundred dollars a year, whilst a senior Captain of Artillery, three subalterns, and a whole company, are furnished at the rate of one hundred; yet "Fair Play" can not see the odious distinction referred to by "a Subaltern."

In August or September, 1843, the Mayor and City Council of Augusta petitioned the Secretary of War to have the company restored to their proper quarters in the Arsenal, but finding that this had no effect, they sent on a petition to the President of the United States, signed by themselves and about four hundred respectable citizens of Augusta and its vicinity, praying the President to remove the company from its uncomfortable quarters and to put them in the Arsenal. This petition was sent to Washington early in December, 1843, and on the 21st of the same month the President granted their prayer by giving directions for the whole company of Artillery in question, to be ordered back into Augusta Arsenal. These instructions of the President lay dormant somewhere in the War Department, not having reached the proper promulgating authority until the 5th of January, 1844, at which time an order came out from the Honorable Secretary of War, J. M. Porter, a mutilation of the one above referred to, by which the company of Artillery was divided, one half of it sent into the Arsenal under a Subaltern, who was junior to the "generous, courteous, magnanimous above all praise, and gallant" subaltern of Ordnance; thereby securing to this gallant young soldier the command of this military post, with the additional benefit of its being made a double ration one, by this very accession of troops; whilst the senior Captain of Artillery was forced to dismember his company,

and with a moiety of it proceed to a distant post in North Carolina, which can scarcely furnish comfortable accommodation for one company, much less for one and a half, its present garrison.

But let me return to the instructions of the President given on the 21st of December, 1843; and ask "Fair Play" if *unofficial intelligence* of these instructions did not reach Augusta Arsenal, Georgia, on or about the 26th of December, 1843, and if it were not *after this time*, and about a month or six weeks from the time of their having signed this petition, that some fifteen of the four hundred who had signed said petition, "withdrew their signatures by letter;" and *who it was?* that thus, and about this time, "*made known and explained to them the operation*" of said petition; and finally, if it were not upon the reception of these *asked for*, counter letters, that the Honorable Secretary of War, J. M. Porter, changed the President's instructions of the 21st December.

A "hired guard" of fifteen men was established at Augusta Arsenal, in the spring of 1841, to protect the public property therein deposited, because a company of Artillery could not then, as formerly, be spared from the field for this purpose, (see letter of the chief, I mean senior officer, of the Ordnance Department, dated Washington, March 24th, 1841); and although this was a species of soldiery not known to the laws of our country, yet the exigencies of the service at that time required its employment. But did not this necessity cease to exist after the arrival of the company at the post? and if so, as was most undoubtedly the case, why were not these men at that time discharged, as we have seen above was directed by the Honorable Secretary of War? But so far from this having been done, we find by the following extract, taken from the letter of remonstrance of the Acting Chief of the Ordnance Corps, that these hired men had increased to twenty-five—viz: "The force now at the post consists of one officer and seven ordnance men, and *twenty-five hired persons*, making in all thirty-three; a night guard or watch is maintained, and it is believed that the safety of the stores is assured by the means adopted and pursued for some time past."

For the nine months, commencing with April 1st, 1843, the day on which the company of Artillery first took up its quarters within the walls of the Arsenal, to the 31st of December of the same year, the amount, for *wages alone*, paid to these hired men, was six thousand one hundred and sixty-three dollars, and forty-one cents, of *public money*: which for the year, at this rate, would make eight thousand two hundred and four dollars and fifty-four cents; to say nothing of all the incidental expenses connected with the purchase of timber, metals, paints, tools, &c., &c., necessary to keep up this show of the mechanic operations which are *nominally* expected to be going on at this post—I

say *nominally*, for in reality, there is little or nothing done here of a public constructive nature, and indeed I think it would puzzle "Fair Play," and even the "gallant, generous and magnanimous" Lieutenant himself, to point out half a dozen gun carriages or other implements of war, that have been constructed at this Arsenal since his stay there. It is true, that in 1842, some ten thousand dollars were appropriated by Congress for the repair of the public quarters, and the erection of a "timber-shed" and "gun-house" at this Arsenal, but so utterly unnecessary as a store-house, for guns, was this latter building, that it was, soon after its erection, converted into a *stable* and *carriage-house*, and used for these purposes by the Lieutenant of Ordnance, though borne on the official returns of the post as a "timber-shed" and "gun-house." Report says too, that of these ten thousand dollars, thus appropriated, six thousand were expended on the individual quarters of the Commanding Lieutenant, and the other four on this "timber-shed" and "gun-house," leaving the men's Barracks very much in want of repairs. Should we be misinformed on this head, perhaps "Fair Play" can set us right.

"Fair Play" makes quite a to-do about the unimportant error of "a Subaltern," in stating that the company was quartered three miles, instead of half a mile off; but it would naturally strike one as an additional argument against his cause, for had the company of soldiers been three miles off, there might have been some shadow of excuses for keeping this "hired guard" still in service at the Arsenal. The company, however, being "scarce half a mile off," how can "Fair Play" justify the enormous abuse of keeping in the employment of Government, at an expense of nearly ten thousand dollars a year, this heterogeneous soldiery, unauthorised by the laws of the country; against the instructions of the President; against the orders of the Honorable J. C. Spencer, who was well acquainted with the duties of the Department of War; against the first and unbiased orders of the Honorable J. M. Porter, Secretary of War; and against the reiterated orders of the Commander-in-Chief, on the authority of these two Honorable Secretaries of War?

"Fair Play," says, speaking of the Head of the Ordnance Bureau, "He earnestly urged upon the Secretary of War the *impropriety* and *inexpediency* of the occupation of the Arsenal by the company intended as its garrison;" and "he stated the utter *insufficiency* of quarters to accommodate, both those employed in the public service for Ordnance purposes, then at the Arsenal, and the additional force not yet arrived."

Now, as to the propriety and inexpediency of the measure, I must beg leave to appeal from the opinion of "Fair Play" to the repeated applications of the Mayor and City Council of Augusta;

to petitions signed by large numbers of the most respectable and enlightened inhabitants of the place; to the repeated efforts of distinguished senators and other members of Congress from Georgia, for the last six years, to have a company of troops stationed at this military post. I appeal to the opinion of a late distinguished Secretary of War, the Honorable J. R. Poinsett, who, seeing the importance of having a company at this post, promised the civil authorities of Augusta, that as soon as the exigencies of the service in Florida would permit, he would withdraw a company from that quarter for this station; to the gallant Commander-in-Chief of the Army; to the two Lieutenant Colonels of Artillery, under whose immediate auspices and care this military post was established; and indeed to every enlightened officer of the Army do I appeal for the propriety and expediency of the measure; and I would appeal to the clear and discriminating mind of a certain "Acting Chief," one "whose standing, during thirty years service, has been above reproach," were it not that the similarity of names has led me to suspect a relationship between this officer and the Lieutenant of Ordnance, whom "Fair Play" represents as the personification of a "courtesy and magnanimity, above all praise." But I must carry my appeal a little further, from older and enlightened heads, to older and enlightened nations, and endeavor to light our path by the lamp of experience. Does England trust large collections of arms and munitions of war to the safe keeping of a handful of mechanics? Does France? or in fact, do we find any of the old and experienced governments thus lax in their duty to the peaceful communities, amongst whom they have established their depots of Arms? It may be said that the cases are not analogous; that we are a peaceful people. 'Tis true we are a peaceful people, and peace should be, as it always is, the polar star of our policy; but we are nevertheless human nature, and subject to its outbreaks, as the recent unfortunate circumstances in a neighboring city, but too clearly show. Near to this city is an United States Arsenal, and like that of Augusta, is made the repository of military stores; and previous to these riots was not supplied with a garrison of soldiers, but it was found necessary to send near a hundred miles for a company of Artillery to guard these stores herein deposited.

To show the utter fallacy of the objection on the score of *insufficiency* of quarters, it is but necessary to state the fact, that from the time the post was established up to the time the troops were withdrawn for service in Florida, its regular garrison was never less than one company, and, that for nearly a year, it accommodated from two to five companies. During this time too, there was much more duty of an Ordnance nature to be performed than at present, but instead of hiring men at as

enormous cost to government, the Major of the line, then in command there, was in the habit of making a monthly detail of eighteen or twenty men from his Artillery soldiers to perform these duties.

Some fifteen years back when the Ordnance was amalgamated with the Artillery, and before this, and some of the other staff corps became such a burden and expense to the Army, it was customary to make periodical changes in the posts of Regiments, in order to promote the health of the officers and soldiers; and there was no difficulty about funds to carry out this most desirable object. But now, a regiment which has served through three Indian wars, the Cherokee, Creek and Seminole, has been three times depopulated and re-reunited, and can not now number on parade half a dozen officers, or a dozen of the old soldiers who first followed its colors to the field in the recent Indian disturbances, many having died from the fevers of Florida, and many having left from weariness at being forced to dwell, year after year, under a tropical sun, with the utterly hopeless prospect of ever being again permitted to breathe a cool and bracing air; this regiment, which has been for nearly ten years in the South, can not be moved *for want of funds*. Yet we see, literally thrown away at a "*secondary Arsenal*," some ten thousand dollars a year, which would be more than sufficient to move half a dozen regiments of the present strength. In the British service, this system of change is rigidly observed, and when a regiment is sent to an unhealthy or undesirable locality, they are buoyed up with the certainty that the fostering hand of government will, at the end of a stated period, extend to them this benevolent and salutary justice. But look how different is the course pursued towards this particular company of Artillery in question. It was stationed in the interior of East Florida before the Seminole war; in 1835, while marching from Tampa Bay to Fort King under the lamented Major Dade, was totally destroyed, every officer and man; it was recruited and continued to serve in Florida, when in 1837, having been very much reduced, it was increased to the legal standard. In the summer of 1838, it marched to the Cherokee country, and after the removal of that tribe returned immediately to Florida.

In 1840, being again reduced to less than a platoon, it was a third time filled up, and continued to serve at one of the most unhealthy posts in the territory, until every officer and man in it was completely prostrated by sickness, and to save it, it was found absolutely necessary to remove it to some more healthy station in the territory. After serving through the Everglade campaigns, it was in the spring of 1842, sent to New Orleans, but in the course of the same summer was ordered back to Florida, where it remained till the spring of 1843; and the Florida war being over, it was to be hoped that some respite would have been given to

it; but lo! and behold! it has scarcely taken post at Augusta Arsenal, before it is again cast out, as it were, into an old out of the way house, where, besides the discomfort of the thing, it was very difficult to keep up that proper discipline, which is so easy to maintain within the walls of a military post. Add to this the humiliation which its officers were called upon to suffer, in seeing their military pride thus sacrificed to the aggrandizement of one who had left this very same regiment while it was yet serving in the field, almost destitute of officers; for in 1837, as many as two and three companies were under a single Lieutenant, and he a junior to our "magnanimous" youth.

I have not referred to the regiment in question, nor to the "courteous" Lieutenant, with the view of giving any peculiar credit to the one, or detracting from the other, for they have but done their duty, and that is expected of every officer and soldier, however high his rank or low his station; or however "magnanimous" or degraded; but to exemplify some of the many abuses which have crept into our little Army, and to show how injuriously they operate upon the well being of the "Army proper," have I laid these things before your numerous readers.

VERITAS.

"WOMAN, THY PLACE IS BEHIND THE THRONE."

Lines suggested.

Go to the plains of Shinar, "great" Nineveh stands there,
With spire, dome and minaret, high battling in the air,—
Look on the proudest city that ever graced the earth,
And ask the magic power that brought it into birth—
And hark! the clarion voice of fame,
The welkin rings with woman's name.

Go to the merchant city—mistress of the sea,
The rival of imperial Rome, the haughty and the free,
Ye search the annals of the past, and scan the roll of fame,
And 'mong its blazoned heroes seek the lordly founder's name—
But mark the vessel's foaming track,
And woman's name is echoed back.

Go ask the flying Xerxes, the recreant and the knave,
What means the sinking galleys on Salamin's red wave—
And where the glit'ring myriads that covered land and sea,
And mindful, at their master's word, so late did bend the knee—
Alas! had woman's voice a place,
They had not lain in death's embrace.

Go ask the lordly Briton, glorying in his birth,
Who deems his own lov'd Albion the pole star of the earth;
Ask of its culmination, Britannia's golden age,
When fairest in the galaxy, it shone on History's page—
And lo! the brightest hulo seen
Circles round the "Virgin queen."

Go ask the mighty hero, but now the exile lone,
Bound in his gloomy, sea-girt home, "unnoticed and unknown"—

Ask when his star of glory sank from its zenith height,
And mantled in dark, gloomy clouds, refused its pristine
light—

And list;—a voice floats o'er the main,
And woman's name blends with the strain.

And shall the "haughty whisker'd Russ" forget his peasant
queen?

And deep in Lethe's turbid tide, shall Scotia plunge her
sheen?

Ay, women, *modern lore* now bids thee abdicate the throne,
Behind it is thy fitter place, stand there and there alone—

No scept'red sway awaits thee now,
No regal gem shall deck thy brow.

Yes, back—nor lift thine eyes to the "cloud cap't tower" of
fame:

No herald from its battlement proclaims thy lowly name—
And tho' upon the altar the laurel wreath may be,

Back, alas, poor woman! 'tis bright, but not for thee.

Then learn before *his majesty*,
To veil the face and bend the knee.

THE COLONIAL HISTORY OF VIRGINIA.

TO THE LEGISLATURE OF VIRGINIA.

In appealing to you in behalf of the History of our State, we need offer, we trust, no other justification than the importance and dignity of the subject, and the obvious relation it bears to your offices as the guardians of the State, and to your interest and duty in preserving and perpetuating her public character.

Nothing so nearly touches the honor of a State as the due preservation of her historic archives. Deplorable indeed would be the lot of that people, who felt no pride or exultation in its past! What just cause for the indulgence of these feelings Virginians have, they best know who are best acquainted with the remaining fragments of her history. These, too, most deplore the loss of her records and would risk and expend most for their restoration. But surely, there is no need of enlarging upon the importance, or the charms of this fruitful subject, to your Honorable body, who yourselves in such great degree, stamp her character upon the State, and by your acts, as it were, manufacture her history. Should any chasm now occur in your proceedings, you would doubtless lose no time in repairing it. In former times, such breaches were made, and though they have remained so long an insuperable and distressing impediment to those who would explore the history of the Colony, it is believed that they may now be almost entirely closed, at comparatively little expense, by the efforts of your honorable body.

The mode of accomplishing this great and most desirable object has been open for many years; but the recent success of some States has now removed every obstacle that might have once existed, and invites all others to make similar attempts.

Whilst the unavoidable neglect of an unsettled and perplexed Government, aided by time, fire and devastation, was consuming our colonial records here, copies of them were carefully preserved in the Public offices of England; and there is every reason to believe, that an inspection of those records there will dissipate the thickest clouds that hang over our colonial era. By the Liberality of the English Government, they are laid open to the accredited agents of the States, and copies of them allowed to be taken. Of this privilege, New-York, Georgia and North Carolina in part, have already availed themselves, and their labors have prepared the way and led to arrangements, which will greatly facilitate the investigations of any who may follow their example. New-York has sent out a special agent who has probably just returned, bringing with him documents that will create a wide sensation. Georgia, too, sent a special agent, and has now in the charge of her Historical Society, twenty-two M.S. volumes of important colonial documents. She has also a gentleman engaged in writing her history, and with a most praiseworthy liberality has expended some six thousand dollars in procuring the materials, though only for the short period of forty odd years! Our blessed mother was more than a hundred years old, when Georgia was born; and shall *the first*, not only in date of settlement, but in fame and in importance, be so far surpassed by the youngest of the "old thirteen!" For the object proposed the provision of so great a State as Virginia, who has so much to expect from the undertaking and such just cause of pride in her past career, should be ample and liberal; but it is highly probable that she can procure every thing desirable at far less cost than Georgia did. Let her appoint a competent agent and send him forth with ample means to execute the work well, that it may be a monument for future times.

Though North Carolina made a move in this matter as far back as 1827, she has not yet derived any real benefit from it, though she knows precisely the nature and value of the papers relating to herself. They were all registered and the list sent home to her, in accordance with a request made by her Governor, of Hon. Albert Gallatin, our minister at the Court of St. James. Their very titles alone constitute an octavo pamphlet of 120 printed pages. The faculty of the University of North Carolina have now organized themselves into an Historical Society, and may do something towards procuring copies of those documents, thus catalogued for her.

South Carolina has her volumes of historical collections recently made by Mr. Carroll, but she too may be anxious to enjoy the stores in the offices of England. The two Carolinas might empower the agent appointed by Virginia to act for them; or if they prefer it, send out special agents of their own.

May not the hope be indulged, that your honorable body will so favorably regard the proposition

herein most respectfully submitted, as to lose no time in reaping the fruits now offered to us! Due diligence would soon place us in possession of the rich treasures that now lie mouldering abroad; every delay but encourages the ravages of Time.

It is our object at this time only to broach this interesting subject, to which we shall recur in our next number. In the meantime, we invite a correspondence from all who feel any interest in the matter, and earnestly commend the revival of the late Virginia Historical Society, that it may exert its salutary influence in behalf of the present and other useful undertakings. It is our purpose to lay some of the letters that may be addressed to us upon this subject, before our readers; and we would be particularly glad to have the views of some of the leading members of the Legislature, of course without regard to party.

F. B. Minor

THE SOCIETY OF ALUMNI OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA. *F. B. M.*

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF ALUMNI OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA. On the 4th of July, 1844. BY FRANKLIN MINOR.

It is not too late, we trust, to notice this excellent address, whose perusal has in a great degree compensated us for the loss we sustained in not being able to mingle with our brethren, at their last meeting. We were with them in spirit, and deeply regretted our inability to add another to their number. We look upon the Society of Alumni as yet destined to exert a happy influence not only upon the fame and usefulness of their "Alma Mater," but also upon the cause of Education in this and other States. This may require time, but they may even now begin to "sow in hope." Mr. Minor's address is far above the rank of such productions generally, and he was judicious in abandoning the vague declamation and unprofitable generalities of such occasions, and discussing some tangible question, useful in its application. His subject, "National and individual honor," was highly appropriate and illustrated with ability, force and beauty. The distinction between "glory" and "honor" is well drawn, and nations and individuals earnestly persuaded to seek *glory* only in the paths of *honor*. We thank him also for enforcing the great truth that Religion is the only basis of National happiness and prosperity.

Though prevented from meeting our brethren around the family altar and sharing their worship, their joys and their labors, we rejoiced in the opportunity soon afterwards of bowing at the dear old shrine. A tide of delightful reminiscences flowed in, as we revisited the scenes of former labors, pleasures and emulous struggles. The improvements about the University, the substantial enclosure, and above all the convenient Chappel were

eminently gratifying. We do devoutly hope, that the visitors and her Alumni will make her welfare an object of their chief solicitude and exertion; that her faculty may soon be complete and efficient, and her halls filled to overflowing with gifted youths ambitious of virtue and knowledge. With her endowment, the distinguished auspices under which she was founded, and the extent and splendor of her accommodations, her career should be conspicuous, and a source of pride to all her sons.

DESULTORY NOTES ON DESULTORY READING.

Literary Remains of Willis Gaylord Clark; Guide to Laurel Hill Cemetery; Grave-Yards in Towns; "Melisinda," a poem, a specimen of fine writing; The Prince de Joinville's Note on the State of the French Navy; Navy of the United States; The Pride of the Nation; The Estimated value of Science; Warming Dwellings by Hot Water; Effects Produced by Breathing Air Heated by Stoves, Illustrated; Jeaffreson on Diseases of the Eye.

The tomb is a great sanctifier of men's good works; it obliterates the minor blemishes and asperities which belong, to a greater or less extent, to poor human nature. The works of an author are often enhanced by his death, especially if he die young, while yet a promising but unblown bud; his works are read without jealousy, or envy, or rivalry, for who can experience an emotion of jealousy, or envy, or rivalry, connected with the offspring, or outpourings of a soul that has gone from our midst. Those who have a bias towards the perusal of "Literary Remains" will read with pleasure the "Literary Remains of the Late Willis Gaylord Clark," alias, the pleasant Ollapod. Alas! Clark has gone! The gentle, the affectionate, the pure-minded aspirant of earthly honors, and yet the pious, cheerful Christian. We knew him; and admired the sprightly simplicity of tone which characterized his well-stored intellect. There is a beauty, a charm about this collection of Clark's writings, enhancing their value, perhaps even above their intrinsic literary merit. It is derived from the vein of affection running through the whole of his works; and then there is something touching in the fact that a twin brother shows his strong love for the departed by bringing together the scattered pieces of prose and verse of one who died too young,—for the pleasure of others and his own solid fame. "Death, the pale messenger, has beckoned him silently away; and the spirit which kindled with so many elevated thoughts; which explored the chambers of human affection, and awakened so many warm sympathies, has ascended to mansions of eternal repose." He has obeyed the law of nature, and he has been fortunate to have kindled affections to record his obedience and weep aloud for his departure. How many obey this law and leave none to note their entrance to the tomb, or point out the good they have done to their fellow men! We thank thee, Lewis, most heartily and sincerely for publishing this volume.

GUIDE TO LAUREL HILL CEMETERY.—A beautiful volume of royal octavo size, containing 160 pages, elegantly printed and illustrated by many excellent wood cuts and well-executed lithographs. Besides descriptions and views of many monuments, and a history of Laurel Hill Cemetery, it contains a history of the group of statuary, by Thorne, of "old mortality," his pony and Walter Scott. There is also a selection of various articles in prose and verse relating to the Cemetery. We learn that the mortal remains of the following distinguished persons repose at Laurel Hill. **GODFREY**, the inventor of the Quadrant; **General HUGH MERCER** of Fredericksburg, Va., who was killed in the battle of Princeton; **CHARLES THOMPSON**, the first, and long the confidential Secretary of the Continental Congress; **COMMODORE HULL**; **COMMODORE MURRAY**; **M. MORGAN**, M. D. a surgeon in the Navy, distinguished by his public services and great private worth; **JOSEPH S. LEWIS**, the originator of the Fairmount water works; **JULIUS R. FRIEDLANDER**, Principal of the Pennsylvania institution of the Blind from its foundation; **JOHN VAUGHAN**, whom every body knew; and **ADAM WALDIE** the publisher of the well known "circulating Library." The list of lot holders includes at least a thousand names, among whom are many of the distinguished citizens of Philadelphia. Already we have the tombs of great men in politics, in the Army, Navy, science, philanthropy and usefulness; and not many years hence Laurel Hill will be a place of pilgrimage almost, to visit the sepulchres of the great and good of our land. It is a place to be proud of not only by Philadelphia, but by the whole country, and he who devised and put into execution its plan deserves the thanks of his fellow citizens. It is a lovely spot, and the time will come when *Pere la Chaise* will not compare favorably with Laurel Hill. The author of the "Guide" has afforded a beautiful illustration of what Laurel Hill is, and all those whose affections have a sad remembrance there will be grateful for the work.

It is now pretty well settled that burial places in large towns are deleterious to the living. We find this subject mentioned by Edwin Chadwick in his "Report on the sanatory condition of the laboring population of Great Britain." He states, (see Medical Examiner of Philadelphia,) a remarkable circumstance:

"A bird fancier who lived near *Clare Market*, London, in a situation particularly exposed to the combined effluvia from a slaughter house and tripe factory, found he could not rear his birds in this place. Birds fresh from the country would die in a week. He had previously lived in the same neighborhood in a room over a crowded burial ground in Portugal street; at times in the morning he had seen a mist rise from the ground, and the smell was offensive. That place was equally offensive to his birds. On removing to another situation not exposed to such emanations, he was again able to raise birds."

The inference is plain, and there are strong reasons which might be urged in favor of extra-urban cemeteries, independent of the influences exerted by the gaseous matters escaping from grave-yards into the atmosphere breathed by the living.

MELZINGA; A SOUVENIR BY C. A. D.—New-York, 1845. A small gilt edge volume in pale sulphur colored paper binding. This volume is the

product of an elderly lady of fortune, who has been sorely afflicted by two very distressing maladies, from which she never can recover in all human probability. She evidently has the *cacoethes scribendi* very badly, which has been superinduced by a very lasting affection not easy to name or describe. The character of the disease, however, so closely resembles that known under the vulgar expression, "troubled with the fools," that a sagacious person would find great difficulty in distinguishing them.

Whether the authoress has children or not we do not know, but to judge from this literary effort we should set her down as one fitted "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer." The volume contains some contributions from J. Q. Adams, E. Everett and L. M. Sargent, which are not exactly poetic *byjoux*. As a favorable specimen of the lady's poetic powers, we submit the following:

"No church without a bishop!

No state without a king!

No poet in America

This doleful change to ring:

"Her rivers flow, her mountains rise,

Her valleys swell in sweet surprise.

'Tis the roaring of John Bull I hear,

He fills my mind with wondrous fear,

"That after all his pious care,

His feeble offspring to prepare

For Life's noble duties,

They should pour forth such feeble ditties.

"Brother Jonathan can fight,

But alas, alas, he cannot write—

In the field of battle, alack, alack,

He's often cast the furious bull flat upon his back."

After this specimen it may be well to mention that the book was got up by subscription; no body has published it, and any publisher would have risked too much in such an undertaking, both in fame and fortune. We recommend the lady's friends to watch her carefully and not permit her mind to be exposed again naked to the public. Paper, ink and pen should be kept out of her reach, for with such powers and such a disposition to use them, it is impossible to forestel the deep distress she may bring upon the public, to say nothing of those who become her supporters, by subscription. She ought to be taught that the possession of wealth does not authorize a woman to exhibit her folly to the world of letters. She would do well in future to submit and defer to the opinion of her male literary friends all her own productions before she commits them to the printer.

NOTE SUR L'ETAT DES FORCES NAVALES DE LA FRANCE.—A pamphlet of 40 octavo pages attributed to the Prince de Joinville. The author assumes that in as much as England is the first naval power in the world, and as France is deficient in many essential points in her navy, the British navy should be a criterion for that of the French. He urges that a naval force moved entirely, or at least in part, by steam, is peculiarly adapted to the genius of the French nation, whose commercial marine is too limited to furnish seamen in sufficient numbers for the navy. But in steam ships of war, very few professional sailors comparatively are needed, and at a moment's notice, regiments of soldiers may be embarked to manage the batteries and do the fighting. He condemns the practice of building small

vessels under the name of larger; that is, a frigate should mean a vessel say of 50 or 60 guns, and never of 30 or 40, and so of other classes.

He urges too, that when one nation builds vessels of sixty guns called frigates, it is vain for another nation to build frigates of fifty guns to cope with them. England is preparing a large steam force, therefore France ought to build an equally powerful steam navy—may we not ask why the United States should not also make similar preparations.

Our navy is being reduced; ships of the line have been withdrawn from active service, and many if not all frigates are to be laid up, leaving sloops of war as the emblems of our naval force abroad. This our pride may learn to bear, but continue the plan for only a few years, and the navy will have few officers whose experience would give them confidence in the management of a frigate, or ship of the line. A man might be a most admirable seaman in a schooner, brig or sloop of war, whose qualities would fail to bear him out in the management of a large frigate, a ship of the line, or a squadron. I should dislike to trust myself at sea in the *Pennsylvania*, commanded by a man who had never sailed or served in a ship larger than a sloop of war. Mr. Editor, let some of your nautical correspondents take up the subject and answer me the question; Is it fair to suppose that officers who have obtained their professional education in small vessels only, and who have never disciplined a crew of over two hundred, are able to manage frigates and ships of the line, with crews of 500 and 1000 men, as well as if their professional career had given them experience in large ships? Do merchants ever select to command large packet ships, men who have only sailed in pilot boats and schooners?

What is this nation proud of? What does the nation hold to be above a money value? Is it any art, or science, or superiority, or excellence in any branch of human knowledge? Does the nation feel itself degraded by being under the necessity of sending to Europe for optical instruments, whether telescopes for our observatories, or microscopes for the close observance of organic matter? Is it any reflection upon us that the nautical almanac, essential to the navigator, is produced in England, and we are not yet scientific enough, or what is the same thing, there is not confidence enough among our navigators to trust to the science and printing of a nautical almanack from American hands? Is it any reflection upon our practical knowledge of working iron that English rail road iron is preferred to our own manufacture? Do we trust to American chronometers? Have we ever made a watch from the rough material? Do we encourage men to seek perfection or perfectibility in any sort, or any branch of human knowledge? Is there any proper reward for excellence in any human pursuit offered by this nation or its public opinion? What is the ambition of the nation, the people of the United States? Money making facilities occupy a great deal of our thoughts, and hence it is that, inasmuch as perfection in any art requires long and arduous toil, and as time and labor must be paid for, in some manner, we shrink from the cost of perfection.

We were struck with the value set upon science, in reading, a few days since, a prospectus of a proposed American Steam Navigation Company. To provoke men to buy the stock, an estimate of the

cost of building, equipping and sailing an Atlantic steam ship of 2000 tons was stated. The pay of the captain \$120 per month, first mate \$60, chief engineer \$80, third engineer \$40, carpenter \$25, steward \$25, cook \$22, and surgeon \$40 per month!

Let all young men who aspire to the distinguished honors of surgery and medicine, reflect that their services are worth forty dollars per month, that is, just eighteen dollars more than a cook, fifteen more than a carpenter, and half as much as the superintendent of a steam engine. Is this a sufficient sum to tempt a young man of education and talent to engage in the study of such a science as that of medicine and surgery? Is \$480 a year a compensation to tempt a trustworthy surgeon to leave the shore for a sea life? Would any man who can pay \$125 for being carried across the Atlantic, be willing to trust his life, in case of necessity, to any surgeon, (so called,) whose knowledge and skill would not be worth more than \$480 a year? We hope the passengers would think their lives worth more than such a risk.

The scheme estimates an annual net profit of \$102,042. Let us suggest to the company, that out of all this annual profit a salary of \$100 a month, with boarding or rations in addition, would be little enough for the services of a surgeon who could be trusted to amputate a limb or set a fracture at sea. We adduce this as an example of the little value set upon science by the people of the United States, as well as the small liberality experienced by medical men at the hands of a money making people. We think too much of money, and on this account the navy is to be permitted to go down to a dozen sloops of war and schooners. It costs so much money to sail frigates and ships of the line.

I repeat the question, what is this nation honestly proud of? Is it not cheap government, and its numerous, great politicians by profession?

HOOD ON WARMING BUILDINGS BY HOT WATER. London, 1837.—The best and most economical means of securing a comfortable temperature in dwellings and public buildings of all kinds is a subject worthy the attention of the inhabitants of a region like that of our middle States. Indeed a great deal has been thought on the subject, and a great many experiments have been made. Many plans have been for a time approved and subsequently rejected or abandoned for improved methods.

The various means of warming buildings for human comfort and protection may be briefly enumerated. The hearth and wood fire, wood stoves of various descriptions; grates for burning bituminous and anthracite coals; stoves for the same kind of fuel; hot-air furnaces or stoves, gas stoves; and the circulation of steam and hot water by means of iron pipes laid through the building to be heated.

Wood fires are cheerful, but too expensive in cities and inappropriate to large apartments. They seem, however, not to exercise any injurious influence upon the atmosphere, and what is of very great importance, they contribute to ventilation. Similar remarks apply to bituminous coals burned in open grates. Anthracite fires in open grates, without the power of warming comfortably in all its extent a large apartment, dry the air to such a degree as to render it exceedingly oppressive to the respiration of many individuals.

The effect of highly heated iron stoves on the

atmospheric air is injurious, by robbing it of its moisture, by decomposing a part of it, and by burning various particles always in the atmosphere, as well as the various gaseous matters, constantly escaping from the human body into it. By the heat of the iron these matters are resolved or converted into various gases, which, although in small volume, are more or less prejudicial to the health of those breathing them. The air undergoes a change by passing over intensely heated metallic surfaces, which is one reason, if not the reason, why many persons find apartments heated by hot air as unsupportable as they do the open anthracite fire. The exact nature of this change has not been ascertained; there is little doubt, however, that both its chemical and electrical conditions are different from those of air in the natural state.

As an illustration of the prejudicial influence of the change alluded to, we quote the following, taken by Mr. Hood from the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society—

"A quantity of air which had been made to pass through red-hot iron and brass tubes, was collected in a glass receiver and allowed to cool. A large cat was then plunged into this factitious air, and immediately she fell into convulsions, which, in a minute, appeared to leave her without any signs of life. She was, however, quickly taken out and placed in the fresh air, when, after some time, she began to move her eyes, and, after giving two or three hideous squalls, appeared slowly to recover. But on any person approaching her she made the most violent efforts her exhausted strength would allow to fly at them, inasmuch that in a short time no one could approach her. In about half an hour she recovered and then became as tame as before."

There is very little reason to doubt that a similar effect would have been witnessed had the subject of the experiment been a human being instead of a cat. The sense of tightness across the forehead, giddiness and constraint of respiration experienced by nervous individuals upon entering apartments heated by air, dried by hot iron stoves, or anthracite fires, or furnaces, may be referred to the change alluded to above.

To obviate this difficulty it is only necessary to contrive a stove or heating apparatus which will warm the air of a room to 70° or 75° Fahrenheit, without becoming itself hotter than boiling water or 212° of Fahrenheit's thermometer. In very cold weather this can only be done by extending the surface from which the heat is communicated to the air, or in other words, augmenting the size of the stove to dimensions far beyond those now in ordinary use.

The rapid circulation of water at a temperature of from 180° to 200° through iron pipes of from one to four inches in diameter, furnishes perhaps the very best means of obtaining the least objectionable kind of warmth for inhabited apartments. The principle of circulating water is very simple. Cold water is heavier than hot water, and the apparatus is so contrived that the water finds its way back to the boiler in consequence of increasing its weight by losing its warmth. The principle is illustrated on a small scale by the not unfrequent plan of supplying hot water to bath rooms, remote from the kitchen, by means of what is known by the name of "hot water back," placed behind or above the kitchen fire.

In London the hot water apparatus is extensively used in private dwellings. In the United States we see it chiefly in hot-houses, conservatories and some few public establishments. It is particularly

well adapted to warming hospitals, asylums for children, prisons, insane establishments, &c., because there is no access to fire, no smoke, nor dust, and the consumption of fuel is considerably less.

There are various plans for employing hot water as a means of heating. One set of plans provide for the circulation by taking advantage of the difference of weight between hot and cold water, and the other plans all circulate the hot water by pressure, procured by heating water to a very high temperature, from 275° to 375° and even 400°, in a hermetically sealed apparatus. This latter plan has many advocates, but is objected to on the ground that it dries the air, is liable to leakage and explosion, and consumes more fuel.

Heating by steam is also practiced to some extent but is liable to similar objections. The sealed apparatus patented by Perkins, is in operation in a part of the New York Custom-House, and is spoken of in terms of high approbation.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON DISEASES OF THE EYE.—By William Jeaffreson, &c. 8 vo. p.p. 307. London, 1844.

"Meadows of margin and rivulets of print" on white paper produce a pretty book. Mr. Jeaffreson was surgeon of the Bombay Eye Infirmary in the Hon. East India Company's service, and wrote this volume to show up the results of twenty-five years practice and the treatment of fifty thousand cases of diseases of the eye. He seems to have been highly successful, and much esteemed, for on taking his departure from the Presidency of Bombay, the Parsee and other Indian inhabitants of the city expressed their regret in a complimentary letter, from which we extract the following sentence:

"As a token of our affectionate remembrance and gratitude, we beg your acceptance of a piece of plate of the value of three hundred guineas, which we hope will in after life afford you some pleasure, as having been presented to you by those who appreciated your virtues and had experienced your fostering care."

From such an announcement we expected something rarely excellent, but the work contains scarcely any thing that is not found in similar works, except self-glorification. It will not be republished we guess on this side of the Atlantic.

So much for you Mr. Editor and for your readers. Let them take my hints and save or spend their money accordingly as they deem best. I have endeavored to open their eyes to their interests in a branch of literature, and I trust that not in vain will be the warnings of

NEW-YORK, Sept. 1, 1844.

HOLGARAN.

Dr. Ruschenberger

THE HONORS OF POESY—TO WOMAN.

Must the warm, beating heart be crushed,

Ere richest odors may be breathed!

Joy's gladsome notes in wo be hushed!

The brow grow pale ere 'tis inwreathed!

Doth grief alone call forth the lay

For which the world entwines the bay!

Look at a Hemans' lonely part!

How sadly, mournfully, each line

Doth tell the deep void of the heart—
Its yearnings ever to intwine
Its weakness round some faithful stem,
For which to earn the diadem.

Look at a Landon! meeting death
In awful and forbidden form,
When she had found her orange wreath
Might not defy a tropic storm;
And this because the heart too long
Had borne the burden lone of song.

Look at a Norton! drop by drop,
Distilling balm from bitterest herb—
Strewn, too, by one whose oath to prop
Grew into purpose to disturb:
A childless mother, in her pain
Dying, resigned, "God doth remain!"

O, dear bought triumph! ask it not,
Ye who in humble peace may dwell!
O be content with your sweet lot,
Nor ask to strike the tuneful shell!
A May-day Queen, for one day long,
Is happier than the Queen of Song!

CYLLENE.

Milvale, New-York.

Notices of New Works.

Our table contains some works deserving a more extended notice, than we shall be able to give them. Oftentimes nothing but an extended review can impart much information as to the contents of a work. Our bibliographical notices are designed to impart a knowledge of the current publications, with some idea of their merits and character; and from the nature of the case must generally be brief.

LEA & BLANCHARD: PHILADELPHIA. 1844.

Have, through Messrs. Drinker and Morris, sent us the following:

LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD, TO SIR HORACE MANN, his Britannic Majesty's resident at the court of Florence, from 1760 to 1785. Concluding series, 2 vols.

The first volume of these agreeable and instructive letters was issued some months ago, and many of our readers have become acquainted with them, either through that volume, or the English and American notices of the work. The letters to Sir Horace Mann, in the volume before us, extend from 1776 to Sir Horace's death, in 1788. These are followed by letters to George Selwyn, the duke and duchess of Gloucester and the Rev. W. Mason. The volume also contains a Memoir relative to Walpole's income, "short notices" of his life and a description of his villa, Strawberry Hill, which is so frequently mentioned in his correspondence; all of which are by the Earl himself. The letters to Sir Horace Mann contain much interesting information of the times, and very constant notices of our struggle for Independence. Walpole's sentiments were quite liberal and he often speaks freely in condemning the course of England. The style of the letters is familiar and often humorous and readily engages the attention of the reader.

The author is rather minute and prolix, and his letters have hence been compared to the "Annual Register" and "Hansard's Debates."

We commend the work to our readers. It is handsomely gotten up, and bound in cloth.

THE HISTORY OF CHIVALRY, OR KNIGHTHOOD AND ITS TIMES. BY CHARLES MILLS. Author of the History of the Crusades, &c., &c.

This is another work of the valuable "Library of Standard Literature;" and is to be followed by Niebuhr's Rome, Ranke's celebrated Histories of the Popes, the Reformation, and the Ottoman and Spanish Empires, and the works of Proctor, Guizot, Wrexall and others.

We rejoice to see some indication of a revival of chivalry. Our times are sadly deficient in that spirit of gallantry, to which it gave rise, and we are sorely tempted here to indulge in a tirade upon the beaux of the present day. We commend to their selfish natures, the study and practice of chivalry. Especially let them read and ponder on Mr. Mills' chapter upon "Dames and Damsels and Lady-love." When the unfortunate Marie Antoinette fell, Burke eloquently declared that the days of chivalry were gone. Burke was a philosopher and a prophet. The days of chivalry are gone. The beaux of these latter times, (too many of them at least,) have laid aside chivalrous feelings of disinterested gallantry, and given themselves up to a species of genteel loafing and dignified ease-taking. Few pay their devoirs to the fair, but those who are "courting," and too many "court" only to mend their fortunes. "Dames," and a most worthy class of "damsels," politely called "wall flowers," because they are often too sensible for foolish chit chat, or not pretty enough to be flattered, are entirely neglected. Ladies escort themselves about—or take their little brothers, or elderly relatives with them; or send to some well known bachelor friend; whilst the beaux parade in double files and think it honor enough to condescend to talk to the ladies when they meet them, at parties and other places.

Out upon such craven laggards! Can't some Pope seize his pen? Can Salmagundi speak no more? If these gentlemen don't improve their gallantry, they shall feel the denunciations of chivalry, the displeasure of the fair and the bitter invectives of *B. B. M. American South.*

RELIGIO MEDICI. ITS SEQUEL, CHRISTIAN MORALS. BY SIR THOMAS BROWNE. Kt. M. D. With resembling passages from Cowper's Task and a verbal index.

These two works contain a mine of wisdom and truth from which many subsequent writers have dug some of their richest ore. Religio Medici seems to have been one of the favorite companions of the poet Cowper, whose poem, the Task, contains many passages bearing a striking resemblance to parts of it. These are all collected by the Editor at the close of this volume. Sir Thomas evinces much reflection and no little learning; and the perusal of this little volume will exert a good influence upon the mind and character of the attentive reader.

THE KITCHEN AND FRUIT GARDENER, A SELECT MANUAL OF KITCHEN GARDENING AND CULTURE OF FRUITS. The whole adapted to the climate of the United States.

This is a very useful little work, intended as a companion for "The Complete Florist," and the other household volumes, recently issued by the same publishers.

THE CYCLOPEDIA OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE, Edited by Dunglison, has now reached its XI. No. To be completed in 24 parts, 50 cents each. It will constitute a library of itself.

THE MEDICAL STUDENT, OR AIDS TO THE STUDY OF MEDICINE. A revised and modified edition. By ROBLEY DUNGLISON, M. D.

A work well worthy of the careful examination of Medi-

cal Students and those who are soon to assemble in this city will do well to procure it from Drinker and Morris.

HARPER & BROTHERS. NEW-YORK, 1844.

PICTORIAL BIBLE. We have received the 7th, 8th and 9th No.'s of this splendid illuminated Edition of the Bible, through Messrs. Randolph & Co., and Drinker & Morris.

THE SPOON. No. 4. From Randolph & Co. This is a very curious book, containing much that it is singular any man should have treasured up. It is attributed in New York to Mr. Eubank, the author of a late very valuable work upon Hydraulics. He is a sort of scientific antiquarian, taking great pleasure in investigations, that would hardly be thought of by another.

A GRAMMAR OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE, principally from the German of Kühner, with selections from Matthiæ, Buttman, Thiersch and Rost. For the use of schools and colleges. By Charles Anthon, LL. D.

This Grammar comes out under well known, excellent auspices; and seems to supply a hiatus that has been a cause of stumbling to many students of the Greek language. Hitherto, many students have jumped at once from Valpy to Buttman, or perhaps to Matthiæ. The wide chasm between these has not only been filled up by the work before us, but Prof. Anthon's known judgment and ability have been employed in embodying in it what was most useful in the works of these and other eminent German grammarians. J. W. Randolph & Co. have it.

SCENES, INCIDENTS AND ADVENTURES IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN, or the Islands of the Australasian Seas, during the cruise of the clipper Margaret Oakley, under Captain Benjamin Morrell. Clearing up the mystery which has heretofore surrounded this famous expedition, and containing a full account of the exploration of the Bidera, Papua, Bandor, Mindora, Sooloo and China Seas, the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the islands, and a description of vast regions never before visited by civilized man. BY THOMAS JEFFERSON JACOBS. Illustrated by numerous engravings.

The contents of this volume correspond with the above title. We have seen a notice of it, in which some "old tar" impugned the credibility of its statements. They are truly striking and wonderful, but we have long since learned not to doubt things from their apparent improbability. The most authentic narrations would at once stamp such a course with folly. Still it may be well carefully to canvass the marvellous and the pretended "hitherto unknown." If Mr. Jacobs' accounts be authentic, they are worthy of serious examination. We can only mention a few things that struck us. In the first place he became connected with the expedition by fraud and stealth. Morrell, offended because two agents or supercargoes had been sent out with him, seems too easily to have satisfied himself with his determination to abuse the confidence that had been reposed in him by the outfitters of the expedition; and the author, after all, by no means "clears up the mystery that has surrounded this famous expedition." He expressly abstains from making disclosures; and contents himself with some very general vindications of Morrell—that he was not so bad a man as had been represented. Of what occurred after he left the Oakley, in China, he relates little except her loss. Papua, Bidera, &c. are said to be native names for New Guinea, New Britain, &c. which lie in the Pacific Ocean, just under the equator, and N. E. of New Holland. The explorations of the Oakley also extended out into the circumjacent seas, and to islands said to have been by her first discovered. The manners and customs of the islanders are full of interest. Here we must condemn the course often avowedly pursued towards the natives and the unnecessary

effusion of human blood. In some of the islands there were evidences of a considerable progress in Arts, and traditions of valleys inhabited by men in an advanced state of civilization. The author indulges in some speculations as to the settlement of these islands, in connection with the peopling of America. Some of the islanders are said to have been circumcised.

The visit to the English settlements on New Holland is interesting. The English do not occupy the most fertile parts of this Southern Continent, and the attention of colonists is directed towards it. The Australian islands are represented as perfect paradises, the climate being most delicious and salubrious, and nature furnishing a superfluity of the greatest luxuries.

The publishers have well contributed by print, style and embellishment to render the volume attractive.

MCCULLOCH'S GAZETTEER. No.'s XVI and XVII, received through Randolph & Co.

We can only slip in the receipt of the following works sent us by Drinker and Morris, just as we were closing for the month. **NEAL'S HISTORY OF THE PURITANS.** Part VII. **SELECT NOVELS No. 3,** containing "Tales of Glasper Spa," by Miss Sedgwick, and Messrs. Paulding, Bryant, Sands and Leggett; **THE WANDERING JEW,** by M. Eugene Sue. No. 2; and **KRITH'S LAND OF ISRAEL,** with maps and many beautiful embellishments, gotten up in Harper style, and bound in cloth.

WILEY & PUTNAM. NEW-YORK, 1844.

The extensive catalogue of this large house is on our table. Hitherto they have been engaged almost exclusively in the importation of English books, of which they have kept one of the finest and best assortments in this country. We are pleased to learn that they are now turning their attention to publication. They have already made some very neat issues of excellent works; among which is a beautiful illustrated edition of Downing's Landscape Gardening, the theory and practice of which we heartily commend to all of our readers, who can at all afford it.

HEWET'S PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE. Edited by Verplanck.

Our last No.'s of this rich work, up to No. 18, in continuation of Romeo and Juliet, keep up their wonted taste and beauty.

Juliet. "Was ever book * * *

So fairly bound!"

Act. iii. 2

King Lear has since arrived in Royal Style. Vide No.'s 20 and 21.

THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF CHRISTIAN BALLADS. Edited by the Rev. Rufus W. Griswold. Lindsay and Blakiston. Philadelphia, 1844. This is one of the richest and most brilliant works of which the American press can boast. As a specimen of typographical embellishment it is of surpassing beauty. It is also illustrated with engravings printed in tints and in Gold; and the ballad gems fully correspond with the elegance of their setting. They are drawn from the greatest variety of authors, and those of the highest excellence. The design of the work, literary and artistical, deserves all praise and the execution is worthy of the design. Call on Drinker & Morris.

THE CHARLESTON BOOK. S. Hart, Sr., an enterprising book-dealer, of Charleston, South Carolina, is about to issue a large and tasteful volume, with the above title. Its design is similar to that of works, heretofore published in the Northern Cities. It will be beautifully gotten up and bound, and will contain choice productions, in prose and verse, by the numerous amateur and professional authors, who have shed such a lustre upon the literary character of Charleston. Our knowledge of many of the contributors and of the proprietor warrants us in promising something rare in the proposed work. The subscription price is only \$2.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

NOVEMBER, 1844.

GERTRUDE; A NOVEL.

CHAPTER III.

Judge N. B. Tucker

At length the day came, as come it must, which had been fixed for Gertrude's departure. But the fate of Empires has depended on the weather; and though the Almanac-maker knows certainly that Saturday will follow Friday, he cannot be sure when rain may follow sunshine. So it was that the dreaded day was one of storm so furious, that none but a madman would leave his home in such weather, except on business of life and death. Gertrude of course remained where she was. Not so Henry. The business of his court was done; and he had retired to his bed the night before, full of the thought that, on the morrow, his beloved Gertrude would leave his father's roof and go forth into new scenes, to form new friendships and to encounter new influences on which his fate might depend. To-morrow he would return, and she his companion, his sweet confiding friend, the beloved of his heart, would not be there to welcome him. There was no anodyne in such fancies, and, in feverish impatience, he revolved the thought, that if the night were long enough, he would yet see her before her departure. Midnight was past, and presently the rain, driven by the wind, came pattering against his window. He looked out upon the night. It was dismal and terrible. But the stern voice of the blast was not uncongenial to his feelings, and he again threw himself on his bed, soothed by the tumult of the elements. He was sinking to sleep, and fancy, mounting her throne of dreams, began, as usual, to mingle her imaginary creations with the realities of the scene. The form, which had indistinctly floated before his waking eye, now became palpable. Gertrude was before him bonneted and cloaked, and the coach was at the door. But the storm would make itself heard by the sleeper; and she seemed to be aware of it too, and she looked up to the clouds, and a smile was on her lip at the thought of spending

another day in the home of her youth, and the bonnet was laid aside, and the coach drove empty from the door. He awoke with a start, and sprang to his feet; his horse was ordered, and, tossing a dollar to the ostler, he sprang into the saddle, and soon disappeared in the thick darkness.

The night had again come down. The clouds had disappeared, the stars shone bright, and every thing gave promise of a "glorious morrow." Mr. and Mrs. Austin had retired for the night and Gertrude sat alone in the drawing-room, engaged in one of those pretty occupations which ladies know how to make so graceful and becoming. In short, she was drawing, and as her work grew under her hands, her eye brightened, and a smile of pleasure was on her lip. The sketch was finished; she gazed on it tenderly; then pressed it to her heart, while a tear stole down her cheek. She looked up, and the original stood before her. She screamed with delight, and, yielding to the influence of long habit, threw herself into his arms. In a moment she recovered her self-possession, disengaged herself, and, blushing deeply, resumed her seat on the sofa.

Henry placed himself by her side, and, taking her hand in his, bowed his head upon it, and pressed it to his forehead and his lips. His spirit yearned to prostrate itself before her, and every action spoke its yearning. A deportment so new, surprised, but it reassured her, and, when at length he spoke, her faculties were all under command.

"Dear Gertrude," he said, "how fortunate I am to find you alone! You have not misunderstood what I said to you at parting, and now I come to ask whether your heart has taught you to rejoice that I am not your brother?"

"O, Henry! how can you ask such a question! Rejoice that you are not my brother! No, indeed,

for if you were my brother, what more on earth should I have to wish for?"

This was a turn for which he was entirely unprepared; for the coarseness of man's nature does not understand how the love of woman can take such a form. "I do not understand you," said he, "your words seem to sound the knell of my hopes, and yet there is something in them that might awaken hope, though it were dead."

"You do not understand me! Should I not then have a protector? Would not your home be mine? There would be no need that we should ever part, and I am sure that I should never wish to leave you. But now they tell me I *must* marry somebody, to provide myself a protector and a home."

"And whom, dearest, should you marry, but him from whom you never wish to part?"

"Aye, Henry! But I must not marry you, because we are both poor."

"And is this the only reason?"

"Certainly. What other could there be? Whom is there, besides my mother, that I love half so well? What society affords me so much pleasure as yours! And what more would be necessary to the happiness of my life, than to be always near you? Were you indeed my brother, I should have an answer to all importunities about marriage. I should not want to marry any body. I do not want to marry any body. But they are always telling me that I must marry, and that I must marry a rich man. But there is something horrid in the thought of marrying any man that I do not love, and I cannot see any reason for loving a man just because he is rich."

"God, I thank thee," exclaimed Henry fervently, "for this proof that all my power over the feelings of this noble creature, has left her pure as she came from thy hands! Dear Gertrude, it was not to obtain any pledge from you, that I sought this interview. It was to ascertain the state of your feelings toward me. As yet you do not understand them fully, but I do. You love me, Gertrude, as woman can never love more than one, and with a love that would make it sinful to marry any other. You love me with that love, which God himself implants in the pure heart, and by which he makes them one who were before twain. This is that mysterious union which he forbids man to violate, and while the sentiments you have just avowed, reign in your bosom, none but I can be your husband in *His* sight. I do not ask you to promise to marry me. I do not ask you to promise not to marry any other man. But, in the name of God, I *charge* you, never to give your hand to any one whom you do not love with the same hallowed affection you now feel for me. On my part, in the face of High Heaven, I here devote myself to you. Whether I become your husband, or not, for you alone will I live. To your service will I devote all my powers. If my labors can purchase for you

all the comforts and enjoyments of life, they shall be yours. If it has pleased God to endow me with faculties, which may make your preference honorable to you, I will exert them to the uttermost in that cause. I will seek distinction. I will win honors and you shall wear them as a garland. I will strive

'To make thee famous, with my pen,
And glorious, with my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
As ne'er was done before.
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.'

And I will die an hundred thousand deaths, ere break the smallest parcel of this vow! God of the just and pure in heart, hear and record it!"

Gertrude was completely borne away by the energy of this language, and the fervor of Henry's manner. She threw herself on his bosom, and then, lifting her streaming eyes to his face, she cried, "and I too on my part."

"No, my Gertrude, make no vow. Let me not now, for the first time, have to reproach myself with having come between you and your duty to your mother. I am willing to trust my hopes of happiness to the constancy of your affection, the purity of your heart, and the soundness of your principles. Should your affections ever fix upon another, it would be as sinful to marry me, as it would now be to marry any one else. Should you ever so change, as to be capable of marrying another, while your heart is mine, my vow will remain on the registry of Heaven, and it shall be fulfilled; but I will see you no more. The glorious being, that I now fold to my bosom, I shall ever wear in my heart; but I shall give no sigh to the polluted wretch that sells herself for gold. Pardon me, dearest," he added, as he felt her shrieking in his arms; "I speak only of that which is impossible. There is nothing sordid in your nature, and all that there may be of elevation in the sentiments I have just uttered, is derived from my communion with you. I have but given voice to the thoughts that lie deep in your heart of hearts. You need no vow to bind you to fulfil its dictates, and the instincts of your nature. From all but these you are free. Remain so. God is with you. He loves the pure in heart. Put your trust in him, and he will protect and guide you."

Gertrude never felt before how deeply and fervently she loved; and, in all the warmth of her innocent heart, she poured forth her tenderness into Henry's bosom, and retired to her chamber the happiest creature upon earth. The delicious mystery of Love was disclosed. The treasures of the heart were unlocked. The fountains of the great deep of bliss were broken up, and she seemed to float on a shoreless Ocean of delight. She now thought of her intended journey, if not without regret, at least with complacency. It presented

nothing to awaken hope or apprehension. Go where she might, Henry would be ever present with her, and she with him. She felt as if, with his burning words, his exalted and intrepid spirit had entered into her soul, and become a part of her. She felt that God indeed had made them one, and her heart rejected, as adulterous, any thought which would not have been pardonable, had her faith been plighted at the altar, in the face of Heaven and earth.

In a review of what had passed, Henry saw no thing that it seemed his duty to reveal to his father. He had brought Gertrude under no engagement. He had merely devoted himself to a course of life, and a purpose which others might deem romantic and extravagant, perhaps presumptuous, and there was no need that any other should be admitted to his thoughts, and put in condition to compare his high aspirations with the feeble and unavailing efforts to which they might prompt. His secret was hid in his bosom ; and it could only be seen that, from that night, his views were loftier, his purposes more definite, his measures bolder, his spirit more enthusiastic, and his whole character roused to new energy. A force of mind, not before suspected, was developed ; and he rushed forward in the career of life with a vigor and rapidity, compared with which his former progress seemed but the measured step with which the racer advances to the starting post.

CHAPTER IV.

A cordial and flattering welcome awaited Gertrude in Washington. Her aunt, Mrs. Pendarvis, perfectly understood the situation and circumstances of Dr. Austin and his family, and was well aware that her sister was desirous that her daughter's career should speedily terminate in marriage to a man of worth and especially of wealth. This wish, so natural and so reasonable, Mrs. Pendarvis saw no reason to condemn, and was happy in an opportunity to aid in its accomplishment by any honorable means. To her therefore, at her own request, had been committed the task of ordering dresses and selecting jewels. In each of these a sumptuary limit had been prescribed, Mrs. Pendarvis claiming, in every particular, the right to transcend it at her own expense, and Mrs. Austin being quite willing that she should do so. Such, in the end, was the result of the magnificent tastes, and benevolent generosity of Mrs. Pendarvis, that Gertrude, who left at home nearly the whole of her simple country attire, found herself suddenly the mistress of a wardrobe splendid beyond her conception. She had never before visited a city ; but the intelligent and polished circle in which she moved at home, had made her familiar with all the established forms and maxims of general society.

Naturally graceful, whatever there might be of *gaucherie*, in her simple manners, seemed to become her. Stocks and posture-masters are for the use of the awkward, corsets, *toursures* and pads for the badly formed, and rouge and pearl-powder for those whose complexions need the aid of art. But the beautiful and graceful need no such sophistication, and the cheerful, amiable and intelligent, gifted by nature with acuteness and tact, are at once at home in every society. They conform to its laws as if in obedience to the promptings of instinct ; and their accidental departures from usage and convention, are received as improvements on established forms. The laws of society are like grammars and dictionaries of the vernacular tongue, made for the use of those who cannot learn the language without such aid. But the man of genius and taste knows that these works are based on the authorities of writers of the very class to which he belongs, and, without condescending to the instruction of pedagogues, takes his place among those who give the law to language—invents new idioms, and coins new words, and makes mankind his debtor, by giving a voice to thought not heard before. Thus, too, an elegant and accomplished woman places herself above the authority of forms and usages ; in departing from them she improves them ; she seems to “catch a grace beyond the reach of art” and becomes “the glass of fashion and the mould of form.”

Gertrude Courtney was one of these gifted beings, and the impression she made on the brilliant circle into which she was now introduced, filled her with delighted amazement. She was not—no woman can be—indifferent to such things ; and the first time that she retired to her chamber, after a fashionable *soirée* got up by her aunt to welcome her appearance ; as she stood before the glass to remove the ornaments from her jewelled hair, she started at beholding a form of light, that seemed to belong to another sphere. There it stood, robed in the hues of the sky, the cheek glowing with excitement, the lips smiling and parted, as if to utter the thoughts of a beatified spirit, and the eye beaming with unearthly brightness. Could this glorious image be the reflection of herself ! She must test the reality of what she saw. She smiled, and the smile was answered. She waved her snowy hand and rounded arm ; she parted the ringlets on her sunny brow. The figure did the same, and, in each action, displayed new beauties ; she stretched forth her arms as if to embrace the being that seemed rushing to meet her embrace ; but the envious glass interposed, and they folded on her bosom in all the rapture of delighted and innocent self-admiration.

In the thoughts of that delicious moment, Henry Austin had no part. In the figure before her, she saw nothing to identify it with the simple country girl, who, but three nights before, had rested her

head upon his trusting bosom. Then she thought all of him, and nothing of herself. Now, self was all in all, and he was forgotten.

Scarcely had she laid her head upon her pillow, when this reflection occurred to her, and bitterly did she weep at the thought. She had not been unfaithful to him, even in imagination; but she had forgotten him, and the disparaging comparisons, which she had expected to draw between him and those by whom she was now surrounded, had not been made. She had, in truth, been pleased—delighted. Some of the happiest moments of her life had passed, and no part of her happiness had flowed from him; and no care of his happiness had occupied her mind. She felt guilty, she knew not of what. She was sunk in her own estimation, for the moral reflection of herself, as seen in the stillness of the night, had none of the unearthly beauty of the figure she had beheld in her mirror. She shrunk from the thought of being continually exposed to influences which might change her into a being so different from that her Henry loved; and heartily did she wish that she had not given her promise to ride the next morning with Col. Harlston in his phaeton. But there was no retracting.

Colonel Harlston was a bachelor, in the prime of life, a member of Congress of respectable talents and unquestionable honor, handsome, of a high aristocratic family, agreeable manners and great wealth. His sense of these advantages was manifested no otherwise than by that quiet pride which sits so gracefully on a well bred and modest man, and is the surest indication of essential worth. In his feelings there was nothing mercenary, and the idea of any thing mercenary in affairs of the heart was abhorrent to his principles. He was the last man in the world to think of marrying beneath him, but in estimating the merit of a lady he was not one to take money into the account. In short, he was a man of high honor and great merit, and no mother could desire a more fortunate match for her daughter.

These qualities had already secured to him the friendship of Mrs. Pendarvis, and made him a favorite object of her extensive and elegant hospitality. He made one in all her parties; he had the *entrée* of her house; as he rose in her esteem her manner towards him daily wore more and more the air of kindness, until he had learned to look upon her as a sincere and valuable friend. In all this she had no views for herself or any other; but when the proposed visit of Gertrude was announced to her, it inevitably happened that she thought of the possibility that he might not be insensible to the charms of her niece. Of these indeed she had heard so much, that such a result seemed quite probable. The great difficulty, as she had learned from Mrs. Austin, was to find one capable of exciting an interest in the mind of the

young lady, and she was happy in the thought that her cherished friend, so endowed with the gifts of nature and fortune, might chance to make the desired impression.

The morning came and Gertrude looked in vain in her mirror for the same brilliant figure that had dazzled her eyes the night before. She was paler and her countenance was somewhat sad; but others might have seen, though she saw it not, a softened beauty in her meek and downcast eye, that might belong to that higher realm, where rapture is melted into holy bliss. She selected her simplest apparel; her hair was plainly parted on her brow; and she entered the breakfast-room, with an air so gentle, so modest, so humble, that Col. Harlston, who was already there, felt assured that the charms which had bewitched him the night before were but the least of her attractions. To his eye she seemed formed to realize the beautiful idea of the Scottish maiden, when, after having been bathed in the purifying waters of fairy-land, she returned to earth, freed from all the infirmities and passions of human nature.

In this mood Gertrude felt little interest in the business of the morning and promised herself no pleasure in the fashionable *dejeuner*, to be followed by a drive of all the assembled company, to see the little that is worth seeing, in that great city of dust and distances. But she rated her pretensions too low, to think that she had a right to yield to all the impulses of her feelings, and to suppose that others were bound to think her very agreeable, or even to bear with her, while doing nothing to contribute to the satisfaction of the party. She readily seconded the efforts of those who tried to rally her spirits, and was so far successful, that, by the time the equipages drove to the door, she had an eye to admire their splendor, and a heart to find pleasure in being whirled along in the most beautiful of old-fashioned vehicles, a phaeton drawn by four superb bays. When placed by Col. Harlston, she felt the propriety of cultivating such a state of feeling as might make her conversation agreeable to him; and thus her own sense of present duty engaged her to keep down those thoughts and sentiments, which, but the night before, she had fondly vowed to cherish at all times and under all imaginable circumstances. Thus it is that women, often placed, by causes over which they have no control, in false positions, are condemned to stifle their deepest convictions, and to disengage themselves for the time from those fixed principles of thought and action, so necessary to consistency, respectability and happiness. In his intercourse with the other sex, man is always the regulator of circumstances, and thus master of himself. He is free to choose his company, his occupations and amusements, all of which, in the case of a young woman, depend on the choice of others. Passive, yielding and accommodating from the necessity of

her position, the very excellence of her nature makes her the victim of the artful or inconsiderate measures of those who thus regulate her destiny.

In the conversation of Col. Harlston there was nothing of that rich fund of thought to which Gertrude was accustomed, and which made that of Henry at once interesting and instructive. Had it been so, it might have justified a more favorable opinion of him, but it might also more frequently have reminded her of the friend that was away, thus provoking comparisons, which partiality would not have failed to make disadvantageous to her companion. Had there been any thing to awaken tender and romantic sentiments, those sentiments would have carried her away to her rural home. She might have sighed, but her sighs would have been for Henry. But the small talk, the badinage, the railery, the little gossip, and all the conventionalities of a man of fashion had no such effect, and struggling as she did to shake off a load from her spirits, this strain of conversation was more amusing, and more acceptable than any other. She was wiled away from herself—cheated into self-complacency, and returned from her excursion with a heightened color, a brighter eye, and renovated spirits. She had found Col. Harlston very agreeable, but she felt that she only looked upon him as a gentleman and a pleasant companion, and that, even when most interested in his entertaining conversation, her thoughts had often turned to her lover. Thus finding nothing to reproach herself with, she was restored to perfect composure and serenity.

The afternoon was spent in writing to her mother. The thoughts uppermost in her mind were such as she dared not communicate, and the little occurrences of the day necessarily formed the staple of her letter. These it was not prudent to exhibit in the same light in which they appeared to her more sober thoughts. It was in better taste too to paint them *coulour de Rose*, and by doing this, their seducing influence on her mind was renewed and strengthened.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Pendarvis was a kind, benevolent woman, cheerful in temper, social, hospitable, bountiful. But she was a woman of the world. Society was the element necessary to her existence, and the laws of society were the laws of her second nature. The very kindness of heart, which made her seem indifferent to money, did but give her a deeper sense of its value. Her enjoyments were all expensive. She could neither indulge her hospitable spirit, nor advance the prosperity of a friend, nor do an act of charity without money. She was as free from selfishness as belongs to the nature of woman ; but the most disinterested do not

love misery, and, without the means of doing these things, she felt as if she must be miserable. So she thought in her own case, and so she was apt to think for others. She loved her sister. She remembered to have loved her niece as a child ; and now that she saw her an amiable, beautiful and fascinating woman, she found herself drawn toward her, almost with a mother's love. The heart puts forth its affections, like the filaments of a creeping plant, which stretch themselves around in quest of their appropriate objects. Not finding these, they wither and die ; but others again spring forth, and darkly grope after that to which they may cling. Such is the feeling of maternity. It belongs to the sex, and appears even in infancy. It next displays itself to younger brothers and sisters ; and to the last, it reconciles the unfortunate old maid to coldness and neglect, if she can but get leave to love the children of those who alight her. It preys upon the spirits of the childless wife, and suggests all sorts of caprices, and seeks a succedaneum sometimes in lap-dogs and kittens, sometimes in flowers, painting, embroidery, or any thing which may be recognized as its own creation. To such the desire to appropriate the children of others is irresistible, and a lovely orphan, or the child of a poor relation is received as a god-send.

It was this strong instinct, in the heart of Mrs. Pendarvis, that fastened upon Gertrude, who seemed designed by Providence to supply to her the place of children of her own, and her interest in the future welfare of the poor girl seemed hardly less intense than that of her own mother. She herself indeed lived in affluence, but without the means of making a permanent provision for her niece. On becoming a widow, she had commuted all her interest in her husband's estate for an ample life annuity ; and to this she had so exactly adapted her charities, her benevolences, and the scale of her establishment, that each successive year left her neither richer nor poorer than it found her. Her death, of course, must put an end to all the resources which others found in her bounty ; and she therefore had as much reason as Mrs. Austin herself to wish to see Gertrude respectably and comfortably settled in life. To this purpose her aid had been invoked, and she prepared to lend it by all means consistent with the high duties which, in her estimation, woman owes to herself, to her sex and to society.

The efficiency of Mrs. Pendarvis's coöperation was not less than her zeal. No woman could be better suited to the task she had undertaken. Her arrangements had all been made in advance. The very existence of Gertrude was kept concealed from the gentleman whom above all she wished to see captivated by the charms, and successfully seeking the favor of that young lady. There was no need to cultivate new acquaintances, to form new intimacies, to change the fashions of her

house, or to enlarge the sphere of her hospitality, or her style of entertainment. Dinners, balls, routes, *dejeuners* and *soirées* were in the ordinary course of things, and Gertrude fell into the system as a mere accident, in reference to whom nothing appeared to have been done or intended. Indeed Mrs. Pendarvis was notoriously no manœuvrer, but a woman of the greatest openness and sincerity. Kind, affable and cordial in her manners, she professed no friendship that she did not feel, and never affected to find pleasure in any thing that did not please her ; and, least of all, in the society of the dull, the illiterate, the common-place, or the vulgar. Magnificent in her habits, splendid in her tastes, aristocratic in her feelings and notions, independent in her circumstances, and confident in the attraction of her manners, person and conversation, she felt sure of her place in society, without the least wish to occupy any other. She courted none, but to those who pleased her she knew how to be pleasing, while, regardless of the wealth or station of all others, she bore herself toward them with an air graceful and courteous indeed ; but in which they were sensible of a something that made it impossible to enter the charmed circle within which her friends and favorites revolved around her.

Mrs. Pendarvis was a right-minded woman. She had loved her husband and been happy in his love, and had never learned to think that mercenary considerations should ever drive a lady into the arms of any but the man of her choice. Yet she was prudent and no enthusiast, and honestly believed that the heart is not so absolutely independent of the sense of duty and the faculties of reason and prudence that there may not be room for the exercise of some judgment, in the very act of falling into love. Of one thing she was sure :—that there is much in the power of those who are entrusted with the choice of a young lady's associates, and that to the neglect or abuse of that power are to be attributed many of those indiscreet alliances which are commonly charged to the imprudence of youth. The parent chooses the daughter's company, has constant opportunities to observe the tendencies of her inclinations, and full power to withdraw her from pernicious influences. Who is to blame, if she becomes enamored of a man who should never have been admitted to her presence ; of a libertine, whom her brother introduces as his esteemed friend ; of a shallow coxcomb, whom her father treats as if he were a man of sense, when he might have drawn him out, and exposed him in her presence, so as to make her see and despise his folly ? So reasoned Mrs. Pendarvis. Her natural kindness and sympathy would have made it difficult for her to stand between two hearts burning to be united ; and her delicacy and pride of sex would never have endured the thought of forcing a pure-minded woman into the arms of one whom her heart did not own as its master.

But there was nothing in this to prevent her from cordially coöperating with her sister, in the attempt to give such a direction to Gertrude's affections as might lead to the enjoyment of all the comforts of affluence, as well as the delights of love.

I have felt it to be an act of justice to give this sketch of the character of Mrs. Pendarvis ; as I am not sure, that it will be fully developed by the history of transactions in which she was herself deceived, while seeming to deceive. The other characters I shall introduce to the reader may be left to display themselves.

The little party at which Gertrude had first seen Col. Harlston was arranged before hand to take place the day after her arrival. No trumpet was blown before her, and as the weather had delayed her a day longer than had been expected, her very existence was unknown to the gentleman until, on his entrance, Mrs. Pendarvis said to him, with a gracious but careless smile, "My niece, Miss Courtney, Col. Harlston." Having said this, she left things to take their own course.

In one particular she plainly saw, that her wishes had not been disappointed. The charms of Gertrude had manifestly not been lost on the Colonel. The different phases of her character, exhibited in the exciting gaiety of the evening party, the sober decorums of the *dejeuner*, and the sprightly conversation of the morning drive, were all fascinating, for all were graceful, and, at the same time, obviously simple, natural, unaffected. It was certain that Gertrude would see enough of the gentleman, to enable her to discover and appreciate his merit ; and so highly did Mrs. Pendarvis estimate that, as not to doubt that any lady whom he should distinguish by his preference, might be honestly expected to return his affection.

Even in London a new face is said to produce an excitement ; but in a place like Washington, haunted, from year to year, by the same set of husband-hunting damsels, the advent of a lovely creature, like our Gertrude, was a subject of intense interest. That evening the door-bell of Mrs. Pendarvis was rarely silent, until a quiet "not at home" had sent away the whole tribe of visitors, and left the ladies to the calm enjoyment of a domestic *tête à tête*. In this Mrs. Pendarvis acted not less from judgment than inclination. She had no mind that the taste of Gertrude for the pleasures of fashionable society should pall by too hasty enjoyment ; nor that her power to please should be lost by the flagging of her jaded spirits. Above all she wished to show herself chary of the jewel she possessed, and determined not to cheapen its value in the estimation of others, by keeping it constantly before their eyes.

The ladies then quietly plied their needles, and, secure from interruption, talked of absent friends and household anecdotes. The frankness and kindness of Mrs. Pendarvis soon made its way to

Gertrude's heart and banished all constraint. She soon felt as if she had known her aunt all her life, and thus unconsciously displayed all the beauties of her temper, heart and mind. In these Mrs. Pendarvis found all that she could desire in a daughter, and while she gazed and listened with delight, she secretly vowed to accomplish for her charming niece a destiny as brilliant as her various merit. The time for retirement was near at hand, when unexpectedly the door-bell tinkled, and presently a servant entered bearing a card. "A lady, Madam." But he had hardly spoken the words when Mrs. Pendarvis was on the stairs, and Gertrude immediately heard the voice of cordial welcome, answered with the bird-like laugh and cheerful ringing tones, that can only issue from the lips of a young woman. And so it proved, for in a few moments Mrs. Pendarvis returned, conducting a lady both young and beautiful, in a fashionable and rich travelling dress. "My niece, my dear. My friend, Miss Bernard, Gertrude."

Gertrude rose to meet the new comer, who approached her hastily, and then, checking her step, gazed on her with an expression of intense admiration, and then, advancing more slowly, took her hand, and kissed her, with a tenderness that went to Gertrude's heart.

"We shall be friends: I am sure we shall," said Miss Bernard, still holding Gertrude's hand. "But bless me, Mrs. Pendarvis, what a surprise you have prepared for me! Why did you not tell me of this?"

"I thought I had," said Mrs. Pendarvis with surprise. "Did I not invite you to meet my niece? I think I mentioned it in my note."

"O yes! You said you expected a niece. But such a niece! I came expecting to see a genuine country cousin. But here!"

"I could but tell you what I knew. I have not seen Gertrude since she was a child, and you may see that she has in fact so much of the country cousin about her, that her face is burning at praise, even from a lady's lips, such as would hardly call a blush to your cheek if offered by a gentleman."

"I hope Miss Courtney will pardon my rudeness," said Miss Bernard, again taking Gertrude's hand gently, and with an air of deferential tenderness. "I hope she will pardon me. I have indeed been enough in society to learn to value the compliments of coxcombs at their true worth, but not enough to repress my feelings always when I ought. When Miss Courtney has heard as much hollow flattery as I have, the recollection of a burst of sincere admiration, even from one of her own sex, may seem like a green oasis in the waste of memory."

In uttering these last words, Miss Bernard's voice assumed a tone so slightly pathetic, that to the most practised attendant on the theatre it would not have suggested the least suspicion of art.

Gertrude certainly had none such; and, with a moistened eye, she returned the pressure of Miss Bernard's hand, and again held up her rosy lips for the proffered kiss of peace and love.

"I am the elder of the two," said Miss Bernard: "a perilous confession for a spinster; and you must allow me the privilege of seniority to make the first advances. Gertrude, did you say?" turning to Mrs. Pendarvis, "Is that the name? Well, mine is Laura, and you must call me so. We won't waste time, first in ceremony, then in dispensing with it, and then in apologies for having done so. We are friends from this moment. *Are we not?*" And here again the rattling, reckless voice sunk to that "deep yet melting tenderness of tone," which goes, at once, from heart to heart. "We will be friends; and I will teach you as much as you ought to know of the ways of this bad world, and you may teach me, if you can, what, once unlearned, I fear is never learned again, the sweet simplicity that baffles art and triumphs over it."

For this once art triumphed over simplicity. The heart of Gertrude was won, and she retired to rest, happy in the acquisition of a friend so intelligent, so kind, and doubtless so sincere.

[To be continued.]

NIAGARA.

I heard and thought of thee with awe, Niagara,

I deemed thee stern and rude,

But I behold and hear thee now, Niagara,

With joy alone imbued.

O beautiful the wild play of thy foam,

The same, yet changing ever,

Swift rushing and wreathing on thy broad emerald bosom,

Seen where the spray clouds sever.

Thou takest the irrevocable leap, Niagara,

Calm in thy conscious power,

Rich with tribute from five broad lakes, Niagara,

The waiting ocean's dower;

While rainbow hues that on thy columned spray

Fitfully come and fade,

O'er thy eternal waters hover now,

As when thou first wast made.

Beautiful art thou to the eye, Niagara,

O beautiful and bright!

But more with thy mighty voice, Niagara,

Thou mov'st me with delight.

There is no harshness in thy varying tones:

Thy echoes glad and deep,

As if from nature's inmost heart they came,

Across the spirit sweep.

Thine is no angry, chiding voice, Niagara,
 Though far its thunders roll,
 But 'tis the full, triumphant shout, Niagara,
 Of joy beyond control.
 The faintest whisper by thy side is heard,
 Thou drownest not man's voice,
 A lofty self-communion is thy song,
 Alone dost thou rejoice.

I thought thy waves would speak to me, Niagara,
 Before thy cliffs I trod;
 But on, on to the sea thou roll'st, Niagara—
 Thou heedest nought but God.

C. C. L.

Cleveland, Aug. 13, 1844.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

How beautiful the infant's earliest smile,
 First welcome token that the budding soul
 Hath well interpreted the fond caress,
 And felt the sunshine of a parent's love.
 For not more gently fall the dews of heaven,
 Upon the unopened flower that darkling grows,
 Till struggling forth, it bursts its prison green
 And drinks the hues of heaven, than on the heart,
 Falls the still influence of the speechless love
 That broods within the tender mother's eye.
 And oh! if smiles and gentle loving words
 Might be the lifelong portion of the soul,
 How fairly would the flower expand and shed
 Fresh odors from its bosom, to refresh
 The hearts of those who watched the spirit's dawn.

C. C. L.

Cleveland, Aug. 13, 1844.

THE ECONOMY OF LIFE.

The history of the great family of man is a history of moral and intellectual perversion, and of physical disquietude and suffering. And individual life is too often but a series of disorders, complaints, remedies and disappointments. This seems to be the lot of man both physical and moral. And would it not be well to inquire how far this is natural and inevitable, and how far dependent on our own unnatural habits and their unhealthful consequences. In the knowledge of ourselves we are prone to run ahead of the first great lesson; we stop not to study the first letters in the long alphabet of life. Men spend whole lives in anxious pantings after an imaginary fount of happiness, without ever settling the important question what it really is, and what are the essential agents in its acquisition. We will fret and wear away a thou-

sand days in as many disappointments, in pursuit of an object, which when obtained, falls so far short of its promises as to be scarcely recognized and not at all enjoyed.

Life has been called a tragedy, and not inaptly so, for in it are exhibited all the dark powers of passion, and all the fatal out-workings of malignant depravity. It is again characterized as a bubble swelled by the breath of flattering hope to burst in the winds of stormy reality. We know not, and study not ourselves, and those things which immediately pertain to our personal well-doing. We will expend our money, labor and time, to learn what others have done, in past ages, and what men are now doing in remote parts of the earth—what is the character and condition of all parts of our globe, and where and what are the ethereal worlds by which it is surrounded. We will endow colleges to teach us the sciences of metaphysical and material things, tongues and systems,—all in the grand pursuit of happiness, and all very well too, as far as they go. But we forget to learn the science of life, the history and true state of ourselves, our adaptation to, and peculiar fitness for the reception and enjoyment of those life-giving things which we seek, in all these varied fields. The result is, that we mistake the true object of pursuit, and should we gain that which we grasp after, we find it wholly wanting in those happy qualities which our pampered and perverted nature craves. In the kindest *amour propre*, we are given to look upon our lack of happiness as the result of uncontrollable circumstances, which are fortuitously thrown around us. And all our unwearied efforts are brought to bear, in altering or removing these pestiferous agencies, without so much as thinking of the many inward and self-abiding causes of our discontent. We read of a certain king of Epirus who was always preparing to be happy, after he had conquered the world; never dreaming that the same world was all the time conquering him, as in the case of another great conqueror, who found after he had subdued the outer world, that there had grown up within him a world of sensuality and brute ambition which had conquered his peace and allowed him to rest not upon the earth. Thus, in our effort to mould things to ourselves, we forget to mould ourselves so as to fit us for the object of our aims.

Happiness is the universal object of pursuit, and the means used to acquire it are as various as the tastes, characters and follies of the pursuers. A whole race of men engaged in the pursuit of a single object, and thereby filling the world with an incessant tumult and active contention, is a subject of most serious and astonishing contemplation. Innumerable branches of science, and trades and callings of every grade and variety are made subjects of laborious application by way of putting our lives to the most useful purposes, in drawing to us

that ideal something called happiness, while the true nature of our acting bodies and minds, and the laws and relations by which they are governed, are no where taught as a necessary part of the armor of knowledge with which we go out to the great battle of life. Happiness must be of both mind and body jointly. Mental peace cannot exist perfectly without physical ease, and the bed of down becomes a mere mat of straw under a miserable mind. We may assert, without meddling with controversial points, that the physical system is the medium or machine through which the mind acts, and upon the regular order and healthful condition of which the state of the mind depends. Hence, it becomes both foolish and fruitless to seek contentment and to expect activity of mind, whilst we overlook that even and healthful harmony of our organic system which is essential to their existence.

There is nothing in the character of men so astonishing as their great and almost universal ignorance of the laws of their nature. Persons suppose themselves good judges of "human nature," as it is termed, when they have some acquaintance with the arts and crafts by which men are apt to operate upon one another, and the minor and impulsive motives which usually govern them in their decisions and actions in life. But the great universal laws by which the physical man is governed, and under the administration of which the mental faculties operate, are matters upon which there is less attention bestowed and less real knowledge possessed than all others with which our welfare is concerned. The great want of success, so generally felt by philanthropists and moral reformers, must be ascribed in a great degree to this want of attention to and understanding of these laws. It is really saddening to reflect upon the immense amount of well-meant labor that is thrown away on this account. The form and the shadow of evil is fought without regard to its essence and spirit. The zealous lecturer will portray the pleasures of mental culture, the beauty and richness of intellectual stores, and the pure happiness their possession brings; and the delighted listener resolves to himself, henceforth, to be a pursuer and a possessor of these desirable acquisitions. But he has not been told that he needs physical regeneration to fit him for the practice of his high purposes. The beauty and attraction of the object fail not, but the mill-stone of physical habit, with its consequent intellectual apathy, yet hangs about his neck, which, though the burden of his life, is so familiar as to go unnoticed. The same result is seen to follow the labors of the moral reformer and the misguided resolves of his disciples. Every physician knows the difficulty of establishing practical reform in physical habits. The patient will swallow any quantity of the most nauseous drugs with scarce a complaint, if directed for the restoration of lost health, by any person, whether entitled to confidence or

not; but should the most skilful judge of his disease attempt to interfere with his habit of eating or drinking, no regard is paid to the prescription, although it may be doubly important in effecting the result aimed at.

Diet, in regard both to quality and quantity, cannot be of less importance to the physical and mental prosperity of man, than soil in its kind and condition is to the vegetable kingdom. If a particular tillage, temperature and humidity are necessary to the growth and maturity of vegetable products; and if upon the degree and variety of the former depend the character and amount of the latter, so should we expect the same laws and relations to govern, and similar results to follow our own self-culture, or the nurture and management of our physical systems. Yet, strange as it may appear, this subject scarcely receives a serious thought, and never a practical or laborious effort; whilst to "make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before," is enough to entitle the author to the immortal honors of "one of the greatest benefactors of mankind." Great labor is often given to the restoration of lost health, but for the preservation of that which is already good, very little care is bestowed. The consequences of this ignorance of the laws of ourselves, and the agencies by which our life and comfort are governed, are every where to be seen and often most deplorably felt. Who is there that is uniformly well? Pains, aches and uneasinesses make up much the largest column in our account current with ourselves. And a day of exemption is but an opportunity seized upon to renew the causes of complaint. A close view of the state of physical comfort and mental quietude throughout civilized society generally, presents no very flattering tokens of amelioration, notwithstanding all the boasted improvements in all the arts and sciences, and all the tremendous moral reforms that are said to have been wrought in these latter years. It may be very true, that man has acquired great facilities in gathering possessions around him, such as should be conducive to happiness; but he has yet his perverted tastes and insatiable propensities to deal with. Outward circumstances are improved, but the inner man yet needs mending. Physical inaction and dietetic excess have more torturing power than poverty can ever obtain. The excitement and exertion of acquiring give all the pleasure, and the possession nothing. The illusive joys of possession are but the task-masters in disguise, to make the man work out his own comfort in the labor to acquire.

So far has the general pursuit of happiness failed, that the world is almost unanimously voted "a world of trouble"—"a vale of tears," and "a low ground of sorrow." Half the race of man dies in infancy, and another portion before the years of maturity, and life, when lengthened out, is as we have said—too often but a succession of ail-

ments. This universality of suffering in the human race is anomalous in the order of nature. The lower animals, with the partial exception of those which are under the subjection of artificial laws and restraints, are seldom cut off in infancy, or their powers enfeebled by disease. They live out the measure of their days in health, and die when the term and purpose of their existence have been accomplished. All teaching, and every thing tending to meliorate the physical system, and to preserve the existence and healthful action of organic life, have been referred to man in a state of disease, and given up to the medical profession.

True, it is a great part of the study of this profession to learn and prescribe the laws of health, as well as to investigate the nature and to practise the cure of disease, but as we have before remarked, the doctor's advice, in regard to the management of our health, is never heeded, and hence the improvement in prevention has not kept pace with that of cure. We have the records of disease and its remedies for twenty-five centuries,—from the times of Hippocrates to our own, and although the discovery of remedies, and their appropriate application to disease have been great, yet they have barely kept pace with the increase in the variety and frequency of disease. The amount of physical ailment is scarcely less than in former ages, or in the infancy of the healing art; while the average life of man is said to be shortening with every successive age. As rational beings, we are bound to attribute this to some cause. Anomalies in nature do not occur from natural causes. The fact is, we are grossly ignorant of the absolute laws, ordained and operative for the government of our natural bodies. We are not only ignorant of these laws, but when they force themselves upon our notice, we are careless towards their requirements, and they are both neglected and woefully violated; and in these violations we may find the active cause of our incessant sufferings, which are no more than the just penalties annexed to the violations of laws given us for our protection and happiness. These are natural laws, which uniformly and universally govern natural bodies. The law that keeps a ship from sinking in the ocean is uniform in its application to all bodies of like character, and universal wherever its action is called into exercise. So with other laws that govern natural bodies. Man is alike subject to these universal physical laws, with other physical objects. But he is, moreover, an *organized being*, and is further subject to organic laws. He receives the means of his nurture and growth from external and foreign agents, and applies, digests, and assimilates them to his own structure through the agency of his own organs. These organs are so nicely adapted to their purposes, and so completely subject to these organic laws, that to produce their legitimate results, no unnatural agent is admissible, and all misapplica-

tions of agents, and irregular action of the organs, will invariably produce unnatural and irregular phenomena.

Man is evidently endowed with faculties and capabilities suited to the great universe in which a wise Creator has placed him: yet it is gravely contended, by many dolorous philosophers, that

“Man was made to mourn.”

But when we contemplate the means so profusely scattered and thrown along the pathway of life, which are in their nature adapted, and evidently intended to minister to his happiness, and when we discover that he is endowed with all the organs and senses for their application; and moreover, that he is blest with intelligence, which enables him to discriminate and select, and a keen sensibility to detect a misapplication. In view of all these evidences, we say, we cannot avoid the conclusion, that man was made, fitted and circumstanced to be happy. The pain and ills that flesh is heir to are no more than the benevolent penalties, which the Creator has affixed to the violation of his universal and conservative laws. We say benevolent, because no institution of the Deity has for its exclusive object pain; and further, these pains are only the sentinels of the law, that step in to prevent destruction. If no pains, or uneasiness, could follow an excess in any of our natural privileges, how long could our organic functions be maintained! How soon would we destroy ourselves! The whole system of our being, physical, mental and moral, must act in harmony. He who gains his sustenance by the wild chase, and the savage life of the woods, exercises his animal attributes chiefly, and is found to be essentially, and often exclusively animal, in all his character. The exercise of one class of faculties obscures, if it does not obliterate, the others. So the man who would cultivate his intellect to the entire neglect of his physical powers, finds the latter to give way, and by their languor, feebleness and organic disorder, to counteract his inclination, and thwart his hopes of happiness. He suffers from the excess of mental sensibility, whilst those attributes from which he might enjoy animal life, are lost, or greatly impaired. This we often witness in the lives of those who are laborious in the exercise of their minds. Aristotle informs us, that all the great men of his day were hypochondriacs. Thus, throughout the whole circle of nature, we find that no section of the organic laws will suffer itself to be violated, without inflicting the assigned penalty. These just penalties constitute what are generally viewed as the direct chastisements of Divine Providence, and to deny the *immediate* agency of the supreme hand in them is often viewed as no better than denying the existence of a divine supervisory power. But this short-sighted view of the subject is refuted in a few words by Bishop Butler, when he says,

"If civil magistrates were able to make their laws execute themselves, or every offender to execute them upon himself, we should be just in the same sense under their government then, as now, but in a much higher degree and more perfect manner. If God annexes delights to some actions, with apparent design to induce us to act so and so, then, he not only dispenses happiness and misery, but also rewards and punishes actions. If the pain we feel upon doing whatever tends to injure or destroy our bodies is appointed by the author of nature to prevent us from doing what thus tends to our destruction, this is altogether as much an instance of his punishing our actions, and of our being under his government, as declaring by a voice from heaven, that if we acted so, he would inflict such punishment upon us, and inflicting it whether it be greater or less."

We may further illustrate our meaning by an example. It is known and well settled, that a certain quantity of alcoholic spirit will produce intoxication. This operation of the natural laws is well established by experiment. By the effects of this intoxication, the man is both punished for his vio-

lation of the law, and restrained from carrying it to his destruction, as his stimulated taste would certainly induce him to do, did not the effects so stupify and prostrate him, as to prevent his carrying it thus far. Now, would it not appear unreasonable and absurd in a man, to take the required quantity of liquor, and pray, or even hope, that it would not have its legitimate effect. And no one is to be found so utterly absurd as to take the spirit, and when he has suffered the penalty, complain of the severe inflictions of Divine Providence.

Yet actions and absurdities as palpable as this would be, are daily practised by men and society. We are wont to promise ourselves immunity from sufferings, the occurrence of which experience and reflection assure us of, and then complain, that we are unfortunate, and that we are providentially deprived of our just expectations. It will not do, to say that men are naturally unable to obey the organic laws. Most of us are educated, and habituated, in disregard of them,—but let men be educated to study them as a matter of both duty and interest, and also a high source of happiness, and they will be found to regard and obey them.

I WILL WEEP.

BY THE YOUNG BARD OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Mr. Editor,—I send you some more lines by the Young Bard of New Hampshire, of whom I have written to you before.—AMERICUS SOUTH. *A. B. Minor*

And I will weep; the world can hold more tears;
There long has been a turmoil in this breast,
Which cannot be allayed by rolling years;
As well the rising tide may be suppressed,
And ocean's stormy billows hushed to rest.

'Tis not because of every joy bereft,
And hopes all blighted in earth's desert air;
'Tis not that I in loneliness am left,
To wander on, I know—I care not where,—
Without one friend to breathe for me a prayer.

'Tis not that fortune has o'eturned the schemes,
That youth full oft, too rashly might devise,
Or disappointment proved my hopes but dreams;
The rainbow even that decked my morning skies,
A harbinger of after storms to rise.

I will not grieve tho' disappointment come,
To startle vain ambition with its tread;
To steal away my fondest friends and home,
And every darling that my heart has wed.
'Twere useless grief for joys forever fled.

If all these cherished flowers should cease to bloom,
That hang so sweetly o'er life's thorny plain;

If all things beautiful should throng the tomb,
And not a charm in this cold world remain,
I would not weep—for weeping then were vain.

But there's a cause, that cannot be defined,
For grief, of which no stranger heart may know;
Undying longings in this restless mind,
For grandeur, such as never dwells below,—
For something which this world can not bestow.

Those pent up thoughts, in one eternal tide
That far within the musing spirit roll,
Those longings that can not be satisfied,
Those stifled aspirations of the soul,
At last break loose defying all control.

This earth might charm each fonder wish away;
Yes, musical its changing seasons run;
Sweet are the blushes of the dawning day;
Bright are the glories round a setting sun,
But all, alas! all smile on man's delay.

Full well I know, there's music in the skies,
Far, far away from this beclouded ball,
Where never fading beauty meets the eyes;
Where death ne'er comes to spread his gloomy pall,
And time's unwelcome shadows never fall.

THE SCIOTE CAPTIVE.

BY NASUB
Susan Walker.
 Authoress of "Pretension," &c., &c.

PART II.

"Land of my sire! what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie the filial band,
 That knits me to thy rugged strand!
 Too well—I love thee better still,
 Even in extremity of ill."

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Several weary months had glided by, and still Ino Del Castro's spirit mourned in her splendid prison home, which, though one of unwilling captivity, was far from being that of privation or disgrace. The gorgeous magnificence of oriental taste surrounded her—the luxury of wealth, and every source of refined amusement were freely bestowed upon her; but amidst all, Ino sighed heavily for a glimpse of her own blue sea and a "breath of her own free heavens." The listlessness of dark despair seemed to deaden her once buoyant mental energies, while it dimmed her bright and sunlike beauty with a shade of the deepest gloom. The mystery clouding the fate of Adrian Marcova became daily more impenetrable, until the wing of soaring Hope had almost ceased to hover o'er the enthralled spirit of the heart-forsaken captive. Stamboul had in vain laid the offering of his noble and devoted love at her shrine with all the respectful delicacy her own pure nature would have exacted. True her spurning scorn often forced him to betray an impetuous vehemence towards her, still the generous character of his devotion forbade any coercive measure in making her his bride, hoping that time would weaken her prejudice and deaden a remembrance of the past, while a gentle patience on his part would arouse a mutual feeling of kindness and gratitude in her desolate bosom. Like a miser over his hidden store, he had preserved her from the rude gaze of all, save a small retinue of well tried domestics—for he was well aware that were the Sultan to hear of the beauty of his captive, she would no longer be his, nor enjoy that unmolested retirement which his delicate generosity had never interrupted.

Stamboul's mother was a high born Greek,—his father one of the enemies of the oriental kingdom, and in his character and person were strongly blended the national traits of each parent. His high, daring valor, his firmness and urbanity of manners had gained him unbounded influence with Mahmoud and his subjects. Ever filling some important post of honor and performing some trusty service in the wars Mahmoud was then carrying on, it was not often that Ino was subjected to an intrusion from him upon her privacy, and when she

was, it was impossible for her to be insensible to his disinterested kindness and respectful tenderness. Candor compelled her to admit her situation, contrasted with thousands of her unfortunate countrymen, a blessed and happy one; and could Scio's groans and tears have been forgotten, the poignancy of Ino's grief would have been greatly mitigated, and time would have brought a patient endurance of her gilded captivity. But alas! the deadly fang of memory still keenly pierced her, which not all the regal splendors of her bright and luxurious home could banish, or even ameliorate. A longer interval than usual had elapsed since Stamboul's last interview, which caused Ino no little gratification, when a messenger arrived with tidings of his master's immediate coming. So hopeless and apathetic had become her mind when pursuing the even tenor of her way, that the announcement which had always caused unpleasant surmises and feelings respecting the visits of her devoted captor, failed to excite her interest in any respect.

It was about sunset that Ino, wrapt in meditation, reclined upon a richly cushioned divan in an apartment which would have vied with that of the most potent Sultana,—so garish with Eastern magnificence, then made bright by the flashing radiance of the setting sun's light. A slave sat upon an ottoman at her feet, while her fingers carelessly played with her tambour as she occasionally lifted her dark eye to the face of her mistress in tender solicitude. After every effort had failed to attract the interested attention of the dejected Ino, Zeida arose, and taking a lute from a lounge near re-seated herself to try the effect of that favorite instrument, but ere she struck its chords, Ino laid her hand gently upon hers saying—

"Not now, Zeida—I could not bear to hear from thy lute the voice of the past, for such ever seems its music. In my present mood its tones would cause my soul to shrink—for too well do I remember the last time my own fingers touched its strings, to soothe the melancholy of those now lost forever. Oh! what an hour, what a night of blackness that was when my eye first rested upon this, my prison home. I felt as if the heavens were hung with the drapery of death, and the 'sun and moon in a huge eclipse.' Although I have cause to be thankful for many comforts and blessings, yet, Zeida, thou hast never perhaps had to endure the agonizing sight of the unhallowed desecration of thy native home. Thou wert born a *slave*, and thine eye ne'er dwelt upon a brighter scene than the present, (pointing to an open window,) which thou mayest indeed deem most beautiful, but ah! thou knowest not how tenaciously

'The parted bosom clings to wonted home.'

"Thou sayest true, my lady,—all that thou speakest of I ne'er have seen or felt—but methinks the

noble *Stamboul's* captive could not be otherwise than happy. Thy lot is one, even *Aasma Sultana*, the sister of the great *Mahmoud*, would covet, for all do say she woos the love of the valiant *Stamboul*, but," added she, "the love of one so great as he could not be more faithful than that of thy devoted slave, *Zeida*."

The dark eye of the slave beamed brighter with affection as she drew nearer to her mistress and clasped her resistless hand, pressing it with fervor to her ruby lip. No two beings, forming a greater contrast, could have been grouped together—*Ino* so pale, sad and lovely, whose transparent purity of complexion was considerably increased beside the dark olive tint of the Turkish slave, while the rich and peculiar beauty of the latter, lost none of its attraction from the contrast. It was impossible for that faithful look and action to pass unobserved by the sensitive *Ino*, who bent over the kneeling girl with reciprocal fondness, and as she pushed back the long, black tresses from the slave's smooth brow, she graciously touched it with her beautiful lip, then trembling with aroused emotion, while she said tenderly,

"Yes, *Zeida*, thy kindness and untiring love have greatly lightened the tedium of my captivity, and truly it seems an oasis to my desolate heart, made so cheerless by misfortune. But come, methinks I will arouse my soul from its present stirless apathy, by listening to thy sweet music. Any emotion, however painful, is preferable to the oppressiveness I thus insensibly yield to." *Ino* stooped and took up the lute, bidding *Zeida* to play, who cheerfully and quickly obeyed her. Her touch was so sweet and soul-melting—the scene without o'er which *Ino's* eye then freely roamed, was so gloriously inviting, and the hour one so endeared to memory, it was not to be wondered that

"E'en her captive spirit tasted,
Half oblivion of her woes."

"Lady," said a slave entering and approaching *Ino* with the most reverential obeisance, "a messenger from my master awaiteth without, and humbly craves thy attention. He bears a missive from the great *Stamboul*, which he was commanded to deliver only into thine own hands."

"Let him appear," replied *Ino* in a faint, sad tone; and then, as if forgetful of her permission, she buried her face in the velvet cushions, entirely disregarding the entrance of the messenger. He stood before her silent, and not until the soft voice of *Zeida* announced his presence, did *Ino* raise her bowed head. A shudder and feeling of fear crept o'er her as she bent her glance carelessly upon the turbaned soldier, whose face was almost entirely concealed, as he bent his head low upon his broad bosom. *Ino* averted her glance, while she asked tremblingly—

"Thy message, Turk; say quickly what is it thy general wishes made known to his captive?"

The soldier approached, and bent his knee as he offered her a missive tied with blue ribbon, answering hoarsely—

"Read for thyself, fair lady; his command was to deliver it to thee in person."

Ino turned not to look upon the kneeling soldier as she stretched forth her hand to receive the missive, which she quietly read, and then throwing it beside her, she haughtily waved her hand, without deigning to change her reclining and averted position, saying calmly—

"Thou hast executed thy mission—return with my answer, that *Ino Del Castro* is always prepared for *Stamboul's* presence, also for any news he may think proper to impart. Away, I would not that any one of thy cruel nation, save *Stamboul*, should tarry in my sight."

"Thou shalt be obeyed, lady," replied the soldier rising and heaving a deep sigh, "his faithful aid-de-camp, *Odessa*, would be the last person to distress one so dear to his general, by his hateful presence."

When *Ino* turned to gaze upon the messenger he was gone. His voice struck a chord of vibration within her bosom, by its melancholy and singular tenderness. She felt disappointed that she had not been more courteous towards him, or that she had not looked in his face. Strange to say she was almost induced to despatch *Zeida* in quest of him, but ere she had decided to do so, a start and exclamation of surprise from the slave, caused her to turn her eye in the direction she pointed. A wild and unearthly looking being stood on the threshold of the door, leading into the gardens. It was the person of an aged female, whose appearance bespoke more the decrepitude of grief and misfortune than that of years. She was habited in a fantastical dress of black, red and yellow—an under short skirt of black, fully revealed her small sandalled feet—a red kirtle flowed loosely from the waist; a striped yellow mantle hung around her shoulders, o'er which fell long plaits of black hair knotted at the ends with large bows of various colored ribbon. A curious cap of shining material, something like morocco, rested upon her head and brow of lofty height. Beauty might have been said to have once beamed in her face, but for those dark, shaggy and uncommonly large eyebrows, which gave an unearthly and masculine character to her whole face, and beneath which gleamed eyes of the most startling brilliancy. None ever felt their power more fearfully than *Ino Del Castro*, as she gazed upon the strange being before her, who continued leaning her hand upon a staff, unmoved, and apparently gratified at the sight of *Ino's* evident alarm.

"Hast thou ought with me?" asked *Ino*, endeavoring to speak.

oring to become composed, "or art *thou* too the messenger of unwelcome tidings?"

"I crave a few moments of thy time, fair lady; but I would be alone with thee—bid thy slave retire to an ante-room, ere I make known the purpose of my visit."

The female somewhat authoritatively waved her staff towards Zeida, who, on perceiving a nod of assent from Ino, immediately withdrew.

"Doubtless, lady," said she, approaching quite close to Ino, "thou art *happy* in so beautiful and splendid a cage as this, (glancing around the room,) made brighter too by the love of such a noble captor as Stamboul!"

"Ah!" sighed Ino as she spoke, "thou knowest not the might of holy affections—thou hast never felt the yearings of an imprisoned spirit for the home of its childhood, or thou wouldst sooner believe mine a *splendid misery*. What is home or happiness but with those we love? Void is that heart unless thus blessed."

"I marvel much to see thy manner and language contradict what rumor saith of thee, viz: that thou art blessed, and *supremely* happy in thy present abode. How is it that the chains of captivity could so oppress thy feelings, as to render thee insensible to the luxuries and unusual advantages surrounding thee?"

"Stamboul hath indeed acted with noble generosity and delicacy towards me, which has greatly lightened, though not *endeared*, my gilded bondage. But he, and all in this barbarous land would fail to fill the dreary waste within my lacerated bosom, made utterly miserable by deeds never to be obliterated. Ino Del Castro has only one wish now, to leave this weary, tempest tossed world, for 'tis a vast blank to her."

"Would it seem thus, if Adrian Marcova shared it with thee? Art thou *true* to thy betrothed?"

Ino started to her feet, while a flash of radiant joy passed over her face as she fearlessly clasped the female's bony hand.

"Oh! tell me if thou knowest aught of one so dear to memory, and truly, fondly cherished in my heart. The very thought of his present existence imbues me with a new life and hope."

"He lives—but he has heard thou wert *untrue*; that Stamboul owned a *willing* captive—nay, he has been assured thou wouldst soon become his bright and loving bride. But fear not, the dread news has but increased his love for thee and interest in thy welfare, for Adrian Marcova is not inferior even to Stamboul in generosity and fidelity."

"Is it in thy power to undeceive him?" asked Ino anxiously—"make me happy once more by so doing; bear him every assurance of my unchanging affection, and implore him to rescue me from my present bondage, more galling than ever, since I know that *he* lives. Oh! promise me this who-

ever thou art—for methinks I can see pity and kindness beam in thy countenance."

Ino had assumed an attitude of supplication as she looked entreatingly into the strange female's face.

"Bear on," replied she, feelingly, and gazing with admiration upon the kneeling maiden—"bear on, thou mayest yet be happy,—Lamia, the Circe, will not fail to thus gladden the heart of thy disconsolate lover—give her thy betrothal ring to add greater weight to thy message of love."

Ino drew a ring from her finger, and placed it in her hand with a smile of joyful confidence, but ere she had time to pour forth her grateful thanks, Lamia was gone, with a sudden rapidity, that caused the bewildered Ino to look around, almost afraid the whole was but a delusive dream.

The morrow brought Stamboul, and notwithstanding the animated expression of his face when he, as usual, bent in adoration to his fair captive, Ino was startled by the look of deep dejection that succeeded the rapture of his greeting.

"Most beauteous Ino, would that I could here, at thy feet, breathe out my whole existence, for thy heart is *all* the kingdom I would own, thy hand a dowry above all price, and thy bright smile a reward most precious in Stamboul's eye."

"Rise, Stamboul," replied she coldly, "it is not to a poor captive, like Ino Del Castro, that such as *thou* shouldst bend the knee of homage. Her broken, blighted heart, would be a desolate kingdom for the subjection of a love like thine,—her hand a worthless gift, and her smile too faithfully shadows forth the agony of her bosom to continue sunlike in thine eye. Rise, I would quickly hear the dreadful news thou hast forewarned me of in thy yesterday's missive."

"When beauty so matchless as thine blesses the vision, it is meet that the heart should yield its warmest adoration and it is only then, as a worshipper at thy shrine, that Stamboul will obey thee. Alas! would that in so doing I could lighten, instead of increasing the weight of thy present misery. Rumors of thy beauty have reached the Sultan's ear—how, I cannot conjecture, for my visits to thee have ever been made with the strictest secrecy. I was summoned to his presence a few days since, and commanded to bring before him my captive. Evasion and every entreaty were employed to revoke the mandate, but they were vain, and seemed to increase the more his suspicions and desire to behold thee. At the forfeit of my life, though it has ever been spent in his service, I was enjoined to obey. To-morrow the Ramadan fast is ended—the day after commences the three days festival of the Bairam, the last of which is the one appointed for Mahmud's examination of the captives taken during the present wars, and thou too must prepare thyself for that humiliating ordeal. Oh!" continued he, passion-

ately seizing her hand, "though the anguish of thy soul may have been unspeakably great, yet it is even weak compared to that which now wrings the heart of Stamboul at the thought of parting from thee, under circumstances perhaps far more disgraceful, than those which made thee his honored captive."

Stamboul, the valiant hero of many dangers, bent his face upon his breast in tearful woe. Ino had resistlessly permitted her hand to rest in his—so pulseless was her heart with fear, and so statue-like the agonizing expression of her face while she listened to him; but suddenly a burning color o'erspread its deadly paleness, and as if musing alone, she murmured:

"What a fate is mine! Oh! righteous providence may it be thy *last* stroke! Stamboul, listen to me: thy honor and delicacy have alone prevented this hand from executing my father's last injunction; but think not I cling so tenaciously to life, that I would still shrink from the dread act of suicide were it necessary. Never will Ino Del Castro become the favored slave of Mahmoud—but sooner than *thou* shouldst forfeit thy pledge I will submit to his degrading scrutiny—for the *result*, her faithful dagger, (laying her hand upon her bosom,) will prepare her. I owe thee a heavy debt of gratitude. I yield to the dread alternative for *thy* sake alone,—and oh! would that I could have died without an increase of my terrible repugnance to *thy* country and people."

"Fear not, Ino," returned Stamboul with sudden animation as if some new hope nerved him, "the dread act you contemplate will not be for thy pure, innocent hand. I care not for the jeopardy of my life, wert thou *not* to appear before the Sultan, for could my death avert future misery or dishonor from one so worthy of every sacrifice, freely, gladly would Stamboul's life be forfeited—but I would feign wish to live only to serve thee, and to accomplish thy release. I now sanction a fulfilment of the disgraceful mandate, for I have in view several means whereby thy release may be effected. Mahmoud's coffers are greatly exhausted by the late wars; to prosecute further sieges and gratify his inordinate ambition for extending his dominions, it is necessary they should be replenished: a high ransom may set thee free. If this should fail, I have an unrepaid claim, upon his oath, for some signal personal service, which shall be called into requisition to serve thee. Rest satisfied and cheer thy sorrowful heart with this assurance, that every effort shall be made by Stamboul—and oh! if success crown his exertion——" he paused a moment, and then imploringly added, "Ino forgive the selfish thought which *will* intrude—but say, if thou art freed will thou *then* accept this heart and hand? another lovelier land will he own his home if Ino Del Castro will bless him with her love."

Ino's face was turned away in agitating grief;

the big tears coursed rapidly down her pale cheeks, and when she met his entreating look, as he awaited her answer, emotions of pity and gentle sympathy completely bid back the power of articulation, causing naught but sobs to fall upon his eager ear. At length those tears vanished, and sorrowfully calm was her voice when she replied:

"Stamboul, I do indeed grieve to appear inexorable, and perhaps coldly insensible to thy generosity by again declaring my repugnance to thy offers of love, but I could not be so unjust towards thee as to promise a hand without a heart, the latter can *never* be thine, for such is not now in Ino's power to bestow, it being devoted to another. The bond of gratitude which thy kindness has thrown around me is too strong already. I regret that any further act of thine should increase it, for if thou wert to release me from the most hateful captivity again and again, I could never return thee what should be thine, viz: a full measurement of love. Long ere I saw thee, all the heritage of my heart was given to Adrian Marcova, the companion of my early childhood. Amidst all the darkness of my recent woe has the light of that tenderly cherished love beamed o'er my stricken soul: it is not even extinguished now, for I feel confident that we will once more renew our vows and yet be blessed. Now that I have made this confession, say, could such a nature as thine be satisfied to share but a spot, but a corner in the heart of one thou lovest so warmly? No, Stamboul, happiness would never be thine or mine, and there is often but one step from love to hate when disappointment chills that love."

Stamboul slowly arose from his kneeling posture and stood silently before the trembling Ino, whose firmness and animated excitement seemed to quail 'neath the calm and fixed gaze of his stern, dark eye. She shrunk back, when in a deep, hoarse whisper he asked:

"How knowest thou that Adrian Marcova now lives?"

"Such convictions may be the mysterious communings of my longing, anxious spirit," said she evasively, "but although they may prove delusive, yet Hope whispers too sweetly to render me faithless to my plighted vows."

"Be it so," replied he musingly, "but oh! thy words have stilled the current within, (laying his hand upon his bosom while his head fell heavily on it,) no light beams *here*. Yet Stamboul still claims the prerogative of serving thee. Inform me where I may find thy betrothed. I have hundreds of emissaries who could easily bring me correct tidings of him if it be possible."

How bright became Ino's face as she listened to the changed but calm voice of her captor—but suddenly, when gazing anxiously upon his immovable and stern countenance, that brightness faded into doubt and misgiving, for she feared all his manifest

disinterestedness was but a specious show of generosity, called forth to basely deceive her. He quickly perceived her varying color and seemed to be aware of its cause; folding his arms, he replied in the same haughty tone as when he parted from her after their first and memorable interview:

"Ino Del Castro, it is in vain to expect common justice from thee, for it is sadly evident that thy natural ingenuousness is darkened whenever a *Turk* offers thee aid, though it may spring from—as pure a stream of feeling as that which refreshes the bosom of a Greek. Even now thou dost suspect I only seek Adrian Marcova to subserve some ignoble, *selfish* purpose. For once extend to me thy confidence and belief, when I assure thee my offer was made with a pure desire of promoting thy happiness, that thou mightest at last end thy sorrowful pilgrimage in this land, and in the blessed haven of mutual love, forget that thy sea of life had ever been so fearfully agitated by the tempest of past misfortunes. Long and perhaps equally as painful hath been my probation of hopeless, scorned and repulsed love—but since thy confession, I feel every chord of hope or desire severed, and a recklessness of the future. Fear not then for thy lover's safety, were he in the power of Stamboul, whose hand hath never yet been *wilfully* imbrued in the blood of even a daring enemy, much less of an innocent rival. Dimmed as his sabre hath been with that dread stain, it is incapable of the fiendish blow of assassination from any petty *revenge*, and it is hardly possible now, when his whole nature hath become tempered to softness by *thy* tuition and the power of a *pure* love, that the remnant of his blighted life should be branded with such a Cain-like mark. I go, therefore, to institute inquiries respecting Adrian Marcova,—four days hence we will meet, previous to thy appearance before Mahmoud. If I come not to conduct thee to that hated scene, it will be the effect of some unavoidable detention. Despair not, only trust to Stamboul's word to release thee, which never yet hath been broken, and by its truth will be firmly stand. Farewell Ino Del Castro."

"One moment, only one Stamboul," cried Ino, throwing herself before him as he mournfully turned to leave her, "forgive thy poor captive for every thought in which she rendered thee injustice. 'Swifter than a shadow, shorter than a dream' have they vanished, leaving her sensible alone of thy nobleness of soul. Hear me! this heart can but bid thee God speed in thy successful inquiry after Adrian, for I cannot forswear its truth by saying otherwise—but hear my decision; shouldst thou bear me *certain* tidings that he is *not* amongst the living, then, Stamboul, take this hand, (a deadly paleness o'erspread her glowing face as she extended it towards him,) it shall be thine freely, and this heart thou mayest gain in patient time. True a few tears of irrepressible sorrow for my lost love

may long tarnish the gift, but perchance its former lustre may at last be regained, for next to Adrian Marcova would Ino Del Castro be the brave Stamboul's bride."

No smile of gladness or willing assent chased the sadness from the lofty brow of the proud, but noble Turk, when he slightly touched the delicate hand offered, but shaking his head, he slowly let it fall, while he calmly replied:

"No, Ino, there lies between us a chasm which not even the death of thy lover can fill, or cause our fates to be united. Stamboul could not be content with a renewed love, even though it be that of the beautiful Ino Del Castro. Take back thy impulsive vow, recall thy decision, for such a love as thine for Adrian cannot fail to be blessed—mine for thee was too sinful, because it was superior to that claimed by the great Allah from his creatures. No! Stamboul's bride shall be his country,—his abiding, faithful companion shall be his sword, and his last breath shall be spent in honor's service, in glory's cause. Farewell, once more we may meet; it will be our last on earth and then will end thy sorrowful captivity."

The tall form of the Turk, with bowed head and folded arms, was soon lost among the thick grove of almond trees, shading the entrance of Ino's gorgeous pavilion. In sorrowful silence the captive maiden lingered on the threshold until the echo of his retreating steps could be heard no more; she then bent in prayer, when words of supplication for Heaven's choicest blessings to rest upon her generous captor were breathed with a fervor in which not one selfish thought of the absent Adrian mingled.

The Ramadan fast, one of the most famous rites in the Turkish religion, was over. The gloom and unsocial silence which the rigors of its penance cast o'er the great "city of the Sultan," gave place to revelry and jocund festivity, for that welcomed jubilee, the feast of the Bairam, began. It seemed as if some bright spirit of joy and happiness had suddenly waved its magic wand far and wide, so tumultuous was the mirth that prevailed in every part of the city. Travellers represent the season of the Bairam as one of unrivalled and uninterrupted festivity. On the night preceding its commencement, every minaret of the numerous mosques is illuminated, as also all the public resorts and buildings, and no sooner the faint glimmerings of the morn break through the East than loud and joyful shouts are heard from every one, announcing that the hour of indulgence and pleasure had arrived, to dispel that tomb-like silence and devotional abstinence which this great East so rigidly demands. All traffic and business is suspended, and arrayed in his holiday costume, every one wears a new smile, as he proffers and receives the various compliments and hospitalities extended on this interesting season, which is of three days

continuance. The first day is one of important ceremonies at court. The Sultan receives the homage of the different orders of the State at the Seraglio, and afterwards proceeds to attend the service of the mosque of the Sultan Achmet, escorted by a brilliant retinue,* and although, according to late travellers, this procession, together with the forms and ceremonies on this occasion, are not so zealously performed by the *present* ruler of Turkey as by his illustrious predecessors, still, at the time we allude to, they were engaged in with more spirit and animation than is now displayed. Mahmoud, in honor of his officers and grantees, had prepared a magnificent entertainment on the third and last day, at which he had issued orders for the exhibition of all the captives taken during the late wars. It came. The spacious state-room was crowded with the dignitaries of the Empire, all superbly arrayed in the rich and garish show of the oriental costume. Conspicuous amidst that imposing pageant sat the Sultan upon his burnished silver throne, dazzling in his regal splendor. On his right was an elevated seat covered with a gorgeous carpet of crimson and gold, and evidently reserved for some distinguished individual, while on his left stood the Lerskier Pacha with his attendants. Before him were seated, in a circular range, all the principal ministers and great officers, at the back of each was stationed a page richly dressed, and somewhat in the rear stood the most noted *oulemas*, or men of the law, forming a scene which the testimony of travellers pronounces one of astonishing splendor.

How felt the delicate and sensitive Ino Del Castro, as she prepared to obey a mandate involving so public and humiliating an exposure of her beauty as a captive before that august assemblage! Had not Stamboul left her his guerdon, that her release could be effected, and she in return consented for his sake to obey the summons, the agony of her mind as the decisive hour approached, would perhaps have induced a faithful execution of her father's solemn injunction. But her hand and will were stayed by a firm reliance upon her noble captor's word and power, and yielding to the cheering influence of Hope, she passively submitted the array of her person to the entire taste of the admiring and attached Zeida. Custom had always imposed upon those thus especially summoned to the presence of the Sultan, the most magnificent display of dress, and although this conspicuous bedizenment of the person was revolting to Ino, yet policy and a desire to avoid that notice which an unusual departure from such would not fail to attract, caused her to likewise adopt all those blandishments of attire calculated to please the eye. Never had Zeida beheld her lady so radiant with beauty as when she gave the last touch of her own

tasteful exertions to the toilet of the melancholy but sanguine captive. True, no brilliant flash of joy or happiness danced in the violet blue of Ino's eye, but there gleamed the fire of insulted, yet subdued dignity from its speaking depth; no blooming rose freshened on her soft cheek as in her day of pride and unfaded beauty, but its transparent and changing hue was far more lovely than all the deep and mantling color of health or joy; the bright pencilling of her beautiful lip alone remained unchanged in its full and matchless curve. Her light hair flowed in loose curls o'er her shoulders, entwined with glistening pearls, while from her polished brow they were waved back by a dazzling tiara of diamonds. A snow white kirtle, tissue with silver, hung gracefully over the folds of a light blue robe, flowing from her delicate waist, which was encircled by a girdle of the rarest and largest pearls, while the sleeves full to the elbow, were caught midway the arm by a fillet of magnificent jewels; a small but richly wrought chain, Adrian's parting token, was the only ornament resting on her neck, and as she pressed it to her lip, she tearfully murmured: "Would that this could prove a talisman against all degrading and impertinent scrutiny. Alas! Adrian, though it has been *love's amulet*, yet its magic charm cannot shield thy betrothed from a stern fate."

The soft voice of the affectionate slave aroused her from her sorrowful reverie.

"Forbear, lady Ino, those tears, they will dim the brightness of thy beauty, which would cause the great Sultan to laugh to scorn the reports concerning the noble Stamboul's captive."

"And thinkest thou, Zeida, it would disappoint me were Mahmoud *not* to award a favorable glance on this poor, fading, bedecked form! Next to the wish of meeting with Adrian Marcova is that of being entirely shielded from his dishonorable admiration. Bring hither my veil, which, although rarely worn by a Greek maiden, especially when a helpless captive, yet I will dare to adopt its blessed concealment—for one of Del Castro's noble blood, though of the frail sex, cannot tamely submit to all the insulting requirements of an infidel court."

The gentle hand of Zeida had hardly adjusted the thick white folds of the veil over the pale face of her mistress, when a messenger announced, "That all was ready, and Stamboul's retinue awaited to escort the lady Ino to the palace."

"Farewell, Zeida," said she in a voice broken by deep emotion, as the faithful slave twined her arms around her, o'erwhelmed with grief at parting from one so tenderly loved, "would that thou wert permitted to stand by me in the approaching hour of trial. Alas! who will support and protect me, for even Stamboul has failed to gladden the darkness of this moment by his promised coming and assistance! deeply, deeply have I drained the chalice of bitter misfortune—farewell, come what may,

Dr. Clarke gives an interesting account of these festivities in his description of the manners and customs of the Turks.

Ino Del Castro will remember *thee* with grateful tenderness."

"Allah's smile will cheer thee, for thou art pure and good, lady, and though all may forsake thee, his great power will overshadow thy shrinking soul, and preserve thee from harm or evil. But stay, promise thy Zeida one thing, if thou art ransomed, that she shall share in the joy of thy liberty, as she has done in the sorrow of thy captivity. Oh! grant her the happiness of continuing thy faithful slave through all changes!"

"Alas! Zeida," replied Ino, gazing tenderly upon the anxious face of the slave, as she knelt before her, "would that it were in my power to grant thy wish, but thou knowest that *I* too sigh 'neath the galling chains of bondage, and no freedom of my will or action can avail any thing, unless sanctioned or directed by Stamboul."

She bent down her trembling lips and affectionately pressing the brow of the weeping girl, hoarsely murmured, "Farewell, my only friend." In a few moments, Ino Del Castro was rapidly conveyed in a close vehicle, attended by a well selected retinue, to the palace. It was with a burning cheek and beating heart she mingled with the captive throng, awaiting the summons for its appearance before the Sultan. Suddenly a loud flourish of music and the aroused excitement of those around her, proclaimed the approach of some distinguished individual. It was the brilliant train of Asma Sultana, the sister of the Sultan, on her way to the state-room, and for whom the low throne on Mahmoud's right was reserved. This amiable princess hoped by her presence and personal influence to mitigate somewhat the excesses to which this degrading exhibition might be carried, nor did she fail to remonstrate with indignation against the injustice and inhumanity of thus reducing *rajahs*, (as the Christian subjects were styled,) to slavery. Revolting as was the sight to one of her gentle nature, still a noble humanity impelled her to become an unwilling spectator, and doubtless to her eloquence and persevering importunity may be attributed the subsequent suppression of that barbarous custom.*

When Asma paused to survey the unhappy looking band, ranged on each side to admit the advance of her attendants, the expression of deep compassion and sympathy, so visibly imprinted on her gentle countenance, induced Ino to cast aside all feeling of restraint or fear, and throwing herself before her, she humbly, but vehemently, implored her protecting influence.

"Who is it that claims Asma's aid in this sad hour," said she, kindly taking the kneeling captive's

* This is a well authenticated fact respecting the Sultana's interference in behalf of the Sciote captives,—the details of which may be found in the travels of Mr. Waddington, who was in Constantinople a short while after the direful massacre of Scio.

hand, "withdraw thy veil, unfortunate Greek, and speak without fear, for a woman's heart feels for thee, and her ear ever hearkens to the accents of distress."

"It is Ino Del Castro, an orphaned Sciote and the noble Stamboul's captive," replied she, rising and lifting her veil, while she stood firm and unawed before the silent throng. Transfixed with admiration the Sultana gazed for some moments upon the beautiful face of the suppliant, then passing her hand over her eyes, she sighed deeply, and as if alone said in a low voice—

"No wonder Asma hath in vain wooed the eye and love of Stamboul, when *such* a being held his heart in thralldom"—then adding in a calmer tone, "do I indeed see before me the far-famed captive of that great and valiant general,—one whose beauty all now so eagerly desire to behold! Doubtless I see too in thee the betrothed of his gallant love?"

"No, great Sultana, thou only beholdest a poor heart-stricken Sciote, at present unprotected even by her generous captor. Ino Del Castro could never prove faithless to the betrothed of her early, happy youth; and Stamboul is too noble to accept the sacrifice of an unwilling hand, when Adria Marcova owns the devotion of her heart."

A second flourish of martial music interrupted the short pause of Asma's train. It proceeded from a full band of gorgeously dressed eunuchs in flowing robes, richly embroidered, and caps with waving plumes, who loudly announced the mandate of the Sultan. With a brief assurance of friendly protection, Asma bade Ino resume her place in the captive procession, which then slowly moved towards the state-room, and in a few moments stood awe struck in the presence of the "mighty one of earth." Ino saw not the vast crowd around her. She was insensible to the atmosphere of titled greatness which she was then inhaling, but instinctively her eye was raised to the face of Mahmoud upon his silver throne. That flatterer, Hope, which had so shriekingly fled from her despairing bosom, suddenly flapped its bright wing o'er its wonted resting place, when she beheld a pleasing expression of benignity in his countenance, instead of that fiend-like ferocity which her imagination had always so vividly pictured:† and wondering that one could so strangely contradict in his deeds of savage cruelty that index of the soul—the face—which was stamped with kindly feeling, she stood calm and collected amidst that imposing scene. Not until her name was loudly called was her revery of thick and coming fancies broken, or her bewildered senses recalled to a full reality of her situation.

"Approach Ino Del Castro, that our own eyes

† See Mr. Stephens' description of Mahmoud in his travels in Greece, Turkey, &c.

may acknowledge the truth of what rumor saith concerning our general's cherished captive."

Mahmoud's voice seemed to be attuned to the softest and most silvery cadence when he thus spoke.

With bowed head, though scarcely conscious of her motion, Ino obeyed, and without unveiling her face, she stood alone at the foot of the throne.

"Deign, fair lady, to dazzle our vision by withdrawing that jealous veil, which methinks thou must have adopted to enhance our surprise, since it is rather unusual for a slave, or captive, to be thus graciously shielded."

A slight hesitation at first withheld her hand, but, as if nerving herself with desperate fortitude, she drew it hastily aside, and stood, flashing with all the pride and scorn of incensed virtue, which the scene was so well calculated to arouse. Then gathering around her person the thick folds of the fallen veil, she raised her head and bent upon the Sultan a look of calm disdain apparently unmoved by the least tremor of fear.

"Allah be praised!" exclaimed Mahmoud, "we blame not the brave Stamboul for his Argus eyed watchfulness over thee, though we do confess he has proved a timid sportsman in not securing the tenderest note of love from a bird of such surpassing beauty. Come, we propose a change of cages, and would fain select thee, *our* favored slave of the harem."

Mahmoud arose, and with his extended hand was about to place a crown of bright flowers upon the head of the immoveable Ino, when the shrill blast of a clarion caused every one to start with unwonted surprise. A sudden breaking away amongst the dense crowd was seen, and a soldier, brandishing high above his head a threatening sword, rushed through the line of officers and grandees, and casting himself before the throne, as the Sultan had just descended the last step, vehemently exclaimed.

"Forbear, forbear great Mahmoud, thy proposed selection, or further insult to yonder spotless Sciote. Behold at thy feet the champion of her innocence in Stamboul, thy favored general. Twice has it been in his power to save thy life from treachery, and in the first moments of grateful emotion, thou didst give him this jewelled cross, (holding up a cross of great brilliancy,) consecrated by thine oath, that whatsoever Stamboul should ask of thee in future, it should be faithfully granted. But it has never been his need to test a fulfilment of that oath until now; hear then his present petition. It is, (continued he rising and advancing towards Ino,) that thou wilt give me back my captive, with a promise to molest her no more."

A shade of disappointment passed over the face of the Sultan, when Stamboul paused, then as if some sudden thought flashed through his mind, a smile of scornful derision curled his lip as he said,

"By the great Mahomet! Stamboul, thy gene-

rosity and disinterestedness towards thy captive bird, is indeed marvellous, thus to desire her return to thy golden cage, after she has so long refused to respond to thy soft wooing. Methinks thou art somewhat selfish to deprive us the warbling of her music, since it is denied *thine* ear."

The fine form of Stamboul seemed to expand with muscular emotion; his piercing eye glared with the fire of deadly wrath, and his teeth were fiercely clenched to suppress the deep bitterness, which the taunting language of Mahmoud had aroused. But the tempest of passion passed away, ere he suffered his blanched lip to give vent to its direful force, and drawing himself erect, in all his towering height, he slowly replied—

"Since Mahmoud's *oath* is so *slight* a bond, Stamboul hath yet another plea which may not prove so fruitless in accomplishing his desires. Thou hast informed me thy coffers need replenishing; a high ransom may give me what thy *honor* has denied; name it, Sultan, yea if it be the price of Stamboul's head, thou shalt freely possess it." He paused in the excess of withering contempt.

"Ha! thou art indeed considerate, general, and hath touched a chord more sensitive, in Mahmoud's breast, than the beauty of thy captive could have vibrated. But we require and estimate thy valiant exertions too much, to permit the price of thy noble head to be the stake. A surrender of half thy vast estates would not, methinks, be too high a ransom for *Ino Del Castro*."

Stamboul approached the Sultan, and laying his sword at his feet, stepped back, saying in a clear, calm voice,

"All, every thing, and myself would be but a slight sacrifice, if it secured the freedom of Ino Del Castro, and now take with thy ransom Stamboul's sword. Perish thy oath's emblem, (throwing down the jewelled cross, and with fearful force crushing it beneath his feet,) for, in its glitter, Stamboul beholdeth *only* thy falsehood, and never will his hand wield a sword in the service of a perjured monarch."

A deadly silence seemed to hold every one breathless with fear; all eyes turned from the undaunted Stamboul to the abashed Sultan, whose brow was deeply contracted with suppressed rage and shame. But a soft, tremulous voice broke upon that ominous stillness. It was that of Asma Sultana, who descending her throne and extending her hand towards Stamboul, said gently,

"Stamboul, permit thy friend and princess to share with thee the ransom of thy virtuous and beautiful captive: Asma Sultana will render half of what the exaction of Mahmoud requireth of thee."

"No, most generous lady, Stamboul cannot consent to share a deed of justice with *even* thee, and what *he* hath said, by that will he firmly stand. Gladly now will he leave his country, for not the smallest portion of its wealth would he possess, so

long as the tie of loyalty has been so ignobly severed. Ino Del Castro, (turning to the bewildered maiden, and respectfully taking her hand,) thou art *free*—aye as free as when Scio's beauteous isle owned thee its fairest flower. Although Allah hath smiled upon my efforts to restore thee thy liberty; yet, alas! I grieve to say that the joy of thy heart, in this hour, cannot be enhanced by the return, or any successful tidings of Adrian Marcova, thy betrothed. Stamboul hath sought him in vain, but rest assured that though his *vow* is still unpaid, yet it is deemed too sacred to be set at naught by any present failure, and no future exertion will be spared to secure thee that happiness, in love, which thy constancy and virtue deserve."

"Behold, most noble Stamboul, he whom thou hast so faithfully sought, acknowledges thy unparalleled generosity. Ino, my beloved, and is it thus we meet?" A manly form stood before him, then a faint cry, one single bound and the brave bosom of Adrian Marcova, habited as a Turkish soldier, held firmly the betrothed of his glad youth. He raised her head from his shoulder, saying in a tone of trembling joy—

"Smile now, Ino, thy tears have all been shed. Stamboul, in Odessa, thy aid-de-camp, thou beholdest Adrian Marcova, who, on hearing that his destined bride was thy captive, entered thy service hoping to gain more certain tidings of her fate. Imagine my anguish when rumor confidently asserted she was thy *willing* and happy captive, in consequence of which, I so eagerly accepted thy offer of bearing her thy last missive, that I might be assured of its truth, or that the 'love of other days' possessed her heart; I was convinced of her truth and fidelity, but as thou hadst so graciously confided to me thy wishes and intentions regarding her release from captivity, I forbore revealing myself, fearing that any rash act of mine would probably involve her in greater misfortunes. Besides, I had resolved to anticipate thee in rendering the ransom, and without delay sought the assistance of a friend in securing one, that the most rapacious or insatiate heart could demand. Take back thy generously forfeited estates, for Adrian Marcova claims the prerogative of releasing Ino Del Castro and can give thee, most exacting Mahmoud, double the amount of thy stated ransom."

He waved high above his head an embroidered scarf, as a signal for the appearance of some one expected. It was Ino's parting token, and no sooner was it lifted, than there stalked through the gaping, wondering crowd, a fierce and singular looking being, who passed before the throne, and scornfully threw a heavy bag of gold at the Sultan's feet, then, with a countenance expressing the most blasting ire, Lamia, the Circe of the mountains, gave vent to a loud and hissing laugh, as she spurned it with her foot, and extending her long,

bony hand towards Mahmoud, she said in a voice of bitter defiance,

"Ha! Stamboul, thou mayest well blush for thy allegiance to such a blood hungered tyrant, thou hast already risked a life too precious, and wielded a sword too true in the service of such as *Mahmoud*. Thy resolution is a noble one, and there let it sleep quiet in its scabbard ere thou unsheath it to advocate perjury and insatiate avarice. Adrian Marcova, doff the unsightly tarbouch of the barbarous infidels, and deign no longer to wear even the *semblance* of subjection, to one deaf to the voice of honor or common humanity."

Lamia received the tarbouch which Adrian immediately cast from his head, and seizing the sabre from his hand, she severed it into numerous pieces, then scattering them before the silver throne, she uttered another discordant, pealing yell, adding in a tone of fearless denunciation,

"Thus may thy kingdom be blasted by the winds of destruction, and the blood of every butchered Sciote fall upon thy accursed head with tenfold vengeance."

"Stay, hag," replied the Sultan, rising as Lamia turned to depart, "Mahmoud will yet prove himself worthy of the sceptre he now wields, as also of the faithful loyalty of all his subjects; yea, even that of the magnanimous Stamboul. Not one piastre in this bag will he accept in ransom for Ino Del Castro; receive, Adrian Marcova, with thy peerless bride, the fairest portion of thy once beauteous isle as her dowry, for he now freely granteth to thee a full patent to return to Scio. Mahmoud's blessing goeth with thee. Stamboul, my valued friend and general, listen to my overtures. Although, in the moment of chagrin, I yielded my better nature to the tempter, yet conscience and honor now demand a candid retraction, which thy Sultan hesitates not to make before this present assemblage; permit him then, to renew his former oath of obligation with thee, and now not only doth he grant Ino Del Castro an unransomed liberty, but also that of every Christian captive present; regard their release as a reward of thy noble bravery, and say, can Mahmoud's overture regain thy sword's service?"

"Enough, most mighty Sultan," returned Stamboul, receiving his sword from Mahmoud, "gladly will thy general renew the blessed covenant of friendship with thee and reiterate the pledge of his life's devotion to thy will, and his country's good. Henceforth the latter shall be his only desired bride, and at her shrine alone will he bend the knee of homage. Accept then of Stamboul's most grateful thanks for this day's act of justice and humanity in releasing so numerous a band of heart-stricken captives, and proudly will his memory ever recur to it, because the event so strongly proves he serveth a noble king in heart and deed."

But Adrian and Ino's heart had become too

sorely lacerated by the direful massacre of their native island, to accept of Mahmoud's patent to return to a spot so desolated. Beneath Italy's blue sky did they seek a home as beautiful, though not so endeared by early memories, where the current of their pure and united love flowed more gentle and sparkling, because of that darkness with which the cloudy past had so fearfully shadowed its once smooth and limpid brightness, and thither, too, were they attended by the faithful slave, Zeida, Stamboul's parting gift to his loved and lovely Sciote captive.

Mrs Susan Walker.

Fredericksburg, 1844.

SONNETS FROM PETRARCH.

BY MARY G. WELLS.

IV.

"Benedetto sia 'l giorno, e'l mese, e'l anno."

Ah! blessed be the day, the month, the year,
The season, time and the propitious hour,
The lovely place, where first my sight came near
The beaming eyes that bound me in their power.
How blest the first sweet trouble of my breast
That came when Love disturbed its wonted rest,
The bended bow, the deeply piercing dart,
The wounds inflicted on my captive heart;
And blest the oft-repeated, tender word,
Calling aloud my lady's cherished name,
The scalding tears, the sighs so frequent heard,
The pensive verse which makes her known to fame;
And blessed be the thoughts which bid hers dwell
The only image in my bosom's cell!

V.

"Discolorato hai Morto il piu bel viso."

Ah! Death, thou'st paled the fairest, loveliest face
That e'er was seen, and dimmed the brightest eyes;
Thou'st loosed the bonds that bound unto its race
The purest soul that had on earth such ties.
In one sad moment thou hast torn from me
All that I loved, hast stilled the sweetest voice
Ear ever heard, made me weep mournfully,
Bid me in outward things no more rejoice.
For rest and solace when oppressed by grief
To where Religion leads her eye would turn,
And 'mid life's cares it was her sole relief:
Could'st speak like her, with such a lustre burn,
Then might I smile again, then might I move
Not man's heart only, but wild beasts to love!

VI.

"Movevi'l vecchierel canuto e bianco."

As moves the ancient man with hoary hair
From the sweet place his age doth still adorn,
Leaving his little family in despair,
The absence of their well loved sire to mourn,

Far from his home with trembling step and slow,
E'en in the darkening twilight of his day
Intent his distant pilgrimage to go,
Though bent by years and weary of the way:
He reaches Rome fulfilling the desire
His great and blest similitude to see,
Whom yet to meet in heaven he doth aspire:
Thus, sad and wearied, seek I patiently,
Lady, if possible, to find a face,
Whose features shall resemble thine in grace!

VII.

"Nill'eta sua piu bella e piu fiorita."

In life's most beautiful and most flowery morn,
When Love exerts his all puissant sway,
Leaving on earth her earthly form of clay,
Laura, my very life from me was torn.
Lovely and living to the skies she rose,
From there she rules me, and from there commands;
Alas! why sever not these mortal bands,
Whose sundering shall another life disclose,
That, as my thoughts must linger with her still,
So, joyous, spurning sadful grief's control,
Leaving earth's cares, may follow her my soul,
That which delays me being only ill,
Making me weary of my slow decay:—
O! what a death there was three years this day!

VIII.

"Quand'io veggio dal ciel scendar l' Aurora."

When high in heaven I see Aurora rise,
With golden ringlets and with rosy brow,
Love seizes me; I sicken, and with sighs
Turn pale, and say, where is my Laura now?
Ah! blest Tithonus, well is known to thee
The time when thy dear treasure shall return,
But what can I without my Laurel-tree?—
She sleeps in death whom I so sadly mourn!
Your partings cannot cause such deep despair,
For quiet eve at least brings her again,
Who loves thee still despite thy silver hair.
My nights are sad, my days are filled with pain,
For she, who night and day my thoughts doth claim,
Of her sweet self hath left me but the name!

IX.

"L'aura serena che fra verdi fronde."

The murmuring breeze that thro' the verdant grove
Comes gently fanning o'er my fevered brow,
Brings pleasant memories of the time when love
Gave the first wounds so deeply felt e'en now.
Once more I see the beautiful face revealed
Which scorn and jealousy erst held concealed,
The golden hair, now bound in gems and pearls,
Now loosely scattered in a thousand curls,
Which she was wont to place with graceful skill,
And gather with so soft and fair a hand,
The recollection makes my bosom thrill:
And Time so firmly fixed each knot and band,
And laid so strong a spell upon my mind
That Death alone the fetters can unbind!

Philadelphia, September, 1844.

THE MIND, ITS POWERS AND RESULTS.

Man, as is well known, is a compound being, consisting of soul and body, of mind and matter, a material and immaterial principle. The body, we are told, was formed of the dust of the earth—to dust it shall return, but the *mind*, the immortal principle within us, is uncreated—it was breathed into this mechanism of clay by the Great First Cause—a celestial spark struck off from the Divinity itself. This immaterial and eternal principle it is which gives to man all his dignity and importance in the scale of creation. This is the proposition we set out with and will endeavor to maintain. What is the body? It may indeed be more comely, more erect, more graceful than any other portion of God's creation, but it is feeble, frail, exposed to disease and death; even the greater part of its dignity and beauty is borrowed from the intellect or soul which flashes from the eye, and the benignity and intelligence which beam from the countenance. But the *mind*! who can fathom its immeasurable depths! who can measure the height and length and breadth of its mighty powers! Who can unfold the hidden mysteries of this immortal principle! There lies the unconscious infant—his form is perfect, the body and limb present evidences of future strength and power, but what indications do we observe of future mental development and intellectual greatness? Is it not a well-known fact that even the young of the brute creation manifest more evidences of mind than the infant human being? But the child grows up apace, the mental powers, by degrees, are developed—images and ideas are formed from the impression of external and material objects upon the senses. These ideas are expressed by words. The names of letters are soon acquired,—letters are combined into syllables and words,—sentences are formed, and thus new and successive floods of light and knowledge are poured into the mind, the history of past events and by-gone ages become familiar things;—an onward progress is made from science to science, from discovery to discovery, until that infant being, once even unconscious of existence, becomes a Bacon who can unfold and simplify the complicated principles of the most abstruse sciences, or a Newton who can measure the height of the sun and the planets, trace the comet in its wandering flight, and explain the laws by which the whole planetary system is regulated.

May it not, indeed, be said, with truth, that the contemplation of the human intellect, with all its vast, mysterious and complicated powers, presents a subject more replete with grandeur and sublimity, than can be afforded by all the material curiosities both of nature and of art, which the universe can afford. Think for a moment upon its wonderful and divine powers. By a single effort of the mind

we can travel back, in a moment, to the creation of this world, when "God said let there be light, and there was light;" by another flash of thought we behold this great orb enveloped by a flood, and all its inhabitants buried in one common ruin; trace we then by another act of thought, the rise and fall of the great and powerful nations of the earth; we stand where once stood Carthage and Palmyra and Memphis and other splendid cities of ancient time, whose mournful relics scarcely remain to tell the story of their departed greatness; in imagination we can visit ancient Rome in all her imperial greatness and splendor, we can look upon her mighty armies and illustrious generals,—we enter the Roman Senate and gaze with admiration upon the venerable and dignified faces of those noble fathers of whom we delighted to read in our school, boy time—we recognize the bold and ambitious features of a Cæsar, the stern and inflexible countenance of a Cato,—we listen to the powerful and indignant eloquence of a Cicero driving Cataline from the Senate Chamber; and then ascending to the lofty height of some towering citadel, we can behold, in one magnificent view, this immense city, with its millions of inhabitants—the mistress of the world. More rapid than the lightning's flash, the mind transports itself to the classic shores of ancient Greece. We visit the beautiful and refined city of Athens; we gaze with delight and admiration upon the splendid temples, whose chaste and elegant architecture has served as a model for all future time—we look with rapture upon those beautiful specimens of statuary, which have distinguished Greece above all other nations; we enter her halls of learning and science, and hold converse with Socrates and Plato—we hang upon the lips of her illustrious orators, and listen with breathless attention to the bold and energetic eloquence of Demosthenes thundering forth his *Phillipics* and urging on his countrymen to the defence of their rights and liberties. Quicker than light the mind again travels down the long track of intervening time, and we enter the portals of the great and interesting city of Jerusalem, in all its former splendor and magnificence—we behold Deity himself preaching in her temples and walking in her streets, healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf, making the dumb to speak and bringing the dead to life. But the mind, in its still more adventurous course, leaves the earth and reaches to heaven; it traces the motions of unknown worlds—travels with the moon around the earth, the earth around the sun, and reaches to those innumerable fixed stars whose immeasurable distance has baffled all human computation; and still renewing its mysterious flight, it soars to the kingdom of the Great Omnipotent One, and beholds the Sovereign of the Universe seated upon his pure white throne, surrounded by angelic spirits who live forever in his presence and give unceasing praise and adora-

tion to his name. Who can contemplate such a wonderful and mysterious principle in our nature without wonder, awe and admiration!

"Call now to mind what high, capacious powers
Lie folded up in man, how far beyond
The praise of mortals may the eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine
Expand the blooming soul. What pity then
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom? Choke the streams of life
And blast her springs: far otherwise designed
Almighty wisdom."

One of the most striking evidences of the power and influence of *mind* may be derived from the fact that, by the exertion of this principle alone, unaided by any foreign or extrinsic circumstances, individuals have, in all ages of the world, risen from the deepest obscurity to the highest elevation of fame, rank and usefulness among men. No difficulty, or embarrassment, no adversity or misfortune can keep down the energies of the powerful and elastic intellect. Every impediment, like a barrier thrown across the current of a strong and rapid stream, serves only to obstruct its progress for a moment,—it rushes forward in its subsequent course, with accumulated momentum and impetuosity. Let us direct our attention for a moment to the distinguished men of our own country. Is it from a long-descended line of noble ancestry that they have derived their greatness? Is it from the possession of extraordinary wealth and dignified titles that they have become so useful and distinguished in their career? Has not almost every distinguished character in this and every other country been the builder up of his own name, the architect of his own greatness? Had we ever heard of an illustrious Washington, a Jefferson, a Madison, a Marshall, a Calhoun, a Wirt, a Clay, or a Webster, until these men distinguished themselves by their intellectual greatness and usefulness, and built up for themselves a reputation and a name? It is all the result of mind—of intellectual power, indomitable mental energy. Does it not appear then reasonable to conclude that our proposition is correct, that it is the mind, the spark of Divinity stirring within us, which gives to man all his dignity and importance in the scale of creation? Thus far, we have alluded briefly to the *powers* and *capacities* of the human intellect, let us now turn our attention to some of the great *practical results* arising from these immense powers and capacities.

The time would fail even to enumerate the various and wonderful improvements and discoveries that have been made in the last few centuries by the powers of the human mind. Instead of creeping cautiously and timidly along the shore, fearing to leave the sight of land, the mariner can trace his path with certainty and precision in the wide and unknown ocean by the lights derived from mathematical and astronomical science; and how shall

we begin to compute the vast and incalculable influence which has been exerted by one single power—a discovery resulting from the capacious and scientific intellect of a Fulton, whom every one that loves his country is proud to claim as an American. Let us reflect for a moment upon the wonderful and stupendous effects that must forever accrue from that one act of thought which evolved the important principle that steam could be converted into a power which would convey palaces down our noble streams—stem the impetuous currents of the most rapid rivers,—propel the largest ships across the widest oceans, and almost annihilate space by conveying us from town to town, from city to city, from almost one extremity of our country to the other. Is it not from this one cause chiefly that the whole condition of the great valley of the Mississippi has been changed in the last few years? towns and cities have sprung up as if by enchantment, so that this immense valley is rapidly becoming the most productive and populous portion of the globe. The following remarks of Mr. Alexander Everett will be read with interest by every one. They are peculiarly appropriate in illustrating this portion of our subject. Delivering his lecture while in view of the great father of rivers he says—"The scene that so often presents itself when we turn the eye from the place where we are now assembled to the celebrated stream which flows by our side, affords a more striking demonstration of the recent triumphs of physical science than could be given by volumes of description. Forty years ago there was nothing to be seen in the way of navigation on the Mississippi river but a few clumsy rafts, which, after bringing down the produce of the interior, were broken up at New Orleans, and never attempted to return, and a few small vessels struggling painfully with sails, against the current, and employing three or four months to ascend to the head of navigation. Now there is scarcely an hour in which majestic moving palaces are not seen to pass on their upward and downward progress, following or stemming the current with nearly equal facility, and performing their voyages to and from Louisville in from five to seven days; at the same time others are performing their outward and homeward voyages from Boston to New-York, across the Atlantic, in an average time from twelve to fifteen days. But in the application of steam to locomotion on railroads, the results have been, if possible, still more brilliant. Dr. Franklin, who was postmaster-general of the colonies, before the Revolution, remarked that he did not himself despair of seeing the time, when the mail should be conveyed in a *fortnight* from Philadelphia to Boston. Now, the mail leaves Boston at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and reaches Washington, a hundred and fifty miles beyond Philadelphia, on the evening of the following day. From New Orleans the mail is regularly carried to

Boston in nine days. New Orleans is of course, for practical purposes, nearer to Boston than Philadelphia was before the Revolution. Between New Orleans, the extreme point of civilized America, and St. Petersburg, the extreme point of civilized Europe, intelligence regularly passes in five weeks." What immense results from one master effort of the human mind. The effects of this one discovery alone—the discovery and application of steam power, is sufficient to evince the paramount importance and the great superiority of knowledge over every other attainment, and that knowledge and mental cultivation, when properly and usefully applied, confer upon man his greatest honor and glory, and exert the greatest practical influence upon the condition of the world.

Let us turn our attention for a moment to another grand result of intellectual effort—a result which has changed the whole condition of mankind, and which constitutes one of the chief distinctions between savage and civilized life. I allude to the invention of that art by which thoughts and ideas are recorded and handed down to all succeeding generations. The splendid and glorious results of this art are so beautifully and eloquently described by the learned Dr. Good, and the language and sentiments are so much better than I can use myself, that I hope to be excused for quoting his words. After giving a most interesting history of this sublime art, the writer thus concludes his remarks: "Such is the history of the noblest art that has ever been invented by the unassisted efforts of the human understanding—an art that gives stability to thought, forms a cabinet for our ideas, and presents, in imperishable colors, a speaking portraiture of the soul. Without this, hard indeed would be the separation of friends, and the traveller would become an exile from his native home, vainly languishing for the consolatory information that his wife, his children, his kinsmen, his country were in a state of health and prosperity, and himself embalmed in their affections. Without this, what to us would be the wisdom of past ages, or the history of former times! The chain of nature would be broken up in all its links, and every generation becomes an isolated and individual world, equally cut off, as by an irremediable abyss, from its ancestors and from posterity. While the language of the lips is as fleeting as the breath itself, and confined to a single spot, as well as to a single moment, the language of the pen enjoys, in many instances, an adamant existence, and will only perish amid the ruins of the globe. Before its mighty touch, time and space become annihilated; it joins epoch to epoch and pole to pole, it gives unity to the works of creation and providence and enables us to trace from the beginning of things to the end. It is the great sun of the moral world that warms and stimulates and irradiates and develops and matures the best virtues of the heart, and the best faculties of

the intellect. But for this, every thing would be darkness and doubt and death-shade; all knowledge would be traditionary and all experience local; civilized life would relapse into barbarian, and man would have to run through his comparatively little and insignificant round of existence—the perpetual sport of ignorance and error, uninstructed by science, unregulated by laws, unconsolated by revelation."

But the mind, still pressing forward in the career of improvement and sublime results, strikes out, in the 15th century, another discovery, or rather invention, still more important in its consequences than the art of writing. I allude to the *art of printing*. When the first book appeared from the press of the well-known Aldo Manutius, in 1497, a new era dawned upon the world, an era which will be memorable as long as time and even eternity itself shall last. The most vivid and fertile imagination, the most prophetic and far-reaching intellect cannot begin to conceive of the immense influence which this one master effort of the human mind must exert upon all succeeding generations. The time was, when a few manuscripts were considered a large library, and without the invention of the art of printing, those nations which are now highly distinguished for literature and science must have been still enveloped in ignorance and barbarism. What more than the art of printing contributed to the revival of learning which had been buried in midnight darkness for more than ten centuries! By this art, books upon books on every useful subject have been multiplied without number, and a respectable library can now be obtained for a few hundred dollars, an amount which, previous to this time, might not have purchased more than one valuable manuscript. Reflect for a moment upon the influence of the press. By this means news and information on all subjects are distributed in a short time to every portion of the civilized world, and an inconceivable influence is exerted upon its social, religious and political condition. To the Christian and philanthropist, this subject presents a view which is particularly interesting and gratifying. He delights to look abroad over the world and observe the unbounded influence, which this art has exerted in diffusing the Gospel of sacred truth through almost every country and nation of the earth, and shedding the divine light of sacred truth upon millions who otherwise must have remained forever in ignorance and gross superstition—an art which must ever be regarded as one of the most efficient means or instruments in bringing about that happy period, when the glories of divine truth shall shine as the noon-day in the darkest corners of the earth and illuminate the benighted mind of every idolatrous and superstitious nation on the globe. Is it necessary to adduce other instances of the wondrous results of the mind—the thinking principle of our natures! We might allude to the numerous improvements

in the arts and sciences—in chemistry, medicine, geology, botany, natural philosophy, astronomy—in music and painting and a host of others, but the time would fail us. But there is one sublime and all-memorable result of the bold and majestic powers of the human mind with which I shall conclude this portion of our subject. I allude to the unrivalled and collective wisdom of those distinguished patriots and philosophers who devised and put in order the articles of that free and glorious constitution which they have bequeathed to us, and under which we enjoy a liberty and prosperity unrivalled in the annals of history. And may I not here digress a moment, and remark that every citizen of our country should bear in mind that this free constitution, the result of so much wisdom and thought, can only be sustained in all its vigor and purity, by a continuation of that wisdom and enlightened intellect which first put it into operation. And is it not the duty of each one of us, to exert all his influence, however limited or extensive it may be, to diffuse just and enlightened principles throughout our country; as far as he is able, to encourage education and the distribution of general knowledge, so that this rich inheritance may be preserved pure and unsullied, and be handed down to posterity as a legacy more precious than gold or silver or lands? Thus I have attempted, in a brief and cursory manner, to describe some of the wonderful powers of that mysterious and immortal principle of our nature denominated *mind*, and have likewise endeavored to trace out some of the grand and sublime results accruing to society and to the world from the operation of this divine principle. And if my arguments have been correct, we are necessarily led to the conclusion, or to the truth of the principle with which I set out, that the mind and the application of its powers to high and useful purposes, confer upon man his greatest dignity and honor. I hope I may not be understood as arguing for the cultivation of the intellectual faculties alone, to the exclusion of the culture of the moral powers. The moral faculties as essentially constitute a part of the mind as the intellectual, and the individual who cultivates the latter to the neglect of the former is only cultivating a part of his mind, and the culture must therefore be very imperfect. There is a close and intimate connexion between the moral and intellectual faculties, and it would require a distinct essay to trace out the relations which they bear to each other. There is one remark which we wish to make in this connexion, and that is, that the culture and development of the moral powers seem to throw a light and vigor into the intellectual faculties which are sometimes astonishing and almost supernatural. We have a passage in the Scripture which says, "The entrance of God's words giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple;" and from this text the Rev. H. Melville has preach-

ed one of the most able and interesting sermons I have ever read, demonstrating the influence which the culture of the moral feelings exerts in enlarging and developing the intellectual faculties. On this subject, the celebrated Dr. Channing has the following eloquent and impressive sentiment which ought to sink deeply into every mind. He says, "The exaltation of talent as it is called, is the curse of the age;—Education is now chiefly a stimulus to learning and thus acquires power without the principles which alone make it good. Talent is worshipped, but if divorced from *rectitude* will prove more a demon than a God." From these remarks, it may be seen, that though in this essay so much importance is attached to the powers of the intellect, yet it is far from the object of the writer to divorce that connexion which should always subsist between the intellectual and moral powers. On the other hand, we believe that they should be united by an indissoluble tie, and that all our intellectual operations should be impelled and stimulated by moral and religious feelings, so that high and holy results may ensue—results useful to man's condition in this world and conducive to his eternal interests in another and better state of existence.

Having endeavored to point out some of the most prominent and important results which have been produced in the world by the operations of mind, and traced out briefly the influences of these results upon the condition of the world, if our premises and reasonings are sound, we are compelled to infer that it is the duty of every member of society to use all the influence, he can exert in every possible way, in the promotion of education and the diffusion of useful knowledge. There is no possible excuse which any individual can make for the neglect of this duty. Every man has his influence, and every man is bound to exert it for the welfare of his fellow-men. We might mention various modes by which men should exert their influence in the promotion of education and useful knowledge, but our limits will only permit us to allude to one, and this we believe to be one of the most important in its character and most universal in its operation. I mean the establishment of Lyceums in every town and village of our country—institutions which might appropriately be called the people's university, where men of all ranks and grades, from the highest to the lowest, may attend gratuitously and learn lessons of practical wisdom and truths of infinite value. We believe it is the dawning of a better and happier era in our country, that these institutions are so rapidly increasing in number in every portion of our union, and that the lectures which are delivered by able individuals, are attracting more attention in our cities than theatres and balls and other places of vain and trifling amusements. I cannot understand the consistency of that man who believes that the perma-

nency of our republican institutions depends upon the enlightenment of the people, and yet refuses to give his aid and encouragement to those very means which are best calculated to instruct and enlighten. Let us describe in a few words the manner in which these institutions are calculated to be so useful. A number of gentlemen meet together and form an association, and denominate it a Lyceum, or give it any other name which they deem appropriate. They meet weekly or semi-monthly as may be considered most convenient. At each meeting, one of the members, previously appointed, is expected to deliver an address on some useful, interesting subject. Out of a large number of members, there would be no difficulty in selecting an individual who might have sufficient leisure to prepare an address. Very little expense attends the formation of an association of this kind. It is a source of improvement to members by affording an opportunity of devoting leisure time to some useful and interesting theme which is to be the subject of discourse at some future period. The audience is interested and benefitted by obtaining, in a short period, all the ideas and information which the lecturer may have been collecting for weeks. The ladies delight to honor such meetings with the light of their countenances. With minds inquisitive for knowledge, and pleased to encourage every institution which has for its object the promotion of useful knowledge and sound morality, they gladly give the influence of their presence in its encouragement. If the number of members will justify it, with a small expense to each one, a good, useful library can be obtained, the ablest and most interesting literary journals and papers are added, and thus every means afforded for the attainment of sound, useful practical knowledge, which are found in the best colleges and universities of our country. Thousands of such institutions have already sprung up, but we believe that they ought to be much more numerous; there are many towns and villages which have no institutions of this kind, where nothing prevails but a sordid lust for lucre, and where, by the exertion of a few enterprising young men, a flourishing Lyceum could soon be established. And even in some of the largest and finest cities in our country, there is not more than one institution of this kind, where there ought to be a dozen. But I fear I am becoming tedious, and must forbear further remarks upon this interesting topic. I have insisted the more upon this method of diffusing useful knowledge, because I believe there is no other plan half so effectual in enlightening the minds of the grown-up portion of every community, besides the great moral benefits derived by drawing their attention to subjects of utility and importance, instead of frequenting the haunts of dissipation and vice.

In concluding this humble attempt to illustrate the high honor and dignity which mental cultivation

and learning confer upon man, and their great utility and importance to the world, I beg leave to conclude in the beautiful and eloquent language of one of the ablest and most elegant writers of our country.* "It has been my lot, gentlemen, to travel farther and to see mankind under a greater number of phases than you have, and I can confidently say that every where, talent and learning command the admiration and respect of the world; every where do these accomplishments call forth the homage of mankind, either voluntary or involuntary. It is this homage which makes the man of learning the citizen of the world, and gives him the hospitality and patronage of nations. The man of learning is justly regarded as the benefactor of the human race, and the wars and strifes of nations are suspended as to him. Even States that have fallen into iniquity, and have shed the blood of the innocent, have been known to pause in their career, whilst they paid a tribute of respect to the man of science. At that period when the dreadful guillotine was shedding torrents of blood in Revolutionary France, when the moral elements of our nature seemed, in that devoted country, to have risen in rebellion against their God, and the conscience of man appeared forever silenced; when every demon of discord and violence seemed for the time to be let loose to plague the nations of the world, even in such a period did the national assembly stop in its mad career, to pay a tribute of homage and respect to science by decreeing three days mourning for the death of Benjamin Franklin. What a trophy was this to be won by science amid the raging elements of discord and faction."

W. J. T.

Memphis, Tenn. *Sp. W. J. Tuck.*
* Professor Dew.

From the New Mirror.

TO THE PRESIDENT'S BRIDE.

BY OWEN G. WARREN.

The flowers and stars were equal in their birth—
Beauty and purity to both were given—
The flowers became the poetry of earth,
And the bright stars the poetry of heaven.

The *star of evening*, for the reigning star,
From sea-foam bed the humbler planets chose;
And earth's sweet blossoms gathered from afar,
And paid their grateful homage to the rose.

In *thee*, the queenly rose and star of even
Blend all their brightness, fragrantcy and power.
Thou, in thy varied gifts from earth and heaven,
Hast all the beauty of the star and flower.

And thus thou wert created, radiant one!
Thy soul, God's masterpiece—the Powers above
Made thee in form more glorious than the sun,
And Nature gave the kindling spark of love.

Upon thy brow the snow-flake found a home
Pure as itself, and even more chastely fair;
Morn came and looked upon thy cheek's rich bloom,
Melting to white, and died of envy there.

His pearls old Ocean brought to form thy teeth;
His coral for thy lips; and Earth bestowed
Her south wind from the spice isles for thy breath,
That forth in tones of melting sweetness flowed.

The star-queen, seeking an immortal home,
More beautiful than aught above the skies,
In orbs where intellect of angels shone,
Seated her living glory in thine eyes.

All this and more, divinest one, art thou—
Thy silken tresses float upon the air,
And wanton o'er the marble of thy brow,
As 'twere Elysium to be prisoners there.

Thy neck is white as thine own purity;
Thy queenly figure, faultless in its grace;
Nought but thyself can be compared to thee,
To tell the heavenly wonders of thy face.

Long live thy beauty—and when time must be,
That from yon skies thy starry soul shall beam,
May still the living memory of thee
O'er every generous spirit reign supreme.

THE PLEA OF INSANITY IN CRIMINAL CASES.

BY FORBES WINSLOW, Esq.

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, LONDON.

The above is the title of a work, which was sent forth, in December last, by the enterprising publisher of the Law Library. It is one of the few books of real merit to be found among the numberless trashy publications which now deluge our land like another Egyptian plague of locusts.

The plea of insanity in criminal cases has become so common in our courts of law, that its bare mention excites a smile. This does not arise from an impression that the plea is an altogether groundless one, for the fact of its universality proves that there is in behalf of the unfortunate class a general sympathy, to which counsel have found it convenient to appeal. But this universality shows also that, in any case which will admit the shadow of a presumption of insanity, the plea may be offered with some chance of success. Unless we suppose, then, the great body of criminals to be insane, there must be a fault somewhere. It would be a most unjust and uncharitable imputation to charge a want of integrity, or a neglect of duty, upon our judges or jurymen; it follows therefore, that this fault must be in the *mode of trial*.

It is a well settled and judicious rule, which throws the burden of proof upon the objector to an established institution. Before pronouncing faulty a mode of trial, which has come down from the highest antiquity, and which has furnished a sub-

ject of eulogy for some of the wisest men who have ever lived, it is becoming to examine the question with candor and deliberation. Let us look a little then at the usual course of proceeding in the trial of a criminal case, where the subject of insanity is involved. The prisoner at the bar is charged with murder. Evidence has been adduced sufficient to show that it was his hand which gave the fatal blow. Unless the contrary can be proved, the malice necessary to make him guilty of the crime will be presumed. The plea of insanity is put in, and witnesses are examined to establish the fact. The jury is composed of honest and respectable men, who are actuated by the most praiseworthy desire of performing their duty. They are men of good, plain, common sense; are industrious, and in every way qualified to fill their several stations in society. They could answer, without the slightest hesitation, any question relating to the every day business of life. But now they are placed in new and trying circumstances. The life of a fellow being is at stake. It is in their power either to restore him to his family, or to consign him to the hands of the executioner. Of their decision they must give account in the day of final retribution. They are called upon to pierce through the outward acts into the hidden recesses of the heart, to note the thoughts and feelings of the prisoner, to take into account his eccentricities and caprices, to estimate the probable effects of a certain hallucination or delusion, and after the consideration of all these circumstances, to pronounce upon his moral responsibility. They perceive the difficulties of the case, and also the necessity of coming to some conclusion. They are perplexed, they hesitate, they feel incompetent to the task. Medical gentlemen are called into court, and are examined as to the nature of insanity in general, and their opinion of this case in particular. They are questioned and cross questioned, by gentlemen of the bar, who have, perhaps, just enough acquaintance with medical jurisprudence, to enable them to ask questions which no man can answer. The medical men will probably decline giving a positive opinion upon many points. The judge then delivers his charge, which is made up of the sometimes contradictory opinions of all the distinguished lawyers who have preceded him. The case then rests with the jury. The jurymen put together the legal tests which have been given them by the judge, the arguments of the lawyers, the opinions of the physicians, and their own confused ideas of the case, and are more at a loss than before. They are afraid to pronounce the prisoner innocent, and they are not sure he is guilty. The judge told them, that if, after mature deliberation, they had a reasonable doubt, they must throw it in favor of the prisoner. They have doubts, they cannot know that the prisoner was of sound mind at the time of the commission of the act, they do not know

that he committed the act with malicious intent; they must, therefore, either bring in no verdict at all, or else one of *not guilty*.

If this be a fair statement, it is not difficult to understand, without impugning the motives of judge or jury, how so many infamous characters are turned loose upon society, whom public opinion has almost unanimously pronounced worthy of death. Nor is it surprising, that the plea of insanity should rank, in vulgar estimation, on a par with an *alibi*. It is, I acknowledge, much easier to point out defects in an established system, than to devise a better. And even supposing a substitute to be proposed, which promises to be free from some of these defects, it is still a serious question, whether these improvements be sufficiently great to counterbalance the loss of that veneration for old and time-honored institutions, which seems an inherent principle of human nature. It is certainly a matter of no little consequence, in a country, so new as ours, and among a people so prone to innovation, in a land where the most important revolutions may be effected by the popular will, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, to cherish this feeling of reverence for the institutions of our forefathers and thus to oppose some barrier to the spirit of perpetual change. But there are a few facts connected with this subject which must not be left out of view.

1. The people can at any time they may deem proper make any change in the present system of jurisprudence.

2. Public opinion seems to be, that there are defects in the mode of trial in criminal cases, which call for remedy.

3. Some change may then be expected before the lapse of many years.

4. In order, that when the time shall come, legislators may act in an intelligent manner, and in accordance with the wishes of their constituents, it is expedient that different schemes be laid before the public, and their merits fully discussed.

With regard to the plan suggested by Dr. Winslow, for the establishment of a separate jurisdiction, presided over by persons whose attention has been specially directed to the study of mental aberration, it would be impossible to form an opinion, without a more particular account of the whole system. It is much to be regretted, that the author has not entered more into detail upon this point. Whatever may be thought of the practicability of his scheme, there can be no doubt of the propriety of having judges as thoroughly acquainted as may be with the subject upon which they are to adjudicate.

"No man," says Dr. Winslow, "is considered competent to give an opinion on a complicated question of mechanics, who has not paid some attention to the science; neither would the evidence of the first physician or surgeon in Europe be of any value on an intricate point of law. If an attempt

were made to bring forward such evidence, in support of any case requiring for its elucidation a knowledge of either mechanics or law, the counsel would expose himself to the laughter of the court; yet medical knowledge is thought to come by intuition; the jury, not one of whom may have seen a case of insanity, or have given the subject a moment's consideration, are called upon to decide whether the mind, in a particular case, is sufficiently well balanced to enable its possessor to form an accurate judgment between right and wrong; or, in other words, whether a person alleged to be insane ought to be viewed as a responsible agent." But the main object of the work is not to find fault with the present mode of trial, or to propose a better, but simply, taking matters as they stand, to furnish, in as small a compass as possible, to those who are called upon to adjudicate in criminal cases, a correct notion of the law in relation to the plea of insanity, and to enable them to form an accurate judgment of the presence of insanity in any case in which it is said to exist.

Mental insanity is either partial, or total. With regard to the irresponsibility of persons totally insane, there has never been a question. With regard to partial insanity, there are almost as many different opinions as there are individuals. Lord Coke held that nothing but a total absence of understanding and memory can excuse a person, while some of the medical writers of the present day, think the infliction of punishment cannot be justified in any case, where insanity is established in the slightest degree. Dr. Winslow takes a medium ground.

"I am not prepared," he says, "to give an unqualified adherence to the doctrine, that the presence of a disordered mind ought invariably to shield a person from responsibility; for there are many cases of insanity, in which the patient appears to be perfectly competent to form a correct process of reasoning, is aware of his legal irresponsibility, and knows the distinctions between right and wrong."

"An intriguing, unruly, vicious madman, was detected with a piece of iron which he had contrived to shape like a dagger; into this iron he fixed a handle. The weapon was firmly taken away from him. He immediately became excessively abusive, and he was placed under restraint. After this he was more violent, and uttered the most revolting imprecations. In a fit of fury he exclaimed to the keeper, '*I'll murder you yet! I am a madman and they cannot hang me for it.*'"

"When Martin set fire to York-Minster, a conversation took place among the inmates of a neighboring mad-house relating to the circumstance. The question discussed was, whether Martin would suffer the extreme penalty of the law for the crime. Various were the opinions expressed. In the midst of the conversation, one patient, apparently

as mad as the rest, exclaimed—'He (Martin) will not be hanged—of course he will escape.' 'For what reason?' asked several voices. 'They cannot hang him,' replied the lunatic, 'because he is mad, he is one of ourselves.'

"I would not, however, pronounce a hasty or inconsiderate judgment in cases of this character. We know so little of the workings of the human mind, either in its healthy or morbid states, that it is a point of great difficulty; in fact, almost an impossibility to detect the line of demarkation between responsibility and irresponsibility, or where one commences and the other terminates. This is a subject, however, which requires more consideration than medical jurists have hitherto given to it."

It has long been attempted to fix upon some accurate test, to which all cases of alleged insanity may be brought, and the question of responsibility determined. Dr. Winslow doubts the propriety of such attempts.

"The judges of the land," he remarks, "appear to have no settled or clear views on the subject of insanity. This may in a great measure arise from their attempting to define insanity. The disease does not admit of being defined. It is not in the power of any human being to embody within the limits of a definition all the peculiar and characteristic symptoms of mental derangement. The malady assumes so many forms, and exhibits itself in such Protean shapes, that it is out of our power to give any thing bearing the semblance of a correct or safe definition of the disorder—a definition that could be referred to as a standard in doubtful cases of deranged mind. If it be difficult to embrace within the bounds of one sentence any thing like a true description of the symptoms of general mental aberration, *a fortiori*, how abortive must be the attempt to lay down any rule by which we are to test in any particular case the presence or absence of moral responsibility."

The general principle upon which courts of justice seem to have acted in this country and in England, is, that a person who is capable of distinguishing right from wrong—of knowing that the crime of which he may stand accused is an offence against the laws of God and nature, is a responsible agent. It must be admitted that these are not perfect tests in all cases of alleged insanity. Take for example the hypothetical case proposed by Lord Erskine in his speech on the trial of Hadfield, for firing upon George the Third.

"Let us suppose," says his Lordship, "the character of an insane delusion consists in the belief that some given person was any brute animal or an inanimate being, (and such cases have existed,) and that upon the trial of such a lunatic for murder, you being upon your oaths convinced, upon the uncontradicted evidence of one hundred persons, that he believed the man he had destroyed to be a potter's vessel: that it was quite impossible to doubt

that fact, although to all other intents and purposes he was sane; answering, reasoning, and acting as men, not in any manner tainted with insanity, converse and reason, and conduct themselves; suppose further, that he believed the man whom he destroyed, but whom he destroyed as a potter's vessel, to be the property of another; and that he had malice against such supposed person, and that he meant to injure him, knowing the act he was committing to be malicious and injurious; and that, in short, he had full knowledge of all principles of good and evil; yet, would it be possible to convict such a person of murder, if, from the influence of his disease, he was ignorant of the relation in which he stood to the man he had destroyed, and was utterly *unconscious* that he had struck at the life of a human being?"

So long as the present method of trial continues, it must be important that judicial decisions be regulated by some general rules, in order that the administration of justice be uniform, and not forever subject to change according to the views of individuals. The proposed tests seem to be coming more and more complete; may it not be hoped then, notwithstanding the skepticism of Dr. Winslow and others, that some general principles will be fixed upon, which may be applied to all cases?

There are many subjects of interest suggested by the perusal of this part of our author's treatise, upon which it would be pleasant and profitable to dwell, but the limits of this article prevent. There is another species of insanity, to which Dr. Winslow invites the particular attention of the reader, and which is well worthy of such attention. I mean moral insanity.

The term, moral insanity, is used to express a disease, which has, for a few years past, engaged the attention of writers upon medical jurisprudence. The peculiar features which distinguish this from other forms of mania, have never been very accurately determined. Some persons are altogether skeptical with regard to the existence of such a disease and contend that it differs, in no wise, from mere moral depravity. It has received some countenance in the courts of France, but has not, that I am aware, been recognized in those of England or America. Dr. Winslow speaks of it as "a disordered condition of the moral affections and propensities, unaccompanied by any delusion of the intellectual powers. In these cases," he continues, "the person manifests no mental delusion; is not monomaniacal; has no hallucination; does not confound fancies with realities; but simply labors under a morbid state of the feelings and affections, or, in other words, a diseased volition. The intellectual faculties are apparently sound; the person often exhibits superior mental capacity, reasons ably, is conscious of his moral relationship, performs all the duties of life with praise-

worthy and scrupulous exactness, and yet may be morally insane."

It is rather difficult to conceive of the nature of that insanity, which "exhibits superior mental capacity, reasons ably, is conscious of moral relationships, and performs all the duties of life with praiseworthy and scrupulous exactness." Nor is it easy to reconcile this agreeable description with the histories of some of the individuals who are referred to as examples of this kind of insanity. The names of Tiberius and of Frederick William of Prussia are associated in our minds with qualities and dispositions of a very opposite character. Many of the alleged cases of this disease which are brought forward by Dr. Winslow have nothing in them palliating, or calculated to awaken our sympathies. Neither do they contain any wonderful particulars, which are not easily to be accounted for, without resorting to the supposition of a disease, that is, of any other disease than that which is inherent in the nature of every individual of our fallen race. Who can discover in the story of the spoiled child any thing which may not be found in the story of a thousand other spoiled children. Each circumstance in his history grows naturally out of a preceding one.

"An only son of a weak and indulgent mother was encouraged in the gratification of every caprice and passion of which an untutored and violent temper was susceptible. The impetuosity of his disposition increased with his years. The money with which he was lavishly supplied removed every obstacle to the indulgence of his wild desires. Every instance of opposition or resistance roused him to acts of fury. He assailed his adversaries with the ferocity of a savage; sought to reign by force; and was perpetually embroiled in quarrels. If a dog, a horse, or any other animal offended him, it was instantly put to death. If he ever went to a fete, or any other public meeting, he was sure to excite such tumults and quarrels as terminated in a bloody nose. This wayward youth, however, when unmoved by passions, possessed a perfectly sound judgment. When he became of age he succeeded to the possession of an extensive domain. He proved himself fully competent to the management of his estate, as well as to the discharge of his relative duties, and he even distinguished himself by acts of beneficence and compassion. Wounds, law suits and pecuniary compensations were generally the consequences of his unhappy propensity to quarrel. But an act of notoriety put an end to his career of violence. Enraged with a woman who had used offensive language to him, he precipitated her into a well. A prosecution was commenced against him; on the deposition of several witnesses, he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment in the Bicetre."

There is no mystery in this young man's career. The same train of circumstances, the same indul-

gence of every passion, and the same gratification of every desire, would transform the loveliest disposition into the image of a beast. There is nothing which can shield such a person from the arm of the law, that might not apply as well to any criminal case. Nor can there be found any thing more excusable in the account of the "intelligent and plausible man, who is represented as having been a scourge to his family in childhood, having been turned out of the army as an incorrigible villain, having attempted the life of a soldier, and subsequently endeavoring to murder his father." Nor in the long list of crimes which were committed by the monster Tiberius, nor in the cruelty of the tyrannical Frederick William. It is a false humanity, a morbid sympathy that would rescue such deeds from ignominy and their authors from disgrace. If cases like these are to come within the limits of moral insanity, and the plea be recognized in courts of justice, vice may stalk abroad with impunity, and innocence will have lost her protection. The cowardly wretch who has yet some fragments of conscience left, and halts in the career of transgression, who dares only venture upon some petty offence, must suffer the penalty of the law; while he who imbrues his hand in a father's blood may escape. The youthful offender, whose heart is not yet seared to the stings of remorse, is held responsible, while the Judases and Caligulas go free.

In cases like the following, the circumstances are very different and the question of responsibility becomes an intricate one.

"Dr. Zimmerman relates the case of a peasant, born at Krumbach, in Suabia, who was often attacked with an irresistible inclination to commit murder. He felt the approach of the fit many hours, and sometimes a whole day before its invasion, and from the commencement of this presentiment he begged to be secured and chained, that he might not commit some dreadful crime. 'When the fit comes on,' he says, 'I feel under the necessity to kill, even were it a child.' His parent, whom he tenderly loved, he declared would be the first victim of this murderous propensity. 'My mother,' he cried out, with a frightful voice, 'save yourself, or I *must* kill you.' Before the fit he complains of being exceedingly sleepy; without being able to sleep he feels depressed, and experiences slight twitchings in the limbs. During the fit he preserves his consciousness, and knows perfectly well that, in committing a murder, he would be guilty of an atrocious crime. When he is disabled from doing injury he makes the most frightful contortions and grimaces, singing or talking in rhyme. The fits last from one to two days. When they are over he cries out, 'Now unbind me. Alas! I have suffered cruelly, but I rejoice that I have killed nobody.'"

"Dr. Marechal relates the case of a lady unhap-

pily married. She had a child, whom she nursed for the period of three months, at which time she became melancholy, and was often seen in tears. One day, when sitting near the fire, she exclaimed with eagerness and agony, 'snatch the child from me or I will throw it in the flames.' She then confessed that for a long time she had been struggling against an almost irresistible impulse to destroy the child, and that on approaching a window or fire the desire always revived. The infant was taken from her; she became melancholy; and lamenting her unhappy propensity, attempted suicide. She recovered, but three days afterwards had a relapse; and in the second month of nursing was seized with the same unnatural propensity, and after resisting its force for some time again parted with the child, and horrified at her own condition, repeatedly tried to commit self-destruction."

There is much to excite our sympathies in the condition of the man struggling with the desire of committing an act which is revolting to his sensibilities; in his maternal love, his agony and sufferings, and above all in his tender solicitude lest any one should be injured. And still more in the miserable condition of the mother tempted to destroy the infant of her bosom. To one who is inclined to believe that the day of demoniacal possession has not gone by, such instances would afford strong confirmation of his opinion. The desire which impels these unhappy persons to homicide and suicide appears so inconsistent with their general dispositions, it is difficult to conceive it to be a part of the same nature. Consciousness is not lost and there is no perceptible delusion; yet the mind appears to be in a most unnatural state. Dr. Winslow thinks, "that if the mental condition of these patients were carefully inquired into, we should generally discover the presence of some hallucination, or perversion of the mental faculties, conjoined with the horrible destructive impulses which appear to be the only indications of the presence of insanity." If this point could be established, it would greatly facilitate the determination of the question of responsibility. The slightest mental derangement would be sufficient to mark the difference between the moral mania and a vicious disposition. It is true, that the acts in the cases related by Drs. Marechal and Zimmerman, appear to be committed by involuntary agents, and if so, one essential would be wanting to constitute moral responsibility. But there is a difficulty in predicating a want of volition in such cases. Either the act is committed without any mental operation, and the man is a mere machine, or else it must be a voluntary act. But, although the will is not dethroned, yet it seems to occupy a subordinate station. No motive can be discovered which will account for the crime; on the contrary, the act is committed in opposition to the criminal's ideas of right and wrong, and the best feelings of his nature. There

is no assignable cause for the act, except the irresistible propensity to kill. But a desire, or propensity, cannot govern a man's actions immediately. There must be the interposition of some executive power and this power is usually called the will—still if the desire be absolutely irresistible, the will becomes enslaved, and although an act under such circumstances is in some sense a voluntary one, yet it cannot be called a free act. Whether we suppose, then, the ruling power to be an unnatural propensity, the result of a diseased condition of the body, or one of the emissaries of the Prince of Darkness, it seems hard to hold the afflicted person responsible. This whole subject is a new one, and lays open a wide field for philosophical inquiry. It is impossible, at this stage of the investigation, to lay down any general principle to be applied to alleged cases of the disease. It is hoped, however, that the sympathy which is now so universal in behalf of the insane, and the interest which is exhibited by medical jurists, will lead to the establishment of some fixed rules, which may serve at least as useful a purpose, in guiding the decisions of our courts of judicature, as those now employed in ordinary cases of mental insanity.

Dr. Winslow treats briefly of several other states of the mind, as to drunkenness and somnambulism; the sleeping and the sleep-waking state. There are many interesting questions concerning the phenomena of these states, which must be passed over for the present. In conclusion, I cannot too strongly recommend the perusal of Dr. Winslow's little treatise to all who feel interested in the cause of humanity. Sympathy for the afflicted is most honorable and praiseworthy, but the protection of society, and the punishment of the guilty, demand that this sympathy should be an enlightened one. Let not the individual who has no control over his actions suffer the extreme penalty of the law, nor yet the real criminal escape, merely because of the enormity of his crime, and the depravity of his heart.

THE IRON STEED.

From a Poem.

BY PATNE KENYON KILBOURN.

VI.

'Twas a glorious union when Nature and Science,
By the goddess of Art, to the altar were led!
The Iron Steed sprang from the hallowed alliance,
And forth on his errand of glory he sped.
All hail! to the Iron Steed, now and forever!
On land and on ocean the truest and best;
He will browse on the forest, and drink from the river,
And work night and day without stopping to rest!

VII.

Who so faithful and fearless in battle as he!—
His harness is ringing—he pants for the fight!

Woe ! woe ! to the warrior on shore or on sea,
When th' invincible war-horse goes forth in his might !
Unblenching, and true to his terrible trust,
He tramples alike on the living and slain !
He grindeth the face of the foe in the dust,
And the dying man pleadeth for mercy in vain.

VIII.

With the breathings of flame and the roar of the thunder,
He is winding his way o'er prairie and mountain ;
The gaunt wolf looks out from his covert with wonder,
And the red man awakes from his dream by the fountain.
The steed of the desert, which ever before
Unrivalled had roamed o'er his wilderness-track,
Sees his glory eclipsed,—he shall lord it no more,
For the fearful invader hath beckoned him back !

IX.

Ever on—ever on—like the sun in his course—
O'er the sands of the line, and the snows of the pole,
Unwasted, unwearied, the huge Iron Horse
Speedeth on, as the racer speeds on to the goal !
His footstep is heard in the Russian domains,
By the lords of the Kremlin, the serfs of the Czar ;
How swiftly he sweeps o'er the ice-covered plains,
Where the rein-deer once trode his lone journey afar !

X.

What a clatter of hoofs !—what a rattling and din !—
What a whirling of chariot-wheels follow his track !—
He reaches the sea, and he plunges in,
And receding shores echo his winnowings back,
And away o'er the waters exulting he speeds,
With his rivetted lungs and his sinews of steel ;
In swiftmess outstripping the fleetest of steeds,
And tossing the foam in the wake of his keel !

XI.

The Islanders bailed his approach from afar,
As the mightiest monster they ever set eyes on ;
'Twas a presage of wrath, or an omen of war,
And they watched it, and prayed, till it met the horizon :
Still nearer, still brighter the lurid light shines !
There's a sound on the air, and a wake on the wave !
Old Neptune, affrighted, his sceptre resigns,
And dives down the deep to his nethermost cave.

XII.

What a shudder of gloom—what a fearful commotion—
O'ertakes the poor hind in his birchen canoe,
When the dimness of night settles down on the ocean,
And the terrible torch blazes red on his view !
He watches its light as he sees it advancing—
He lists, and a hoarse breathing breaks on his ear ;
And a sound as of armies of war-horses prancing,
And a plunging and roar marked the monsters career.

XIII.

The mermaids were singing a dirge o'er the wreck
Of a gaily-rigged schooner, whose crew were all drowned ;
But they threw down their lyres, and deserted the deck,
As they heard in the distance the horrible sound.
The sea-serpent paused on his cruise to Nahant,
As he heard the huge fellow away in his rear ;

With a shake of his head, and his eyes all aslant,
He whispered, " What doeth the land-lubber here ? "

XIV.

The weather-worn tar, who had buffeted long
The wrath of the seas and the frowns of the world ;
Yet ever had welcomed them all with a song,
And drank to his love when the canvass was furled ;—
Even he looked perplexed, and grew pale in his turn,
As he took down his glass for a closer inspection,
And eyed the " strange craft " from its stem to its stern,
His judgment vibrating from fear to reflection.

XV.

He had danced on the deep to the music of storms,
And laughed till the darkness and tempest were o'er ;
He had looked upon Death in its fearfulest forms,
But he never had met such a monster before !
At the stranger's approach his ambition was stirred,
And he sang, as the shrouds to the zephyrs were cast,—
" Bear away ! bear away ! Spread the sails to the gales,
The " true Yankee " sailor was never yet past ! "

XVI.

There are fancies and facts which the muse may not mention,
All recorded and vouched for again and again,
How the tribes of the deep met in solemn convention,
And humbly implored him to leave their domain,
And tradition yet tells of the hosts that assembled,
In order of battle, from regions afar ;
And the water-nymphs wept, and the ocean-gods trembled,
As the Triton-trumps sounded the summons to war !

XVII.

Make way for the Iron Steed !—hither he comes,
With the freight of all kingdoms and climes richly laden.
He beareth the exiled away from their homes—
He bringeth the lost lover back to his maiden.
He cometh—he goeth !—how widely apart
We are torn, ere the tears of departure are dry !—
The herald of gladness to many a heart—
How many will hail his approach with a sigh !

XVIII.

Unscathed by the tempest, unharmed by the flood,
He must speed on his way till his mission shall cease :
In Battle, the fiercest avenger of blood,
Yet swiftest to carry the message of Peace !
He must haste—he must haste—to the nations benighted.
And scatter the darkness that broods in their skies,
Till the lamps of the Cross on their altars are lighted,
And DEATH, the pale Steed of the battle-field, dies !

XIX.

The Chains of Attraction hath hitherto bound him,—
How glorious his flight, from his trammels set free !
Though a giant when viewed by the mites that surround him,
He's an infant to what he hereafter may be !
He must grope on his way 'mid these perishing things,
And tread with rude steps o'er his kindred that were,
Till the Angel of Science shall give to him wings,
And mark out his path through the regions of air !

PRESENT CONDITION OF LETTERS.

LETTER III.

TO WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, Esq.

My Dear Sir.—You may have supposed from the tone and tenor of certain passages in my last letter, that I was more inclined to laugh whimsically over the fantasies and follies of the time, than to analyse seriously the significance of its phenomena. Yet it was very far from being altogether so. All action presupposes two parties, an agent and a patient—a thing acting and a thing acted upon. In all change there must consequently be two ingredients,—the causes that effect the change, and the thing upon which it is operated. There are, therefore, two elements invariably, which require to be recognized and appreciated in the examination of any revolutionary movement, whether this be political, religious, or literary—namely, the agents of the reform, and the material upon which it is superinduced. In the first instance, undoubtedly, we ought to restrict the former to those long latent but fermenting humors in the bosom of society, which in time necessitate the change, and consider the latter as the reformers themselves. But as these so soon become identified with the causes by which they are actuated, and which they represent; and discharge all the main functions of agents with respect to the mass of society, we may so far pass over the earlier progress of mutation as to consider them the originators with reference. And, accordingly, I should place them in the former of these two categories, as general truth is more consonant with the purposes of my investigations than a minute and unnecessary accuracy, and I should regard the latter as representing society at large. In estimating any intellectual or literary reform, we must, therefore, consider no less diligently the society to be reformed, and the phases which it assumes during the progress of the revolution, than the bold thinkers, be they authors, orators, or actors, who extend, and in some measure produce it. In Literature, indeed, where the author and the public reciprocally act and react without intermission upon each other, in so intimate and so intricate a manner, it becomes of especial importance that we should examine the peculiarities of the reader, with the same care with which we determine the characteristics of the writer. With the former of these subjects I was partially engaged in my last communication, and though I wrote with some levity of expression, this did not prevent my veiling an earnest meaning under it. I have yet to learn that Heraclitus was a better philosopher than Democritus. And since any reform, which may now be in progress, or may shortly be commenced, will have very great obstacles to encounter, and necessarily travel with a slow and unsteady

pace, as long as Literature has to contend against the present absence or laxity of reflection which prevails in the reading community,—the description of the features of the times in terms of good-humored ridicule may possibly subserve a better purpose than any more serious delineation. Moreover, an effective caricature is often the truest of portraits. The lineaments of the picture may not correspond trait for trait with the original for which it is designed, but the very exaggeration, which constitutes the caricature, makes prominent that general expression and significance, which might be passed by unnoticed in any more correct presentment. I think, therefore, that I had a sufficient excuse for the license in which I indulged.

When I commenced these letters I indicated pretty broadly my design of not suffering myself to be trammelled by the strict rules of methodical composition. The thoughts, which rise at random, I present in the order in which they visit me, without paying much regard to a nice, logical sequence of ideas, or caring for artistic finish and elaborate development. If, therefore, you should have reason to complain of any want of connection in my rambling reflections, you must deem it a natural incident to the style and form which I have adopted for the expression of my views. At present, I am disposed to linger over the subject touched upon in my last, and to dwell for a little while longer on the literary food of general readers, and those points of inquiry which may grow out of its examination, or be connected with it.

The food of the whale is said to be the smaller kinds of fish, whereof it devours whole shoals at once, and the floating weeds which cover "full many a rood" of the Northern seas. It is one of the curiosities of natural history, that this greatest of beasts should condescend to live upon such diminutive articles of diet. But in the psychological world it cannot be deemed a less singular fact, that the mighty monster of the land—facetiously and courteously termed "the public,"—but more justly named Leviathan—should browse upon such priceless and unsubstantial garbage, as that with which of late years it has been gorging itself. It has thrown away the wheat and has been living upon the chaff. It has renounced solid food and has invented for its own indulgence a new kind of literary pap. The trash and lighter productions of Literature are beaten up together and compounded into a weak but saccharine solution, on the label of which is written "*haustus sæpe in die capiendus*," while the additional advice of the Newcastle doctor is given to the patient

When taken
To be well shaken.

This is emphatically the age of Magazines—we have them in all shapes, sizes, varieties, and times of periodic revolution, from the Semi-Monthly up

to the Annual, from the duodecimo to the quarto. This observation is neither original nor new, but, like Jack Sylvester's reply to Ben Jonson, it has a decided merit in its truth. Yet these Magazines are, with a few rare and note-worthy exceptions, wishy-washy, vapid, and valueless—they contain a scanty infusion of thought in a very copious menstruum of words. Notwithstanding this, they are popular, as their extensive circulation evinces, and the ablest authors of the country contribute to their pages. Whence then is their popularity—and how happens it that really good writers can be induced to compose for them—or having been induced to do so are unable to elevate their character to the dignity of a solid Literature! Here are three facts apparently anomalous, requiring to be accounted for. The explanation of the first will furnish in a great measure the explanation of the others; and I think that the popularity of the feeble Magazines may be in no slight degree attributed to the present condition of the reading public.

I once asked a friend of mine, whose appetite for apples was most remarkable, why, out of a large basket full, he never selected his fruit. "Oh," said he, "it were nonsense to be picking and choosing when I design eating all—the only result would be to ensure for the best a priority of consumption, and in making my choice, I should waste time more profitably employed in eating—they will all have to be digested, or left undigested together." Now our very worthy friend, the public, is pretty much in the same condition, with respect to the golden apples of Literature, as this gentleman with respect to the fruit of the trees of earth. The table of the general reader of this day is abundantly strewed with Newspapers, Magazines, Reviews, Serials, &c., &c. He reads them all—a scrap here and a scrap there—not with the design of gratifying any very fastidious appetite, or indulging any very critical taste—not to enjoy the more evanescent savor and more delicate juices of the fruit, nor in the hope of deriving any solid nutriment, but to satisfy the cravings of a gullet become morbidly voracious, and to fill a stomach hungering after quantity rather than the epicurean delights of quality. The frequency of his meals—that is the superabundance of new books and new numbers of periodicals—has taught him to swallow without any attempt at mastication. He is at a feast of letters, what, according to Abernethy, the American Secretary of Legation was over a dinner table. His palate is never cultivated—he swallows so often, and bolts his morsels so hurriedly, that the stomach is loaded and a wholesome digestion precluded. He soon is suffering all the evils of an intellectual dyspepsia. He reads merely for the momentary excitement, and to stay the cravings of a stomach, which, like Oliver Twist, is continually asking for more. He has lost all his ruminating capacity—he reads again and again,

and with each fresh bait crushes down what he had imbibed before, making himself a veritable hellos librorum; and if for him there be any resurrection of thoughts, they come up in dreams, crude, unconnected, distorted and anamorphosed, like the fantastic shapes of the night-mare. Thus he goes on day after day, destroying more and more the tone and healthy action of his alimentary organs. The morbid appetite, which commenced as a disease, has, in this way, with time and indulgence, matured into a habit—and as long as a sufficiency of the matériel littéraire is supplied, he takes but scant heed of its form, its substance, or its essence, provided only that it act as a stimulant, and be not so strong or solid as to operate like a narcotic on his enfeebled system. When such is the character of the generality of readers—the large class of purchasers, whose coin is the talisman, which, in a high degree, encourages, excites, and rewards the manifestation of literary excellence, we can easily account for the popularity of any Magazines, however worthless they may be. But under these circumstances what must we expect the Literature of the day to be? Its present condition affords the natural and easily comprehended answer—so far, at least, as its obvious defects are concerned, for the seeds of promise which we may recognize in the vast garden of cultivated weeds, are largely attributable to other causes.

We have now surmounted the difficulty of discovering how weak Magazines, containing nothing but silly love tales, insipid poetry, and dropsical essays, without any artistic excellence or critical sagacity, have succeeded in obtaining for themselves such an extensive popularity, as to have rendered them for a time the solitary substitute for all true Literature. The object of a Review is to form and guide public opinion—to direct public taste—to lead public judgment. In this country Reviews have scarcely ever done this, and of late years they have but seldom effected it in England. But a Magazine or an Annual lays claim to no such high pretensions as these—it designedly caters to tastes already formed: If these be good, it strives to rise to their requirements, or to compete with others for enlightened favor; if bad, it panders to them, it helps to degrade them, vitiated though they already be. As ordinarily the Newspaper rather follows in the wake of political feelings and indicates their current than directs them, so the Magazine almost invariably and perhaps inevitably, lowers itself to the tone and literary habits of the hour. And in this country, this natural but injurious tendency has been materially heightened by the conversion of a large proportion of our Newspapers into Weekly Magazines. A thing so ephemeral in its nature, so transient in its effects as a Weekly, would not receive a perusal, unless in matters deeply touching the interests or feelings of the people, without it accommodated itself to all their shifting

moods, and to every changing hue in the sky. Moreover, the materials of which it is composed are, of necessity, so hurriedly written, that their sole inspiration is derived from the fleeting excitements of the outer world, from which they take their complexion. There is no preconceived design, diligently matured, artistically arranged, carefully elaborated, or delicately finished. The profit to be derived from the poem, tale, or essay, would not repay the writer for the time, the talent, and the labor which these excellences require. And as for the reputation—but no man of sense would care a fig for reputation in the present day, conscious as he must be how madly, how foolishly, how ridiculously praise has latterly been meted out with no sparing hand to every fool who had the impudent fool-hardiness to cry aloud for fame. And all the while it may be, that wisdom standeth at the corners of the streets and in the market places but no man heareth her. The readers of the Paper, (to return from my momentary digression)—the readers of the Paper do not require the higher excellences of conception and execution—they do not anticipate them, they would have but slight appreciation for them, and might even fail to recognize them if such should be pointed out for their consideration. Hence, very little pains are bestowed upon any thing designed for publication in the columns of a Newspaper—and the frequent literary effusions crowded into the anomalous sheet, present little but a grotesque assemblage of dry bones and unconnected limbs, stolen from some forgotten arsenal of death, and galvanized with a fit of momentary and unearthly life; while side by side with them appear a strange medley of uncouth forms, with vitality enough it is true, but presenting the spasmodic dance of quaint figures, such as might be supposed to have peopled some archetypal chaos, invented by Puck and his companions, for their peculiar delectation.

If the consequences, pernicious in the extreme, which have flowed from these Literary Newspapers had never been extended beyond the limits of their own plethoric columns, the effect would have been bad enough and truly lamentable. But the actual state of the case is infinitely worse than this. When the profits of the pedler—among whose wares there is something to suit every body, though nothing worth the purchase—exceed those of the regular tradesman, the latter will be discouraged in the pursuit of his ordinary routine, and will either become an Autolycus himself, or will endeavor to unite the operations of the pedler with his usual avocations. And this effect have these Newspapers—high Family—acted upon the Monthly Magazines—they have brought them down to their own level, by usurping their functions, and retailing to every clown inferior goods at a lower price, than the other dispensers of periodical literature could afford. By provoking competition they have

compelled works of a higher order to descend from their elevated grounds, in order that they might fight with more equal chances of success in the common plain. And thus, while they have contributed so largely to the deterioration of literary taste among the people, and to the debasement of Literature itself, they have impregnated those Magazines, from which some antidote might have been anticipated, with their own virus—a poison which saps all the fountains of vigor, engenders imbecility or actual paralysis, and corrodes the very bone and framework of Literature.

Thus, the necessity of courting popularity in a new form has caused Magazines to forswear the excellence they might otherwise have attained, and to stoop to that standard—if such a chaotic abyss can with any propriety be denominated a standard—to which the public taste had either been reduced, or was rapidly tending. But they have secured their reward—they have obtained that popularity which by these arts they wooed—and with it that more solid profit, for which alone such popularity was desirable—for to them the music of dollars is much more welcome than the more intangible and ethereal rewards of a well-deserved and intelligent encomium. And as the golden shower has fallen into their lap, in proportion as they have lowered themselves to the degraded tastes of that mighty multitude, which is most incapable of judging, though best qualified to remunerate, they have been corrupted, like Danae, without reluctance by the pleasant rain-drops of their welcome seducer.

To show still more strongly the state to which Literature has thus been reduced, and the perilous straits into which rival publishers have been wafted by the breezes which competition has excited, I would remind you that most of the more popular Magazines, and certainly all of the most feeble, rest their principal claim to public favor on the engravings with which their numbers are adorned. These engravings are for the most part well executed and must have been costly, however low be their excellences as specimens of art in other respects. The perfection of design, the beauty of arrangement, the harmony of proportions, and the more delicate touches of the accomplished painter may safely be neglected, for those into whose hands they are likely to come, are seldom blessed with a cultivated acquaintance in the arts. But in every thing that attracts the undisciplined eye, they possess every merit which would be sought. And it is on these engravings, more than on the table of contents, that the more popular Magazines trust for success. This strongly indicates the low estimate which they and their readers must previously have set upon the claims of Literature. We have witnessed a state of things analogous to this in the decline of the theatre. As the spirit of the drama waned away, and the true dramatic taste became extinct in the audience even more than in the play-

writer, the beautiful and gorgeous scenes of Stanfield and Beverley divided the honors of Covent-Garden and the provincial theatres of England with the charms of Astley's Menagerie, and the licentious fascinations of Elslar and Taglioni. The same things have occurred in this country, and one of the celebrated danseuses has displayed her influence in this country. If the experience of the past were necessary to add greater force to these inferences, I might refer you to that temporary failure of the theatres in the time of Shakspeare, with which you are probably acquainted, and might cite to you the pathetic lamentations of my favorite Terence over the damnation of his Hecyra, because the good people of Rome—(a flattering translation of *populus studio stupidus*)—were more entranced by dancing girls, than by the representation of genuine comedy. But I need not say more. I have no doubt you will fully agree with me in regarding the present careful illustration of nearly all the more popular Magazines, as evincing a thoroughly depraved literary taste.

While speaking thus of the Magazines of the day, I am happy to be able to except from the sweeping generality of my censure the Southern Literary Messenger itself. From its first commencement under Mr. White to the present hour, it has always aimed at solid instruction, and the elevation of literary taste, and has steadily exerted itself to give to its readers substantial fare. If it has failed fully to attain that ideal perfection which it has kept before its eye, it has only fallen under that general law of humanity which has inevitably rendered the accomplishment of all human undertakings inferior to their conception. Certainly there has never been any lack of exertion for the attainment of excellence on its part. That it is still capable of improvement no one would more frankly admit than my old acquaintance, its Editor. I would fain have included your former protégé in this exception, but as that unfortunate bantling is now at rest with the things that have been and are not, I will pass over its grave in silence.

While on the subject of Magazines I would delay your intention a little while by inquiring into their tendency. From the practice, though not from the experience of late years, it would appear that this must be decidedly good; but, for my part, I must think their influence injurious, except under certain very favorable circumstances. When I tell you that I regard even the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews as the cause of much irreparable injury to the interests of Literature, you may be surprised, and perhaps after all I can say may continue to doubt. But such is my opinion, and the question is, at least, worthy of examination.

The man of one book—*homo unius libri*—has passed into an adage. And, though many proverbs are truly nothing more than popularized and accredited lies, yet this one I deem to be only an

exaggeration of the truth. That an intimate and profound familiarity with one good book will fit us for the more ready and thorough appreciation of all others I take to be just as sound a dogma as that a diligent and untiring study of one department of science or letters is the best preparative for more general intellectual pursuits. Old Burton has many quaint and sensible remarks on my text, and the practice of some of the most learned men has been in accordance with it; and may be assured as a partial confirmation of its accuracy. I will only cite one instance. Sir William Jones, confessedly in a reliance on this proverb, made it a point to read over the whole works of Cicero once every year—this was his one book, and from the encyclopædic character of his selected author, there can be no doubt that, whether this adage be true or untrue, he must have derived very great assistance in his multifarious labors. But we rest upon his practice without inquiring into its consequences. But the advantage to be derived from this devotion to one book is not so much the mere information directly acquired, as the minute attention, the accurate recollection, the critical appreciation, the collateral reflection and consequent expansion of thought, all of which result from that tension of mind which has in this way been produced. The tendency of Magazine Literature is to produce effects exactly the reverse of these—the lightness, the tenuity, the diversity, the contrariety of the numerous articles introduce confusion and sometimes stupor into the mind; while the habit of reading every thing over only once, and then, for the most part, in the most rapid and heedless manner, destroys the faculty of attention, deadens the memory, cashiers the judgment, and paralyses the thinking powers. Moreover, when a reader has accustomed himself to this negligent mode of perusal, and has trained his palate to a high relish for these highly seasoned trifles, he is not merely indifferent to more solid food, but he has lost the capacity for digesting it or even for swallowing it. Hence a healthy literary taste is too apt to be destroyed by an immoderate devotion to Magazine reading.

I might point out the injurious effects which periodicals have upon the frame and substance of Literature, but to this I shall shortly return. I think it may be admitted that only to a very limited extent can any benefit be derived from the wide circulation of periodicals. There can be no doubt that nothing is nearly so well adapted as they are to the diffusion of some literary cultivation among all classes—and to the introduction of the idle, the uneducated, or the overtaken, to some acquaintance with intellectual pleasures. The stimulating nature of their contents—the novelty, even the extravagance which they aim after—the frequency of their issue, their cheapness, and even their engravings contribute to render them welcome companions to those who would not otherwise read at all. And if

they did not immediately chill the taste which they excite—restricting the majority of their readers to the narrow curriculum into which they were thrown at their first waking, they would be very desirable and serviceable ministers in the Temple of the Muses—they would not only chant to the proselytes of the outer gate some faint echo of the melodies within, but would introduce by gradual steps the aspiring acolytes to the glories of the inner courts. But I much fear that their functions are seldom extended beyond the execution of the first of these duties, at least in our country. In England, where the universities, the learned professions, and many other influences keep constantly active and alive a really literary and scientific class, accustomed to drink of the original fountains, and not easily lured off by every sparkling rivulet that meanders in its eccentric course through fragrant and flowery meads, the injurious effects are by no means so extensive. There is always a higher elevation presented, and all the substantial honors of letters are denied to those who do not attain to some one of its many pinnacles. But we have no such load-star to draw us upwards—if we are pulled down forcibly towards the earth, we must ourselves “imp feathers to our broken wings” before we can hope to rise again. No assistance—no coöperation is offered to us in this effort, whether we succeed or fail, it must be by our own exertion or neglect. But there is very little to suggest, or to tempt to this self-improvement. And hence, while few readers, comparatively, rise above Magazine reading, very few authors rise above Magazine writing.

The causes which have conduced to the popularity of Magazines—to their defects—and those of their contributors may be gathered from what has been now said and thus a reply may be considered as having been given to the questions with which I started. But justice requires that I should add a few of those concomitant influences which have effected the present condition of Magazine Literature; for if what I have said were the sole explanation of causes that could be given, we might indeed recognize their abundant efficacy, but there would be scarcely any room left for the indulgence of that hope of future and speedy amelioration, which I profess to entertain, and of which I fancy that indubitable traces may already be discerned.

Had not your late articles in the *Southern Literary Messenger* treated in such a satisfactory manner the general bearings of the great question of International Copyright, I might dwell upon it for a little while and illustrate the mode in which the want of a liberal and far-seeing legislation on the subject has operated to force the growth of the Magazines while it has completely stifled the seeds or stunted the plants of a more solid and healthy Literature. Even though you have yourself so thoroughly considered this question of the most vital importance to American Literature, I have no

doubt that your interest in the subject would secure your indulgence, were I to rest upon it, yet I have already detained you so long, that I must leave others to draw their own inferences from the suggestion loosely thrown out. The hint is in itself sufficient, especially after the general attention which has been devoted latterly to the doctrine of International Copyright, owing in a great measure to the labors of yourself and Mr. Cornelius Mathews.

But among other causes operating to produce the feebleness and popularity of the Magazines must undoubtedly be considered the desultory habits and undisciplined minds even of the educated men of the country, resulting, partly, from their early, zealous, and continual engagement in the practical pursuits of life; and partly from the diffuseness and necessary laxity of a hurried and incomplete training at school and college. We may add also that, while in other countries the reading public is emphatically the educated public, here, on the contrary, a vast majority of the readers have scarcely gone beyond the rudiments of instruction. Elsewhere too, those who read are men of some habitual leisure, who can rely with confidence upon having their two or three hours a day, undisturbed by the intrusion of business, unoccupied by the cares of the world. But here, no hour is peculiarly sacred to relaxation and mental pleasures—all hours are alike consecrated to the world, and only those are devoted to the pleasant walks of Literature which accident, the want of society, or laziness may have given. We may readily conclude that under such circumstances the amusement required will be sought not from the ponderous tomes of Locke and Bacon, but from lighter and more tractable works, which may gratify for the moment, without leaving any unwelcome incentive to reflection behind them.

I have already remarked, in substance, if not in words, that the character of the supply will always correspond with the nature of the demand. But in the present state of Literature the demand first heard will not be the request of those who ask for excellence, but that of those who are more clamorous from their number, and less fastidious about the sop that may be thrown to Cerberus. This majority have their own peculiar habits of reading—if the want of any fixed habit can be designated a habit—to which we have more than once alluded: they take up a book by fits and starts, read occasionally at odd times, here a little and there a little, now in this book and then in that, and throw them all aside one after the other after a desultory glance over their pages. They read often—they read much—they read all things, but we might parody the sole remaining line of the Margites for their benefit, if we were at all in a satirical mood.

Now let it be remembered that an author is not a being above, distinct and isolated from the crowd—he is no strange monster dropped from the moon to astonish the gaze of the ignorant and excite the

gaping of the fool, he is not sent into the world with novel instruments of power or strange incarnations for the direction of human actions and the moulding of human thought; but he is a man as other men, subjected to the same influences with them, equally susceptible to the tone of society and the spirit of the age, and consequently bearing more or less the same general characteristics which unite and assimilate the rest of the community to each other. The habitudes, accordingly, which he has formed as a man amongst men; the same he will reveal to a greater or less extent when he assumes his pen and speaks to them from the cathedra of the Author. And hence the desultory pursuit of Literature, which we note among readers, finds its counterpart in the fragmentary and fugitive nature of the productions of writers. I remember, once before in a private conversation calling your attention to this peculiarity in the Literature of our day, though I do not think that I then attempted any explanation of its cause. No life-time is devoted to the execution of one great work, no years consumed in the laborious collection of the materials, no youth wasted in the mental preparation necessary for the task prescribed, no matured conception of an artistic and finished design carefully elaborated into excellence, fulness and perfection. But now-a-days no sooner has the solitary thought, most unwonted visitant, flitted into the dark nooks and crevices of pericranium, than the gray goose quill is put in requisition, and its developed expression is rattled off with a hopeless rapidity, which reminds us that we live in the era of steam.

You will observe that sundry pernicious consequences result from this fugitive mode of composition and the equally fugitive mode of publication by which modern lucubrations are ushered into light. One of these is that fragmentary character of modern Literature which requires a closer consideration than my paper will now permit me to bestow upon it. I will therefore defer the examination of these consequences till my next Letter, and break off here abruptly, by subscribing myself,

With the highest esteem and regard,

My dear sir,

Your obliged and obdt. servt.

GEORGE FREDERICK HOLMES.

Orangeburgh, S. C.

THE TIME TO DIE.

BY E. B. HALE.

The man with soul in sorrow tried,
Where doubt and darkness hid;
Of many a thrill of joy denied,
Has still a time to die:
And he turns away from that far-off clime,
In the witching hours of the summer-time.

Death in the summer-time! oh! no;
Nor in the glorious spring,
When the soft South wind begins to blow,
And the trees are blossoming!
And the earth puts on her beauteous dress,
Jewell'd with flowers of loveliness.

Let me not perish then—not then.
O let me draw my breath,
'Till the funeral time comes round again,
At nature's annual death.
When the voice of joy has ceas'd to flow,
Then, let the weary prisoner go.

When the summer's lightsome days are o'er,
When the streams rush by with glee no more,
When the glow is faint in the evening sky,
Then, let me die.

When I hear no more the rippling rill,
When the dancing boughs are bare and still,
And the cheerless winds in the branches sigh,
Then, let me die.

When the birds their dulcet music chime,
In the fragrant groves of a softer clime,
And I hear no more their joyful cry,
Then, let me die.

And the beautiful moon, when it waxeth dim,
And the sun looks down with a cheerless glim,
And time, in his wintry car drags by,
Then, let me die.

THE TWO MOTHERS.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH J. KAMES.

One lovely eve, in the soft time of June,
I wander'd where a cottage stood embower'd
Amid green trees, through which the clear full moon
Touches of silver light all trembling shower'd,
On the low roof, o'er which the locust flower'd.
It was a luxury—the scented air I breath'd
By that sweet-briar hedge, near which the myrtle wreath'd;
But just within the vine-hung cottage door,
A lovelier sight I saw. A fair young mother
Flinging her long, and silky ringlets o'er
Her beauteous babe, there playing with each other;
(Strange woke the feeling that I could not smother.)
While oft she kiss'd the blooming cherub's face,
Whose red lip mimic'd hers with such unconscious grace.
Ere long she trill'd the silliest nursery song,
That ever mother to her baby chanted;
Yet with soft links it drew my heart along
And like a spell my homeward footstep haunted.
O whose sweet presence was it then I wanted!
Sore grief it made thy empty crib to see,
My idol-boy—could I have died for thee!

Now never more in the long twilight dim
 To taste thy "breath of flowers" shall I lean o'er thee,
 While lull'd to slumber by the low-voic'd hymn.
 So proudly fond thy father stood before thee,
 Nor dream'd of death when we did so adore thee.
 But he hath won thee ;—on thy soft seal'd eyes
 The shadow of the grave all dim, and darkly lies !
 Lies—and forever ! Yet for thee, my flower,
 No selfish thought is 'mid my deep grief nourish'd ;
 Though thou hast faded in thy spring-time hour,
 Though many a high hope that thy parents cherish'd,
 Beside thy early burial coldly perish'd—
 Still 'twas a blessed lot for thee, my boy,
 So soon to pass to that fair land of joy.
 A blessed lot—for thy young soul hath flown
 Fresh, and unstained on the wings of morning ;
 The mantle of the skies is o'er thee thrown,
 And Angel-bands have fashion'd thy adoring—
 Joy, joy, for *thee* ! and I shall soon cease mourning—
 Thou never canst return Below'd to me,
 But yet a little while, and I shall go to thee.
 August, 1844.

"THE BLIND PREACHER" AND "THE BRITISH SPY."

Many of our readers recollect the rapturous tribute paid by the late William Wirt, in one of the letters of his "British Spy," to the fervid eloquence of the "Blind Preacher," the Rev. James Waddell. One is almost led to believe the upwrought eulogy of the gifted author extravagant ; but he who so excelled in the graces and power of eloquence must be deemed a competent judge. From his description there must have been in the oratory of the Blind Herald of the Cross, a charm and efficiency most unusual, which his blindness served only to enhance.

Mr. Wirt dwells particularly upon the matchless manner in which the Preacher quoted the celebrated passage of Rousseau, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ died like a God !" He tried a thousand times, as he rode along, to imitate it, but in vain. Ever since he wrote his glowing description, there has been the deepest interest felt in the "Blind Preacher." A memoir of him is now in preparation by Mr. Alexander of Princeton, which will appear in one of the journals of this city. The following touching account of his restoration to sight will be read with pleasure by every one.—[*Ed. Mess.*

To the Editor of the Sou. Lit. Messenger.

Str:—The following paper was lately brought to my notice in the possession of the author, a descendant of the "Blind Preacher." It was written, as it imports, during the life of Mr. Wirt and designed for a private communica-

tion to him. The amiable modesty of the writer, which led him to withhold it from its original destination, would have detained it still on his files, limited to the reading of his own family. At my earnest solicitation, however, he has submitted it to my disposal, and I hasten to communicate it to your columns, confident that you will agree with me in the opinion that the touching scene it so graphically records, deserves to be read and transmitted as a part of the well authenticated history of the "Blind Preacher."

Respectfully yours,

R. W. BAILEY.

Stamton, July 16, 1844.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE BRITISH SPY.

The distinguished notice you have taken of the Rev. James Waddell of Virginia, in the character of the "Blind Preacher," has induced me to give you some account of an event unnoticed by you, and which forms an era in his life—I refer to the restoration of his sight. I do this with less reserve, since it is generally understood that the British Spy had been long a warm friend of the subject of his notice ; and that his removal from the vicinity of the Blind Preacher, in whose hospitable mansion he had received many and warm greetings, had left him uninformed of the event to which I have alluded, and of the circumstances which I propose to detail. You have described him blind, and while occupying the rude enclosure of a forest pulpit, addressing an unseen multitude in strains of eloquence which might captivate cities and win the admiration of grave senates. The incidents to which I refer were more private—in his own house and in the midst of his family. For eight years he had been blind, a stranger equally to the cheerful light of day, and the cheering faces of kindred and friends. It will readily be supposed, that in this lapse of time great changes had taken place. The infant had left the knee to rove amidst the fields—the youth had started into manhood, and bidding adieu to the haunts of his childhood, had gone forth to act for himself upon the theatre of life, with the hope indeed of again and again looking upon his venerable father, but without hope of that father's ever looking upon him. A calm and patient resignation had settled over the mind of this man of God, as a summer's cloud settles over the horizon of evening, peaceful, hopeful and reclining upon the bosom of Heaven. Every painful solicitude about himself had fled away. This personal peace and Christian submission were calculated, however, to concentrate his reflections and solitudes upon the destinies of his family, here and hereafter. His eye could not now see for them ; but he had a heart to invoke the watchfulness of an eye that neither slumbers nor sleeps, that neither grows dim with age nor any infirmity. His palsied hand could guide them

no longer, but patriarchal counsel was freely given and enforced by the tremendous realities of a future existence. The thread to be followed through the labyrinth of life, it was taught, had its fastenings in eternity; the responses of the heart to the bid-dings of conscience would be echoed in eternity—the strings connected with human responsibility must vibrate in eternity—time and all subterfuge things should be viewed in the light of eternity. But although the mental vision was acute and widely circumspect, the dark curtain still hung over the organs of sight, and seemed destined to rise no more.

And what if it should be otherwise!—that hope of sight should take the place of resignation to blindness—and more than this, that hope should be turned into fruition—that after the darkness of eight years he should be presented with a broad daylight view of every thing around him! And this I assure you was almost the fact; for after an operation for cataract, which, in the progress of some years, had rendered light sensible, and then, objects faintly visible,—a strong and well constructed convex lens, procured by the kindness of a distant friend,* enabled him in a moment to see with considerable distinctness. At this juncture, I happened at his residence, called by himself long before *Hopewell*—and now fulfilling in happy reality, the import of a soft and cheerful name. The scene, without dispute, was the most moving I had ever witnessed. The father could again see his children who rivetted his attention and absorbed his soul. Among these, emotions of intense interest and varied suggestion were visible in the eye, the countenance and hurried movements. The bursts of laughter—the running to and fro—the clapping of hands—the sending for absent friends—and then the silent tear bedewing the cheek in touching interlude—the eager gazes of old servants, and the unmeaning wonder of young ones—in short, the happy confusion from the agitation of joy—all taken together, was a scene better adapted to the pencil than the pen, and which a master's hand might have been proud to sketch. How I regretted that the mantle of some Raphael or Michael Angelo had not fallen upon me; then had my fame and my feelings, each been identified with the scene, and others should have been permitted to view upon the canvass what I must fail to describe upon paper.

The paroxysm produced by the arrival of the glasses having passed away, and a partial experiment having satisfied all of their adaptation to the diseased eye; behold! the Patriarch seated upon his large arm-chair, with his children around him, and scanning with affectionate curiosity the bashful group. There was a visible shyness among the lesser members of the family community while undergoing this fatherly scrutiny, not unlike that pro-

duced by a long absence. The fondness of a father in contemplating those most dear to him was never more rationally exemplified, or exquisitely enjoyed than on this occasion.

And now, the venerable man, arising from his seat and grasping a long staff which lay convenient to him, had proceeded but a short distance, when the staff itself seemed powerfully, but momentarily, to engage his attention—it had been the companion of his darkest days, the pioneer of his domestic travels, and the supporter of a weak and tottering frame.

He next proceeded to the front door to take a view of the mountains, the beautiful south-west range stretching out in lovely prospect at the distance of about three miles. All followed, myself among the rest; and the mountain scene, though viewed a thousand times before, was now gazed upon with deeper interest, and presented a greater variety of beauties than ever. Indeed this mountain scenery ever after continued to delight my unsatisfied vision; whether my attention had not before this been carefully drawn to its beauties, or that the suggestive faculty, linking the prospect with the sympathetic pleasures previously enjoyed, had thrown around me a pleasing delusion, I am unable to decide. Delusion apart, however, this sunny base of the S. W. mountains is a delightful region, distinguished not only by the natural advantages of fertile soil salubrious climate and beautiful scenery, but by a race noted for the social virtues and for a high order of intellect.

But to return to the individual whom I had left exercising a new born vision upon the external world. The book-case interviews I had looked for with solicitude, and presently had the pleasure of witnessing. Watts, and Dodridge, and Locke, and Reid, with a host of worthies, had been the companions of his best days: there had been a long night of separation. The meeting and communion was that of kindred souls, and complimentary alike to his piety, scholarship and taste. The sight of his own hand-writing upon the blank leaves of his books, was in itself a small circumstance, but seemed to affect him not a little, associated no doubt with varied reminiscences of past days.

I left the house full of reflections. I had been always awed by the solemn sanctity and personal dignity of the Blind Preacher. The yearning solicitude which I had just witnessed of such a father over his children, seen now for the first time after the dreary blindness of years, had melted my feelings. My imagination took flight, and passing rapidly through time was conducted by the incidents of this day to the resurrection day; when the saint of God, throwing off the trammels of the tomb, with quickened vision and more than mortal solicitude, casts around for the children of his pilgrimage.

* The late Dr. Hall of S. C.

THE CICISBEO, OR CUSTOMS OF SICILY.

BY LIEUT. WM. D. PORTER, U. S. N.

CHAPTER VI.

The week of dissipation which usually attends a wedding in Messina being over, the Count and family retired to their country seat, which was situated near the little town of Sera, at the foot of the mountains. An arm of the sea indented the island and swept along the foot of the village. A small stream of water passed along the Count's gardens, over which hung the verandah of his mansion. It was here in this quiet spot Ada proposed to spend the remainder of the honey-moon, or as the Sicilians term it "Dolce Luna." The business of Johnston could not be neglected; cargoes were daily arriving consigned to his care, and it was necessary that he should have the papers arranged with the Government. He could only snatch a few moments in several days to visit the Count's quiet country seat; but not so with Gerald, he was the constant companion of Ada. If any aquatic excursion was proposed, Gerald plied the oar; a ride, Gerald accompanied his cousin; a "pic nic," Gerald arranged and appointed the place; fresh bouquets of flowers were constantly supplied by Gerald; if music was heard, it was Gerald's guitar; if the poor were relieved, Gerald was the bearer of the good tidings; in short, Gerald was the "Cicisbeo."

Johnston's jealousy was first aroused by the following circumstance. It was a calm evening, and Gerald had been on a visit to some poor in the neighborhood. He had to cross the little stream which passed under the window of his cousin; he stopped and fastened his boat at the foot of an old cypress, tuned his guitar and commenced a duette, composed by himself when quite a boy. Ada had often sang it with him; it was also a signal in former days to walk in the garden, or meet him at the foot of the old "cypress." The quick ear of Ada at once detected the minstrel. Gerald in a full, rich and melodious voice commenced the following:

Oh maiden wilt thou go with me,
O'er the wide, wide perilous sea—
Wilt leave thy calm blue skies, and roam
Far from thine own bright land and home?
Sicily's daughter, say wilt thou go,
And smile as now, through weal or woe?

He finished the verse, when Ada throwing open the window, took up the lay, Gerald accompanying her with his guitar:

With thee! ah yes! when thou art near,
Thine arm to guard, I nothing fear.
Ah! could I ask a happier home
Than the broad world, with thee to roam
Far away o'er land, o'er sea?
Lord of my soul, I'll follow thee.

Gerald.

And wilt thou then forsake for me,
Thy land of song and poesy,
Where earth, and air and sky unite
To make this chosen spot more bright
Than aught, save thine own lucid eye,
Whose hue alone can match the sky?

Ada.

Aye, as the dancing sunbeams play
Upon the light and sparkling spray,
Like summer air, as light as free
As thine own bounding step shall be,
And should dark billows swell the sea,
Naught I'll fear while I cling to thee.

Gerald.

Then haste with me: sun, dews and showers
Have formed thee like gay birds and flowers,
Or like a graceful Jessamine
Whose tendrils round my heart do twine;
And I the oak whose stately form
Shall guard thee, loved one, from the storm.

The duette finished, Ada threw a ring from the window for her cousin, which falling in the grass, was not perceived by Gerald, who, the moment he finished, stepped into his light gondola and pulled to an old cottage near to offer charity in the name of his cousin.

Johnston, who had arrived late in the evening from Messina, had determined to surprise his bride by an unexpected visit. He had fastened his horse some distance from the house, sprang over the garden fence and approached the mansion through the garden at the very moment Gerald and Ada were singing the duette. His jealousy was at once aroused; drawing a dagger from his bosom, he advanced softly towards Gerald, raised his weapon to strike. A moment more and the object of his hatred would have been in eternity; but the English habits and education of Johnston caused him to pause and reflect a moment ere he committed the deed. He now concealed himself behind the shrubbery until Gerald departed. His first thought was to return to Messina, but in passing under the window a ray of light fell upon the diamond ring, making it glitter. Picking it up he at once recognized it to be the one he had given his wife on the night of their wedding. Looking at it for some time, his veins swelling with passion, he exclaimed in a low smothered voice, "I am glad I did not murder him. My blood runs cold at the thought; he shall have a chance for his life. I'll demand satisfaction for the injury. Constantine has left the Island to join the army, the contract Ada still holds sealed, then I'll let the punishment fall on her."

He advanced towards the house, stopped suddenly as another thought appeared to seize him; then, starting quickly, walked away with rapid strides, mounted his horse and galloped for Messina, where he arrived about daylight. Dismounting and passing along the quay, he stopped at the foot of the "Statue of Hercules." While absorbed in deep thought, his dagger drawn and his heart almost bursting from the rush of blood through it, at this moment his friend Weston, returning from a midnight orgie, passed and discovered him. Tapping him on the shoulder, he exclaimed in a tone of some surprise, "Ah, Johnston, my fine fellow, turned Sicilian, and wearing a stiletto! or have you become reconciled to citron groves, jessamine bowers, love songs and Ciciisbeo's?" Johnston was at this time in any other frame of mind than a pleasant one; he turned from his friend in evident disgust. Weston at once noticed the feeling and continued his sarcasm. Touching his breast with his finger, he asked Johnston if he had hurt his feelings. "Is there a tender place here? does Ada still prove faithful? or has some dark haired cousin supplanted you in her affections, while you are counting over debtor and creditor? Is Ada smiling upon a favored Ciciisbeo, eh! Johnston?"

Johnston turned upon his friend the eye of a tiger and told him to leave him.

Weston for a moment felt abashed, but recovering himself, he turned to go, saying in a low voice, "Beware the Ciciisbeo," and with a peculiar laugh left him. Johnston now sought his counting-room and endeavored over his books to drive the suspicions from his mind, but without effect. About two in the afternoon, he again mounted his horse and left for Sera, his mind agitated by a thousand feelings. He arrived late in the evening and again entered the garden. The sound of a guitar as before struck his ear; the words of his friend flashed across his mind, "Beware the Ciciisbeo." He heard also the light splashing of an oar; he concealed himself among the shrubbery near the house, where he could watch unobserved the person who approached in the boat. A moment after he heard the well known voice of Gerald say, "Fraola remain here a few minutes, we will have another passenger. Gerald walked up the avenue, tuned his guitar, and in a low voice sang the following lay:

"Oh beauty's daughter, maiden, thou
Of jetty locks and moonlight brow;
And eyes so like the heavens above,
As brightly blue, where art thou, love?
Thou'rt wont to gather wild flowers here,
To deck thy soft and glosy hair,
Far away o'er the silv'ry tide
Thy 'Ciciisbeo' comes to bear the bride.

"Come, love, come to the cypress tree,
Thy Gerald's bark but waits for thee,
Gaily, merrily shall we glide,
Now o'er the blue waves lightly ride,
Or we'll hie by the moon's soft light,

And thine eyes' starry beams so bright.

Thy free and boundless home shall be
On the bright wave, the deep blue sea.

Then come, love, come to the cypress tree,
Thy Gerald's bark still waits for thee.

"The moonbeams o'er the waters play,
Why ling'rest thou, oh, Ada, say?
She comes not yet, kind heaven but throw
Her shadow on the tide below.
I've wov'n thee, love, a coronal;
The flowers will fade, the dew drops fall.
Each sunny clime, each coral cave,
Shall yield thee treasures on the wave.
She comes! farewell dark cypress tree,
My lark, sweet love, but waits for thee."

The song finished, Ada opened a secret door of the building, and a moment after was in the arms of Gerald. "Ah my little cousin," said he, "how happy you make me! I thought my simple lay would call you forth. Let us proceed to the boat, Fraola waits for us." Ada sighed, but ere she could repeat it was smothered by Gerald's kiss. They entered the boat, and Johnston with feelings indescribable listened until the splash of the oars had died in the distance. Turning from the river he sought his horse, and mounting slowly rode towards Messina.

CHAPTER VII.

The estates of Count De Cheveta embraced not only the little town of Sera, but a large portion of the surrounding country. They were laid out in vineyards, and orange, olive and lemon groves, and contained, besides a manufactory of lemon oil, a cocoonery for silk. But over this estate hung a mortgage, which was raised by the husband of Ada, previous to her marriage, it being a portion of the marriage contract. The tenantry of the Count were poor, and were principally employed as gatherers and packers of fruit, wine pressers, oil strainers and olive gatherers; but few of them were, in point of comfort, raised above the Lazzaroni of Messina. Their hovels were generally situated near the sea, or on the margin of the little river, which meandered through and variegated the Count's estates. The pecuniary difficulties which continually harassed the Count, compelled him to drain his estates of every available means to enable him to meet demands, but the marriage of Ada with a wealthy foreigner at once relieved his embarrassment. His indolent habits prevented his making any enquiries into the situation of his tenantry; consequently, their extreme poverty was unknown to him, and their wants unrelieved. Not so with Ada; her heart was pained to know that poverty was constantly staring her in the face, and that it was not in her power to relieve it.

On the evening in which Johnston discovered Gerald and Ada, leaving the Count's chateau, she was about to make visits to several of the tenantry

whom Gerald had brought to her notice. We will follow them into the domiciles of the peasantry. "Push off, my good Fraola, to your mother," said Gerald. "Ada, my dear cousin, I could not alone administer charity; it requires the peculiar tact of a woman, who is the only being that can administer consolation to the mind, as well as food to the body. I have, therefore, solicited your company on this occasion, and I hope you are well provided, as the objects to whom I will introduce you are really worthy, and require all the consolation you can offer them.

"Here is my purse, dear Gerald; you see it is full."

"No, Ada, it is not so much your purse that will be required this evening as the oil of consolation poured into the wounds of the heart."

At this moment Fraola gave the light gondola a sudden turn, and shot it upon a clear sandy beach, at a few yards from which stood a low miserable cottage concealed among fig trees. Entering through a door so low that they were compelled to stoop, they found themselves in the interior of the hovel. Taking a basket from the boatman with a steel and flint in it, Gerald soon obtained a light. The miserable appearance of the cottage covered with filth, and the walls hanging with cobwebs, created a sensation of fear in the breast of Ada. Her first impulse was to fly from the place, but in turning to do so, she was met by the boatman, who stood in the door-way. The light of a dim taper gave to his sun-burnt countenance a ferocious and assassin-like appearance. She staggered back and seated herself on a miserable bed occupied by an old woman, whose appearance was any thing but prepossessing. Gerald saw the agitation of his cousin and soon allayed her fears. Ada's feet had never pressed even the earth, without a green velvet carpet of nature's most beautiful growth; and in her father's halls the soft yielding manufactures of Eastern looms prevented the cold marble from touching her delicate shoe; and she had never seen poverty, except in passing rapidly in her father's carriage. She was at once shocked and alarmed to have been compelled to witness it for the first time in its most loathsome and abject state. The person to whose hovel she had been conveyed, was one of those many fortune tellers which meet you at every turn of the road in Sicily. She was in appearance sixty-five, bent and haggard. She wore a cap fitting the head tight, and turning under the chin. A few gray hairs stuck out from under it. Her skin was about the color of half tanned leather, and appeared as if it only covered the bones of the face. She wore a short red night gown made of flannel, but so ragged, soiled and discolored, that the original hue could not well be ascertained. The bed on which she half sat and half reclined, was equally dirty, and composed of common grass dried in the sun; but even this had become damp, and sent forth

a disgusting effluvia. A few old cooking utensils made of earthenware lay in the corner of the room, some broken, others covered with dirt and grease. The hut was built of dry stone, and thatched with grass. It contained neither chimney nor corridor, and all the light which could be admitted came through the door. The old woman's history was soon told. She was called "the witch of *Ætna*," and a few days previous the superstitions of one of the council, Senior Cosmo, who thought some evil had come on him from her machinations, had issued a summons for her to appear before the council, where she was condemned. Before the punishment was inflicted, a well known individual, "Guiseppe Muerto," rescued her from the officers. In the conflict she had been injured, and now required not only to be concealed for some time, but to have her wounds dressed. The boatman was her son. Ada recommended quiet and repose, and promised next day to send other assistance. Leaving a small sum in the hands of the witch to supply her present necessary wants, the two cousins left the cottage and in a few moments were speeding rapidly over the stream to visit another tenant of the Count's.

A few moments brought them to another small cot, but in this there was a light. On entering, Ada was particularly struck with the extreme youth of the occupant, a girl of not more than fourteen, yet at this age she was a mother. Her tale was simple. The yearly conscript for soldiers was required, and the lot fell to her dear Pedro to leave. The fruit season was over. An English philanthropist had established himself in Messina to reform the baser of her sex; he had a large establishment for winding silk; it had thrown out of employment many of those who had not yet by poverty become abandoned, and employed those who had fallen into vice. Her child had become sick, and the attention of the mother was required to watch over it. She had no employment, her little earnings had been expended, and the child was no better. This simple tale was told by the young mother with such a sweet and plaintive voice, that the sympathies of Ada's heart were at once drawn towards the sufferings of the poor girl. She, with a heavy heart and a tear trickling down her cheek, emptied her purse in the lap of the young mother. Tears of gratitude started into the eyes of the poor girl, who was astonished at so much liberality. She threw herself upon her knees and kissed the hand of Ada; her heart was too full to express her thoughts. Ada's heart beat; she mingled her tears with those of the afflicted girl, and sobbing she left the hut with Gerald. They entered the gondola and returned to the Count's.

"Ada, my dear cousin, you must not allow your feelings to overcome you so. If you do your husband's fortune will soon find its way into every hovel on the Island."

"Why not, my cousin, if it relieves the poor and afflicted?"

"Certainly, my dear Ada, but the half contained in your purse would have relieved the girl, and you have been prevented by its hasty discharge from bestowing charity upon another, to whom I would have drawn your attention. But never mind, you will be more judicious another time, and Fraola will conduct you to her hut in the morning."

"But why not you, dear Gerald?"

"Business of importance calls me to Messina, dear coz, and you know I am your Ciccisbeo only when you contemplate a visit in the quiet evening to your papa's tenants, and it will not do for you to create jealousy in the mind of your English husband."

"Yes, Gerald, but what shall I do in your absence for flowers?"

"Fraola will, by my order, replenish your vase, ere the morning light bids you rise." The boat touched the foot of the "old cypress," the two cousins parted. Ada watched the light boat until the sound of the oars died away in the distance.

CHAPTER VIII.

Gerald proceeded by water to Messina where he arrived about daylight. Discharging the boatman he entered the city and proceeded to the office of Johnston. Knocking at the door, and being informed Johnston was absent, he left a card with the information that "Ada was well."

When Gerald left the note at Johnston's office the latter was within, but the fires of jealousy had seized him, and his detestation was so great that he could not bear the thought of seeing and conversing with him. The moment Gerald left his door he rang his bell, and the servant appeared. Handing him a note, he enquired of him if he knew Guiseppe Muerto. The servant replied "yes."

"Take then this note to him." The servant departed, and Johnston double-locked the office, threw himself upon a sofa and gave way to immoderate grief.

The note written to Guiseppe Muerto contained but these few words: "Statue of Hercules twelve o'clock." At this hour a man wrapped in a large cloak was seen by the *Sereno* of the boat, pacing to and fro near the statue of Hercules. A few moments after a person joined him. The former was Guiseppe Muerto, a well known assassin, the other was Johnston, who in his hurried walk ran against the Bravo.

"Ha! who is this?" asked Johnston.

"It is Guiseppe Muerto," was the reply.

"Guiseppe Muerto, I esteem it fortunate that you have been prompt to my summons. You, I have been informed, are a professed assassin, I have a little business on hand that will bring you

a good price, the customs of your country permit it; but in mine we look upon such deeds with horror. You, who have sent, as I have been told, twenty souls to the shades, must feel quite at home in matters of this kind, eh, Senior Guiseppe."

"Sir, Englishman," replied Guiseppe, "or more properly speaking, my lord, my stiletto has long become rusty, the Council looks coldly upon the secret murderer, and now-a-days it is but a short step from the council-chamber to the execution. It is not now like the good old days of yore, when the victim was only exposed to the public gaze to be recognized, while the good Bravo walked about unmolested; but now there is the "*Sereno*" to be bribed, the council to be paid. Ah, my lord, it requires money now-a-days to escape justice; but, my lord, what is it you wish with old Guiseppe, he is at your bidding." Johnston requested Guiseppe to look for the *Sereno* and see the coast clear before he made known to him the object of his appointment. The *Sereno* hearing the request concealed himself. Guiseppe remarked he thought he heard the slow and measured step of the *Sereno*, as this position of the quay was his beat.

"I do not think he is about, you can converse freely," was his reply.

"You know, Guiseppe," commenced Johnston, "I married the daughter of the Count De Cheveta, the beautiful Ada, who differs so much from Sicilians generally, by having blue eyes, methought she differed from them in all other particulars, and that she would forego the customs of her country by not having a—a—" here the words appeared to choke him. Guiseppe finished the speech by laughingly remarking, "Senior, a Ciccisbeo." "Hell!" exclaimed Johnston: "Yes, good Guiseppe, it was not mentioned in the contract. But to the point;—on the day of her wedding a minstrel arrived, he sang her an old song which was familiar to her during her childhood; this song she had taught to a cousin, who had promised not to sing or teach it to any one. She recognized in this minstrel her cousin, and on the very night I married her he became her ——" Here again he stopped, and the word "Ciccisbeo" was repeated by Guiseppe.

"Yes," replied Johnston, "and I wish to punish him."

"His name?" asked Guiseppe.

"Gerald De Cheveta," replied Johnston.

"Ha! Gerald De Cheveta! little Gerald!" exclaimed Guiseppe. "I have often danced him upon my knee. Ah! he was a beautiful child, but Gerald never liked my name." Turning to Johnston, he asked him, "My lord, what would you have me do with Gerald?"

Johnston replied, "I would have your stiletto in his heart." The assassin for a moment remained silent, his breast appeared to swell with indignation, his eyes flashed, and in a determined voice he replied, "Away, away, Senior Englishman, though

twenty murders harass my soul, I would not harm a hair of his head. What! murder in cold blood the child who has so often played around me and clasped me about the neck, calling me good Guiseppe, when all else looked upon me with horror? Spare me, my lord, this child—for child I must still think him, was the only thing on earth that ever loved me Bravo as I am."

Johnston saw at once he would have to touch some strong chord to induce Guiseppe to assassinate Gerald, and that chord was his poverty. "They tell me, Guiseppe, you are very poor, living in a mere hovel, near Sera, on the borders of the Count De Cheveta's estates. Why then don't this Gerald, this little Gerald seek you out and relieve your necessities? he has forgotten his 'good Guiseppe': one more soul added to the long list of those you have sent to purgatory will not disturb your peace of mind, and that one soul will make you rich, and as Gerald has not sought out his friend, I will relieve you. Take this purse, it will warm your cottage, and you can once more hold up your head."

The Bravo received the purse, and after a moment's silence remarked, "My lord, I must here mention to you that the customs of this country may induce the Council to look with an indulgent eye at the revenge of a Sicilian, but the national antipathy entertained against your countrymen would probably induce the Council for once to mete out justice, and the Count De Cheveta, though poor, is influential. To accomplish your object you must be present at the murder, for murder it is. For myself, I require sufficient to enable me to live comfortably the remainder of my days, and a hasty departure from the Island."

"This you shall have. I have written an anonymous note to Gerald, requesting him to meet a person at this place at half past twelve to night; it is now near the time, name your price."

"One thousand doubloons and a hasty departure from Sicily," replied Guiseppe.

"One thousand doubloons," repeated Johnston, "enormous, I have been told you assassinated the Count Neapole for only thirty."

"True," replied Guiseppe. "That was several years ago; times are changed, and you are an Englishman. I was employed by his brother, a member of the Council. You must bear in mind, the Count De Cheveta has a brother in the Council, the father of Gerald. I cannot commit this murder for less than the sum I have specified."

"Well, here is my hand to the bargain. Gerald De Cheveta must soon pass this way, let us conceal ourselves, I think I hear footsteps." In a few moments after the two had concealed themselves, Gerald arrived at the foot of the fatal statue. Looking around and not perceiving any one, he leaned against the base of the statue. A dim street-light shone upon his face. Johnston

touched Guiseppe upon the arm, and whispered him to commit the deed. The Bravo stepped forward; the movement was heard by Gerald. Turning round, he faced Johnston and recognized him. At this moment the assassin threw himself upon Gerald and buried his stiletto in his body. Johnston hastily fled, and in his flight left his cloak. The first stab was not fatal, and in the struggle Gerald cried for help. The noise was heard by the *Sereno*, who, upon hearing the conversation between Johnston and Guiseppe, had sought other watchmen and the military guard, who, arriving at the moment the murder was committed, seized Guiseppe and conveyed him to prison. Searching the ground the stiletto of Guiseppe and cloak of Johnston were both found. The body of Gerald was placed in the public square for recognition, and in the morning watch, two guards were placed over the body to bring to the Council any person who should recognize the corpse. Johnston arrived at his office, locked and double locked the door, and endeavored to compose his mind, where for the present we will leave him already a prey to remorse.

Loroto, one of the night guard, was placed to watch the body of Gerald. Pacing to and fro at a respectable distance from the corpse, he looked anxiously around, as if expecting some one to keep him company. He dared not leave his position, yet his fears prevented him from examining the body. He had not long been on his guard, before another of the watch joined him.

"Good morning, Francisco, I almost feared you would not be here in time, as you are so confoundedly afraid of dead people."

"Now you see, Loroto. I do not fear the dead so much as the living. Here is this youth—the first assassination that has occurred among the nobility of Messina for years. I think the last was the young Count De Palermo, since which time the Council has not been called in session. I have looked at the body and methinks I have seen that face before. Old Guiseppe never fails in his work to send a soul to purgatory, and to escape the Council. What do you think of it, Loroto?"

"I think he won't escape the Council this time. The last murder committed by Guiseppe was that of the brother of the present Count De Palermo, a member of the Council, who, it was whispered at the time, not only paid the fee, but has since bestowed on Guiseppe a small pension on condition that he will never appear in his sight. Whenever he passes the Count, it is said that he muffles his face in a cloak. But, friend Francisco, Guiseppe has drawn his last stiletto, and will soon follow the youth he last assassinated to the shades. It is now near day. I see the grey twilight rising above the hills, I wish it was light. Like yourself, I always had a dread of dead people: let us step back here and wait; if any one recognizes the

corpses it will be our duty to bring him before the Council."

The day gradually dawned, and as it grew light a few country people passing to market stopped for a moment to examine the face of the corpse, but not recognizing it resumed their journey. In the meantime the two friends lit their cigars, and whiled away the time discussing the probability of discovering the instigator of the foul deed, and in relating adventures of Guisseppo Muerto.

CHAPTER IX.

The vessel in which Constantine had embarked, encountering adverse winds, put into a small seaport, but a day's ride from Messina. Wishing again to see his parents, and as the captain of the *Xebec* was, for a small consideration, willing to delay his departure for a few days, Constantine returned to Messina. It was about the twilight of morning when he entered the city. The sun had tinged the horizon with a purple hue, and the blue outlines of Mount *Ætna* were distinctly visible against the heavens. Slacking the reins of his mule, he for a moment gazed in admiration on the scene. The animal, relieved from the tightness of the rein, dropped its head and resumed its usual gait, and ere Constantine had time to finish his meditations he was in front of his father's palace. "Ah! here is my father's house," he mentally exclaimed. "How surprised he will be to see me so soon returned, and Gerald by this time will have some sentimental tale of love to relate, and while away a pleasant hour." Dismounting and knocking at the gate, he called to the inmates to open the door. "Father, Ada, Gerald, are you all dead? it is Constantine that calls, open the gate, or I'll break it down." Turning, he saw the corpse. "Bah!" he exclaimed, "when will Sicily abolish the vile custom of exposing under the very nose of the nobility every vagabond who gets assassinated in a street brawl; but custom compels me to look at the corpse." Advancing towards it, he saw on a near approach that it was his cousin Gerald. For a moment he was paralysed, the next, rushing towards the house and knocking still louder than before, he called first upon his father, then Ada. "Open the door, father, here's a murder most foul, Ada! Ada! father; Gerald is most foully murdered."

The Count was the first to hear the cry of murder. Opening the gate he enquired, "who was that crying murder?"

"It is your son, look for the love of the virgin, here is a most brutal murder, horrible! horrible! Gerald, dear Gerald is murdered." The Count at this announcement fainted, and the watchmen hearing the cries of Constantine came forward and demanded if he knew the person exposed.

"Yes, good watchmen, I do," was the reply.

"Then we must lead you to the Council."

"Not yet, good watchmen, but haste and bring some water, the Count, my father, has fainted."

"I have no water, Senior, but here is a little wine left in this flagon, which you are most welcome to."

The Count in a few moments revived, and asked his son if he had not cried murder!

"Yes, my father, there lies the body of our dear Gerald, exposed to the gaze and remarks of every passer by; he has been most foully murdered, and justice for once shall predominate in the council." Turning to the watchmen he directed them to convey the body to the council-chamber.

"And you, dear father, must hie to the counselors and have them at once assembled, while I shall pursue a course that will not fail to bring the assassin to punishment." The request of Constantine was immediately obeyed, wending his course towards the office of Johnston, and knocking on his arrival at the door, he made him acquainted with the fact of the murder. During the recital Constantine did not fail to notice Johnston's pale and haggard appearance. He summoned him to appear at the council chamber at the usual time of its opening. "Nor do you dare, Sir Englishman, to absent yourself," was Constantine's last remark.

Returning to his father's and selecting a fleet horse he was soon on his way to Sera. On his arrival, he communicated the melancholy news of Gerald's death to his mother and directed her to obtain from Ada the marriage contract, as it would probably be important to have it during the examination before the Council, but not to mention to her the death of her cousin. Constantine returned to Messina, he found Johnston still at his office and went with him to the council-chamber.

The chamber in which the members of the council meet in Messina is a dreary looking arched hall; the hour of assembling is midnight, and the lights are so arranged that the Council can see the slightest alteration in the countenance of the prisoner, while the faces of the former are concealed by a dark shade from the latter. The Council was assembled and the prisoner stood before them. The body of the assassinated youth lay on a richly covered bier immediately opposite Guisseppo. The Senior De Cheveta, clothed in deep mourning, hung for a moment over the corpse, and then took his seat as one of the Council. Count De Palermo, the eldest of the members of the Council, arose from his seat and addressed the prisoner:

"Guisseppo Muerto, your numerous crimes darken the records of this Council. The purest blood of Messina has stained your stiletto. Speak, Guisseppo, the Council will hear you."

Guisseppo for a moment was silent; he appeared to be endeavoring to scan, by the faint light of the lamps, the countenances of the different members

of the Council. Turning towards the Count De Palermo, he addressed him solely :

"Senior Count De Palermo, I am not the murderer of this youth, to you I appeal for mercy. In by-gone days you found Guisseppo true and faithful. I served you *once*, serve me *now*." For a moment the Count remained silent; it was only for a moment; his thin and almost attenuated frame appeared to be convulsed, his deep black eyes flashed with anger. With one hand grasping convulsively the back of his chair, his other extended, he slowly replied to Guisseppo: "The warm blood of the Sicilian nobles whom you have murdered, rises from the cold earth against you. 'Tis time to check the midnight assassin. You have in several instances incensed this Council, by your bold and open assassinations; nor do you seek the low and vulgar to glut your thirst for blood, but your stiletto reeks with the gore of the nobles only. What say the Council?"

The members of the Council replied simultaneously, "The country needs reform."

The Count continued, "Guisseppo, you have appealed to me as one of the Council to protect you. Base and miserable wretch, murderer, fiend, your stiletto still reeks with the heart's blood of my dearest and nearest kinsman, a *brother*." The passion and feelings of the Count overcame him, and he fell back exhausted into his chair.

Guisseppo appeared but little moved by this speech. Turning to the Council he addressed them as follows: "Most noble Seniors, Neapole, Cosmo, Penaro, let me implore you. Here, on my bended knees supplicating mercy, I appeal to your justice. Do not condemn me upon the uncertain testimony of a bare suspicion. To the charge of *murder* I plead not guilty."

For a moment the members of the Council were silent, apparently awaiting Guisseppo's further remark. The Count De Palermo was the first to break silence with the simple remark, "We will award you 'Justice'" which was repeated by all the Council.

The Count De Palermo then directed the watchman to step forth and produce the evidence in his possession. The latter held up a stiletto with the blood of young Gerald still upon it. The Count De Palermo looked steadily for a moment at Guisseppo, who returned his gaze with a steady eye. "Whose stiletto is that, Guisseppo?" enquired the Count.

Guisseppo looked at it for a moment and carelessly remarked, "Senior, I know not."

At this reply the countenance of the Count assumed an appearance of anger, but at once subduing it, he again turned to the Sereno. "Sereno, where, and under what circumstances did that stiletto come into your possession?"

"Most noble Senior," commenced the Sereno, "about the hour of eleven, when the shades of

night had crept over the quiet of the city, methought I heard footsteps within the circle of my beat, and as they drew near I concealed myself behind the angle of a projecting wall. I had scarcely concealed myself when I saw, by the dim light of a flickering lamp which hung near the 'statue of Hercules' the prisoner walking slowly. A few minutes elapsed and he was joined by another. A low and short consultation passed between them; they retired near to my place of concealment. A few minutes after, the youth on the bier passed; the two assassins rushed out, and ere I could give the alarm murder had already been done. One of the assassins escaped; the other who now stands before you was secured by me with the assistance of the guard. This stiletto I found near the body, and on the handle is carved Guisseppo Muerto."

For a moment the cool self-possession of Muerto disappeared, but it was only for a moment. He looked at the knife and a contemptuous sneer took the place of confusion in his countenance. He turned towards the Count Palermo and looked him steadily in the face. The Count rose slowly from his seat and pointed towards the corpse, looking steadily at Guisseppo, he addressed him in the following manner: "Guisseppo Muerto, to the accusation of murder you plead 'not guilty,' and ask the mercy of this court. You know the usual requirements of this court in cases of this kind; lay your hand upon the body and curse the murderer."

Guisseppo advanced towards the bier where the body of Gerald lay and gazed intently upon his face. For the first time he showed feeling. A tear was seen to drop from his eye. At this moment Constantine and Johnston entered the council-chamber; in an instant all Guisseppo's former ferocity appeared to be aroused; he placed his hand upon the breast of the corpse and pointing towards Johnston with the other, he slowly and emphatically fulfilled the Count's directions in the following manner: "May curses fall heavily on the murderer, may he be childless and have sleepless nights; in old age be a lone and miserable wanderer on the earth, may the curse of Cain follow and overtake him." Still pointing to Johnston, he exclaimed at the pitch of his voice, "I proclaim him to be the murderer."

Muerto, dropping his hand, retired to his former position. He looked attentively at Johnston, who immediately advanced to the middle of the council-chamber and denied the charge, setting forth that he was an Englishman, and painting in glowing colors his abhorrence of the crime of murder,—repelling the accusation in a strong and vehement manner. The Count Palermo listened attentively until he had finished and then beckoning to the guards directed them to secure the Englishman, at the same time remarking, "Sir Englishman, you have been accused of murder before this court, it

will be necessary to plead to the charge, and although the Council may not yet take evidence against you; your person must be secured." Turning to Guisseppo, he continued: "The Council will hear your defence."

Guisseppo scanned, (as well as the dim light of the council-chamber would permit,) the countenances of the different members of the court. He saw at once he was doomed, and he determined to leave on their memories a lasting impression of himself. Stepping into the centre of the council-chamber, facing the Count De Palermo, with a firm voice he thus addressed him:

Most noble Count De Palermo, to you I have appealed for mercy. When you, with fawning flattery and sweet words, tempted me to crime and caused these hands to be bathed in the *heart's blood of your brother*, I was not backward in fulfilling your desires. Ah! Senior Count, methinks the same demon smile that shone over the dying body of your kinsman is now a forerunner of my sentence. You struck not the blow it is true, but your gold gave it force, ha! ha! ha! Senior Cosmo grant that favor to me now, which you promised over the dying body of your most beautiful and angel wife. Shake not your head, Senior Cosmo, I to be sure opened the passage for her pure soul to depart and leave your loathed embraces, but the tempting promises of your *deceitful tongue and gold* strengthened the arm which gave the death blow. Ah! methinks I see your hands grasping your wife's delicate throat to prevent her spirit passing out the right channel. Senior Penaro! do you look coldly on me too! Where is the affectionate embrace given to your "dear Guisseppo," when your father had lived too long and his *money bags* haunted your heated imagination! Are you *all* bent upon my destruction! Is this hand no longer serviceable! Or do you fear that a brother, wife, or son, may use me in the same kindly office! Seniors, I am not guilty of this murder; (pointing to Johnston) there stands the assassin. 'Twas his promises, his gold that did it. Ah! my lord Englishman, do you shudder! Guisseppo Muerto will not die alone, most noble Palermo. I appeal to the War Council."

This rough defence, delivered with all the vehemence and gesticulation of an excited Sicilian, appeared to have a very serious effect with the Council. The Count Palermo was for some moments silent, and appeared to be glued to his seat: he made several efforts to rise from his chair. At last, livid with passion, he turned to Johnston and informed him that the appeal of the wretch, Guisseppo, must be complied with, and both would be brought before the War Council. "But, sir Englishman, this Council will hear and record any defence you may wish to make."

Johnston, agitated and pale, his lips quite livid,

addressed the Council. "Most noble Seniors! can this Council admit the evidence of so vile a wretch as this assassin! One who has already confessed to crimes of so great a magnitude that they will sink his soul to the utmost depths of perdition! One who has endeavored to cast on this noble Council of Sicily's best blood, crimes which, if true, would cry aloud to heaven for vengeance! Where, Seniors, is your proof! Only this criminal, already in your minds condemned; for, most noble Seniors, you have produced no other."

Johnston was silent, the Count De Palermo made a sign to the Sereno, who stepped in front of Johnston and held up a cloak. The act of the watchman completely confused the Englishman, who became at once alarmed and agitated. He exclaimed, "Seniors, the marriage contract forbids a 'Ciciiseo.' I call for the marriage contract." Turning to Constantine, he demanded of him the marriage contract. The Count De Palermo informed Johnston his plea would be accepted, but continued by observing that the time-honored customs of Sicily would not be forgotten. "This custom," continued the Count, "of having a Ciciiseo, originated with the crusaders, a holy love, cemented by purity and the cross. If then this custom has been for once violated, you, sir Englishman, will have the benefit of the circumstance. Senior Constantine produce the contract, that we may examine it." The Count slowly opened the contract and read it. He was silent some time after perusing it. Then turning to Constantine, at the same time handing him the paper, remarked: "This contract forbids a Ciciiseo." Johnston's face once more brightened, but Constantine seizing the paper, and now becoming agitated in his turn, exclaimed, "Ha! Senior, I saw this contract previous to its being sealed, and it allowed a Ciciiseo. May it not have been altered! Seniors, I will relate an ancient legend, which caused all contracts to be printed under the authority of the Government. A young and jealous nobleman altered a marriage contract and was detected; since which time, they have been printed by authority of the Government only: the letters by a chemical process are dyed into the parchment, and cannot be wholly erased. If any erasures are attempted, a sponge moistened with vinegar and wiped over the parchment will immediately restore the original writing. I request the contract may be tested."

The Count received the parchment from Constantine and tested it according to his suggestion. "Here it is. The word appears, 'Ciciiseo,' exclaimed the Count. Senior Englishman, you are ordered to appear with Guisseppo Muerto, as an accomplice in the murder he stands charged with, to be tried by the laws of Messina, and if guilty, to be executed, according to our customs, *in secret*." The Count left his seat, and the remainder of the Council followed him. At the moment of leaving

the council-chamber he turned to the guard and told them to take the prisoners hence.

Guiseppe knew the force of these remarks. Turning to Johnston and making a most profound bow, he said, "We are likely to visit the shades together, my lord Englishman."

Johnston turning to the guards begged them not to allow the assassin to kill him by his taunts before his time. Guisseppo laughed, and turning to leave the apartment with the guards, sarcastically replied, "Let the gentleman follow."

CHAPTER X.

The cell in which Guisseppo was placed communicated with the council-chamber, through which any of the members could pass, each having a secret key. Guisseppo, on arriving at his cell, threw himself carelessly on the floor and was in a few moments asleep; nor did he awake until the morning light shone into the narrow window of his cell. Slowly rising from his hard bed, and surveying the room, he mentally soliloquized, "These are pleasant apartments forsooth, but I gave the Council a hard thrust, which they will not be likely to place among their records. I am to be arraigned before the War Council, some secrets will then be disclosed by old Guisseppo, which will make my judges and former employers blush. Let me see; there is the Count De Neapole, the devil take him, he is as savage as a tiger and as brave as a lion, and has no more conscience than Ercola, the witch of *Ætna*, who told me I would die a natural death. Then there is Senior Cosmo, a precious villain with a chicken-heart, who would send me from this chamber a much shorter way to purgatory than by the Council." Guisseppo had progressed this far in his soliloquy, when he heard a slight noise near him, and turning, he discovered a person close by, muffled in a cloak. Believing it to be one of the Council, he drew himself up to his full height and stood ready to defend himself. "Who are you? one of the Council I suppose, speak."

"I am," replied the person, "in the eyes of the world a fiend."

"Friend, enemy, or devil, what is your business?" demanded Guisseppo.

"I am Ercola, the witch of *Ætna*." At this announcement Guisseppo for a moment appeared to be overcome with rage. At the top of his voice he exclaimed, "Out, vile sorceress, you are a false prophetess. Where is your 'easy death bed'? Do these cold floors resemble downy feathers? are these clanking chains the soothing words of friends? Out upon thee!"

"Guiseppe," replied Ercola, "your old enemy, the Senior Cosmo, employed my son to assassinate you in this prison; he gave him his signet ring and this stiletto; but I have undertaken to do the deed for him." Guisseppo sprang towards her and wrench-

ing the stiletto from her hand, threw her upon her knees, exclaiming, "Now, vile wretch, prepare to make your journey to the shades, screech forth your last 'ave,' treacherous hell-cat, and die." Every nerve and muscle of Guisseppo appeared affected and convulsed; he lifted the stiletto, and only awaited the fulfilment of his last command, before he plunged it into her heart. But the latter coolly replied, "How brave old Guisseppo is! my death is your death; release me one moment and I promise to set you at liberty." Guisseppo appeared astonished, not only at her coolness, but at her remarks also. He at once released her. On rising to her feet she said, "Listen, Guisseppo, you once did me a service, you saved me from this Cosmo; he would have executed me for a sorceress; take this cloak and signet ring; you then can pass the sentry in safety; leave me your old cloak; now haste, haste."

"Thanks, thanks, good Ercola; but stop, will you not be endangered?"

"No, no; I have provided for that. Haste to my hut, where you will find my son Fraola." Guisseppo wrapped himself in the cloak, took the ring, and handing the stiletto to Ercola, he left the prison. "Ah! exclaimed Ercola, Senior Cosmo is to be here soon to make all sure. Beware Senior; you have a woman's wits to encounter." A slight noise here arrested her attention. She quickly concealed herself behind one of the pillows which answered the double purpose of supporting the roof, and having prisoners chained to it. Senior Cosmo entered the cell cautiously muffled in his cloak; he called in a low voice for Fraola, and was answered by Ercola, who assumed the voice of her son. "Fraola, is it done?" enquired the Count. "If so come this way, I have something else to communicate to you." Ercola advanced a step, and perceiving Cosmo feeling in his bosom, stopped a moment and replied, "I am here, Senior Cosmo, come near Senior, I will whisper something to you." Ercola advanced, and ere Cosmo could accomplish his object she buried her stiletto between his shoulders. Cosmo drew his stiletto and stabbed at random, exclaiming, "I am murdered, there is dimness in my sight, good heaven forgive me," and he fell back without a groan. Ercola took from his finger a ring and passed by the secret passage out of the prison, leaving Cosmo wrapped in the cloak of Guisseppo.

CHAPTER XI.

We must now convey the reader to the cell in which Johnston was confined. The two prisoners had been confined about two in the morning. The excitement and fatigues of the trial had so completely overcome Johnston that he fell asleep almost instantly on taking possession of his miserable cell. Nor did he awake until the hand of his friend Wee-

ton was placed upon his shoulder to arouse him. He started in alarm, exclaiming "Hah! the demons are here," but on becoming fully aroused, his astonishment was doubly increased by discovering his friend. His first expression was, "Good heaven what do I see! my friend! Weston, oh! that you should see me, thus manacled, a criminal." Weston enquired if he was prepared to die! "Death, Weston! death! the grave! Oh horrible, to die in a foreign land, a criminal, side by side with a base assassin, one who during his whole life has been an eternal drinker of blood! oh! my friend, a few short hours and the sun of my life sets! nor have I prepared myself for an eternity of darkness and annihilation, neither have I had time to reflect whether the opening of the secret door of eternity will be as we are taught to believe, an entrance into torments everlasting—beginning without end, the spirit writhing and sinking in torments far beyond the extension of thought, forever seeking repose, yet finding naught but accumulating despair." Here he clenched his hands and sank on his knees. His friend touched him on his shoulder and told him he could save him.

"Me," he exclaimed, "oh! save me! Weston. My heart quails at death, I am not prepared to meet an offended Supreme Being. I cannot bear the thought of being so suddenly thrust into eternity. Oh! save me, if you can! How can you do it! Look at the solidity of these prison walls, and these massive chains."

"Johnston, my dear friend, be composed, I have several swift horses between here and the village of Sera. At the quay you will see a boat waiting with a streamer flying, having on it my family's coat-of-arms. Say to the boatman, St. George; he will understand you; take that boat, go to Palermo, the packet for Malta will by that time be ready to sail, she is now in port. Once in Malta under the English flag; the devil take the Sicilians. Here are the tools to take off the irons. Your trial before the Council would not have taken place before to-morrow; by that time you will be coasting it. I have arranged my liberation with our Consul, and will be in Palermo in time to see you safe on board. Now farewell, and haste, recollect the watchword, 'St George.'"

The witch, Ercola, lived near the foot of Mount *Ætna*, but having been compelled to reside on the estate of the Count De Cheveta, her son Fraola had, through the kindness of Gerald, procured a boat and become a fisherman. It was this boat Weston had engaged for Johnston. Guisseppo immediately on his release, fled to Ercola's temporary rendezvous, and there learned from Fraola, that his boat had been engaged to take an English lord, escaping from Messina, to Palermo. Guisseppo at once suspected it to be Johnston and easily per-

suaded his friend to let him assume his dress, and take charge of the boat. At the time appointed Johnston arrived in Sera; he looked along the quay and recognized his friend's boat by the streamer. Looking around, he saw by the faint light of the moon a solitary boatman. Addressing him in Italian, he said, "Ah, good boatman, 'St. George' attend you, is the wind fair, and your saint propitious?"

Guisseppo, smothering his feelings, replied, "Yes, my lord, the wind is fair, and my saint propitious."

"Well, I am glad to hear it, then haste, good boatman, time is precious."

Johnston was struck with the constant repetition of his words, and testily remarked, "Come friend, cast loose your boat, then ply your oar, gain the offing, spread your sails to the propitious breeze, and have a quick trip to Palermo."

Guisseppo could no longer control his passion, but suddenly seizing Johnston by the throat he threw him upon the ground, drew his stiletto, held it a moment suspended over his head, and asked him through his teeth, "My lord, do you recognize my face? Prepare to follow Gerald De Cheveta."

The Englishman had merely time to exclaim, "villain," before the stiletto of Guisseppo was buried in his breast. Guisseppo immediately arose, and Johnston in his dying agony drew a pistol and fired at random. The ball lodged in the side of Guisseppo, who staggered and fell across the gunwale of the boat, along side of the quay, dragging Johnston with him who sank into the bay. The report of the pistol drew the attention of Fraola, who immediately sprang to his feet, and finding Guisseppo wounded and dying conveyed him to his mother's hovel.

The Count De Cheveta and family immediately after the death of Gerald, returned to their country seat, and upon the conviction of Johnston, communicated the circumstance to Ada. The assassination of her cousin by her husband, and the incarceration of the latter deprived her of her reason. She remained a few days in a state of stupor, nor could the skill of the best physicians, and the kind and constant attentions of her father, mother and brother arouse her. Heart broken and emaciated she breathed her last, singing the favorite song taught by her to her cousin when a child. A simple white marble cross only marks the spot of her interment, and near it stands the plain tombstone of Gerald De Cheveta, with the following inscription. "Gerald De Cheveta assassinated." Constantine took the place of his father at the Council, while the latter retired to the village of Sera, to spend, as he justly remarked, "The remains of a disappointed old age."

THE COLONIAL HISTORY OF VIRGINIA.

B. B. Minor
TO THE LEGISLATURE OF VIRGINIA:

In the last number of the Southern Literary Messenger, the proposition was made to your honorable body, to send an agent to England to procure such materials as her archives might afford for the History of our State. In resuming this important subject at this time, we must ask your indulgent attention, since it will be entirely out of our power to devote much time to the arrangement of our remarks. We are forced to write *currente calamo*; but it is a source of great encouragement to reflect, that the subject is one which so strongly commends itself, as scarcely to require any studied exposition.

No claim is preferred for originality in the plan proposed. It has often been suggested, and has met the approbation of nearly every one to whom it has been mentioned. Indeed it lies upon the very surface of utility, and, as already shewn, has been profitably embraced by other States. If the present effort, however, to induce your honorable body to imitate such laudable examples, be crowned with success, it will be a cause of no little pride and rejoicing to us to share in the credit of effecting so desirable an object. It has been truly said,

"That man is not the discoverer of any art who first says the thing; but he who says it so long and so loud and so clearly, that he compels mankind to hear him. * * * Other persons had noticed the effect of coal-gas in producing light; but Winsor worried the town with bad English for three winters, before he could attract any serious attention to his views. Many persons broke stone before Macadam, but Macadam felt the discovery more strongly, stated it more clearly, persevered in it with greater tenacity, wielded his hammer, in short, with greater force than other men, and finally succeeded in bringing his plan into general use."

Whether the present application shall be successful depends upon your sense of its value and importance. We pledge ourselves to persevere in it, but hope to be relieved from the necessity of "worrying you with bad English, for three winters." We know that this is a period of taxation and indebtedness, but the appropriation requisite for the object herein proposed will neither increase the taxes nor the debt of the State, whilst it so nearly concerns the honor and lofty character of Virginia, as to demand immediate action. Her early heroes are without a monument, long periods of her government without a record, and her annals imperfect and unknown. Whilst this condition of things is so eloquently appealing to her rulers, her Literary Fund, after supplying all the demand for primary Education and for other accustomed purposes, is annually overflowing. After every ordinary draft has been made upon it, a yearly excess from its income of some \$13,000 returns to become a part of its permanent capital. Hence it was that

the Legislature, during its last session, were enabled to perform such an act of justice, as to lend fifteen thousand dollars to the Medical College of Richmond, at a time, too, when they were raising the taxes of the people. Hence arose the application of the Colleges of the State for Legislative aid. With their application, the present proposition is not intended to interfere; but they can wait if necessary until this paramount object is first accomplished. The Literary Fund, then, not only furnishes the requisite means; but its very nature and objects seem to point to the attainment of the first work of Literary interest, a full and suitable history of the State. The children of the State are taught to read in the primary schools. This is a provision made by their liberal parent, whom they soon learn to love and revere. They are inspired with a thirst for knowledge; they learn with avidity the chronicles of other times and other lands; but when, alas! they turn to enquire for the history of her, who has provided for them all this enjoyment and all this mental improvement, they find with astonishment and regret, that there is none to give them. They can only be told of a few incomplete and for the most part inaccessible books, or pointed to the mutilated records, which it were a life-labor to explore. How it chills the affections to be thus denied what is often so eagerly sought! Nothing can so elevate patriotism as to have the mind filled with the history of one's native State. A common school history of Virginia should be put into the hands of every child who is educated at the public expense. Scholars and citizens more liberally educated would require a work more elaborate and extended. But neither has as yet been written, nor can it ever be until the documents are procured from the mother country. The want of them has already deterred many who would have undertaken the task and has entirely defeated the efforts of those who have attempted it; whilst States as young as Kentucky, the daughter of Virginia, Illinois, Tennessee and others have already their complete histories.

Having pointed out the means of defraying the expense of the plan proposed, and presented the foregoing general remarks in support of it, we will proceed to a more definite view of the subject, by enforcing the following propositions:

1. Every independent State should have a complete set of its public records, and a history fairly and impartially embodying them.

This might be taken for granted. It results from the nature of public transactions, from the plain necessities of society and the demands of its members; from the known wishes, wants and practice of every civilized community. Fame demands a perpetuity; virtue and heroism their monuments; and ambition the stimulus, which the Hope of transmission to future ages alone can impart. The progress of society and the mere sequence of events

must, in every land blessed with letters, necessarily require a record.

2. Virginia has no history worthy of the name, and there are many and great breaches in her public records.

The Colonial History of Virginia extends through a period of one hundred and sixty-nine years, from 1607 to 1776. The gallant Capt. Smith, whose literary seems little less conspicuous than his military spirit, was the earliest historian of Virginia; but his work comes down only to the year 1624. It was written in pursuance of a resolution offered by himself, in the council, that some one be appointed to prepare a memorial of what had transpired in the Colony. Whereupon he was requested to undertake the task.

If such a history was needful then, in the beginning of events, how much more so now, when so much is past that needs to be perpetuated. Mr. Jefferson says of Smith, "he was honest, sensible and well informed; but his style is barbarous and uncouth. His history, however, is almost the only source from which we derive any knowledge of the infancy of our State." Burk says, "Smith's is a sort of Epic History or romance, where the author, like Ossian, recounts his achievements in the spirit which he fought. His narrative, however, occasionally discovers much good sense and raises no inconsiderable interest. It is moreover the ground work of succeeding histories, and is valuable as a piece of rare and curious antiquity." But this history, rare, curious and truly valuable as it is, comprises the incidents of only seventeen years. A gentleman of this state, of indefatigable research, has lately discovered in a Northern Library another work of Capt. Smith, published in 1608, which of course contains the events of only one year.

The Rev. William Stith, a native of Virginia, and President of William and Mary College, has also written the history of the colony for the space of about twenty years. Of him Mr. Jefferson says, "he was a man of classical learning and very exact, but of no taste in style. He is inelegant, therefore, and his details often too minute to be tolerable."

Beverly, also a native, has written the history of Virginia from the first propositions of Sir Walter Raleigh to the year 1706. He errs on the opposite extreme from Stith, comprising ninety-nine years in a fraction of the space which Stith devotes to twenty. Burk says, "Beverly is a mere annalist of petty incidents, put together without method, and unenlivened by any of the graces of style. He is moreover the apologist for power, in which respect also, he differs essentially from Stith, who on all occasions displays a manly contempt and defiance of injustice and tyranny."

Sir William Keith, a Governor of Pennsylvania, and the same, we think, who proposed a most arbitrary and insidious scheme of oppression over the

colonies to the king of England, has also written a history of Virginia, from the settlement to the year 1725.

Mr. Jefferson says, "he is agreeable enough in style and passes over events of little importance;" and Burk says, that "although more diffuse than Beverly and more graceful and correct, he has little more of detail." There are also extant a brief history by Hamer, and a few pamphlets. These, with one exception are the only printed histories of the ancient Colony; and they have long since disappeared from the shelf of the bookseller, and are to be found in comparatively few libraries. Besides covering so little space, all do not contain an adequate memorial of the periods through which they extend.

The only remaining History of Virginia is that of Burk, Jones & Girardin, in 4 vols. 8 vo—published in Petersburg, 1805–16. Of these, we shall venture to speak freely our own opinion; and surely no work of the same extent, that aspires to the dignity of history is liable to so many and so great objections. Mr. John Burk, a native of Ireland, is the author of the first three volumes, which contain a treatise on navigation and maritime discovery in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, a long disquisition about the Indians, which was intended for a history of the United States and which he could not forbear to stick in, and a general history of the Colonies, besides the History of Virginia, many portions of which are meagre in the extreme. A striking instance of this occurs in the third volume, where he devotes only eleven pages to the events of nineteen years, from 1723 to 1742. This meagreness was produced partly by the impossibility of procuring better materials and partly by inactivity in research and in availing himself of the records within his power. He seems even to delight in the opportunity of abandoning his subject and expatiating at large in some wider field. He has fully carried out the idea expressed by himself:

"A correct History of Virginia," says he in the Preface to his first volume, "would be the history of North America itself, a portion of the globe, which enjoying the invaluable privilege of self-government, promises to eclipse the glory of Rome and Athens." One of these rhetorical flourishes, for which he is not a little notable, appears to please him more than a historical fact. His style is very defective and entirely unsuited to historical writing. He abounds with errors, and enjoys a singular facility of leaping over difficulties and solving doubts. Then, almost entire provinces of history are neglected, or only alluded to, and you may peruse his whole writings and have no conception of the growth and progress of the colony and of its most important internal regulations.

The fourth volume is a continuation by Skelton Jones, a Virginian, and Louis Hue Girardin, a Frenchman. Jones' portion is very short and hardy

furnishes any criterion of his qualifications for the task. Most of the foregoing objections apply to Girardin. He is more correct than Burke, but is also too fond of discoursing *de rebus omnibus*. He has written the histories of North and South Carolina and the other colonies nearly as much as of Virginia. Indeed, it would hardly be too much to say that the portions of the four volumes under review, that refer properly to this State, can, with the aid of a pair of scissors only, be reduced into one volume. The rest is an imperfect history of the separate, or united Colonies, with a dash of French and Dutch affairs, and a sprinkling of philosophy. In short, if we wished conclusively to prove to any one that Virginia has no worthy history, we would induce him to read Burk's which is the only one that pretends to such a character. But the scantiness of his materials and the great obstacles which beset a pioneer in historical research should not be forgotten.

In the case before us, many of these obstacles were insuperable to the most patient and laborious search; and this will bring us to the breaches in our public records.

Down to the year 1624, when the charter was taken from the London Company, the materials for our history are quite complete even in this country. But doubtless a great deal additional of deep interest might be procured in England. During this period, the Colonists were in constant correspondence with their friends and the company in England, and many memoirs respecting the Colonies were written and published in the mother country, to impart information of its prospects and condition, and to induce adventurers to embark their fortunes in it. Many of these productions, besides the papers and documents transmitted to the Home Government, might be obtained by an active agent. Some of them are extant in this country and are known to possess very great value to the Historian of Virginia. It will be remembered that the above remarks as to memoirs and letters, apply also to other periods of the Colony. But from the commencement of the Royal Government, darkness and obscurity begin to settle upon the history of the Colony. The royal prerogative then so overshadowed it, that now it is impossible for any lights here to dispel the gloom. We find Mr. Burk himself bewailing it.

"But soon as the proprietary government sank beneath the arm of prerogative, the chain of facts is broken, and a black and melancholy chasm supplies the place of method and arrangement. During the existence of the proprietary government, historians could scarcely differ in the relation of facts: After its dissolution, there was hardly any chance of their agreement, or any means of reconciling or detecting their inconsistencies. The well grounded apprehensions excited among the colonists by the recall of their charter, and the character of the king, prevented them from immediately repairing the breaches made in their records by the hand of

power. The letters of the governor and council in Virginia to the privy council, are marked by a coldness, a jealousy, and distance, but ill calculated to supply by conjecture or analogy, the want of more genuine matter; and the members of the British council, in the true spirit of courtiers, haughty, insincere, and incommunicative, confirmed the disgust and jealousy of the colony, by their cold and stunted communications; so that the man who should endeavor to depict the state of art and manners, the military and civil events within the colony, by the help of this correspondence, will be infallibly disappointed."

The reign of James I. is by no means a blank in English history, and as the colony then began to assume more importance in the eyes of the Royal Government, we might expect to learn something concerning it in the English historians. But this is not the case: the greatest of them, Hume, has not a word upon the subject. The only hope of supplying the deficiencies of this period is from the documents in the State paper office of England and from any contemporary letters or publications that may possibly be found across the Atlantic. The Colony of Virginia was not unmindful of her records; but a singular fatality seems to have attended them. Neglect, fire, and devastation, particularly during the revolution, made their combined ravages upon them, and destroyed many inestimable portions, which can be restored, if at all, only from the archives of England. One signal instance will exhibit the neglect to which they were exposed. Speaking of Sir Edmund Andross, Governor of Virginia in 1692, Burk says:

"He was likewise a great lover of method, and despatch in all sorts of business, which made him find fault with the management of the Secretary's office. And, indeed, with very good reason; for, from the time of Bacon's rebellion, till then, there never was any office in the world more negligently kept. Several patents of land were entered blank upon record; many original patents, records, and deeds of land, with other matters of great consequence, were thrown loose about the office, and suffered to be dirtied, torn and eaten by the moths and other insects. But upon this gentleman's accession to the government, he immediately gave directions to reform all these irregularities; he caused the loose and torn records of value to be transcribed into new books; and ordered conveniences to be built within the office, for preserving the records from being lost and confounded as before. He prescribed methods to keep the papers dry and clean, and to reduce them into such order as that any thing might be turned to immediately. But all these conveniences were burnt soon after they were finished, in October, 1698, together with the office itself, and the whole state house. But his diligence was so great in that affair, that though his stay afterward in the country was very short, yet he caused all the records and papers which had been saved from the fire, to be sorted again and registered in order, and indeed in much better order than ever they had been before. In this condition he left 'em, at his quitting the government."*

* Burk. Hist. Va., vol. II. 316-17. Beverly 90-91.

In the above extract we see how conflagration came in to the aid of the former neglect and to the overthrow of the order that had been so lately established. But this is by no means the only instance. The State House had been previously destroyed by fire in 1676, and was again burnt during the administration of Gooch, in 1746. If Burk be correct there must have been two fires before any of these, for he says that as early as 1667, "At the instance of Secretary Ludwell, it was enacted that the existing titles of lands, the records of which were lost, or to which titles were annexed in records, should be considered valid, the defects having been found to have happened by the neglect of the clerks of those times, and *the casualty of two several fires.*"*

During the war of the Revolution, many barbarous and unpardonable ravages were made upon our public documents. Even in this respect the Historian may justly inveigh as he does against the "vandalic inroads" of the British. In the year 1781, when the archives of state were removed from Richmond on account of the British invasion, the proceedings of the Council were accidentally exposed, taken and destroyed by the enemy. These losses can never be repaired by any thing in England; and are the more deeply to be lamented.

3. There is no doubt, however, that many of the distressing chasms, which we have pointed out, can be completely filled by materials from England; and they are fully worth the trouble and expense of procuring them.

The intercourse between the colony and the mother country was always intimate, sometimes submissive. Frequent returns of the state of the Colony were required by law, and duplicates were made of every document relating to it, whether here or at home. These documents were all carefully preserved in the State Paper Office and in that of the Board of Trade.†

* Burk. Hist. Va., vol. II. 141.

† "It is well known that the administration of the general affairs of the British colonies in America was originally entrusted to several Lords of the Privy council, who were constituted by Royal commission a "committee for trade and plantations." Some years subsequently, the committee was discontinued, and a new and distinct board was organized, and styled 'the Lords commissioners for trade and plantations.'

"The records of the proceedings of the committee of council, and subsequently, of the board of trade and plantations, are very full and voluminous, and include likewise the records of the proprietary governments which were transferred to their custody. All these records relating to the American colonies have lately been removed from the Board of Trade to the State Paper Office, where they are hereafter to remain as a part of the archives of the empire.

"They consist principally of two general series, denominated *Entries* and *Papers*. The 'Entries' are composed, chiefly, of the commissions and instructions to the Governors, of despatches and letters to them, and their respective answers; and also, of various other important papers, copied into these books for preservation. The 'Papers'

When Georgia sent over her agent, the colonial documents were thus divided in these two depositories, and hence she failed to procure materials for some years of her early history. But in a short time the missing papers were discovered in the other office, only one having at first been examined. Since then all the colonial documents have been deposited and arranged in the State Office, whence copies are allowed to be made by the accredited agents of the States, down to the year 1775. For reasons of State all posterior to 1775 are positively interdicted. But with this limitation, the English Government are liberal in affording the States copies of whatever documents she may possess. From what Georgia and New York have obtained, we can readily infer what there is relating to Virginia. A letter from England to the Corresponding Secretary of the Georgia Historical Society, says "Mr. Brodhead, of New York, has left England with a large chest full of transcripts. His collection will make a sensation and will have the effect of stimulating others to follow such an example." There is also another guide already adverted to. In 1837, the Governor of North Carolina, in pursuance of a resolution of her Legislature, wrote to the Hon. Albert Gallatin, then our Minister at London, requesting him to have merely a catalogue made of the documents relating to her as a Colony and to transmit the said catalogue to him. Mr. Gallatin, always imbued with a love of letters, readily complied, and the list of the titles only of the documents occupies 120 printed octavo pages. In glancing over it, our eye was arrested by the title of several relating to Virginia also. We sincerely hope that the old North State will very soon avail herself of the valuable stores which she now so clearly knows to be there laid up for her. We are afraid that she too will outstrip Virginia in this laudable work; which may your honorable body prevent by your prompt, nay, your immediate action.

The pecuniary value of the treasures which the archives of England contain can best be estimated by considering the expense now daily incurred in order to preserve and perpetuate records of public transactions and events. Reflect for a moment upon the expenditures of your honorable body for this purpose alone. Estimate the salaries of the multitude of public officers, the cost of public offices, the State Guard and of every other arrangement for the preparation and care of the public

consist of the originals of the several documents from time to time received from America, by the proprietaries, the committee and the board.

"In addition to these records, there is a large series of volumes belonging to the State Paper Office, properly containing the correspondence of the Secretaries of State with the Colonial and Provincial Governors, and others; and comprising, also, a large mass of original papers received from America, among which are many duplicates of documents in the Board of Trade records."—[Letter of Mr. Brodhead, Hist. agt. to Governor Seward of New York]

records, and you will have some idea of the inestimable value of the documents which England is now willing to restore to us. They are equivalent to the labors of a number of public functionaries for a century and a half, and can probably all be procured for the small sum of a few thousand dollars. What would these be to such a State as Virginia for such a noble purpose; for an object identified with the honor and more enlarged interests of the Commonwealth? What though no mode may be pointed out by which she could convert them into money! What though they cannot minister to her immediate pecuniary interest! Would she traffic in the memorials of her Council Chamber? Would she sell the papers in the custody of the keeper of the rolls? Would she make profit of any of her archives? Does she value them according to their actual cost in money? Are they prepared and preserved with any view to pecuniary gain? It is the general utility to which she looks and to her honor and fame: to your regard for these, we appeal in behalf of the defective and mutilated annals of your State.

If, then, every independent State should have the materials in her possession for her full and complete history, and the histories of our state now extant are so meagre and defective, and there are no sources here whence to draw information indispensable to the historian, how surely must the conclusion follow, that it is the duty of your honorable body promptly to apply to those fruitful sources which are known to exist! The known effects of time in obliterating and destroying records of the past should stimulate you to diligence. When Mr. Henning was engaged in preparing his "Statutes at large," Mr. Jefferson, who had tendered him the use of his collection of laws, thus wrote, "Those in MS. were not sent, because not supposed to have been within your view, and because some of them will not bear removal, being so rotten that, on turning over a leaf, it sometimes falls into powder. These I preserve by wrapping and sewing them up in oiled cloth, so that neither air nor moisture can have access to them." And again, "But the unprinted laws are dispersed through many MS. volumes, several of them so decayed, *that the leaf can never be opened but once without falling into powder.*"

The documents in England may not be in such a decayed state, but this will give some idea of the importance of speedily securing them.

It is important that Virginia should not suffer herself to be anticipated by any other States. Being the oldest, she should have been the first to move in the matter; and having lost more of her records, she has the most to expect from it. In Georgia "the last has been first;" let not "the first be the last!"

Besides, it is only through the liberal courtesy of the British Government, that the privilege of

procuring copies is enjoyed. This courtesy may be wearied and exhausted by repeated applications, and some of the late comers may be denied what they will then find to have been above price.

The impartiality of history, too, requires that these foreign materials should be sought. Not only should England's archives be consulted, but her voice heard and represented in the history of the Colonies. On this head we adopt the following observations from the Southern Quarterly Review.

"The accounts we now have of the first settlement of this country, embracing the provincial and colonial era, are partial, one-sided, imperfect, and full of exaggeration. They have come to us from the hands of friends alone,—from the hands of warm, enthusiastic and ambitious friends and citizens of the New World, who sincerely loved their country, but who, at the time they wrote, were disposed, from motives of interest, as well as patriotism, to magnify both the advantages they enjoyed in their new Utopia, as well as the evils mastered by the courage and prowess of their countrymen. The Old World, as well as the New, has a voice to utter in this matter, and the archives of those European nations whose history is connected with our own, during the colonial and revolutionary eras, must be searched and examined, before the whole truth can be ascertained, or the historian be prepared, from a knowledge of opposing statements, and a fair consideration of the motives which influenced both parties, to pronounce an impartial judgment. Each of the old States should make liberal appropriations to accomplish so noble, patriotic and indispensable a design,—that is to say, each State that has a name encircled with the fame of worthy deeds, and wishes to transmit a faithful record of its acts to after times. We wish, especially, that South-Carolina might move, and move effectually in this matter. The appropriation of a few thousand dollars to such an object, would be honorable to the State, and would be money well expended. We want light especially on the Revolutionary era. In most of the histories that have been written, injustice has been done to the Southern States generally, and to South-Carolina in particular, respecting the part they took, the labors they performed, and the credit to which they are entitled, in the great struggles for our liberties. It is time that this injustice should be remedied. We want some person possessed of the competent learning, genius, industry, spirit and perseverance,—not a mere pretender,—to undertake the task, and perform it in a manner worthy of the age and the merits of those who acted well during the most eventful period of the world's history,—in a manner, too, honorable to our literature. We want such a work to be undertaken speedily, before those memorable men, who were themselves actors in the great drama, and who have much valuable information still to impart to the historian—information that will be soon lost to the world—shall all have passed off the stage of life."

You perceive our earnestness in pressing this subject upon the attention of your honorable body. As the honored legislators of your State, you must feel a desire to become acquainted with her history. History is the teacher of political wisdom. But

to what sources will you go? To the public archives, defective as they are? You would then have no time for the duties devolved upon you. Hence arises the deep obligation to the faithful historian, who by his researches redeems the precious time of many thousands. Provide some competent mind with the proper resources and he will spread before you and your successors and your children, what the nature of your offices needs and what you now desire in vain, because it is inaccessible.

The history of Virginia is adorned with three illustrious names, that stand forth conspicuously in this connection. First in the order of time was Col. William Byrd of Westover, a Virginia gentleman and a scholar, of whom Burk says, "about the same time, (1743,) died William Byrd of the Council, one of the most distinguished characters which had shone out for a long time in Virginia.

* * * Extensive knowledge attained by study, improved by observation and refined by a familiar acquaintance with the illustrious characters of his time, were the qualities universally ascribed to him by the prints of the day. * * * It is the duty of History to pronounce one part of his eulogy, which, as it is justly earned, will become him better than a thousand wreaths of false and fantastic adulation. He felt a laudable and rational pride in preserving the antiquities of his country: nor can we believe that this proceeded merely from the cold spirit of an antiquarian. The antiquities he preserved contained materials for an history of his country."¹ The other two were cotemporaries, leaders of the Assembly and the first Governors of the State; one spoken of as her Dictator, "in times that tried men's souls;" the other subsequently the leader of the whole Union. Of Patrick Henry it is expressly recorded, "his favorite studies were the history and antiquities of his native State; and so strong was the determination of his mind to objects at this time little known or attended to, that at an early age he was minutely acquainted with the various grants and charters, which compose the foundation and edifice of the rights and pretensions of Virginia.

"Owing to the security arising from long and uninterrupted possession, and the apprehensions excited by foreign hostility, these rights were but imperfectly understood, and to his superior knowledge in topics gradually becoming more interesting, should be ascribed in a great measure the high and deserved reputation he afterwards acquired."²

What shall be said of "the philosophic ardor of Jefferson, smitten with the elegances of Literature and fired with the passion of making his country the rival of civilized Europe."³ His "Notes on Virginia," his correspondence, his large historical collections of books and MSS.; his aid to Henning and to the late Edmund Randolph, when he

proposed to write a history of Virginia, are lasting memorials of his interest and solicitude in relation to this subject.

Can it be any disparagement to your honorable body to suppose that it were now composed altogether of such characters as this illustrious triumvirate? Think, if such a constellation were possible, of its splendor! And what would be their view of the present application? The elegant and accomplished Byrd, if his own unbounded munificence had not already supplied the deficiency, would be intent upon procuring MSS. from England. That voice once so eloquent in calling for "Liberty or death" would be calling for the cherished history and antiquities of his native State. Instead of our own feeble pen, that which drew the Declaration of Independence would be wielded in this cause. As you could not withstand their united appeal, ("though dead they yet speak,") do not disregard this humble effort. Prove yourselves worthy to be their successors as guardians of the State, and imbued with the same patriotic and elevated spirit.

A few words as to the course to be pursued. The plan that best comports with the dignity and importance of the subject and the character of a sovereign State, is to send an agent, with a very respectful application to her Majesty's government, with full power and ample means to procure materials for the history of the State, both MS. and printed. He could also pursue some collateral investigations, and might find in the families of those early connected with the colony valuable letters and other papers. The appointment of such person might be confided to the Executive and council, who should have the discretionary power to send him over immediately, or first to procure, through the kindness of Mr. Everett, a catalogue of the Documents relating to Virginia. This, however, we think useless and would of itself be quite expensive. It would be *utterly impossible* to order copies by the titles only, and it is known certainly that there are abundant materials in the State office relating to Virginia.

It is proper to state that copies may be obtained, as mentioned in the subjoined letter of Mr. Tefft, without the expense of sending over a special agent. But then every thing would have to be copied, or an agent appointed here to inform the agent resident there what materials our own archives still afford. The services of a very able and honorable gentleman in London might be procured, but his investigations could not extend beyond the State office and there could not be the same confidence and freedom of communication, as in the case of an agent specially delegated, whose zeal, interest and devotion would all incite him to the task. An agent in London could only superintend the copying of what was ordered; but how can specific knowledge be obtained of what should

¹ Burk's Hist. Va., vol. III., 114, 115.

² *Ib.*, p. 300. ³ *Ib.*, p. 300.

be ordered! From having once sent out a special agent, Georgia has facilities in giving orders for further copies that we can not have. Nor could a complete catalogue assist us much, since it is impossible to read the contents of a long article by a short title. Take the index of a large volume, and how often will you fail to find what you desire and know to be there, even under its most appropriate head! We speak from experience.

One other brief view of the subject and the subjoined letters will close this article. It seems highly appropriate that Congress should at once obtain all that England possesses in relation to the History of the Colonies. There can hardly be a State that would not rejoice at it; and the State Legislatures might address Congress in reference to it. It would cost no more probably than was paid for the Madison Papers; and less than is now spoken of for the purchase of Morse's Magnetic Telegraph; and it seems to come as legitimately within the scope of their authority as either of the foregoing measures, or the purchase of a library, statuary and paintings. But your honorable body may take a different view of Congressional powers; and the States who have already expended their money, together with the new States who have no immediate interest in the subject, might withhold their consent to the action of Congress. The State of Virginia ought to possess copies of these foreign records, and should not wait for Congress to perform a work so valuable and honorable, and so necessary for herself.

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Washington, Oct. 2, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of your letter of the 23rd of September, and fully concur with you in the importance you attach to a more thorough and accurate history of Virginia than any heretofore written; and doubt not that the Archives of England would furnish important and valuable material, for such a work. Much, very much of our early history remains in doubt and obscurity; and yet nothing could be more interesting than to be able to trace with accuracy the struggles of the first settlers to meet and overcome the difficulties that surrounded them—to keep up, without faltering, the march of events, and to mark with precision the advances annually made in the occupation of the country. The account of the bloody battle fought within a few miles only of the City of Richmond by the settlers under the lead of Nathaniel Bacon, and the Indian Tribes, is more indistinct than could be desired, considering the consequences which flowed from it. It led the way to the complete mastery of the white race over the red, and assisted in no small degree to swell the mighty torrent of civilization which has overflowed this continent. The history of that remarkable man is and must be greatly defective. He is made to figure on the page of history, as governed chiefly in what he did by enmity to Sir William Berkeley, the then Governor, and actuated solely by the desire to expel him the colony. And yet this but

illy corresponds with his high and elevated character and acknowledged abilities. I have always believed, that taking advantage of the then convulsed state of England, produced by the struggles between the Commonwealth-men and the Royalists, Bacon had at that early day, (1775-6,) formed the design of giving permanent independence to Virginia, which had in fact refused to acknowledge the Commonwealth, and had regarded the bond of her allegiance as severed by the overthrow and final execution of Charles I. Certain it is that Bacon acted in all things in the absence of authority from England—changed the Seat of Government from James Town to the middle plantations, (Williamsburg,)—convoked the House of Burgesses,—passed laws, and maintained an independent sway for nearly two years, when falling a victim to disease, the former authorities, for the want of a suitable leader to conduct the Revolution successfully, were restored, and the whole fell to the ground. When we take into consideration the distracted state of the times, the comparatively limited extent of the British Navy at that early day—the difficulty of transporting large bodies of troops across so broad an Ocean as the Atlantic,—the difficulty of supporting them after their transportation was accomplished, we can well imagine that an ardent and enthusiastic mind like that of Nathaniel Bacon, might have dared to think that Virginia should be and was “of right a free, sovereign and independent State.” But, my dear Sir, the motives of the actors in those stirring scenes are as obscure as the last resting places of their mortal remains, and much that they did has been lost to the cause of truth and justice. If a competent person could be found, with zeal and sufficient energy to clear away the rubbish and to explore the dark places in our history, it would be gratifying and instructive to the present and all future generations. Who shall thread the labyrinth, or head the Argonautic expedition, it is not for me to say. I can only wish you every success in your contributions to this great task, and with my cordial salutations I tender you my best wishes for your health and happiness.

JOHN TYLER.

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Savannah, 11th Sept., 1844.

MY DEAR MINOR,—You ask we what investigation our Historical Society are prosecuting abroad. You are aware no doubt, that by an act of our Legislature in 1837, an agent was appointed to proceed to Europe in search of material for a history of Georgia. The Rev. C. W. Howard was appointed that agent. He went to London in the summer of 1838, and in October of that year, three months after his arrival, he obtained permission through Lord Palmerston to inspect and make extracts from the records and papers in the State Paper Office, relating to the State of Georgia from the years 1735 to 1775 inclusive, *but no later*. The result of Mr. Howard's labors you will find referred to in a report of a Committee of our Society, a copy of which I sent you by the mail of yesterday.

In consequence of the expense to which, in years past, the State of Georgia has been put in the quest after the documents in Europe, exceeding I think \$,6000, any further application to the Legislature

for an appropriation would meet with little chance of success: nor indeed does our Historical Society deem it necessary. We have in London a very zealous corresponding member, Robert Lemon, Esq., mentioned in the report to which I have referred. He suggested to us the idea of having a confidential agent, nominated by the English Government, to whom reference for information might be made, without the intervention of the Secretary of State, and Mr. Lemon received that appointment. Mr. Lemon has free access, from his situation, to every collection in London, *except his own office*, and would therefore be accessible only by first obtaining the sanction of the Premier. I would therefore recommend that application should be made, through Mr. Everett, our Minister, to procure permission from Lord Aberdeen to take transcripts from the State Paper Office, where all the papers relating to the colonies are now deposited, having been I think at the instance of Mr. Lemon removed from the office of the Board of Trade, and other offices, and incorporated with his. And at the same time you should secure the services of Mr. Lemon, as agent to superintend the investigation. The expense, including Mr. Lemon's remuneration, would be less of course than would be necessary to incur in sending a special agent, and the examination, I will guaranty, will be faithfully made, so far as Mr. Lemon is concerned. In a letter from him of the 17th ultimo he says: "Mr. Brodhead of New York has left England with a large chest full of transcripts, and he is by this time I think in America. His collection will make a sensation, and will have the effect of stimulating others to follow such an example."

Having furnished Mr. Lemon with abstracts of the colonial documents obtained by Mr. Howard and now in the possession of the Society, that he might at a glance see what we still wanted, he will, by the next steamer, give me a detailed estimate of the expense of transcription, which he informs me he will be able to do with the greatest exactness after examination of my lists. Lest the paper containing the report of the Committee to which I have referred may not reach you I will send by the mail of to-day another copy.

I am,

Very sincerely, your friend,
I. K. TEFFT.

P. S. You could easily resuscitate your Historical Society, which I learn once existed, or form a new one.

Our Historical Society was founded in 1839, (see appendix to the 2nd Vol. of its collections, page 326,) and is now in a flourishing condition, with a long list of zealous and distinguished members. It has celebrated four anniversaries—to wit: on the 12th of February each year, that having been the day, 1732, on which General Oglethorpe first landed on the soil of Georgia. Four corresponding orations have been delivered before the Society: first, by Judge William Law, second, by Dr. William Bacon Stevens, third, by Hon. Mitchell King, and the last, by the Rt. Rev. Stephen Elliott, Jr., Bishop of Georgia. The next will be delivered by Ex-Governor George R. Gilmer.

Four courses of Lectures have also been delivered before the Society, by members of our own and sister States, on Historical and biographical subjects. Its library is yet small, containing only

about four hundred volumes, besides pamphlets and files of newspapers. Its MSS. are *valuable*. Among them are the MS. Journal of the Rev. J. J. Zubly, a delegate from Georgia to the Continental Congress, extending over the whole period of the Revolutionary war; Copies of the official correspondence of Montiano, commander of the forces at St. Augustine at the time of General Oglethorpe's expedition against that post; Several MS. volumes of the late Col. Hawkins, who was appointed by General Washington the agent of the Government among the Creek Indians, and the 22 volumes of Colonial documents obtained by the Rev. Mr. Howard from the government offices in London.

Truly yours,

I. K. T.

84, Prince street, New-York, 12 Oct., 1844.

DEAR SIR,—I hasten to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of 9th instant, which has just reached me, and to reply to the points you suggest, as fully as I can.

By the regulation of the State Paper Office at London, I was restricted in my examinations, to the series of books specifically designated in the order of the Secretary of State; which was obtained, only after a good deal of delay and effort. Not having had an opportunity of examining the "Virginia Papers," I can give you no specific information, either as to their number or volume. As to their probable value and importance, no one, I presume, interested in historical research, can entertain doubts. The State Paper Office in London now contains all the records relating to the American Colonies. The correspondence of the Secretaries of State has always been deposited there; and two years ago, by order of Government, the records of the Board of Trade, (comprising upwards of 2000 volumes,) were transferred to this office. No person is allowed to visit the office for the purpose of examining documents, until he has obtained an order from the Secretary of State, directed to the keeper, and stating the extent of privilege to be allowed. In my own case, the order was very precise and guarded, and was very rigidly interpreted by the keeper. I was restricted to the examination of the particular books designated in the order, and was required to examine them in an apartment separate from the great library. I examined some 400 volumes, or thereabouts, for the documents relating to New-York. Each paper I wished to have copied was noted, and afterwards examined by an officer under the direction of Lord Aberdeen. Such as were not objected to were subsequently copied by the clerks in the office, who received 4d. sterling for each folio of 72 words. The transcripts from London, which I am now arranging for binding, &c., will occupy about 50 volumes foolscap folio.

My agency extended also to Holland and France. In both these countries no difficulty was found, either in obtaining the requisite permission from the Government, or in procuring copies at reasonable rates. 16 volumes were obtained at the Hague, and 17 at Paris. Those from Paris include the whole of the correspondence relative to the operations on the Canadian frontier during the "French war."

Our Legislature at first appropriated \$4,000, subsequently \$3,000, and again \$5,000. In all 12,000, which has been entirely exhausted in defraying the expenses of the agency.*

You are good enough to ask me for suggestions occurring to me in reference to the proposed effort on the part of Virginia to secure the same memorials of her colonial days, lying hid in the archives of England. No one can more fully appreciate than I do the importance of obtaining these papers. But I have long made up my mind that the best way to effect an object dear to every liberal minded man—above all to every antiquarian—is for our General Government to undertake the duty—*once for all*; and not for one particular State, but *for the whole union*. I will not go over all the reasons that may be urged in favor of this view of the subject. It will readily occur to you that these repeated applications on the part of the various States—applications involving oftentimes embarrassing considerations—may in time become annoying to the British Government. These examinations have, heretofore, been allowed in a spirit of liberal and expanded courtesy. *Favors were granted and not rights enjoyed*, in the permissions for these investigations. It would therefore seem to be proper that in subsequent steps on our part, these considerations should not be overlooked.

The example of some of our States will, no doubt, stimulate others to efforts to secure copies of papers relating to their own particular history. Some of the older, and wealthier ones may even feel disposed to appropriate monies and send out agents. The younger and less wealthy, though not less interested states, may not feel at liberty to incur an expenditure of the character; and will look on with mortification at the results of their neighbors efforts. All objections would vanish—all difficulties would be obviated—all interests would be consulted and secured—if a competent agent were sent out by the General Government, and under the commission of the President of the United States. The expenses of various separate agencies would be saved. The younger and less wealthy States would participate in the benefits of the researches—and this without any expenditure on their part. The documents when procured might be deposited in the library of Congress, or printed under the direction of the Government. The agent of the United States, coming with a full and final commission, would doubtless have more ample and extended privileges granted him than the several agents of the individual States could reasonably expect. I will add no more on this point. It seems to me that it must strike every one as the most proper and feasible mode of arriving at the grand result.

No apology was necessary for your letter. It has given me great pleasure. The subject is one in which I feel a warm interest; and I shall be happy if these hasty lines should be of any service to you.

Believe me, dear sir, very respectfully
Your obedient servant.

J. ROMEYN BRODHEAD.

* New-York had to consult the archives of three countries, England, Holland and France, and hence arose this heavy expense. Virginia need send only to England. But she should not regard an expense which she is so able to bear. Georgia has spent \$6,000 in her researches.

[Ed. Mass.

Hist. Rooms, N. Y. City, Oct. 4, 1844.

B. B. MINOR, Esq.

Dear Sir,—I have received your letter of the 9th, as well as your valuable Journal of October—for which please accept my thanks. I am very glad to observe in your columns an earnest appeal to the Virginia Assembly, calling their attention to their much neglected Historical Records. Your State is rich in materials of the most interesting character, and I doubt not that a well directed and sustained effort would discover treasures of great value to the Historian.

You are right in claiming the support of the State Legislature. Public patronage is necessary and should be liberally conceded to such undertakings. I hope, too, that the society to which you allude in the concluding paragraph of your article, will be revived and cherished as an essential auxiliary in the cause of Historical Literature. But I am forgetting my business with you in my ramblings, &c., &c.

I have the honor to be,
Respectfully your ob't. servant,
GEORGE H. MOORE.

DESULTORY NOTES ON DESULTORY READINGS.

NEW YORK 1844.

Fraudulent Adulteration of Alimentary Substances; Commercial Character of the French; Value of Mirrors in Shops; Adulteration of Wheat-Flour; Bread; Cakes; Dangerous Method of Protecting Vineyards from Theft; Adulteration of Wines; Color of Wine; Diseases of Wine; Brandy; Butcher's meats in Paris; Milk, its adulterations; Butter; Salt; Vinegar; Sugar; Coffee; Honey; Mustard; Pepper; Letters from under a Bridge; Dunglison's Practice of Medicine; The Encyclopædia of Practical Medicine; Joint Stock Companies in Literature.

It was once asserted in my hearing by an American traveller, that there is no city in the United States, and perhaps no city in any other country, in which a stranger is more liable to be deceived in purchasing any article whatever than in the city of New-York. He is almost sure to be overcharged in some manner, or an inferior quality is paid for at a superior price. "Sir," said the traveller, "I can give my orders to the dealers in Philadelphia, and they will be filled just as well as if I attended to them in person; but, in New York, unless I watch the packing, on reaching home, I discover that I have been cheated." I fancied at the time, the traveller was some splenetic person who had been more than once unlucky in dealing in New-York. I am now reminded of the remark, by a book, recently published in Paris, entitled

"DES FALSIFICATIONS DES SUBSTANCES ALIMENTAIRES, ET DES MOYENS CHIMIQUES DE LES RECONNAÎTRE, PAR JULES GARNIER."—An essay on the Falsifications of Alimentary Substances and the Chemical means of discovering them."

The French medical journals complain that gas-

tric irritations, attributable to the sophistication of alimentary substances, especially in Paris, have become so numerous as to form a kind of epidemic.

Cupidity lies at the bottom of these wicked frauds; and the character of the French nation for honesty has suffered in consequence. "Where is the honor once enjoyed amongst strangers by our commercial men? Formerly our products were received in the East without examination. But now the term *French* is synonymous with *false*, our wares are doubted as the bad faith of the Arabs is mistrusted. They admire our merchandize, but hesitate in buying it, because they fear that its charm has been given to it in the hands of our merchants."

French dealers are charged with deceiving in measure, weight, number, &c., as well as quality.

One cunning shop keeper, speculating on the vanity of woman, ornamented his shop with large mirrors, and while a woman, who comes to buy wine, presents her bottle and casts a look to admire her face, or her dress, the shopman transfers the wine from the measure into the bottle, but contrives to spill a considerable quantity on the counter, which has a reservoir placed beneath to receive it. And independent of these reservoirs, he declares the mirrors are worth a thousand a year in profit.

Among the adulterations of wheat-flour is an admixture of flour of potatoes, to the extent of from fifteen to thirty per cent. A larger proportion of potatoes in the flour prevents panification. The fecula of potatoes in flour is detected by the microscope, and by treating the suspected flour with water and then adding iodine. If fecula be present the mixture becomes blue. The quality of flour is ascertained also by treating it with pure acetic acid, which is an excellent solvent of *gluten*, the chief constituent of good wheat-flour. The inspectors of flour and bakeries in France make use of two instruments, principally, in their examinations; one is termed the *appreciator of flour*, invented by M. Robine, and the other *aleurometer*, invented by M. Boland.

Sophistications of wheat-flour with the flour of horse-beans, French beans, or of peas, are difficult to detect.

Flour is also adulterated with carbonate of lime (chalk) and phosphate of lime, and more recently with a kind of finely powdered flint. Powdered alabaster is also used for the same purpose, and even powdered bones.

Wheat bread is adulterated with the following articles, sulphate of copper, (blue vitriol); alum; the sub-carbonate of magnesia; the sulphate of zinc, (white vitriol); the sub-carbonate of ammonia; the carbonate and bi-carbonate of potassa; chalk; plaster of Paris, lime; and pipe-clay.

The use of sulphate of copper in bread renders inferior flour more available, accelerates panifica-

tion, produces a better looking crumb and crust, and a larger quantity of water can be added, of course increasing the weight of the bread at small cost.

Alum renders bread made of inferior flour equal in appearance to that made of the best, and facilitates the introduction of flour of beans, peas, &c.

The employment of the sub-carbonate of magnesia answers a similar purpose, but is prejudicial to health because, in the process of baking, the sub-carbonate is converted into a lactate.

Sulphate of zinc, (white vitriol,) a powerful emetic, renders bread white.

The sub-carbonate of ammonia is a powerful adjuvant to the yeast or leaven employed, and also makes bread white.

The carbonates and bi-carbonates of potassa and soda increase the lightness of bread.

Similar frauds are practised by cake bakers, who make use of the poisonous articles named, in larger proportion than the bread bakers.

In the vicinity of large cities in France, to protect the grapes, the fruit is washed with lime to disgust those who plunder the vineyards. In some localities, sugar of lead, and sulphate of copper are substituted for lime, at the risk of causing the death of those who may eat them.

Wine is manufactured and adulterated in a multitude of ways, chiefly, however, with alcohol, water and various coloring ingredients.

There are wines, (so called,) manufactured without grapes, by adroitly mixing together water, sugar, inferior alcohol, vinegar and different coloring materials.

Chemistry affords us very few means of detecting these sophistications with certainty.

The most common sophistications consist in mixing together different crude wines, water, alcohol, and coloring substances.

To disguise the *verdure*, acidity of wine, the carbonate of potassa, or of soda, or of lime, is added. But the most pernicious fraud is the practice of softening wine by the addition of litharge, or white lead. The use of leaded wine is apt to induce a severe form of cholera. Lead is added to preserve the wine sound. The cleansing of wine bottles with shot is sometimes followed by serious consequences.

Alum and the oxides of copper are also used to improve the quality of falsified wines.

Wines are falsified by the addition of brandy, perry, and water, very much to the injury of the wines as well as of those who drink them.

The color of red wines is due to the pellicles of red grapes with which the must is fermented, of which the coloring principle, (which is crystallizable,) reddened by the free acid of the juice of the grape, dissolves in proportion as the liquor becomes alcoholic during fermentation. Besides this coloring principle, the wine derives from the pellicles

considerable quantity of tannin, to which red wine is indebted for its astringent taste, as well as the property of changing its red color to a brownish black when a solution of a salt of iron is added to it.

To imitate this natural coloring matter, various dye woods are employed, as well as red poppies, myrtle berries, elder berries, &c. In England, bitter almonds, wild cherry, alum, tincture of grape seeds, oak saw-dust, filbert shells, and various spices are used in the manufacture of wines.

Wines are also subject to diseases from various causes, which render them bitter, acid, viscid, flat, &c.

The value of spirituous liquids depends upon the quantity of absolute alcohol they may contain. The manner of ascertaining this, as well as the quantity of tartar in wine is given in the work.

Brandy often contains copper, lead, &c.

In Paris the flesh of horses, dogs, cats, &c., is consumed to a considerable extent. Horse meat is sometimes used to manufacture a sort of jelly, sold by pork butchers. Meat pies are frequently receptacles of various kinds of half putrid meats, disguised by high seasoning.

Milk is considerably modified by the influences to which the animal is subjected by diet, state of health, fatigue, situation or locality, &c.

Food modifies the milk both as respects quantity and quality. Badly fed animals yield less milk, and the milk itself is more watery.

Fatigue modifies the secretion of milk, rendering it watery, weaker and less abundant.

Many substances find their way into milk through the functions of absorption and nutrition, giving to it medicinal qualities different from those which would be produced by a direct mixture of the same substances.

In the various modifications which the milk of animals undergoes, the proportion of butter seems to be augmented relatively to its other constituents.

Milk is an almost universal article of food amongst all people. The reindeer in Lapland, the ass in Tartary, the camel and dromedary in Egypt and Syria, the buffalo in India, the llama and vicuña, the cow, sheep, goat and ass in America, furnish a simple and wholesome article of diet. In Paris, only cows' milk is used.

Good milk is the best of food, but bad milk is the very worst.

The first is that which is provided by nature for young animals, whose organs, too feeble to elaborate nourishment from more stimulating food, gradually acquire by its use the necessary vigor and development.

When the body is exhausted by suffering or advanced age, the old man and the convalescent again recur to milk to recuperate new powers.

It is well known that infants cannot be "brought up by the bottle" in Paris. It is more than proba-

ble that the bad quality of the milk is one of the most frequent causes of the death of infants. The dairymen, who keep their cows constantly in badly ventilated and hot stables to increase the quantity of milk, render them phthisical, (consumptive.) We find tubercles in the lungs in almost all the cows of the dairymen in Paris and its environs.

Perhaps the fact that one fifth of the deaths in Paris are owing to tubercular phthisis, (consumption,) arises from the bad quality of the milk furnished to its inhabitants.

While we are especially careful not to confide an infant to the care of a wet nurse suffering from consumption, we feed ourselves and our infants on the milk of cows whose lungs are filled with tubercles.

The greater part of the milk sold in Paris is collected from a circuit of from ten to fifteen leagues by wholesale dealers, who purchase it from farmers and bring it into the city and dispose of it to be resold by retailers, milkmen, &c. The milk is first bought for from 25 to 30 centimes the two litres, (a litre is about a pint and three quarters); the collector sells it at from 30 to 40 centimes to the retailers in Paris, who dispose of it to the consumers at from 50 to 60, or even 80 centimes, more or less according to the quality of the milk, and the quarter where it may be sold.

The trade in milk is very great in Paris; we are assured that certain wholesale dealers sell from 4 to 5000 litres daily. Another portion of the milk consumed in Paris is derived from the cows stabled in the city, or its suburbs; this milk should be, in a degree, richer and more substantial than that from the farms, while it is furnished from better nourished cows that never go out, whose lacteal secretion is stimulated as much as possible; it is, it may be said, therefore, the choicest milk, which is dearest; and it may be had warm on application at the dairy. It is less aromatic than that produced by cows living in the open air, on pasture; still, it may be regarded as of good quality, provided the cows are healthy and well kept, and the milk is neither watered nor otherwise sophisticated.

Milk is adulterated for sale with water, starch, flour, the white and yolks of eggs, gum arabic, gum tragacanth, sugar, to allow a larger proportion of water, emulsions of various seeds, almonds, brains of calves, sheep and horses, chalk, plaster, &c. In 1842, R. M. Hastley of New York published a valuable essay on the quality of milk consumed by the inhabitants of New York, which is not superior to that furnished in Paris.

To detect the sophistications in milk, several instruments have been invented called *lactometers*, and *lactoscopes*.

Butter is sophisticated with the fecula of potatoes, flour, milk curd, tallow, &c.; and alkanet and other substances are employed to give proper color.

Common table salt is mixed with plaster, salt-petre, glauber's salts, alum, dirt, and is moistened to add to its weight.

Vinegar, from white and from red wine; from wood, cider and beer, is often adulterated by the addition of sulphuric, or hydrochloric, or nitric, or tartaric, or oxalic acids.

Sugars are variously adulterated; sand, lime, plaster, &c. Potatoe starch, and a substance called *glucose*, sugar of fecula, are used for this purpose.

Under the name of sweet or olive oil for the table, we have olive oil, poppy seed oil, and nut oil. Olive oil is sophisticated with lard, honey, &c.

Coffee is torrifed and ground for the market. In this condition it is adulterated with chicory, beet-roots, carrots, peas, beans, rye, &c., &c.

Sugar plums and confectionary are colored by metallic salts, and are often very dangerous on this account.

Fecula of potatoes is mixed with cheese.

Honey is adulterated with bean-flour to make it white and weighty.

Beer and yeast are also adulterated in France, as well as cider and perry.

A large portion of the arrow root and tapioca sold consists of starch.

Mustard is adulterated with turnip seed and turmeric.

Chocolate is mixed with potatoe starch, and the tallow which is unfit to make candles, or rancid grease.

Even pepper and ginger are adulterated. In a word, there is scarcely an article of diet which is not subject to fraud of some kind in Paris, the great centre of civilization. We have not reached the same degree of refinement, although it is very probable we are advancing as fast as can be desirable in the arts of sophistication.

The authors of this book, Jules Garnier and Ch. Harel, point out the mode of detecting the frauds practised in the various articles mentioned.

We are thankful to Mr. Willis for his "Letters from under a Bridge." They amused us, and may perform a like service to others.

Among various things which have fallen in our way is Dr. Dunglison's Practice of Medicine, a second edition. We take leave to say, all other opinions to the contrary, that this is a most excellent book, and well worth the attention of professional men. The present edition is very much improved in many respects, and leaves little or any thing desirable to it as an elementary book, or one for consultation.

Dr. Dunglison seems to be a sort of giant in medical literature, and seems to possess that peculiar tact which makes him perhaps the best compiler of the age, and it is no small labor to make a good compilation. As an evidence of his ability to produce, we may mention a new edition of his

Medical Dictionary, unquestionably the best in the language; a new edition of his "Human Physiology;" his "New Remedies;" his "Therapeutics," and besides these, he is editing the "Cyclopedia of Practical Medicine," which promises to be a most valuable addition to our stock of medical literature. From his extensive acquaintance with medical books and authors, he is doing what scarcely any other man in the country could do, bring the work up to the knowledge of the day at the time of publication. This work is the result of the labors of a joint company of the distinguished medical men of England, all working at the same period. If one man should attempt to write such a book, so rapidly is medical science advancing, that by the time the last part were ready for press, the first would be in a great measure old, if not obsolete. Dr. Copeland undertook this Herculean task and succeeded admirably well, although the last page was written some dozen years after the first, and that last page concludes not more than two thirds of the work, which will require, perhaps, years to complete it. This shows how much is done in literature, as well as in other things, in saving time, by the joint labor of companies of men. For by combination, "The Encyclopedia of Practical Medicine" will be complete this year, and up to the day in knowledge.

HOLGAZAR.



Dr. Ruschenberger

Notices of New Works.

In the "desultory notes" of "Holgarzar," our readers will find notices of many new and interesting works, published here and abroad. We hope that our readers will appreciate his contributions as highly as we do. They embrace a great variety and are adapted to the tastes and pursuits of all classes. The Literary, the Scientific, the Professional man, and the amateur can all find something interesting. Since our last number, we have received the following new publications.

HARPER & BROTHERS. New-York, 1844.

MEDICINES, THEIR USES AND MODE OF ADMINISTRATION; including a complete conspectus of the three British Pharmacopœias, an account of all the new remedies, and an appendix of formulæ. By J. MOORE NELIGAN, M. D. Physician to the Jervis Street hospital, and lecturer on materia medica and therapeutics in the Dublin school of medicine. With notes and additions, conforming it to the Pharmacopœia of the United States, and including all that is new or important in recent improvements. By DAVID MEREDITH REESE, A. M., M. D. Late professor in the Washington University of Baltimore, &c.

NO CHURCH WITHOUT A BISHOP; or the Controversy between the REV. DES. POTTS and WAINWRIGHT. With a preface by the latter and an introduction and notes by an anti-sectarian. "Semper, Ubique et ab omnibus."

Religious literature is too important and extensive to be neglected or omitted by a miscellaneous journal. Our own sense, too, of its importance will always impel us to give it a place in our columns, and we would rejoice to see it substituted for the demoralising trash that has been inundating the country under the name of "cheap literature"—

often the dearest, even in a pecuniary view, that ever was presented to a purchaser.

These remarks are offered partly in reference to some useful and pleasing works which will presently be introduced to our readers. But whilst we will always notice and commend Religious Literature, the character of our journal will require us to be general and neutral in our expressions. We can not indulge in controversy, nor promulge our own particular views.

The late controversy between Drs. Potts and Wainwright has already elicited considerable attention and doubtless, many who, like ourselves, were unable to peruse the articles as they appeared, will rejoice to have them preserved for their leisure moments in their present form. The origin of the controversy was not a little singular. At the celebration of the New-England Society in New-York city, on the 22nd of December 1843, the orator of the day, the Hon. Mr. Choate, U. S. Senator from Mass., spoke of certain "who had discovered a Government without a King and a Church without a Bishop," which sentiment was received with applause. At the New-England dinner on the same day, the Rev. Dr. Wainwright of the Episcopal Church, in responding to a sentiment, alluded to this remark of Mr. Choate and declared that there could be "no Church without a Bishop." The Rev. Dr. Potts espoused the opposite side and a controversy ensued in the columns of a newspaper, the Commercial. In a short time, it being supposed that due courtesy was not observed, Dr. Wainwright published his views in the paper, without reference to Dr. Potts, who animadverted upon them in the same. The whole series of articles on both sides is now presented in the volume before us.

THE PICTORIAL BIBLE. We have received the Xth No. of this work, which has already exhausted our appellations.

McCULLOCH'S UNIVERSAL GAZETTEER, No. 18 and 19. So that this valuable work is now near its conclusion. Drinker and Morris have all the above for sale.

WILEY & PUTNAM. NEW-YORK, 1844.

ELEMENTS OF LOGIC, together with an introductory view of Philosophy in general, and a preliminary view of the reason. BY HENRY P. TAPPAN.

The oratory and compositions of our country would not be injured by greater attention than is now paid to the study of Logic. The design of the present work is thus clearly explained by the author. "The deductive method comprehends merely the laws which govern inferences or conclusions from premises previously established. These premises may, in their turn, be inferences from other premises and so on, to a certain extent; and just so far this method is all sufficient. But it is evident that the evolution of premises and conclusions, and conclusions and premises, must have a limit. There must be premises which are not conclusions from other premises, but which arise in some other way. Now, a complete and adequate Logic ought to exhibit this other way, likewise: it ought to inform us how the most original premises arise, and upon what basis they rest."

"The present attempt, therefore, is to make out the system of Logic under its several departments; and to present it not merely as a method of obtaining inferences from truths, but also as a method of establishing those first truths and general principles, which must precede all deduction." The work is handsomely gotten up and is for sale by Drinker and Morris.

ANNUALS.

Leaflets of Memory and Friendship's Offering. The two brilliant Annuals noticed at length in our September No. have been received for sale, by J. W. Randolph & Co.

D. APPLETON & CO. NEW-YORK, 1844.

GEORGE S. APPLETON. PHILADELPHIA.

INCIDENTS OF SOCIAL LIFE, AMID THE EUROPEAN ALPS. Translated from the German of J. Heinrich Zschokke. BY LOUIS STRACK.

This celebrated and popular German author has already been brought before our readers in several of his tales, which have been translated for the Messenger. "Floretta, or the first love of Henry IV." and "Leaves from the Diary of a poor Vicar of Wiltshire" will be remembered. We can not better introduce the present volume than by extracting from it the following notice of its author.

"ZSCHOKKE is a native of Magdeburg, in Prussia, and is now, at seventy-three years of age, a citizen of Switzerland—having passed through a very eventful period, and a changeful life; which has enabled him to depict the social characteristics, principles and actions of those around him, with a novelty and interest equally rare and instructive. His parents died when he was young, and he was thus bereft of their guidance and instructions. He was educated in the Gymnasium of Magdeburg, which he was enticed to abandon suddenly, by a company of theatrical strollers, for whom he prepared pieces for their exhibition. But he separated from those associates in disgust; and entered the University of Frankfort, where he studied the belles-lettres, with history, philosophy and theology; and at twenty years of age entered upon active life, as an instructor of youth. Notwithstanding his admitted qualifications, and his solicitude, he could not obtain a permanent public appointment as a teacher, and his application also for a professorship in the University of Frankfort, in 1795, was unsuccessful, as it was supposed, through the interference of the Prussian government, whom he had offended. WOLLNER, the Minister of State, entirely controlled Frederic William II., then monarch of Prussia, by facilitating his profligate life, encouraging his superstitious infatuation, and intimidating him with pretended supernatural appearances. Through Wollner's instigations, the half-idiot king issued his infamous "RELIGIOUS EDICT," which enjoined a persecuting intolerance and a dogmatic mysticism, altogether incompatible both with the spirit of the age, and the fundamental establishment of the Prussian monarchy. Zschokke wrote and published a powerful philippic against that pernicious measure; and the narrow-minded, implacable Rosicrusian minister obstructed the advancement of his eloquent literary adversary. In consequence of that disappointment, Zschokke determined to make a journey into Italy; but on his way, being invited to superintend the seminary at Reichenau, he began his residence in Switzerland; and through the whole of the agitations of the Swiss Cantons, connected with the changes of the French Revolution, Zschokke was a prominent, indefatigable citizen, and was called by the people to perform official duties of the most important character during that stormy period.

"Amid his numerous engagements, he published within about twenty years, several valuable works, among which his Histories of the Grisons, of Bavaria, and of Switzerland, and his Pictures of Switzerland are very popular and highly esteemed. A collection of his works in forty volumes appeared some years ago, including his Tales and Biographical and Descriptive Sketches—and from those delineations of Alpine life, the narratives comprised in this volume have been selected."

NARRATIVE OF A VISIT TO THE SYRIAN CHURCH OF MESOPOTAMIA; with statements and reflections upon the Present State of Christianity in Turkey, and the Character and Prospects of the Eastern Churches. By the Rev. Horatio Southgate, M. A.

So far as we have been able to read, this is a highly interesting work. Mr. Southgate's route lay, in part, along that over which Xenophon led "the ten thousand," in their

immortal retreat. He strikingly exhibits the tide of civilization that is now setting to the East from the Western world. His views as to the importance of purifying and christianizing these streams of knowledge, that they may bear blessings with them, demand the serious attention of all philanthropists. The debt which the new world owes the old should not only be paid, but be paid in the purest coin of philosophy and religion.

FOSTER'S MISCELLANIES, and

CHRISTIAN MORALS; EXPERIMENTAL AND PRACTICAL. Originally delivered as lectures in the Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, England. By John Foster, Author of the Essays on "Decision of Character" and "Popular Ignorance."

These two neat volumes are from the pen of the same well known author. The Miscellanies comprise twenty Biographical, Literary and Philosophical Essays, among which is one upon the correspondence of Benjamin Franklin. They were originally contributed to "the Eclectic Review," which was established "in January 1805, to provide an antidote to the irreligious spirit, which then pervaded the periodical press of the country." Mr. Foster's connection with it commenced in 1806, and from that time to 1818 he was a frequent contributor. After that time he also wrote many articles for it. Some fifty of these productions, of which the volume before us contains a part, have been issued in England in two volumes, under the Editorship of Mr. Price, the Editor of the *Eclectic Review*. No one can peruse the works of Mr. Foster without being improved. He wrote with deep thought and with ease, and aimed at a high purpose in his efforts.

Chalmers, Horne, Tooke, Coleridge, Fox, the Edgeworths, Lord Kames, Hume, Southey, Blair, Beattie, &c. are noticed in the present volume.

RURAL TALES PORTRAYING SOCIAL LIFE; and DOMESTIC TALES AND ALLEGORIES ILLUSTRATING REAL LIFE.

These handsome gift books for children need no further commendation, than that they are from the pen of Hannah Moore.

THE COURSE OF TIME. By Robert Pollock. With a memoir of the author, and an ample index, compiled expressly for this Edition.

THE COMPLAINT, OR NIGHT THOUGHTS. By Edward Young, D. D. Very handsome Editions of these two standard poems. Messrs. Drinker and Morris have all these works for sale.

NATURE'S GEMS. BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

We had the pleasure of examining this native production, in its unfinished state, a short time since, at the publishers. From our inspection we feel confident that it will meet every expectation that is raised by the subjoined advertisement. The native haunts in which the flowers appear are not mere pictures of fancy, but in many instances accurate views of lovely and picturesque scenes in America, where Nature has been so lavish in displaying her charms.

"A purely American work will be published in a few days—*Nature's Gems*; or, *American Flowers in their Native Haunts*, by Emma C. Embury, with Twenty Plates of Plants, carefully colored after nature, and Landscape Views of their localities, from drawings taken on the spot, by E. W. Whittlefield, forming one elegant quarto volume, printed on the finest paper, and richly bound.

"This beautiful work will undoubtedly form a 'Gift Book' for all seasons of the year. It will be illustrated with twenty colored engravings of indigenous flowers, taken from flowers made, and in most cases colored on the spot where they were found, while each flower is accompanied by a view of some striking feature of American scenery. The literary plan of the book differs entirely from that of any other work on a similar subject which has

yet appeared. Each plate will have its botanical and local description, though the chief part of the volume will be composed of original prose tales and poetry, illustrative of the sentiment of the flowers, or associated with the landscape, thus giving the work all the variety of an Annual with something more than the transient interest which generally attaches to such publications.

D. APPLETON & Co., Publishers."

LEA & BLANCHARD.

After the notices for the month had been closed the following works were sent us by Drinker & Morris.

Ranke's History of the Popes, 1 vol., in cloth; Diet Turpin, the Highwayman, or Rookwood: A Romance by W. Harrison Ainsworth; with illustrations: The American Journal of Medical Sciences, Quarterly, for October, and the Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine, part XIX.

REVIEWS, &c.

The Westminster Review. Mr. J. Gill, agent for this city, has laid upon our table the September No. of this work, just completing its XLl volume. The Editions of these Reviews from the press of Leonard Scott & Co. are remarkable for their neatness and cheapness, and the publishers have often surprised us by their expeditious advert. thus giving proof of unrivalled energy and enterprise. The present No. contains many important articles; among which is a long and severe critique upon Charles James, Bishop of London. Coningsby, that singular union of literature and politics, is also handled. Its philosophy disparaged, but the merits of D'Israeli acknowledged. We also learn from this No. that a French Review is to be published in New-York, by G. F. Berteau. Subscription, \$3 a year.

We have received the *Democratic Review* for October. Henry G. Langley, New-York. It contains nineteen articles on a great variety of subjects, grave and gay, literary and political, and a very good likeness of the Senior Editor of the Richmond Enquirer.

Also the *Democratic Monthly Magazine and Western Review.* B. B. Taylor, Editor. Columbus, Ohio. Terms \$5 a year. From a late prospectus, we perceive that the Whigs are also about to start a monthly journal in New-York, to be conducted by Geo. H. Colton. Having no connection with politics, we can only announce these several works.

North American Review:—*Graham's History of the United States.* In addition to the regular contents of the North American, we would invite attention to the proposals of Messrs. Quincy, Story, Sparks and Prescott, for an American Edition of Graham's History of the United States. Mr. Graham was a Scotchman, friendly to this country, and spent much time and money in procuring the materials for his History, which he has prepared with great care and diligence. Owing to his peculiar views on some subjects, views unsuited to the institutions of Great Britain, the circulation of the work has been greatly restricted; and he died before he received any reward for his extensive labors. His son has now presented a copy of the work and the original MS. to the Library of Harvard University. As some return for this liberality and in order to introduce the work to our public, the distinguished gentlemen above propose to edit an American Edition, the profits of which, if any, are to be invested in some way for the promotion of American Historical research. Though we expect to find a strong bias in the Historian, yet as a general history of the United States, by an able writer, we desire to see it patronized and we cordially recommend it. It will be published by Messrs. Little and Brown of Boston, in 4 vols. \$2 each, as soon as two hundred and fifty subscribers are obtained.

Address Delivered at the Meeting of the Association of American Geologists and naturalists, held in Washington, May, 1844. By Henry D. Rogers, Professor of Geology in the University of Pennsylvania; F. G. S., &c.

We return our thanks for this production. Geology is one of those Departments in which American has had something like a fair start with European Science; and amongst American Geologists, Professor Henry Rogers and his brother Wm. B. Rogers, of the University of Virginia, stand preëminent. Not only has an extensive Home reputation rewarded and stimulated their efforts, but transatlantic honors have been awarded them. "The progress of geological Research in the United States" is here sketched by a master hand.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

DECEMBER, 1844.

GERTRUDE; A NOVEL.

CHAPTER VI.

Judge Tucker

The young ladies met at breakfast the next morning with all the warmth which characterizes newborn and violent friendships. This is a sort of hot-house growth which requires forcing. Hence its early fervor, and hence too the frailty which exposes it to destruction from the first breath of the harsh atmosphere of every day life. They soon withdrew from the breakfast room to a snug little back parlor. There Gertrude was soon deep in the confidence of Miss Bernard, and, in return for this, having little else to communicate, gave the history of the few hours she had spent in Washington.

In this nothing seemed so much to interest Miss Bernard as the attentions of Colonel Harlston, and the description of his equipage.

"What a brilliant turn out," said she. "But the gentleman? That is the main point. Handsome? Agreeable? Intelligent? Genteel?"

"Handsome certainly," said Gertrude. "To me quite agreeable. As to the other points, Ignorance and Awkwardness are incompetent to judge of them."

"How humble we are!" said Miss Bernard. "But you will soon learn to have more confidence in your judgment."

"I hope not, unless I become better qualified to judge."

"That you will, of course; and I venture to predict, that, when that time comes, all the judgments you now form in secret will be ratified. To test this, tell me what you think now, that we may compare it with what you will think a month hence."

"Well then: I have seen men whose conversation was more original and interesting than Colonel Harlston's; but not more free from folly or absurdity. I have seen men whose manners were more engaging, and better calculated to please; but not

more proper and decorous, or more sure to give no pain."

"A beautiful picture of a negative character!" exclaimed Miss Bernard. "But an outline indeed; but, in such a case, the outline is all that can be expected. Doubtless true to the life, as we always feel assured; when we see the hand of a master in the execution. Well! Ladies do not fall in love with negatives; and you must see him with other eyes, before your heart is in any danger."

"Some terrible infatuation must indeed come over me, before I could permit myself to think at all of one who only thinks of me as the *protégée* of a lady, whose hospitality and high-breeding entitle even casual inmates of her family to the attention of her guests. I am sure I have received none from Colonel Harlston which would not have been paid, were I the very opposite of the image, which I see in that flattering mirror you hold up to me. When I receive attentions on my own account, it will be time enough to scan the merits of him who pays them."

"You are certainly right," said Miss Bernard. "But it is not always that we can even *act* rightly, and to *think* and *feel* as we ought, is often exceedingly difficult. I am not sure how I might be affected, under any circumstances, by the attentions of a handsome, well-bred, clever man, with high birth, high station and a large fortune to back him. But I need not pray to be kept from such temptation. I am in no danger of it."

"And why not? My life upon it, that as soon as Colonel Harlston is introduced to you as the friend and guest of my aunt, he will pay you just the same sort of attention with which he has honored me."

"If that be so," said Miss Bernard, in that peculiar tone which had already struck the ear of Ger-

trude so forcibly, "I shall have to school myself in the duties which a woman owes to her sex. The first is, never to give her hand without her heart; the second, never to give her heart unsought. If, acting thus, her lot should prove unhappy, she may reproach her fate, but not herself."

The beautiful eyes of Gertrude were lifted with a glance of approbation, which plainly showed how exactly the speaker had expressed her thoughts. At the moment she said nothing; but her mind presently recurred to her mother, and was soon engaged in devising some palliatives for the very different doctrines taught by her.

"Is there no allowance," she said, uttering the ideas as they rose in her mind, "to be made for the peculiar circumstances in which a poor girl is sometimes placed? Without property, dependent perhaps on those who are too rich to feel for her, or on those too poor to bear the burthen; sometimes alone in the world; sometimes connected with others helpless and destitute as herself, whose only hope of escape from penury is in the chance of her making an advantageous match! In such a case, the world ought to be merciful in its judgments, nor add to the pangs which self-reproach, perhaps disappointed love, might inflict on their victim."

"The suffering of the victim," said Miss Bernard gravely, "is the punishment of her crime. The world has no need to enhance its severity, but should not dissemble its condemnation."

"But, in the last case, there is nothing to condemn but the sacrifice of her own happiness to a sense of duty. Suppose it mistaken! Is selfishness so rare that we can afford to censure disinterestedness? May we not rather trust to self-love to secure the world from the frequent commission of any crimes which imply self-abandonment?"

"You may be right; but having never had occasion to think of such a case as one in which I might be called on to decide for myself how to act, I have perhaps never considered it as I ought. I am not rich; but I am not dependent; and no one has any claims upon me. We do not know ourselves. Differently circumstanced I might think differently."

"Oh no! You would not; nor did I myself mean more than to offer a plea for mercy on behalf of those, who, if they sin, must suffer for their sin."

The ingenuous simplicity of Gertrude's manner made it impossible to doubt the sincerity of this assurance. Whether Miss Bernard was equally sincere in her professions, or no, she at least ascertained, to her entire satisfaction, the true sentiments of Gertrude on this point. She had indeed made no profession, and much that she had said, in a spirit of charity to others who might think differently, was susceptible of being quoted against her in proof that she did not think very unfavorably of mercenary matches.

Miss Bernard, though not quite so young as she

had been, was still a beautiful woman. She was precisely at that time of life, when a lady's desire to get married begins to be stimulated by the fear of failure, and a consciousness that the fleeting charms, which the hand of time has not yet impaired, may vanish before another season. But if her beauty was not so fresh as it had been, it was more mature and mellow. If her manner had lost the artless grace of extreme youth, its place was well supplied by address and tact. She still retained at command the wild and playful notes and gleeful laugh, which give a charm to all the pretty nothings that fall from the lips of "bread and butter misses;" and these she changed, in a moment, and as if unconsciously, to a deep and tender tone, which, coming in the close of a sentence, seemed to indicate that whatever of folly, frivolity or vanity she might have just uttered, had not come from the heart. Such as did not think it foolish, frivolous or vain, might not perceive the disclaimer: and hence it was quite possible that two persons of different ways of thinking might each be led by the same sentence to impute to her sentiments exactly in accordance with his own. Time too had enlarged her experience, extended her acquaintance with books, and increased her powers of conversation, while the accomplishments of music, dancing, drawing, &c., in all of which she excelled, remained a fixed quantity.

Miss Bernard was, upon the whole, not less attractive than at her first appearance in society; and, as it was certainly her fault that she was not long since well married, and as she was now fully determined that it should be her fault no longer, she came to Washington with a fair prospect of leaving it, as the wife of some wealthy Southern planter, or Northern merchant. It is remarkable, by the way, how little importance ladies seem to attach to the difference between the two. Man is said to be an animal of all climates, and this is most especially true of the female of the species. The condor of the Andes does not more readily exchange the frigid atmosphere, in which he floats above the clouds, for the burning soil of the Pampas, than a lady will pass from the bleak rocks of New Hampshire to the sands and swamps of Florida. The man and the fortune are the essentials. Climate, friends, manners, habits, tone of society, pestilence of the physical or moral atmosphere—all these are but accidents. But this is a digression.

I have said it was Miss Bernard's fault that she was not already well married. How so? She had rated her pretensions too high. It was true, as she had said, that, though not rich, she was not dependent. She lived on her own income, which, being sufficient to supply the expenses of a fashionable young lady, was, of course, enough for the essential comfort of a plain family. She was not driven by the scowl or sneer of reluctant charity to throw herself into the arms of the first man that might

offer. Her celibacy wronged no one. But she erred in not perceiving that, though her little fortune made marriage not necessary as a means of independence, yet it added little or nothing to her value in the estimation of the sort of man she wished to marry. To a poor man it might be a great inducement. To one as rich as herself it might be a matter of importance to double his income with his expenses. To the affluent lord of thousands it was of no consequence at all. But she was not yet fully sensible of this; and it was with no small interest that she heard of Colonel Harlston, whose character, station and wealth, came exactly up to the idea of the man she proposed to secure to herself. Unluckily Gertrude had two days the start of her, and hence the purposes and character of that young lady became an interesting study to her. One point was ascertained. She was not a woman to marry without love, and in this it was important to confirm her. In the second place, she had no design upon Colonel Harlston, for he had manifestly made no impression on her heart. But she might take a fancy to him, and this was, if possible, to be prevented. But should she do so, there would be no harm done, unless he, in turn, should take a fancy to her. Against this Miss Bernard determined to take the best security, by outshining her on every occasion. Gertrude danced with simple grace, and sang over her work, but not in company. She played on no instrument, and the utmost of her achievements with the pencil was to sketch the features of a friend. She had read some books and good books too; but she never *talked out of them*, and one might converse with her for hours without suspecting that she was familiar with all the beauties of our best poets, or even finding out that she had read a line of their works. Now Miss Bernard was the opposite of all this. She was highly and thoroughly accomplished: in every company her powers of entertainment were relied on to make the hours pass pleasantly away; and opportunities of showing to the best advantage those charms and graces, in which Gertrude would bear no comparison, were sure to come unsought. On the score of beauty she had some misgivings. It is by no means sure that a lady sees in the glass the same face she carries into company. The expression of admiring love is a beautiful thing, especially to him to whom it is directed. When a lady looks admiringly into her glass, she sees an image that looks admiringly at her. I know no other way to account for the fact that women who must be conscious of beauty are very apt to overrate their charms; while one who knows herself to be homely turns from the mirror with a feeling of disgust, aggravated by the offensive expression of disgust thrown back at her. But whatever may be thought of this theory, it is certain that the superiority of Gertrude's beauty to that of Miss Bernard was much more manifest to others than to Miss Bernard herself. Indeed it is by

no means sure that she was aware of any thing more than a difference of style, kindly designed by Providence to accommodate different tastes with objects best suited to each.

CHAPTER VII.

The conversation I have detailed was interrupted by a summons to the drawing-room, where the young ladies found several gentlemen who had dropped in to make a morning call. Among these was Colonel Harlston, come to pay his respects to Miss Courtney, and express a hope that she had experienced no inconvenience from the fatigue of her drive the day before. The formal commonplace of this enquiry afforded Miss Bernard an opportunity of scanning the person and air of the gentleman; and the result of her observation was so decidedly favorable as to determine her to win him if possible. For the present his attention was occupied by Gertrude, and the studied decorum, and somewhat formal propriety of his manner, and the hackneyed strain of the little that passed between them gave no reason to expect that the conversation would take such a turn as to engage others to join in it. But conversation was Miss Bernard's *forte*: and, seated by the side of Gertrude, she could hardly fail to find an opportunity to make Colonel Harlston aware of her existence.

"You have only visited the environs of Washington as yet, Miss Courtney," said the Colonel. "You have seen little of the city I believe."

"I declare I do not know," said Gertrude smiling, "for it is hard to say where the city ends and the environs begin."

"Say rather," said Miss Bernard, in a playful undertone, "that it is hard to say where the environs end and the city begins."

"It may be then," said Gertrude, "that I have not yet entered the city. If so, Colonel Harlston must be right in supposing that I have seen nothing of it."

"Pardon me, Miss Courtney," said a young lawyer. "The question, 'city or no city,' is a question not of fact but of law; and whatever you may think, and whatever your senses may testify, in the city you are, and in the city you must be for many a weary mile: so that, unless you have taken a very long drive, it may be questioned whether, except in coming to Washington, you have seen any thing of the environs. It is matter of law too, that that dirty puddle is the Tiber, that that marsh is an avenue, that that hill is the Capitoline, and that within the walls of that building the wisdom of the nation is assembled."

"That, Ludwell," said Colonel Harlston, "is certainly the most violent fiction of them all, seeing that you are not there."

"Thank you, Colonel. That is a fair hit, pro-

voked, I suppose, by a reflection on the sapient body of which you are a member. But I did not mean to be personal, for I beg you to recollect that it is only by fiction that you yourself are there. If you were there in fact, then the other might be no fiction. So you see my remark touches you not. You bachelor members have no great cause to take offence at any censures which may be cast on Congress. I assure you, ladies, it would be rendering essential service to the country if you would frown him back to his duty."

"Might we not render your clients a similar service?" asked Miss Bernard.

"My dear lady, do but tell me who they are, and I will engage to make amends for all my remissness. The only speeches I can get leave to make are to the ladies, and their smiles the only fee I can hope to win."

"You briefless lawyers are much wronged, if you do not seek to be rewarded, even for such speeches, with something more valuable than smiles."

"What, kisses! How can you think us so presumptuous?"

"You shocking creature! No. Your conscience tells you what I mean."

"Indeed it does. Guineas! The sweet yellow darlings! 'O gie me the lass that has acres of charms.' You are right, Miss Bernard, and I calculate on your coöperation. You know you and I have been fast allies, these two winters."

"How so? I assure you I am at the first of it."

"Oh! the only sort of alliance that can be relied on—community of interest. While you use all your art to inveigle the rich bachelors, your success will leave the rich girls no choice but to take up with poor fellows like me; and so by your means I may accomplish my aim at last."

"I declare I had not thought of that. It is a capital scheme. But 'gif-gaf' you know. If I take off your rivals you must take off mine."

"Agreed. You have only to let me know whom you have a design on, and I will hold myself bound to occur forthwith to any lady he seems disposed to attend to."

"Why, you unreasonable wretch! would you have me make you my confidant. No no. You must exercise your sagacity and act accordingly."

"Must I. Well then let us begin. There Harlston, do you talk to Miss Bernard, and leave Miss Courtney to me."

As he said this Harlston turned his head mechanically toward Miss Bernard, while Ludwell, coolly drawing a chair, placed himself near Gertrude.

"Mr. Ludwell recommends me to your notice, Colonel," said Miss Bernard, "by giving me a very bad character."

"Unless I am to believe him more serious in his accusation than in his confession," said Harlston, "it can hardly prejudice you. I believe he

is too truly generous to wish to involve any woman in poverty; but if he never marries till he marries for money, he will die a bachelor."

"I have always thought so," said the lady; "and hence I have a high regard for him. To my knowledge he has had good reason to believe he could have made his fortune by marriage if he would. How I do love such a character!"

"Is there then so much merit," asked Harlston, "in merely forbearing to commit a crime, without temptation?"

"Crime! Temptation!!" exclaimed the lady. "Why where have you lived! What every body does cannot be a crime. Who is there to call it so! And as to Temptation! A fine establishment, plate, furniture, entertainments, dress, jewels! O dear! Gilded misery must be so sweet!"

The tone of this last sentence falsified the words: falsified all that had gone before; and fully convinced Colonel Harlston that Miss Bernard was not less disinterested than her friend Ludwell.

Meantime young Ludwell, addressing his conversation to Gertrude, assumed a tone and manner so different from the saucy *badinage* in which he had just been indulging, that he seemed like a different creature. Gifted with taste, genius and wit, he could be amusing, interesting, or instructive; and his trains of thought and raciness of expression brought Henry so strongly to Gertrude's mind, that she found a pleasure in his conversation, such as she had not experienced since she left home. The interest with which she listened to him engaged the attention of Colonel Harlston in spite of the efforts of Miss Bernard to secure it to herself, and he could not forbear, at one moment, from breaking into the conversation, by answering some remark.

"Miss Bernard," said Ludwell, suddenly turning to that young lady, "Harlston is passionately fond of music, and you must play him that delightful piece I heard you play the other day in the country."

"You are very kind to Colonel Harlston," said Miss Bernard. "It might have sounded more gallant to say a word for yourself."

"You forget. That is not my cue. Do you not see how busy I am here working for you! You must do your part too! Set your shoulder to the wheel, and Hercules will help you."

"My dear Laura," said Mrs. Pendarvis, rising and leading the young lady to the piano, "don't mind that saucy chatterbox, and let us hear you play. Come: no refusal."

And she did play; and she played divinely. And she sang; and her voices had a strange charm, analogous to her spoken tones; which seemed to impart to the words a meaning never perceived before, and addressed itself to the heart, as in a sort of mystic language. Ludwell immediately turned again to Gertrude, and would have resumed

his former strain of conversation. But she had not yet acquired that refinement of manners which teaches a young lady to accompany the music of another with a rattling peal of nonsense and laughter; and her taste for music, though little cultivated, made her a delighted listener to Miss Bernard's performance. Colonel Harlston, who was indeed a connoisseur, was quite enchanted, but while Miss Bernard had all his ear, his eye still wandered to Gertrude, and marked the ingenuous pleasure which her countenance displayed, and her resolute resistance to all Ludwell's attempts to keep up the conversation. Miss Bernard was not permitted to leave the piano. Tune succeeded tune, till, in looking for one, the Colonel's hand alighted on a book of drawings. This bore Miss Bernard's name, and displayed much talent and more taste. Here was a new theme for conversation, for he was an admirer of the art. He had travelled, and so had she, and they presently wandered together through the galleries of Rome and Florence, and discussed the merits of the great masters of the pictorial art till a morning call was prolonged to a most unfashionable visitation.

"Well Harlston," said Ludwell, as the gentlemen walked away from the door, "I think Miss Bernard must own me for a very efficient ally. And indeed she has been hardly less serviceable to me, for, though Miss Courtney is understood to be nearly penniless, yet may the smile of woman never cheer my poverty, if I would not rather share it with her, than accept the hand of the other with a kingdom for her dowry."

"To me," said Harlston, "Miss Bernard appears a beautiful, intelligent, highly accomplished and right-minded woman, in whose society a man might well be happy."

"So you thought of her as a *pis aller*, and so I knew you would think, or I should not have been so unjust as to have thrown her on your hands, at the same time that I robbed you of all the pleasure you proposed to yourself in a visit to Miss Courtney. You must own too that I am, not only a faithful ally, but a generous rival. And yet I know you do not forgive me, and you ought not, were I to leave you exposed to the machinations of the other without a warning."

"I do not think I am in any danger," said Harlston, "for though I see much to admire in Miss Bernard, I was never less sensible to the attractions of any young lady."

"Instinct is a great matter," cried Ludwell laughing. "Some people have a horror of cats, and turn pale when one enters the room unseen and unheard. Your instinctive aversion to drapery-misses and female fortune-hunters is of the same character. I have seen nothing else like it."

"It is not instinct," replied Harlston gravely, and even sadly, "except so far as the desire to be loved for one's own sake is an instinct of the whole

race. It is not instinct. It is a principle, founded in deep and wretched experience; and any, the least allusion to the subject by a lady, though it be to express her indignation against mercenary matches, repels me in a moment. I had no reason to doubt what Miss Bernard said, nor was she to blame for saying it, for you made it almost necessary; and yet that idea came between me and her all the time we were conversing, and even while I was listening to her music."

"Think you I was not aware of that, my dear fellow? She has quite too much tact to volunteer professions on the subject, or even to allude to it, in the first instance. Hence I introduced it in a way that I thought would draw her out, and make her show off. She carried it off however quite moderately; but I knew you would be conscious of the presence of the cat, though she did not show herself. In short, Harlston, though I would gladly be rid of your rivalry in the other quarter, I did not wish to do it at your expense. Had I known that Miss Bernard was in the city, I would have warned you against her distinctly."

"Who and what is she?"

"All that you see and a great deal more. But to sum up all that concerns you in one word, she is a lady who will marry you if she can."

"And Miss Courtney? What of her?"

"I know nothing of her, but that she is the niece of Mrs. Pendarvis, and that her father died when she was a child, leaving little behind him but a high reputation for honor and talent. Her mother, some years after, married a country physician of great respectability, large family and moderate fortune. The figure she is making here does not accord with her circumstances, and might look auspicious, were not the generosity of her aunt so notorious. I see her hand in this outfit; though she is too honest to intend any deception, and would tell you, at a word, that Miss Courtney has neither fortune nor expectations."

"Then seriously, Ludwell, circumstanced as you are, what do you propose? For though I am much pleased with Miss Courtney, I am not such a tinder-box as you; and my friendship for you and my interest in her alike prompt the question."

"What do I propose? What does a stone propose by falling to the ground? Why, man, she is my fate. Propose! I propose nothing; but if I thought it would be of any use to propose myself—foolish as it would be—wicked as it would be, I am afraid I should do it. But just at present, my dear Harlston, I propose nothing, because I desire nothing but the dreamy, delicious pleasure I enjoy in her presence. Ask a man in the present fruition of all his soul covets 'what he proposes!!'"

"You talk," said Harlston, "like a boy in his first love."

"And am I not?" exclaimed Ludwell. "No boy indeed; and I have *thought* myself in love before.

But it was as if a blind man, restored to sight, should take the moon for the sun he had heard so much of. But let the sun rise! By day and night, there is no mistake this time: and to speak seriously, Harlston, I know I *should* propose, and *decide* too, what to do; and I very much fear I ought to make my escape from the brink of this ocean of bliss, where I stand and sip and sip, till I am dizzy 'with the draught. God help me!' added he, resuming his playful tone; "I expect one of these days, to be fished out like a drowned fly out of a punch-bowl."

CHAPTER VIII.

As I do not mean to give a diary of Gertrude's life in Washington I shall not enter into a detail of the occurrences of the next ten days after this conversation. The reader has been made acquainted with the *dramatis personæ*, their purposes and plans, and, thus initiated, may be left to fill up that interval according to the suggestions of his own imagination. I take it for granted that he needs not be told that the impression made by Gertrude on Colonel Harlston was deepened by a further acquaintance with her: that Miss Bernard's experience of the amiable and estimable qualities of that gentleman did not abate the eagerness of her designs on his person and fortune; and that Ludwell's passion, however violent, had little effect on the exuberance of his spirits, the playfulness of his manners, and his love of fun and mischief. Both he and the Colonel saw Gertrude every day, for, even before her appearance, they were both almost daily visitors at the house. Ludwell's attentions to her were almost exclusive, and yet they seemed to be paid without any purpose beyond the gratification of the moment. Such as they were it would not have been easy for her to receive much of the Colonel's without an effort on her part, which it was not in her nature to make, or an eagerness of pursuit on his, inconsistent alike with his temper, and his views. He was certainly enamored, but experience had taught him to be careful not to make any very decided demonstration until he had learned enough of the lady's character to know what sort of considerations might influence her decision on his pretensions. Hence he mastered his feelings, so far as to be little more than a looker-on: and this part Miss Bernard enabled him to act without betraying the object of his visits. The consequence was, she occupied so much of his attention that her self-love easily mistook his views. He said nothing indeed from which she could infer any decided sentiment in her favor; but as he seemed to seek her society, it was clear that he must take pleasure in it; and how can any man pass his hours in the presence of a woman whose society delights him without becoming enamored of her? So reasoned Miss Bernard, and so reasoning she soon learned to look

with the complacent eye of a proprietor on the graceful outline of the Phæton, and the splendid figures of the four fine bays that drew it; and to catch with interest the hints which Ludwell sometimes mischievously dropt of the extent of the Colonel's estates, the multitude of his slaves, and the number of his cotton-bales. Of all this Colonel Harlston himself had no suspicion; for, conscious of no enthrallment of his own feelings, the cautionary hint of Ludwell was quite forgotten. Miss Bernard too had the tact to discover that the subject on which Ludwell had led her to speak with so much unction, at her first interview with the Colonel, was so very distasteful to him that the least allusion to it disgusted him. The result was, that Harlston had the fairest opportunities to observe upon the manners and character of Gertrude, and was fast arriving at the conviction, that she was entirely exempt from the influence of mercenary considerations, and as nearly free from the arts of the sex as, in the actual constitution of society, it is permitted to woman to be. Of one thing he was sure. She had no designs on his fortune. Always courteous and kind, she seemed grateful for his attentions; but he had never detected any, the least effort to engage them, or the slightest indication of impatience at the monopoly which circumstances had enabled Miss Bernard to secure. In the conversation of Ludwell she manifestly found a pleasure which seemed sufficient for the passing hour, though it was quite clear that she only valued him as an agreeable acquaintance. In short, she seemed to him a pure and single-hearted girl, whose affections were not to be bestowed unsought, nor won without merit of a high order: and he had little doubt that her hand would be given only to him who should entitle himself to the highest place in her estimation and regard.

Here then was the very woman for whom Colonel Harlston had long been seeking. That she was worthy to share his name and fortune he no longer doubted. In the possession of such a woman he felt that he might calculate on as much of happiness as falls to the lot of man. A raw youth, under the influence of this conviction, would at once have thrown himself at her feet. But he was not a raw youth. Nearly thirty years of age, he had seen much of the world, and was fully aware, that, from such a woman, an abrupt declaration, from one who had taken no pains to recommend himself to her favor, would meet a merited rejection. He determined therefore to change his deportment toward her, beginning with that small course of quiet attentions too slight to alarm, and too marked to escape observation, which a master of the secrets of woman's heart has recommended as the most successful mode of courtship.

About the time that he formed this resolution came the announcement of a splendid entertainment to be given by Mrs. Pendarvis. One such

at least, it was her habit to give every winter, and as her parties, though numerous, were select, the honor of an invitation was not to be lightly prized. A lady, and the widow of a gentleman, she had all the instinct of high breeding, and, in selecting her society, did not fail to discriminate carefully without the least regard to wealth, rank, or station. There was nothing too high, according to these standards, to be excluded; nothing too low to be admitted; and royalty itself has sometimes had to brook the tacit intimation, that a man may be President of the United States, and yet not a gentleman. In what reign this was I do not say.

The evening came; and the whole house was thrown open; and parties for cards, and groupes for conversation were formed in every room but that appropriated to the dance, and loungers, arm in arm, promenaded through the whole. In the early part of the evening our young ladies were rarely separated, and Harlston, in constant attendance on them, did not permit himself to be so wholly engrossed by Miss Bernard as she might have wished. Somewhat annoyed by this she tasked her address to the utmost, but with imperfect success. She looked around for Ludwell, but he was only to be seen occasionally, and then in attendance on another lady who happened to have particular claims on him. A beck from Miss Bernard's fan at last afforded him an excuse to break away from his fair companion, and he immediately obeyed the summons.

"Lady," said he, "behold the slave of the fan, devoted to do the pleasure of her who bears it! Wherein can I serve her?"

"By giving me the pleasure of your conversation," said Miss Bernard, from whom, at the moment, the attention of Colonel Harlston was wholly withdrawn.

"Ah!" said Ludwell, glancing at the Colonel and Gertrude, "you have managed badly. You have not profited by the hint I gave you."

"What hint? I know of none."

"You know of none! But you did know; and took it, and improved it most dexterously as far as you went: but I am afraid you have since neglected it."

"I protest I do not understand you."

"You do not! What! Not the accusation I brought against you, to give you an opportunity to repel it so gracefully, and so sincerely!"

"Perhaps I guess your meaning now; though I assure you I did not understand it at the time. But why so much stress on that point?"

"Why? Because that is Harlston's infirmity. He caught it in New-Haven, and it has stuck to him ever since—a fixed idea—a sort of monomania. When he was there at College the Yankee girls almost devoured him; and now he keeps himself as close as an oyster, for fear of being swallowed for his fortune. But come," continued he,

raising his voice, "I have not danced to-night. Will Miss Courtney honor me with her hand?"

She took his arm, and, as he led her away he said, "You see, Miss Bernard, I am returned to my duty. You have been doing yours gallantly, and it is time that I should do mine."

"Get along, you saucy fellow," said she, tapping him playfully with her fan. "I declare I shall hate you forever, for your impudent speech to me the other day."

"Pray do," said he. "Constancy is so rare now-a-days that an example of Constancy, even in hatred, would be quite refreshing."

"What in the world can that mad cap mean;" said Miss Bernard, turning to Harlston, "by constantly harping on that disgusting subject?"

"I am glad you think it so," was the cold reply. "With my own consent I would never hear the slightest allusion to it. The difference between my friend Ludwell and myself is, that what is to him an object of playful scorn, is to me one of unutterable disgust. He can jest about it: I cannot."

"Few men can carry their detestation of mercenary views in affairs of the heart farther than he does; though, as you remarked, the other day, there is a point at which he stops. He seems resolute never to marry for money, though he has never made up his mind to marry for love. But, judging from present appearances, I am not sure that the temptation may not at last prove too strong. But do not be alarmed, Colonel," she added playfully, as she marked the look with which Harlston followed the significant glance of her eye; "*his imprudence will not be contagious.*"

Miss Bernard's extraordinary power over the tones of her voice gave these words a meaning not to be mistaken. She drew her breath hard, and almost gasped, under the look which Harlston unconsciously turned upon her. She felt that she had spoken critical words, and she knew that her insinuation was unjust. She remembered indeed what Gertrude had said on the morning after they first met: and she had more than once witnessed the docility, or, what she might have called the acquiescence, with which she listened to her aunt's lectures on prudence; and from these she made out a sort of apology to her own conscience, for "hinting a fault," which she did not believe to exist.

What Miss Bernard herself thought upon the subject was to Harlston a matter of perfect indifference. Forewarned by Ludwell, he had seen that there was a purpose in all she said, or did not say in relation to it. Whether she dwelt upon it, or avoided it, he had thought he could see that she had a design in doing so. A keen observer, and, as Ludwell had said, almost a monomaniac on this point, it was not easy to deceive him. He might suspect unjustly. He was in no danger of the op-

posite error. Much as he disliked the subject, he would even force himself to endure a discussion of it, in order to unmask a character; and on this occasion he determined to follow Miss Bernard's lead, so as to keep up the conversation till Gertrude should return to her seat. This was not difficult, and the first words that struck Ludwell's ear, as he led back his partner to her place, were in a more high flown strain than the lady had before indulged in.

"That's right," exclaimed Ludwell. "That is the way to manage the matter. Do, Miss Courtney, let us now hear something of your sentiments about that sweet romantic thing, *Love in a Cottage*."

"As I never lived in a Cottage, and have had no experience of *Love*, I am not prepared to pronounce a very decided opinion on the subject."

"But you have sometimes thought of it."

"Of course I have; for nothing is more talked about. I have observed that all the old ladies deliver lectures on one side, and all the young ladies make speeches on the other, so I suppose I must take the side that seems most appropriate to my time of life."

"And change it, of course, as you grow older."

"I suppose so. People grow wiser as they grow older, and they tell me that this is a subject on which young people are particularly foolish."

"Miss Courtney can hardly be hearty," said Harlston, "in an opinion which she has candor enough to suspect may be foolish."

"I am certainly not hearty in any opinion on the subject," said Gertrude; "for I have formed none. I only know that the history of my own family affords proof that imprudent marriages are very imprudent things."

"But the question recurs," said Miss Bernard, "what is an imprudent match? You would hardly call a happy match an imprudent one; and surely there can be no happiness without love. We are told, you know, that love constitutes the bliss of Heaven itself."

"But in Heaven," said Gertrude, "there is neither cold nor hunger nor crying children. If there were, why then, the more the parents loved them, the less happy they would be. I have heard my mother say, that she was very happy with my father, but then when she was left a widow, with poor me upon her hands, and very limited means of support, she found she had been very imprudent."

This case seemed so exactly in point to poor Ludwell that his countenance fell; while Harlston, in manifest disquietude, walked away and left the conversation to go on as it might. In another part of the room he established himself in a position to watch the countenances of the party. In doing this he at once saw that the keen eye of Miss Bernard had followed him and occasionally glanced toward him; while Gertrude, all unconscious of

his whereabouts, continued to converse, with an air of quiet simplicity, with Ludwell; who, by degrees, recovered his spirits. Not so, Harlston. He now felt, more than at any former moment, that Miss Courtney was to him an object of absorbing interest, that his happiness depended on her; and that it was indispensable to him, that she should be entirely superior to the grovelling views imputed to her, and not disavowed by her. He was perhaps better pleased that she had not disavowed them; and yet he was vexed that she had not. He remained perplexed and gloomy in his seclusion, until he again saw her taken out to dance. Soon after, in one of the pauses of the dance he approached her, spoke a few low words and fell back to his place. As soon as the set ended, he again advanced, claimed the hand he had just engaged, and detained her on the floor. He went through the dance mechanically, and with an air of abstraction, and, as soon as it ended, offered his arm to Gertrude, and proposed to seek fresher air in another room.

"Miss Courtney;" said he, as soon as he could speak without danger of being overheard, "I beg pardon for the abruptness of what I am about to say. The shortness of our acquaintance must make me seem precipitate, and the time and place are not the most suitable; but I cannot sleep without telling you that I love you, and laying myself and my fortune at your feet."

I hope the reader anticipates at least the substance of Gertrude's answer; and it is needless to give the words, as young ladies are rarely eloquent on such occasions; especially when taken completely by surprise. To Gertrude it had seemed, (and she had been pleased to see it,) that Colonel Harlston was quite taken with Miss Bernard; and, giving that young lady full credit for sincerity in all her talk about *Love in a Cottage*, she had cherished the hope of seeing her magnanimity rewarded by the less romantic bliss of *Love in a Palace*. Her answer therefore was expressive of surprise, esteem, gratitude and all that sort of thing, but wound up with a very decided rejection.

Colonel Harlston heard her with great composure; though while she spoke his countenance assumed a high and animated expression; and, when she had concluded, he took her hand and addressed her in a tone of earnest calmness.

"My dear Miss Courtney," he said, "I must again entreat your forgiveness for that which may surprise you more than the unexpected declaration that I have just made. Since I first saw you I have meditated such a step, though I beg leave to assure you that I have not been vain enough to suppose that, in our short acquaintance, I could have made such an impression as would have justified your acceptance of my proposal. Indeed I have not permitted myself to cultivate your favor by those attentions which would have made it if

not more acceptable, at least less startling. It has been rather my study to make myself acquainted with you, and to give you, at the same time, a fair opportunity to know me. But I have been hurried into this step by what passed a few minutes ago. I see you do not understand my allusion. I advert to what you just now said of interested matches. Nay! do not be offended," he added, as she withdrew her hand, while a flush of indignation rose to her cheek. "I did not misinterpret your words. I understood them as a playful and dexterous evasion of an ill-timed appeal, and was better pleased than I should have been at a flight of common-place declamation, which, on such a subject, seems to my mind unmaidenly. But I was taught to believe that the sentiment which you seemed rather to admit than avow was with you a settled and deliberate principle of action. I was *taught* to believe this, but I did not believe it; yet the idea that it could possibly be true was not to be endured. There was but one way to bring it to a prompt and decisive test. I had no reason to flatter myself that I had any hold on your affections. But I have no reason to think myself particularly disagreeable to you; and I am sure you must be aware that my circumstances, my station in society, and my standing in life are such, that a woman proposing to marry for convenience would hardly reject me. You see the risk I ran in affording you an opportunity to make us both wretched, by giving me your hand without your heart; but I beg you to believe that had I entertained any very serious apprehension of that sort, I would not have encountered it. But I was impatient to be freed from all doubt, which, on such a point, would have been intolerable, and might have marred all my efforts to please you. We now understand each other. You have but told me what I knew before: that you do not love me. But you have not told me that you never can. You have but done what I expected and wished. But you have not forbidden me to prosecute my suit, and to endeavor to show myself not unworthy of your favor. Let me now beg one indulgence at your hands. It is that you will keep my secret, at least for a season. I do not wish to be thought precipitate without having it in my power to explain my motives; and I do not wish that my endeavors to please you should be embarrassed and disconcerted by the nods and winks and all the nameless impertinences of meddling gossips. I hope my frankness merits this kindness, and that you will not think yourself bound to repulse the assiduities which my feelings will prompt, from the thought that it is your duty to discourage any farther attention from a rejected lover. I cannot consent to be considered in that light. I am sensible that a man may lose much by putting his mistress prematurely in possession of his secret. But this I have done cheerfully and I trust you so appre-

ciate my motive that you will not suffer my openness to prejudice me any farther.

"Do you accord what I ask?" he added, significantly laying his open hand on the seat of the sofa where they sat. She placed hers within it, and lifting her glistening eyes rewarded him with a smile of gratitude.

"You are indeed most kind," he continued, "and encourage a presumption at which one less generous might take offence. Then, my dear Miss Courtney, let me go one step farther. Let me adjure you, by your hopes of happiness, and your regard for the honor and dignity of your sex, of which every woman is an appointed guardian, to cherish, while you live, the same noble sentiment on which you now act; although you would not condescend to make a vaunting profession of it. Trust me, the woman, who, loving one man, marries another, commits the greatest crime of which, as a woman, she can be guilty and incurs a penalty inevitable as it is severe. If ever the tortures of the damned are inflicted by anticipation in this world, it is on her who condemns herself to the hopeless misery of a loveless marriage. The worm that preys upon her heart is the prototype of that which never dies."

Saying this he raised her gently. She left him, to recover her composure in her own chamber, and the Colonel, after loitering about the rooms for a short time, quietly slipped away.

[To be Continued.]

THOUGHTS

Suggested by a Picture of Westminster Abbey.

"Why at his lot should Godlike man repine?

Kings are but men, and man as Kings divine!

What are crowns and sceptres, courts and thrones,

But folly's playthings, made of human bones?"

Enter the portals, wide and vast,

Of yon time-honor'd pile;

Pause at ev'ry mould'ring tomb

And thread its every aisle.

Wind the steep of every height,

Stand on each time-worn tower;

Then think of Kings beneath your feet

And learn the worth of power.

There death, in its most courted form,

Beneath, around, is spread:—

Kings, poets, statesmen, all are there;

Are there, but pulseless,—dead!

Their pride and grandeur all are gone!

Gone like a vapor's breath!

The crown and crosier, both are there,

The garner'd spoils of death.

And yet, the godlike soul of man
From its high path will turn,
That when its mortal robe is rent,
Here may be rear'd an urn.

Oh! give to me the path of peace,
Where life's calm waters roll,
That when this mortal strife shall cease,
God will inurn the soul.

Oh! give to me the flower-deck'd grave,
A peaceful, calm repose,
O'er which the summer grass may wave,
And wreath the winter snows.

Entomb me not in sculptur'd halls,
Where no spring floweret grows,
But let me by some lillied stream
In death's long sleep repose.

Where opening flowers at early dawn
The air with odors fill,
And gentle dews from twilight's urn
Shall on my grave distil.

Providence, R. I.

W. M. RODMAN.

THE ECONOMY OF LIFE.

Regimen and Longevity, comprising Materia Alimentaria, National dietetic usages, and the influence of civilization on health and the duration of Life. By John Bell, M. D., &c., &c. Haswell and Johnson, Philadelphia, 1843.

We believe that it is deducible from experience and sound philosophy, that, if man would study and learn well all the natural laws under which he lives, and strictly follow their requirements, he would be both good and happy. Holy Writ teaches us that to make ourselves good and happy in the future state, we must obey higher laws, and act from higher motives than these. But as we have seen, the whole system of our nature, functions and relations, affords the most ample evidence, that the physical and organic laws were intended for, and adapted to our growth, vigor and welfare, physically, mentally and morally. It may be difficult to demonstrate the truth of this proposition by reference to the history of any community, or nation of men, but it would be equally hard, by the same testimony, to prove the reverse. It is said in the life of Captain Cook, "one circumstance peculiarly worthy of notice, is the perfect and uninterrupted health of the New Zealanders. In all the visits made to their towns, when old and young, male and female, crowded about our voyagers, they never observed a single person who seemed to have any bodily complaint!! Many of them, by the loss of their hair and their teeth, appeared to

be very ancient, and yet none of them were decrepit. Water, as far as our voyagers could learn, was the usual and the only drink of the New Zealanders." Their diet is not specified, but it is of the "most nutritive and simple character." As natural laws admit of no exception, this happy state could not occur, unless it was within the capabilities of the human race. If we take instances of individual life, we can find evidence to confirm our proposition. Men may be congenitally, or constitutionally distempered, so that no course of regimen could give them healthful organs and healthy functions. But we allude, of course, to those who are naturally and primarily constituted healthful, when we say, that the corporeal frame of man is so constituted as to admit of his enjoying organic health and vigor, during the whole period of a long life. And a healthy, cheerful mind is the natural result of a vigorous body, healthful in all its actions.

Because the pernicious use of intoxicating drinks has been most frequently and suddenly carried to extreme excess, a very large amount of the effort directed to physical and moral reform has been bestowed on this particular species of intemperance. It has attracted most attention on account of the rapidity and terrible character of its destructive powers. But perhaps the main reason why it is so strenuously attended to, whilst other sources of evil are suffered to go unrebuked, is found in the more comprehensive character of its effects. A man given to drunkenness becomes not only useless, but often, he is an actual pest, and sometimes even an object of fear to those about him. While another may stupify, besot and even destroy himself from the character and quantity of his diet, and no one but himself being injured, no interference is offered. A principle of self-preservation prompts us to repel the one character of evil, while in the other form, we do not feel called upon to interfere.

We did not place the work of Dr. Bell at the head of these cursory remarks, with an intention of reviewing it, or even of presenting a condensed view of its valuable contents. But our object is to elicit the reader's interest in, and attention to the subject under consideration, as one of the most important that could engage general attention; and in doing so, the work before us presents itself as a volume of information, which is indispensable to a thorough acquaintance with the branch of the general economy of life, on which it particularly treats. The work is confined principally to the discussion of diet and drink, with a promise in the preface to treat hereafter on other subjects embraced in "the latitude of interpretation, not unusually given to Regimen," and first, of air and exercise.

On all subjects relating to the welfare of men, both in health and disease, we have no higher authority, in the estimation of the writer, at least, than Dr.

JOHN BELL. The facts he has here adduced, gathered from the dietetic usages of almost every nation on the globe, if closely studied in connection with the natural laws that govern organic life, are calculated to produce more healthful and durable reform in the habits and pernicious opinions of individuals, and the misguided usages of communities, than all the "temperance lectures" that the learned author could have delivered in the whole of his industrious life. We have said that our object is the awakening of attention to the general science, or art of living, which teaches us, not how we may breathe and groan away a life of misapplied toil, but which acquaints us with our own capabilities, privileges and powers in using the means of happiness so profusely given us, and at the same time warns us of the dangers that lie hidden in their abuse. In this science, the subject of diet stands conspicuous, if not paramount in importance. The human body, as an organized substance, is ever undergoing the compound process of growth and decay. It is the office of one class of organs to replenish and support, and of another class, to eliminate and throw off those portions of the substance which have served their purpose, to make room for fresh sustenance. To this latter class we address medicines, and to the former, food. Food and drink are the sources whence our ever wasting frames derive their sustenance. They are taken into every point and particle of our structure, and, in fact, it is of them, that we are made what we physically and substantially are. Viewed thus, as the material of our constitution, it would seem that the substances of our aliment should form matter of the most assiduous study and diligent care in practice. Not that we might learn how to combine, season and dress it, so as to enable us to consume the greatest quantity at a single meal, but that we might ascertain precisely how to select, prepare and gauge it, so as to contribute most to our physical health and vigor, our mental activity and energy, and our moral firmness and equanimity. For, that the kind and quantity of our physical aliment does exercise a powerful influence upon all these three attributes of our constitution, is a demonstrable fact in the experience of every one. A diet over-abundant in amount, or highly stimulating in its character, is sure to render our bodies languid and heavy, our intellect dull and oppressed, and our moral temper impatient and irritable. Lord Byron furnishes, perhaps, the most distinguished instance of a splendid mind warped and perverted by physical excesses. With all his enviable endowments of person and fortune, which most men would expect to make them happy, he declared that the most serene and delightful moments of his life were produced under the depletory effects of Epseum salts. Dr. Bell quotes his lordship's allegation, that whenever he ate meat for any length of time, he felt an increase of savageness in him-

self, and intimates that much of his savageness was innate. But may not that which the learned doctor calls his "innate savageness," have had its growth and perpetuity in these excesses to which we are alluding?

In asserting that the economy of life has not received its due portion of care and study, we would not be understood as saying, that "table comforts," as they are miscalled, have not absorbed a goodly share of attention. We know, on the contrary, that they form, with a large class, objects of the most anxious solicitude. To provide the table with excellent and bountiful supplies has ever been a high purpose with a great many people. But they have looked upon feeding with about the same notions that our milliners, tailors and fashion-mongers do upon clothing,—any amount of bodily comfort and freedom of action is to be sacrificed to a genteel "set" and a "tasty style." Fashion has been as changeable and extravagant in her rule over the palate, as in her laws of dress and amusement. The great art and science of cookery have been exerted to add to the long catalogue of the articles of food throughout both ancient and modern times. In ancient times, we are informed that cooks were much more perfect in their art than our modern practitioners are. Athenæus mentions numerous instances of their superior skill. But as excellence in a profession is usually attained in a ratio proportioned to the rewards it brings, this excellence was probably owing to the superior rank and emolument awarded the professors of culinary science in those days. The discovery, or invention of a new dish brought immortal honor and renown to the fortunate genius who claimed its paternity, and handed his name down to all future generations of gourmands. Philosophers discoursed and poets sang of the wonderful achievements in this delightful art. And one of them says, with exulting emphasis, that although various delicacies can only be enjoyed in their proper season, yet "we can talk about them with watering mouths all the year round." We are informed that one of the professors of this luxurious art arrived at such consummate skill, that he could serve up a pig boiled on one side and roasted on the other, and stuffed with all manner of delicacies without the incisions through which they were introduced being perceivable. Amongst the multifarious articles which go to make up the catalogue of man's edibles, from ancient down to modern times, nearly every substance that could possibly admit of it may be found. Though variable in its objects, the same thirst for novelty and the same spirit of extravagance have ever prevailed. That philosophy, which in our day teaches that no labor is to be accounted *productive*, but that which is directed immediately to the production of the raw material of food and clothing, is prompted by the same comprehensive spirit that enlightened times to the discovery that cookery

was the basis and grand object of all science. Those men who habitually light up their appetites by a torch of brandy, by way of facilitating the expansion and blunting the sensibility of their stomachs, on the approach of a meal, are but the improved disciples of Philoxenus and his "school," who accustomed themselves to drink large quantities of hot water, that they might be able to attack scalding dishes before less fire-proof guests could dare to taste them. Thus, by comparison, we may find that man has in all ages, when he had the ability, been disposed to deify his stomach and sacrifice all his higher sources of enjoyment upon its ever burning altar. We eat and drink to make us happy, and when we find happiness from any other source, we must fall to eating and drinking to enjoy it, as though we possessed no social powers but those of a sensual character. Men now-a-days acquire the greatest fame, from rearing the largest hog, or the fattest ox, as did, in olden times, one Fulvius Herpinus, who immortalized his name by fattening snails, which Horace informs us were served up and broiled upon silver gridirons to give a relish to wine. The modern fashion of lulling the pangs of an excessive meal, by a resort to the soothing powers of the "fragrant weed," is but a refinement upon the ancient practice of using on such occasions the warm bath, or an emetic.

What particular class of substances was designed by nature for the food of man is a question, we believe, which has never yet been definitely settled. Philosophers, in all times, seem to have given the subject a portion of their study, but unfortunately, they have rarely given the question such a shape, as would lead to a profitable discussion. The question has been, what have the organs of nature given him power to eat, and not, (as it should have been,) what has nature afforded best adapted to his natural wants and welfare. With a view to ascertain what kind of substances man has been qualified to devour, by means of his masticatory and digestive organs, the peculiar form of his grinders, the position relatively to each other, the peculiar motive capability of his jaws, and the anatomical structure of his stomach, have all been examined. Baron Cuvier comes to the conclusion, that "the natural food of man appears to consist of fruits, roots and other succulent parts of vegetables;" and others, as Sir Everard Home and Lawrence, concur with the Baron. How far this mode of judging of the suitableness of a thing, by the power possessed to appropriate it, may be just, is, we think, questionable. It was by this mode of reasoning, that Dr. Franklin decided that man was naturally a wine drinker. He says, "the only animals created to drink water are those who, from their conformation, are able to lap it from the surface of the earth, whereas, all those who can carry their hands to their mouth, were destined to enjoy the juice of the grape." The

weight of authority is on the side of vegetables, as the *chief* food of man, whilst he is almost universally set down as an omnivorous animal. Dr. Millenger says, "according to the country he inhabits, its productions and the nature of its pursuits, his mode of living differs. The inhabitant of the cold and sterile regions on the borders of the ocean becomes ichthyophagous, and fish, fresh, dried, smoked, or salted, is his principal nourishment. The bold huntsman lives upon the game he pursues; while the nomadian shepherd, who tends his herds over boundless steeps, supports himself on the milk of his flock." This is all very beautiful, and however true it may be generally, and theoretically, it is perhaps most often found, that these romantic practices are more the results of necessity and circumstance, than of any natural and uniform law pertaining to the species. The great object of our search,—the grand truth to be discovered, is not, what can we subsist upon, or what kind of usages men may have been subjected to under particular circumstances in which they were placed; nor how far nature may be overcome and subdued by habit. But we should rather seek to know what are the laws by which our sustenance is governed, and how we must administer them, so as to avoid the most evil and attain the greatest good. In other words, how shall we make and keep ourselves what our Creator intended us to be,—vigorous, healthful and happy. This is the object our author had in view in the treatise before us. He has explained what the principle of nutriment is, and exhibited the various proportions of that principle contained in the different articles of diet, and also the quantity of other, (frequently indigestible,) matter with which it is combined. He also reviews "the national dietetic usages" of the different countries, and then considers the nutritive qualities and value of the different kinds of aliment. Thus setting forth such data as cannot fail to lead the reader to the most just and beneficial conclusions on this most important subject of study. The savage state is frequently pointed to as one most congenial to health and longevity. Because there are very few invalids found amongst savages, the short-hand conclusion is assumed, that this exemption is owing to the healthful tendency of the peculiar habits of the savage life. But a slight examination of the subject will show the true cause to lie in another direction. Such persons as are infirm and invalid amongst civilized people, are, in savage life, consigned to an early grave, and the old adage is remembered, "dead men tell no tales." Dr. Bell has proven, from historic facts, that *pure* civilization is the most favorable state to health and long life. What is meant by *pure* civilization, we are to understand from the following remark of our author, "Looking at civilization in its elements and combination," says he, "we are bound to re-

ject the vicious and the absurd, as foreign to it, or at least, as fungous growths and excrescences from, but not an integral part of it. This is the high, moral and religious test by which civilization should be tried." The city of Geneva, of whose population, births and deaths, an accurate history has been kept for nearly the last three centuries, shows a striking illustration of the principle already laid down, viz: "the ameliorating influence of civilization in prolonging human life among a people." The history of other places is referred to in confirmation of the same principle. This results from the nearer adaptation of the habits of civilized life to the organic laws of our nature.

Amongst the errors that have prevailed, and still prevail, in regard to the diet of men, perhaps the most general, and one of the most pernicious is the opinion that animal food is necessary to render them robust and courageous. All persons acquainted with the history of men in this regard, must see the fallacy of the opinion. The miserable and timid inhabitants of Northern Europe and Asia, are remarkable for their debility, both physical and moral, although they live chiefly upon fish and flesh, whilst the South Sea Islanders, can vie in bodily exercises with our stoutest men. Our savage aborigines are frequently cited as living proofs of the courage, agility and vigor arising from the use of animal food. The exercises of the chase, no doubt, produce great agility of muscle, and the free use of animal food may contribute to the ferocity of their character, which is often mistaken for courage, but divest them of the imaginary qualities which romance has thrown around them, and our "red brethren" are a sullen, lazy and cowardly race. "The citizen soldiers of republican Rome, living on the simplest vegetable food and water, or water mixed with vinegar for their drink, overcame all their enemies, whereas, the degenerate slaves of the Empire, supplied with animal food and wine, were beaten by every invader, and their city plundered alike by Goth and Vandal. The greatest part of the people of the world subsist on vegetable diet alone, and a portion admit animal aliment not as a regular daily allowance, but only as an occasional addition, and in small proportion. This remark will apply to the world from the days of Abraham and the Pharaohs down to the present time. And what is most interesting, and to us meat-eating Americans most astonishing, is the fact, "that wherever the diet is mostly vegetable in its character, there the people have been found most uniformly hardy and healthful in body, and firm and complacent in mind. The effects of diet in this respect are more remarkable, perhaps, on the mental and moral constitution than on the physical frame. After examining the state of facts bearing on this particular point, Dr. Bell remarks, that "the people who eat much flesh meat, and in greater proportion than vegetable food, are less

civilized, in every sense of the word, than those who derive the greater part, or all of their aliment from the vegetable kingdom." It must not be inferred, however, that our author is a "Grahamite," or an exclusive "vegetable man." It is against the disproportionately large quantity of animal food, so generally and perniciously used, that his facts and arguments are arrayed, while he agrees that animal aliment, within proper bounds, (very limited,) may be useful. As regards the effects of dietetic usage on the constitution and character of men, history affords the fullest accounts, but we have not space to introduce them here. But the early Greeks and Romans, the Spartans, the Egyptians and the Chinese may be mentioned. "A pound and a half of rice daily is the allowance on which an adult Hindoo will not only live, but labor, his drink the while being water. The palanquin bearers, four of whom carry a traveller and his baggage, and the carriage itself, weighing in all from four to five hundred pounds, are fed in this way. Dr. Olin, in his late narrative of travels, mentions the scanty fare of the Eastern laborers, and whenever, from a feeling of charity and sympathy for their privations, he would give those in his employ meats from his own larder, it invariably produced a fit of sullenness and stupidity, not unfrequently amounting to insubordination. Mr. Stephens, in his "incidents of travel," speaking of the Monks of Sinai says, "they never ate meat—no animal food of any kind is permitted to enter the convent. During all their abode in the convent not one of them had eaten a particle of animal food, and yet I never saw more healthy looking men. . . . The Monk who guided us up the mountain, and who was more than sixty years old, when he descended after a hard day's labor was less tired than either Paul or myself." Mr. Stephens also adduces his own experience in confirmation of the opinion that animal food, to do no injury, must be sparingly used. The courageous, hardy and athletic Irish might be mentioned in this connection, and every one is familiar with the history of the old time Scotch fighters,—thrifty, acute and clear thinkers, who always lived upon the simplest vegetable fare. Of them Holinshead quaintly says, "In old times these North Brittons did give themselves universally to great abstinence, and in time of war their soldiers would often feed but once or twice in two or three days, especially if they held themselves in secret, or could have no issue out of their bogs and morasses, through the presence of an enemy, and in this distress they used to eat a certain kind of confection, whereof so much as a bean would qualify their hunger above common expectation." Thus we might go on to almost any extent to prove, from demonstrative evidence, the sufficiency and the superiority of vegetable nourishment alone in supporting the most vigorous health of both mind and body. In proof of the small amount of any kind of diet,

and the reduced proportion of animal matter particularly, on which health can be well maintained, Dr. Bell introduces some extracts from the report of the inspector of prisons in Scotland, which exhibit the results of experiments going to establish the superiority of vegetable food. It proved not only sufficient to sustain the laborers in the prisons, but there was an actual average fattening amongst them upon its use. Eight different diets were experimented with, but we will here introduce only two of them; the one containing the greatest amount of animal matter, and the other the simplest of the strictly vegetable kind.

Breakfast.—Eight ounces of oatmeal made into porridge with a pint of *buttermilk*.

Dinner.—Half a pound of *meat* and a pound of *potatoes*.

Supper.—Five ounces of oat meal made into porridge with half a pint of *buttermilk*.

Twenty prisoners, fifteen male and five female, were put upon this diet. There was nothing remarkable in the effects of this diet upon the health of the prisoners, and "upon the whole there was a slight loss in their average weight."

Breakfast.—Two pounds of *potatoes*, boiled.

Dinner.—Three pounds of *potatoes*, boiled.

Supper.—One pound of *potatoes*, boiled.

A class of ten was put upon this diet. At the beginning eight were in good health, and two were in indifferent health, and at the end of the experiment, the eight continued in good health, and the two had improved, and there was an average increase in weight of nearly three and a half pounds per prisoner. "The prisoners all expressed themselves quite satisfied with this diet and regretted the change back again to the ordinary diet," (which contained animal food.) Did space permit, we could introduce an abundance of facts, derivable from the most authentic source, all going to establish the same principle, but our object is to invite inquiry and not to enforce opinions.

Statistical comparison shows the people of the United States to be the greatest consumers of food in the world. One man in our country frequently eats "at his three meals more in nutritive amount than would constitute luxurious living for eight East India or Chinese palanquin bearers for a week." We are not only large eaters, but we are fast eaters. In addition to the quantity, the time for the consumption of food by our people is surprising, the latter being however, in its brevity, in the inverse ratio of the former. Often the great hurry to dispatch a meal seems to have no other object than to give time for rest from all labor, even

that of thinking for a time. "It is common enough for men in active business habits to make an onslaught upon a well furnished table for about five or ten minutes, during which time they swallow, with fearful rapidity, parts of half a dozen of dishes, and then rush out to their posts of business, as one would suppose from their haste, and immediately seat themselves with their feet thrown up and their heads back and leisurely puff their cigar, without the least possible sign of hurry or care." We feel assured that if the economy of our lives, our health, our enjoyments and the duration of our days could receive but half the attention bestowed upon our political and pecuniary affairs, there would be a reform in our dietetic habits more thorough than the recent reformation in drinking that has marked the current history of the Irish people. And why should we not attend to this matter! It is surely of the first importance. What signifies success in our political schemes or monetary affairs, if we are ourselves acting and laboring under such ailments, disorders and oppressions as to disqualify us for individual happiness!

But we have already transcended our assigned limits. We have dwelt longer upon this particular point than we had intended. We have viewed it under a sense of its universal and vital importance to individuals and to communities, and of its general and disastrous neglect amongst our people. We are satisfied that the natural organic laws of health and life, both physical and mental, are more often and seriously violated by excesses in quantity and errors in selecting the quality and kind of diet, than by the use and abuse of all our other means and privileges of life put together. And as a matter of course, the violations bring the penalties. These we suffer in the form of languor, dullness and oppression of spirits; intellectual obtuseness, organic disorder, disease and death.

In conclusion, we must admit that we have not here done our author justice in the superficial notice which we have given his book. But the work is neither too costly nor voluminous to be read by every one disposed to study the subject, and as we have already said, our object was not to teach but to point attention to the proper source for true information on the subject. If we have said enough to enlist the reader's interest in the matter so far as to induce him to give it a careful examination and a just consideration, with the aids which Dr. Bell and other writers on the subject have furnished, we have attained our highest object.

H. V. W.

Lowndesboro, Ala., 1844.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

"Wherever, oh! man! God's sun first beamed upon thee—where the stars of Heaven first shone above thee—where his lightnings first declared his omnipotence, and his storm-wind shook thy soul with pious awe—there are thy affections—there is thy Country!

"Where the first human eye bent lovingly over thy cradle—where thy mother first bore thee joyfully on her bosom—where thy father engraved the words of wisdom on thy heart—there are thy affections—there is thy Country!"—ARNDT.

I.

Where'er, O man! thou first imbibed
Thy vital, Godlike spark of life—
Where first with feelings undescribed
Thy dawning intellect was rife—
Where'er the glorious light of Heaven
Athwart thy vision first did gleam—
Where first the starry gems of even
Shed o'er thy steps their gentle beam—
Wherever else those steps may roam,
That is THY COUNTRY—there THY HOME!

II.

Where first thy God his power displayed
In awful glory through the skies—
Where rolled his thunders o'er thy head,
His lightning flashed before thine eyes—
Where first he stood to thee declared
God of the whirlwind and the storm—
Where first his awful power appeared
Omnipotent to bless or harm—
Wherever else thy steps may roam,
That is THY COUNTRY—there THY HOME!

III.

Where first, to watch thy peaceful rest,
Kind eyes and loving hearts bent o'er thee—
Where first, upon a mother's breast
With joy and pride thy mother bore thee—
Where met thine opening eye and ear
Bright skies and joyous song of birds—
Where first thy father's pious care
On thy young heart graved Wisdom's words—
Wherever else thy steps may roam,
That is THY COUNTRY—there THY HOME!

IV.

And, though it were a desert—yet
Dear to thy heart that spot shall prove;
That HOME thou never canst forget—
That COUNTRY never cease to love:

And wheresoe'er thy steps may turn,
Oh! restless wanderer o'er the earth,
With love thy bosom still shall burn
For that dear land that gave thee birth—
Wherever else thy steps may roam,
That is THY COUNTRY—there THY HOME!

THE LITERARY LIFE OF THINGUM BOB, ESQ.,

LATE EDITOR OF THE "GOOSETHERUMFOODLE."

BY HIMSELF.

Edgar A. Poe.
I am now growing in years, and—since I understand that Shakspeare and Mr. Emmons are deceased—it is not impossible that I may even die. It has occurred to me, therefore, that I may as well retire from the field of Letters and repose upon my laurels. But I am ambitious of signalizing my abdication of the literary sceptre by some important bequest to posterity; and, perhaps, I cannot do a better thing than just pen for it an account of my earlier career. My name, indeed, has been so long and so constantly before the public eye, that I am not only willing to admit the naturalness of the interest which it has every where excited, but ready to satisfy the extreme curiosity which it has inspired. In fact it is no more than the duty of him who achieves greatness, to leave behind him, in his ascent, such landmarks as may guide others to be great. I propose, therefore, in the present paper, (which I had some idea of calling "Memoranda to serve for the Literary History of America.") to give a detail to those important, yet feeble and tottering first steps, by which, at length, I attained the high road to the pinnacle of human renown.

Of one's *very* remote ancestors it is superfluous to say much. My father, Thomas Bob, Esq., stood for many years at the summit of his profession, which was that of a merchant-barber, in the city of Smug. His warehouse was the resort of all the principal people of the place, and especially of the editorial corps—a body which inspires all about it with profound veneration and awe. For my own part, I regarded them as gods, and drank in with avidity the rich wit and wisdom which continuously flowed from their august mouths during the process of what is styled "lather." My first moment of positive inspiration, however, must be dated from that ever-memorable epoch, when the brilliant conductor of the "Gad-Fly," in the intervals of the important process just mentioned, recited aloud, before a conclave of our apprentices, an inimitable poem in honor of the "Only Genuine Oil-of-Bob," (so called from its talented inventor, my father,) and for which effusion the editor of the "Fly" was remunerated with a regal liberality, by the firm of Thomas Bob and company, merchant-barbers.

The genius of the stanzas to the "Oil-of-Bob" first breathed into me, I say, the divine *afflatus*. I resolved at once to become a great man and to commence by becoming a great poet. That very evening I fell upon my knees at the feet of my father.

"Father," I said, "pardon me—but I have a soul above lather. It is my firm intention to cut the shop. I would be an editor—I would be a poet—I would pen stanzas to the 'Oil-of-Bob.' Pardon me and aid me to be great."

"My dear Thingum," replied my father, (I had been christened Thingum after a wealthy relative so surnamed.) "My dear Thingum," he said, raising me from my knees by the ears—"Thingum, my boy, you're a trump, and take after your father in having a soul. You have an immense head, too, and it must hold a great many brains. This I have long seen and therefore had thoughts of making you a lawyer. The business, however, has grown ungenteel, and that of a politician don't pay. Upon the whole you judge wisely;—the trade of the editor is best;—and if you can be a poet at the same time,—as most of the editors are, by the by,—why you will kill two birds with one stone. To encourage you in the beginning of things I will allow you a garret; pen, ink and paper; a rhyming dictionary; and a copy of the 'Gad-Fly.' I suppose you would scarcely demand any more."

"I would be an ungrateful villain if I did," I replied with enthusiasm. "Your generosity is boundless. I will repay it by making you the father of a genius."

Thus ended my conference with the best of men, and, immediately upon its termination, I betook myself with zeal to my poetical labors; as upon these, chiefly, I founded my hopes of ultimate elevation to the editorial chair.

In my initial attempts at composition I found the stanzas to "The Oil-of-Bob," rather a draw back than otherwise. Their splendor more dazzled than enlightened me. The contemplation of their excellence tended, naturally, to discourage me by comparison with my own abortions; so that for a long time I labored in vain. At length there came into my head one of those exquisitely original ideas which now and then *will* permeate the brain of a man of genius. It was this:—or, rather, thus was it carried into execution. From the rubbish of an old book-stall, in a very remote corner of the town, I got together several antique and altogether unknown or forgotten volumes. The bookseller sold them to me for a song. From one of these, which purported to be a translation of one Dante's "Inferno," I copied, with remarkable neatness, a long passage about a man named Ugolino, who had a parcel of brats. From another which contained a good many odd plays by some person whose name I forget, I extracted in the same manner, and with the same care, a great number of lines about "an-

gels" and "ministers saying grace," and "goblins damned," and more besides of that sort. From a third, which was the composition of some blind man or other, either a Greek or a Choctaw—I cannot be at the pains of remembering every trifle exactly—I took about fifty verses beginning with "Achilles' wrath," and "grease," and something else. From a fourth, which I recollect was also the work of a blind man, I selected a page or two all about "hail" and "holy light;" and although a blind man has no business to write about light, still the verses were sufficiently good in their way.

Having made fair copies of these poems I signed every one of them "Oppodeldoc," (a fine sonorous name,) and, doing each up nicely in a separate envelope, I despatched one to each of the four principal Magazines, with a request for speedy insertion and prompt pay. The result of this well-conceived plan, however, (the success of which would have saved me much trouble in after life,) served to convince me that some editors are not to be bamboozled, and gave the *coup-de-grace*, (as we say in France,) to my nascent hopes, (as they say in the city of the transcendentials.)

The fact is, that each and every one of the Magazines in question, gave Mr. "Oppodeldoc" a complete using-up, in the "Monthly Notices to Correspondents." The "Hum-Drum" gave him a dressing after this fashion:

"'Oppodeldoc,' (whoever he is,) has sent us along *tirade* concerning a bedlamite whom he styles 'Ugolino,' and who had a great many children who should have been all well whipped and sent to bed without their suppers. The whole affair is exceedingly tame—not to say *flat*. 'Oppodeldoc,' (whoever he is,) is entirely devoid of imagination—and imagination, in our humble opinion, is not only the soul of true Poetry, but also its very heart, and, (if we may so express ourselves,) its very gizzard. 'Oppodeldoc,' (whoever he is,) has the audacity to demand of us, for this twattle, a 'speedy insertion and prompt pay.' We neither insert nor purchase any stuff of the sort. There can be no doubt, however, that he would meet with a ready sale for all the balderdash he can scribble, at the office of either the 'Rowdy-Dow,' the 'Lollipop,' or the 'Goosetherumfoodle.'"

All this, it must be acknowledged, was very severe upon "Oppodeldoc"—but the unkindest cut was the putting the word Poetry in small caps. In those five preëminent letters what a world of bitterness is there not involved!

But "Oppodeldoc" was punished with equal severity in the "Rowdy-dow."

"We have received," said that periodical, "a most singular and insolent communication from a person, (whoever he is,) signing himself 'Oppodeldoc'—thus desecrating the greatness of the illustrious Roman Emperor so named. Accompanying the letter of 'Oppodeldoc,' (whoever he is,) we had

sundry lines of most disgusting and unmeaning rant about 'angels and ministers of grace'—rant such as no madman short of a Nat Lee, or an 'Oppodeldoc,' could possibly perpetrate. And for this trash of trash, we are modestly requested to 'pay promptly.' No sir—no! We pay for nothing of *that* sort. Apply to the 'Hum-Drum,' the 'Lollipop,' or the 'Goosetherumfoodle.' These *periodicals* will undoubtedly accept any literary offal you may send them—and as undoubtedly *promise* to pay for it."

This was bitter indeed upon poor "Oppodeldoc;" but, in this instance, the weight of the satire falls upon the "Hum-Drum," the "Lollipop," and the "Goosetherumfoodle," who are pungently styled "*periodicals*"—in Italics, too—a thing that must have cut them to the heart.

Scarcely less savage was the "Lollipop."

"Some *individual*," said that journal, "who rejoices in the appellation 'Oppodeldoc,' (to what low uses are the names of the illustrious dead too often applied!) has enclosed us some fifty or sixty *verses*, commencing after this fashion:

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, &c., &c., &c., &c.

'Oppodeldoc,' (whoever he is,) is respectfully informed that there is not a printer's devil in our office who is not in the daily habit of composing better *lines*. Those of 'Oppodeldoc' will not *scan*. 'Oppodeldoc' should learn to *count*. But why he should have conceived the idea that *we*, (of all others, *we*!) would disgrace our pages with his ineffable nonsense, is utterly beyond comprehension. Why, the absurd twattle is scarcely good enough for the 'Hum-Drum,' the 'Rowdy-Dow,' the 'Goosetherumfoodle'—things that are in the practice of publishing 'Mother Goose's Melodies' as original lyrics. And 'Oppodeldoc,' (whoever he is,) has even the assurance to demand *pay* for his drivel. Does 'Oppodeldoc,' (whoever he is,) know—is he aware that we could not be paid to insert it?"

As I perused this I felt myself growing gradually smaller and smaller, and when I came to the point at which the editor sneered at the poem as "*verses*," there was little more than an ounce of me left. As for "Oppodeldoc" I began to experience *compassion* for the poor fellow. But the "Goosetherumfoodle" showed, if possible, even less mercy than the "Lollipop."

"A wretched poetaster," said that eminent publication, "who signs himself 'Oppodeldoc,' is silly enough to fancy that *we* will print and *pay* for a medley of incoherent and ungrammatical bombast which he has transmitted to us, and which commences with the following most *intelligible* line:

"Hail, Holy Light! Offspring of Heaven, first born, we say 'most *intelligible*.' 'Oppodeldoc,' (whoever he is,) will be kind enough to tell us, perhaps, how 'hail' can be 'holy light.' We always

regarded it as *frozen rain*. Will he inform us, also, how frozen rain can be, at one and the same time, both 'holy light,' (whatever that is,) and an 'offspring?'—which latter term, (if *we* understand any thing about English,) is only employed with propriety, in reference to small babies of about six weeks old. But it is preposterous to descant upon such absurdity—although 'Oppodeldoc,' (whoever he is,) has the unparalleled effrontery to suppose that we will not only 'insert' his ignorant ravings, but (absolutely!) *pay* for them!

"Now this is fine—it is rich!—and we have half a mind to punish this young scribbler for his egotism, by really publishing his *effusion, verbatim et literatim*, as he has written it. We could inflict upon him no punishment so severe, and we *would* inflict it, but for the boredom which we should cause our readers in so doing.

"Let 'Oppodeldoc,' (whoever he is,) send any future *composition* of like character to the 'Hum-Drum,' the 'Lollipop,' or the 'Rowdy-Dow.' They will 'insert' it. They 'insert,' every month just such stuff. Send it to *them*. WE are not to be insulted with impunity."

This made an end of me; and as for the "Hum-Drum," the "Rowdy-Dow" and the "Lollipop," I never could comprehend how they survived it. The putting *them* in the smallest possible *minion*, (that was the rub—thereby insinuating their lowness—their baseness,) while the WE stood looking down upon them in gigantic capitals!—oh it was too bitter!—it was wormwood—it was gall. Had I been either of these periodicals I would have spared no pains to have the "Goosetherumfoodle" prosecuted. It might have been done under the Act for the "Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." As for "Oppodeldoc," (whoever he was,) I had by this time lost all patience with the fellow, and sympathized with him no longer. He was a fool, beyond doubt, (whoever he was,) and got not a kick more than he deserved.

The result of my experiment with the old books, convinced me, in the first place, that "honesty is the best policy," and, in the second, that if I could not write better than Mr. Dante, and the two blind men, and the rest of the old set, it would, at least, be a difficult matter to write worse. I took heart, therefore, and determined to prosecute the "entirely original," (as they say on the covers of the Magazines,) at whatever cost of study and pains. I again placed before my eyes, as a model, the brilliant stanzas on "The Oil-of-Bob," by the editor of the "Gad-Fly," and resolved to construct an ode on the same sublime theme, in rivalry of what had already been done.

With my first *verses* I had no material difficulty. It ran thus:

To pen an Ode upon the "Oil-of-Bob."

Having carefully looked out, however, all the

legitimate rhymes to "Bob," I found it impossible to proceed. In this dilemma I had recourse to paternal aid; and, after some hours of mature thought, my father and myself thus constructed the poem:

To pen an Ode upon the "Oil-of-Bob"

Is all sorts of a job.

(Signed,)

SNOB.

To be sure this composition was of no very great length—but I "have yet to learn," as they say in the Edinburgh Review, that the mere extent of a literary work has any thing to do with its merit.

As for the Quarterly cant about "sustained effort," and all that species of thing, it is impossible to see the sense of it. Upon the whole, therefore, I was satisfied with the success of my maiden attempt; and now the only question regarded the disposal I should make of it. My father suggested that I should send it to the "Gad-Fly"—but there were two reasons which operated to prevent me from so doing. I dreaded the jealousy of the editor—and I had ascertained that he did not pay for original contributions. I therefore, after due deliberation, consigned the article to the more dignified pages of the "Lollipop," and awaited the event in anxiety, but with resignation.

In the very next published number I had the proud satisfaction of seeing my poem printed at length, as the leading article, with the following significant words, prefixed in italics and between brackets:

[We call the attention of our readers to the subjoined admirable stanzas on the "Oil-of-Bob." We need say nothing of their sublimity, or of their pathos:—it is impossible to peruse them without tears. Those who have been nauseated with a sad dose on the same august topic from the goose-quill of the editor of the "Gad-Fly," will do well to compare the two compositions.]

P. S. We are consumed with anxiety to probe the mystery which envelopes the evident pseudonym "Snob." May we not hope for a personal interview?]

All this was scarcely more than justice, but it was, I confess, rather more than I had expected:—I acknowledge this, be it observed, to the everlasting disgrace of my country and of mankind. I lost no time, however, in calling upon the editor of the "Lollipop," and had the good fortune to find this gentleman at home. He saluted me with an air of profound respect, slightly blended with a fatherly and patronizing admiration, wrought in him, no doubt, by my appearance of extreme youth and inexperience. Begging me to be seated, he entered at once upon the subject of my poem;—but modesty will ever forbid me to repeat the thousand compliments which he lavished upon it. The eulogies of Mr. Crab, (such was the editor's name,) were, however, by no means fulsomely indiscriminate. He analyzed my composition with

much freedom and great ability—not hesitating to point out a few trivial defects—a circumstance which elevated him highly in my esteem. The rival production of the editor of the "Gad-Fly" was, of course, brought upon the *tapis*, and I hope never to be subjected to a criticism so searching, or to rebukes so withering, as were bestowed by Mr. Crab upon that unhappy effusion. I had been accustomed to regard the editor of the "Gad-Fly" as something superhuman; but Mr. Crab soon disabused me of that idea. He set the literary as well as the personal character of the Fly, (so Mr. C. satirically designated the rival editor,) in its true light. He, the Fly, was very little better than he should be. He had written infamous things. He was a penny-a-liner, and a buffoon. He was a villain. He had composed a tragedy which set the whole country in a guffaw, and a farce which deluged the universe in tears. Besides all this, he had had the impudence to pen what he meant for a lampoon upon himself, (Mr. Crab,) and the temerity to style him "an ass." Should I at any time wish to express my opinion of Mr. Fly, the pages of the "Lollipop," Mr. Crab assured me, were at my unlimited disposal. In the meantime, as it was very certain that I would be attacked in the Fly for my attempt at composing a rival poem on "The Oil-of-Bob," he, (Mr. Crab,) would take it upon himself to attend, pointedly, to my private and personal interests. If I were not made a man of at once, it should not be the fault of himself, (Mr. Crab.)

Mr. Crab having now paused in his discourse, (the latter portion of which I found it impossible to comprehend,) I ventured to suggest something in reference to the remuneration which I had been taught to expect for my poem, by an announcement on the cover of the "Lollipop," declaring that it, (the "Lollipop,") "insisted upon being permitted to pay exorbitant prices for all accepted contributions;—frequently expending more money for a single brief poem than the whole annual cost of the 'Hum-Drum,' the 'Rowdy-Dow' and the 'Goose-therumfoodle' combined."

As I mentioned the word "remuneration," Mr. Crab first opened his eyes, and then his mouth, to quite a remarkable extent; causing his personal appearance to resemble that of a highly-agitated elderly duck in the act of quacking;—and in this condition he remained, (ever and anon pressing his hands tightly to his forehead, as if in a state of desperate bewilderment,) until I had fairly made an end of what I had to say.

Upon my conclusion, he sank back in his seat, as if much overcome, letting his arms fall lifelessly by his side, but keeping his mouth still rigorously open, after the fashion of the duck. While I remained in speechless astonishment at behavior so alarming, he suddenly leaped to his feet and made a rush at the bell-rope; but just as he reached this

he appeared to have altered his intention, whatever it was, for he dived under a table and immediately re-appeared with a cudgel. This he was in the act of uplifting, (for what purpose I am at a loss to imagine,) when, all at once, there came a benign smile over his features, and he sank placidly back in his chair.

"Mr. Bob," he said, (for I had sent up my card before ascending myself,) "Mr. Bob, you are a young man, I presume—very?"

I assented; adding that I had not yet concluded my third lustrum.

"Ah!" he replied, "very good! I see how it is—say no more. Touching this matter of compensation, what you observe is very proper and very just; in fact it is excessively so. But—ah—ah—the first contribution—the first, I say—it is never the Magazine custom to pay for—you comprehend, eh? The truth is, we are usually the recipients in such case." [Mr. Crab smiled blandly as he emphasized the word "recipients."] "For the most part, we are paid for the insertion of a maiden attempt—especially in verse. In the second place, Mr. Bob, the Magazine rule is never to disburse what we term in France the *argent comptant*:—I have no doubt you understand. In a quarter or two after publication of the article—or in a year or two—we make no objection to giving our note at nine months:—provided always that we can so arrange our affairs as to be quite certain of a 'burst-up' in six. I really do hope, Mr. Bob, that you will look upon this explanation as satisfactory." Here Mr. Crab concluded, and the tears positively stood in his eyes.

Grieved to the soul at having been, however innocently, the cause of pain to so eminent and so sensitive a man, I hastened to apologize and to reassure him, by expressing my perfect coincidence with his views, as well as my entire appreciation of the delicacy of his position. Having done all this in a neat speech, I took leave.

One fine morning, very shortly afterwards, "I awoke and found myself famous." The extent of my renown will be best estimated by reference to the editorial opinions of the day. These opinions, it will be seen, were embodied in critical notices of the number of the "Lollipop" containing my poem, and are perfectly satisfactory, conclusive and clear, with the exception, perhaps, of the hieroglyphical marks, "*Sep. 15—1 t.*" appended to each of the critiques.

The "Owl," a journal of profound sagacity, and well known for the deliberate gravity of its literary decisions—the "Owl," I say, spoke as follows:

"THE LOLLIPOP!" The October number of this delicious Magazine surpasses its predecessors, and sets competition at defiance. In the beauty of its typography and paper—in the number and excellence of its steel plates—as well as in the literary merit of its contributions—the 'Lollipop' compares

with its slow-paced rivals as Hyperion with a Satyr. The 'Hum-Drum,' the 'Rowdy-Dow,' and the 'Goosetherumfoodle,' excel, it is true, in braggadocio, but, in all other points, give us the 'Lollipop.' How this celebrated journal can sustain its evidently tremendous expenses, is more than we can understand. To be sure, it has a circulation of 100,000, and its subscription-list has increased one fourth during the last month; but, on the other hand, the sums it disburses constantly for contributions are inconceivable. It is reported that Mr. Slyass received no less than thirty-seven and a half cents for his inimitable paper on 'Pigs.' With Mr. CRAB, as editor, and with such names upon the list of contributors as SNOB and Slyass, there can be no such word as 'fail' for the 'Lollipop.' Go and subscribe. *Sep. 15—1 t.*"

I must say that I was gratified with this high-toned notice from a paper so respectable as the "Owl." The placing my name—that is to say my *nom de guerre*—in priority of station to that of the great Slyass, was a compliment as happy as I felt it to be deserved.

My attention was next arrested by these paragraphs in the "Toad"—a print highly distinguished for its uprightness, independence—for its entire freedom from sycophancy and subservience to the givers of dinners.

"The 'Lollipop' for October is out in advance of all its contemporaries, and infinitely surpasses them, of course, in the splendor of its embellishments, as well as in the richness of its literary contents. The 'Hum-Drum,' the 'Rowdy-Dow,' and the 'Goosetherumfoodle' excel, we admit, in braggadocio, but, in all other points, give us the 'Lollipop.' How this celebrated Magazine can sustain its evidently tremendous expenses, is more than we can understand. To be sure, it has a circulation of 200,000, and its subscription list has increased one third during the last fortnight, but, on the other hand, the sums it disburses, monthly, for contributions, are fearfully great. We learn that Mr. Mumblethumb received no less than fifty cents for his late 'Monody in a Mud-Puddle.'

"Among the original contributors to the present number we notice, (besides the eminent editor, Mr. CRAB,) such men as SNOB, Slyass, and Mumblethumb. Apart from the editorial matter, the most valuable paper, nevertheless, is, we think, a poetical gem by 'Snob,' on the 'Oil-of-Bob'—but our readers must not suppose, from the title of this incomparable *bijou*, that it bears any similitude to some balderdash on the same subject by a certain contemptible individual whose name is unmentionable to ears polite. The present poem 'On the Oil-of-Bob' has excited universal anxiety and curiosity in respect to the owner of the evident pseudonym, 'Snob'—a curiosity which, happily, we have it in our power to satisfy. 'Snob' is the *nom-de-plume* of Mr. Thingum Bob, of this city,—a

relative of the great Mr. Thingum, (after whom he is named,) and otherwise connected with the most illustrious families of the State. His father, Thomas Bob, Esq., is an opulent merchant in Smug. Sep. 15—1t."

This generous approbation touched me to the heart—the more especially as it emanated from a source so avowedly—so proverbially pure as the "Toad." The word "balderdash," as applied to the "Oil-of-Bob" of the Fly, I considered singularly pungent and appropriate. The words "gem" and "*bijou*," however, used in reference to my own composition, struck me as being, in some degree, feeble. They seemed to me to be deficient in force. They were not sufficiently *prononcés*, (as we have it in France.)

I had hardly finished reading the "Toad," when a friend placed in my hands a copy of the "Mole," a daily, enjoying high reputation for the keenness of its perception about matters in general, and for the open, honest, above-ground style of its editorials. The "Mole" spoke of the "Lollipop" as follows:

"We have just received the 'Lollipop' for October, and *must* say that never before have we perused any single number of any periodical which afforded us a felicity so supreme. We speak advisedly. The 'Hum-Drum,' the 'Rowdy-Dow' and the 'Goosetherumfuddle' must look well to their laurels. These prints, no doubt, surpass every thing in loudness of pretension, but, in all other points, give us the 'Lollipop.' How this celebrated Magazine can sustain its evidently tremendous expenses, is more than we can comprehend. To be sure, it has a circulation of 300,000; and its subscription-list has increased one half within the last week, but then the sum it disburses, monthly, for contributions, is astoundingly enormous. We have it upon good authority, that Mr. Fatquack received no less than sixty-two cents and a half for his late Domestic Nouvelette, the 'Dish-Clout.'

"The contributors to the number before us are CRAB, (the eminent editor,) SNOB, Mumblethumb, Fatquack and others; but, after the inimitable compositions of the editor himself, we prefer a diamond-like effusion from the pen of the rising poet who writes over the signature 'Snob'—a *nom de guerre* which we predict will one day extinguish the radiance of 'Boz.' 'Snob,' we learn, is a Mr. THINGUM BOB, sole heir of a wealthy merchant of this city, Thomas Bob, Esq., and a near relative of the distinguished Mr. Thingum. The title of Mr. B.'s admirable poem is the 'Oil-of-Bob'—a somewhat unfortunate name, by the bye, as some contemptible vagabond connected with the penny press has already disgusted the town with a great deal of drivel upon the same topic. There will be no danger, however, of confounding the two compositions. Sep. 15—1 t."

The generous approbation of so clear-sighted a journal as the "Mole" penetrated my soul with delight. The only objection which occurred to me was, that the terms "contemptible vagabond" might have been better written "*odious and contemptible, wretch, villain and vagabond.*" This would have sounded more gracefully, I think. "Diamond-like," also, was scarcely, it will be admitted, of sufficient intensity to express what the "Mole" evidently *thought* of the brilliancy of the "Oil-of-Bob."

On the same afternoon in which I saw these notices in the "Owl," the "Toad," and the "Mole," I happened to meet with a copy of the "Daddy-Long-Legs," a periodical proverbial for the extreme extent as well as solidity of its understanding. And it was the "Daddy-Long-Legs" which spoke thus:

"The 'Lollipop'!! This gorgeous Magazine is already before the public for October. The question of preëminence is forever put to rest, and hereafter it will be excessively preposterous in the 'Hum-Drum,' the 'Rowdy-Dow,' or the 'Goosetherumfuddle,' to make any farther spasmodic attempts at competition. These journals may excel the 'Lollipop' in outcry, but, in all other points, give us the 'Lollipop.' How this celebrated Magazine can sustain its evidently tremendous expenses, is past comprehension. To be sure it has a circulation of precisely half a million, and its subscription-list has increased seventy-five per cent. within the last couple of days: but then the same it disburses, monthly, for contributions, are scarcely credible; we are cognizant of the fact, that Mademoiselle Cribalittle received no less than eighty-seven cents and a half for her late valuable Revolutionary Tale, entitled 'The York-Town Katy-Did, and the Bunker-Hill Katy-Did'nt.'

"The most able papers in the present number, are, of course, those furnished by the editor, (the eminent Mr. CRAB,) but there are numerous magnificent contributions from such names as SNOB; Mademoiselle Cribalittle; SLYASS; Mrs. Fibalittle; Mumblethumb; Mrs. Squibalittle; and last, though not least, Fatquack. The world may well be challenged to produce so rich a galaxy of genius.

"The poem over the signature 'SNOB' is, we find, attracting universal commendation, and, we are constrained to say, deserves, if possible, even more applause than it has received. The 'Oil-of-Bob' is the title of this masterpiece of eloquence and art. One or two of our readers *may* have a very faint, although sufficiently disgusting recollection of a poem (!) similarly entitled, the perpetration of a miserable penny-a-liner mendicant and cut-throat, connected in the capacity of scullion, we believe, with one of the indecent prints about the purlieus of the city; we beg them, for God's sake, not to confound the two compositions. The author of the 'Oil-of-Bob' is, we hear, THINGUM

Boa, Esq., a gentleman of high genius, and a scholar. 'Snob' is merely a *nom-de-guerre*. Sep. 15—1 z."

I could scarcely restrain my indignation while I perused the concluding portions of this diatribe. It was clear to me that the yea-nay manner—not to say the gentleness—the positive forbearance with which the "Daddy-Long-Legs" spoke of that pig, the editor of the "Gad-Fly"—it was evident to me, I say, that this gentleness of speech could proceed from nothing else than a partiality for the Fly—whom it was clearly the intention of the "Daddy-Long-Legs" to elevate into reputation at my expense. Any one, indeed, might perceive, with half an eye, that, had the real design of the "Daddy" been what it wished to appear, it, (the "Daddy,") might have expressed itself in terms more direct, more pungent, and altogether more to the purpose. The words "penny-a-liner," "mendicant," "scullion," and "cut-throat," were epithets so intentionally inexpressive and equivocal, as to be worse than nothing when applied to the author of the very worst stanzas ever penned by one of the human race. We all know what is meant by "damning with faint praise," and, on the other hand, who could fail seeing through the covert purpose of the "Daddy"—that of glorifying with feeble abuse?

What the "Daddy" chose to say of the Fly, however, was no business of mine. What it said of myself *was*. After the noble manner in which the "Owl," the "Toad," the "Mole," had expressed themselves in respect to my ability, it was rather too much to be coolly spoken of by a thing like the "Daddy-Long-Legs," as merely "a gentleman of high genius and a scholar." Gentleman indeed! I made up my mind, at once, either to get a written apology from the "Daddy-Long-Legs," or to call it out.

Full of this purpose, I looked about me to find a friend whom I could entrust with a message to his Daddyship, and, as the editor of the "Lollipop" had given me marked tokens of regard, I at length concluded to seek his assistance upon the present occasion.

I have never yet been able to account, in a manner satisfactory to my own understanding, for the very peculiar countenance and demeanor with which Mr. Crab listened to me, as I unfolded to him my design. He again went through the scene of the bell-rope and the cudgel, and did not omit the duck. At one period I thought he really intended to quack. His fit, nevertheless, finally subsided as before, and he began to act and speak in a rational way. He declined bearing the cartel, however, and in fact, dissuaded me from sending it at all; but was candid enough to admit that the "Daddy-Long-Legs" had been disgracefully in the wrong—more especially in what related to the epithets "gentleman and scholar."

Towards the end of this interview with Mr. Crabb, who really appeared to take a paternal interest in my welfare, he suggested to me that I might turn an honest penny and, at the same time, materially advance my reputation, by occasionally playing Thomas Hawk for the "Lollipop."

I begged Mr. Crab to inform me who was Mr. Thomas Hawk, and how it was expected that I should play him.

Here Mr. Crab again "made great eyes," (as we say in Germany,) but at length, recovering himself from a profound attack of astonishment, he assured me that he employed the words "Thomas Hawk" to avoid the colloquialism, Tommy, which was low—but that the true idea was Tommy Hawk—or tomahawk—and that by "playing tomahawk" he referred to scalping, brow-beating and otherwise using-up the herd of poor-devil authors.

I assured my patron that, if this was all, I was perfectly resigned to the task of playing Thomas Hawk. Hereupon, Mr. Crab desired me to use-up the editor of the "Gad-Fly" forthwith, in the fiercest style within the scope of my ability, and as a specimen of my powers. This I did, upon the spot, in a review of the original "Oil-of-Bob," occupying thirty-six pages of the "Lollipop." I found playing Thomas Hawk, indeed, a far less onerous occupation than poetizing; for I went upon *system* altogether, and thus it was easy to do the thing thoroughly and well. My practice was this. I bought auction-copies (cheap) of "Lord Brougham's Speeches," "Cobbett's Complete Works," the "New Slang-Syllabus," the "Whole Art of Snubbing," "Bennett's Billingsgate," (folio edition,) "Prentice's Porcupiniana," and "John Neal on Tongue." These works I cut up thoroughly with a curry-comb, and then, throwing the shreds into a sieve, sifted out carefully all that might be thought decent, (a mere trifle); reserving the hard phrases, which I threw into a large tin pepper-castor with longitudinal holes, so that an entire sentence could get through without material injury. The mixture was then ready for use. When called upon to play Thomas Hawk, I anointed a sheet of foolscap with the white of a gander's egg; then, shredding the thing to be reviewed as I had previously shredded the books,—only with more care, so as to get every word separate—I threw the latter shreds in with the former, screwed on the lid of the castor, gave it a shake, and so dusted out the mixture upon the egg'd foolscap; where it stuck. The effect was beautiful to behold. It was captivating. Indeed the reviews I brought to pass by this simple expedient have never been approached, and were the wonder of the world. At first, through bashfulness—the result of inexperience—I was a little put out by a certain inconsistency—a certain air of the *bizarre*, (as we say in France,) worn by the composition as a whole. All the phrases did not *fit*, (as we say in the Anglo-Saxon,)

Many were quite awry. Some, even, were upside-down; and there were none of them which were not, in some measure, injured, in regard to effect, by this latter species of accident, when it occurred:—with the exception of Mr. John Neal's paragraphs, which were so vigorous, and altogether stout, that they seemed not particularly disconcerted by any extreme of position, but looked equally happy and satisfactory, whether on their heads, or on their heels.

What became of the editor of the "Gad-Fly," after the publication of my criticism on his "Oil-of-Bob," it is somewhat difficult to determine. The most reasonable conclusion is, that he wept himself to death. At all events he disappeared instantaneously from the face of the earth, and no man has seen even the ghost of him since.

This matter having been properly accomplished, and the Furies appeased, I grew at once into high favor with Mr. Crab. He took me into his confidence, gave me a permanent situation as Thomas Hawk of the "Lollipop," and as, for the present, he could afford me no salary, allowed me to profit at discretion, by his advice.

"My Dear Thingum," said he to me one day after dinner, "I respect your abilities and love you as a son. You shall be my heir. When I die I will bequeath you the 'Lollipop.' In the meantime I will make a man of you—I *will*—provided always that you follow my counsel. The first thing to do is to get rid of the old bore."

"Boar?" said I inquiringly—"pig, eh?—*aper*, (as we say in Latin!)—who?—where?"

"Your father," said he.

"Precisely," I replied,—"pig."

"You have your fortune to make, Thingum," resumed Mr. Crab, "and that governor of yours is a millstone about your neck. We must cut him at once." Here I took out my knife. "We must cut him," continued Mr. Crab, "decidedly and forever. He won't do—he *won't*. Upon second thoughts, you had better kick him, or cane him, or something of that kind."

"What do you say," I suggested modestly, "to my kicking him in the first instance, caning him afterwards, and winding up by tweaking his nose?"

Mr. Crab looked at me musingly for some moments, and then answered:

"I think, Mr. Bob, that what you propose would answer sufficiently well—indeed remarkably well—that is to say, as far as it went—but barbers are exceedingly hard to cut, and I think, upon the whole, that, having performed upon Thomas Bob the operations you suggest, it would be advisable to blacken, with your fists, both his eyes, very carefully and thoroughly, to prevent his ever seeing you again in fashionable promenades. After doing this, I really do not perceive that you can do any more. However—it might be just as well to roll him over once or twice in the gutter, and then

put him in charge of the police. Any time the next morning you can call at the watch-house and swear an assault."

I was much affected by the kindness of feeling towards me personally, which was evinced in this excellent advice of Mr. Crab, and I did not fail to profit by it forthwith. The result was, that I got rid of the old bore, and began to feel a little independent and gentleman-like. The want of money, however, was, for a few weeks, a source of some discomfort; but at length, by carefully putting to use my two eyes, and observing how matters went just in front of my nose, I perceived how the thing was to be brought about. I say "thing"—he it observed—for they tell me the Latin for it is *rem*. By the way, talking of Latin, can any one tell me what is the meaning of *quocunque*—or what is the meaning of *modo*?

My plan was exceedingly simple. I bought, for a song, a sixteenth of the "Snapping-Turtle:"—that was all. The thing was *done*, and I put money in my purse. There were some trivial arrangements afterwards, to be sure; but these formed no portion of the plan. They were a consequence—a result. For example, I bought pen, ink and paper, and put them into furious activity. Having thus completed a Magazine article, I gave it, for appellation, "FOL-LOL, by the Author of 'OIL-OF-BOB,'" and enveloped it to the "Goosetherumfoodle." That journal, however, having pronounced it "twattle" in the "Monthly Notices to Correspondents," I reheaded the paper "Hey-Diddle-Diddle" by THINGUM BOB, Esq., Author of the Ode on 'The Oil-of-Bob,' and Editor of the 'Snapping-Turtle.'" With this amendment, I re-enclosed it to the "Goosetherumfoodle," and, while I awaited a reply, published daily, in the "Turtle," six columns of what may be termed philosophical and analytical investigation of the literary merits of the "Goosetherumfoodle," as well as of the personal turpitude of the editor of the "Goosetherumfoodle." At the end of a week the "Goosetherumfoodle" discovered that it had, by some odd mistake, "confounded a stupid article, headed 'Hey-Diddle-Diddle' and composed by some unknown ignoramus, with a gem of resplendent lustre similarly entitled, the work of Thingum Bob, Esq., the celebrated author of the 'Oil-of-Bob.'" The "Goosetherumfoodle" deeply "regretted this very natural accident," and promised, moreover, as insertion of the *genuine* 'Hey-Diddle-Diddle' in the very next number of the Magazine.

The fact is I *thought*—I *really* thought—I thought at the time—I thought *then*—and have no reason for thinking otherwise *now*—that the "Goosetherumfoodle" *did* make a mistake. With the best intentions in the world, I never knew any thing that made as many singular mistakes as the "Goosetherumfoodle." From that day I took a liking to the "Goosetherumfoodle," and the result was I

soon saw into the very depths of its literary merits, and did not fail to expatiate upon them, in the "Turtle," whenever a fitting opportunity occurred. And it is to be regarded as a very peculiar coincidence—as one of those positively *remarkable* coincidences which set a man to serious thinking—that just such a total revolution of opinion—just such entire *bouleversement*, (as we say in French,)—just such thorough *topsyturviness*, (if I may be permitted to employ a rather forcible term of the Choctaws,) as happened, *pro* and *con*, between myself on the one part, and the "Goosetherumfoodle" on the other, did actually again happen, in a brief period afterwards, and with precisely similar circumstances, in the case of myself and the "Rowdy-Dow," and in the case of myself and the "Hum-Drum."

Thus it was that, by a master-stroke of genius, I at length consummated my triumphs by "putting money in my purse;" and thus may be said really and fairly to have commenced that brilliant and eventful career which rendered me illustrious, and which now enables me to say, with Chateaubriand, "I have made history"—"*J'ai fait l'histoire.*"

I have indeed "made history." From the bright epoch which I now record, my actions—my works—are the property of mankind. They are familiar to the world. It is, then, needless for me to detail how, soaring rapidly, I fell heir to the "Lollipop"—how I merged this journal in the "Hum-Drum"—how again I made purchase of the "Rowdy-Dow," thus combining the three periodicals—how, lastly, I effected a bargain for the sole remaining rival, and united all the literature of the country in one magnificent Magazine, known every where as the

"Rowdy-Dow, Lollipop, Hum-Drum,
and

GOOSETHERUMFOODLE."

Yes; I have made history. My fame is universal. It extends to the uttermost ends of the earth. You cannot take up a common newspaper in which you shall not see some allusion to the immortal THINGUM BOB. It is Mr. Thingum Bob said so, and Mr. Thingum Bob wrote this, and Mr. Thingum Bob did that. But I am meek and expire with an humble heart. After all, what is it?—this indescribable something which men will persist in terming "genius?" I agree with Buffon—with Hogarth—it is but *diligence* after all.

Look at me!—how I labored—how I toiled—how I wrote! Ye Gods, did I *not* write? I knew not the word "ease." By day I adhered to my desk, and at night, a pale student, I consumed the midnight oil. You should have seen me—you *should*. I leaned to the right. I leaned to the left. I sat forward. I sat backward. I sat upon end. I sat *tête baissée*, (as they have it in the Kickapoo,) bowing my head close to the alabaster page. And, through all, I—*wrote*. Through joy and through

sorrow, I—*wrote*. Through hunger and through thirst, I—*wrote*. Through good report and through ill report, I—*wrote*. Through sunshine and through moonshine, I—*wrote*. *What* I wrote it is unnecessary to say. The *style*!—that was the thing. I caught it from Fatquack—whizz!—fizz!—and I am giving you a specimen of it now.

HYMN TO JOVE.

BY CLEANTHES.

Κόδιον ἄθανάτων, κ. τ. λ.

First of immortals, ever reigning Jove,
Worshipped in many shapes, all hail to thee,
Thou great Creator, who dost govern all
With still unswerving justice! Thus I lift
My voice to thee, for thou dost graciously
To mortals bend thine ear. The power of speech
To man alone, of all that walk the earth,
Thou givest, for thou his heavenly father art.
And he can pray to thee—a priceless gift!
Then I will ever sing thy praise, and hymn
Thy power and goodness in my inmost soul.
The universe, which round the earth is rolled,
In all obeys thee, and by thee is ruled;
And in thy mighty hand the eternal bolt,
Of terror breathing flame, and doubly edged,
Becomes a willing instrument of power.
Dread minister! before whose slightest shock
All nature trembles!
But thou dost rule it with the unerring law,
Which permeates creation, in the spheres
Guiding the greater and the lesser orbs.

Naught happens upon earth save what thou wilt,
Or through old Ocean's dark abodes, or in
The starry firmament of heaven. And though
The senseless deeds of evil men might seem
To weigh against thy justice, yet thou hast
The power to balance all things, and by thee
Order from chaos springs, and good from evil.
For, in thy system, thou hast wisely linked
The good and ill, so that arises one
Law universal, from whose ceaseless bonds
The things of evil strive to make escape,
As they, whose darkened souls cannot perceive
Thy wisdom's fateful force, and see not that
True glory lies in calm obedience,
Still blindly with each other they contend,—
Some seeking fame, laborious to win,
And never satisfying to the soul,
That wastes itself in the pursuit; and some
For gain debase themselves, and render up
Their very souls to Mammon; some rush on
Blindly to madness; others yield themselves
To sensual pleasures and to low desires;
But they who tread, by all these various paths,

The common road to evil, hastening on,
See the long-wished-for prize elude their grasp,
And, when they think to snatch it, do they find
Their punishment contained in what they sought.

Then, Jove! all bounteous, thou who dwell'st
above,

Throned upon clouds, and rulest the bright heaven,
Dismiss the dreaded ignorance which clouds
The soul of man. Give him to comprehend
The only real wisdom, with which thou
Dost rule the universe. Then, in that light,
Will he know how to render thee just honor,
And celebrate thy might eternally.
Oh! can a life be better spent by man,
Or by the Heavenly powers, than ever praising
The eternal might of wisdom, shown in thee?

Philadelphia, September, 1844. H. C. L.

Henry B. Lea.

MALTA, THE MALTESE,

AND A WORD OF

ENGLISH COLONIAL RULE.

On the island of Malta, which is seventeen miles and a fraction in length, and nine miles and a quarter in breadth, will now be found a population of more than one hundred thousand persons who are dwelling together in four or five towns, and twenty-five wretched casals.* Differing as these people do in a marked degree in their features, manners, customs and character from all the nations around them, the question has often been asked from whom are they descended? Are they Europeans, or are they Arabs? A difficult query and one which is only to be answered by the position which one gives to their island.

England, by a vote of her parliament, and for a political purpose, voted Malta to be in Europe, while for centuries the kings of Sicily always termed it one of their African possessions. Geologists have, each in their turn, as might favor

* In Valetta, the capital of the Island, the present population is

In Floriana,	- - - - -	24,382
" Vittoriosa, Cospicua and Lengea,	- - - - -	6,114
" Notabile, Rabato and Dingli,	- - - - -	20,540
" Zebbug and Siggieui,	- - - - -	5,213
" Birchircara, Attard, Lia and Balzan,	- - - - -	7,132
" Nasciaro, Musta and Gargus,	- - - - -	8,168
" Curmi, Luca, Tarscen and Paola,	- - - - -	7,248
" Zurrico, Crendi, Safi, Chircop and Micabiba,	- - - - -	6,880
" Zeitun, Zabbar, Asciach and Gudja,	- - - - -	4,833
		9,647

Total, 100,157

Males, 48,359

Females, 51,798

100,157

their views, stated it to have been originally joined with Sicily or Africa. From its proximity it might more naturally be said with the former, as Cape Passaro lies distant to the North only fifteen leagues, while Cape Demas, the nearest land of Africa, is in a Southerly and Westerly direction at a distance of one hundred and eighty miles. Indeed so near are Malta and Sicily to each other, that when the weather is clear the cloud-capt summit of Mount Ætna is distinctly visible from the terraces of Valetta, and a bluff cape, with the rugged coast in its vicinity, may be traced for miles along our Northern horizon. Those who call it an European Island rely on this fact as a proof of their assertion. Others who think differently have stated that though it was more distant from Africa, yet the soundings to that continent were gradual—that it was peopled in ancient times by the Carthaginians—that the Islanders have to this day the Arab features, and speak a dialect of a language by which they can make themselves easily understood by their Arab neighbors—and lastly, that the stratification of the whole Southern border of the Island exactly corresponds with that of Barbary, which runs in the line of its direction. The decision one makes on this subject is of no trifling importance to the better class of Islanders, for if Malta is in Europe, they are, in the broad sense of the word, Europeans; if in Africa, they are Arabs. "Ptolemy has placed it in Africa, while Pliny and Strabo have given it a situation between the Islands of Italy."

Curious it is, that though the Maltese, in different ages, have been tributary to the Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Goths, Arabs, Normans, Germans, Spaniards, Knights of St. John, French and English; yet they should at all times have kept themselves so aloof from their conquerors as to leave it at this day a matter of doubt in the Christian world, from whom they are descended. We have said the Christian world, for a learned Arab once remarked to a Capuchin friar, that notwithstanding there was such a difference in their religion, still their language told them that they were of a common origin, that their fathers were the same.

One Italian writer, who was very much puzzled how to decide as to the just title of the Maltese to an European birthright, has come to the following singular conclusion. That as the Maltese women have at all times been an immoral race, the natives might now claim a descent from all the powers who have ever ruled over their Island. Surely if this statement is correct, it would be a strange mixture from which to form a nation and, in a measure, account for its present degraded condition.

"They whom many fathers share,
Seldom know a father's care."

The Maltese people are wretchedly poor. We

do not think there are fifty families among them who can live from their paternal estates, and of these fifty, not five who have a thousand pounds a year, unless this sum is made up by a government salary, which, if of any amount, very few have the good fortune to enjoy. Several causes exist to produce this general misery, and if some wholesome measures are not soon adopted to counteract or remove them, the Islands of Malta and Gozo will, in the course of a few years, become only two large asylums for the poor, and all the inhabitants save the employés, their inmates.

The Island of Malta is but a rock of limestone, and were it not that veins of granite and marble have been found in the vicinity of the Benjemma Hills, it might literally be said, throughout its whole extent, to be of the same soft species. The soil has been made by the Islanders, and nothing can be more erroneous than the assertion given by Brydone, that the earth was originally brought from Sicily. In Hennen's topography we have noticed a long and interesting article on the manufacture of the soil, which we should like to quote entire as given from the pen of Dr. Tully. We must, however, content ourselves by giving it a brief notice, only stating that however curious his account may appear, yet we can vouch for its correctness, having often witnessed the process.

A countryman, wishing to make a barren, rocky surface a cultivated plat of earth, commences by breaking up the stones which lie on the surface, and for a depth of some six or eight inches. This fine powder is carefully laid aside and mixed with the calcareous earth which is invariably found under the first layer of stone—a half acre, which is the average size of a field cleared in this way, is then covered with this artificial soil. By the assistance of manure, "and by its great aptitude in its new form to the absorption of moisture from the atmosphere, its bulk very perceptibly increases and soon forms a sort of concrete texture." Watermelons and cucumbers, requiring the least nourishment, are first raised and will flourish the succeeding season. "Corn is the usual growth of the third year." It is by this and similar processes that by far the greater part of Malta and Gozo has been brought into a state of cultivation, and the soil been found so rich, that although of a few inches depth it will produce to the husbandman its two and three yearly crops, as a just reward for his toil and labors. Their "ever producing soil," is a subject of common conversation here, with the countrymen, and a most happy thing it is for the Maltese, for had it not been so ordained many more instances would now be noted of the death of the poor from absolute starvation. The Maltese farmers are a brawny, hardy, hard working race, and always in their fields to cultivate and protect the little soil which nature has given them. But to support one hundred and twenty thousand persons on two rocks, having only

forty-eight thousand, six hundred and fifty acres of cultivated ground, a large proportion of which is owned by the Queen and church, is impossible, and the sooner the English Government is persuaded of this fact the more fortunate it will be for them and their wretched subjects.*

Of the light, dusty soil which has been reclaimed from its rocky bed, by far too much is wasted in the growth of cotton. We have said wasted, for, although by its sale, it may give a larger revenue to the British crown, and add a few pounds more to the treasures of the church, yet it does not benefit the poor, neither will it clothe them, as owing to its superior quality it comes beyond their reach, and is sold to the merchants for export. Where cotton is now cultivated there should be two yearly crops of vegetables, fruit and grain, products which, in a larger or smaller proportion, can be bought for a penny, and sustain nature. With the small fields of needy proprietors the government cannot interfere: our remarks are made with reference to the crown lands and possessions of the church. This is one of the measures which should be tried for the relief of the people. At least its trial promises well, and should it fail can do no harm. The soil will not be injured, and cotton may be planted again, though the owners of the *terreni* shall be the only persons who may profit in its growth by sending it to a foreign market for sale.† Fortunate it is for the Maltese that

* From some valuable statistical returns which were ordered by Sir Henry Bouverie in 1842, a copy of which was kindly given to us by Mr. Gilio of the police department, we find that the number of landed proprietors then on the Islands of Malta and Gozo to have been one hundred and thirteen, not one in a hundred of their inhabitants. Allowing on an average two cultivated fields to an acre of private property, although, in many instances, there are four, and two owners to each field, we bring down the actual value of these estates to a trifling sum and see at a glance the general poverty of the Maltese, and of their neighbors of Gozo. We observe also by these official tables, that of the overgrown population, thirty-four thousand persons are employed as artificers and laborers, twelve thousand, five hundred and sixty-eight in agriculture, four thousand, nine hundred and ten in traffic, commerce and trade, and two thousand in various professions, among which are singularly enough classed, doctors, barbers, lawyers, police-officers and people of all sorts of vocations. Of Catholic churches, chapels, convents and oratories, there are three hundred and forty, with one thousand, four hundred and forty-four priests and friars to officiate in them. Of nunneries, five, with one hundred and twenty-six nuns. Of Protestant churches and chapels four, with the same number of clergymen. And lastly, one Greek priest with his chapel, and Jewish Rabbim with his synagogue to overlook the wants of their people.

Of vessels owned at Malta, there are one hundred and sixty-three, with 1,361 sailors and boys to navigate them. Of boats 1,963, and of boatmen, nearly three thousand.

† Several years since we were requested by the late Honorable John Forsyth, when Secretary of State, to send him a few hundred pounds of the Malta yellow cotton seed, as he was anxious to raise it in Georgia. Meeting with

their beautiful climate enables them to dress in the coarser stuffs which are sent to them from England, or wander about half naked. Even in midwinter the beggarly children, while crying for bread, do not complain of the cold, and having no hovels to lodge in, make their beds on the sidewalks, where night overtakes them. At day break, disturbed by the calls of hunger, they return to their daily vocation of begging, which they pursue in an untiring manner, and much to the displeasure of all strangers, whom alone they seem to annoy. Poor as we have shown the Maltese to be, still they are laden with taxes and on articles also, which to them should always be free. Notwithstanding one third of their Island is a barren waste,* still the government have put so heavy a duty on wheat, beans, Indian corn, pulse and potatoes as to prove the chief source of their revenue. Nearly two hundred thousand dollars a year are collected from this grievous tax, a sum which is as hard to be borne by the natives, as its exaction from them is unchristian and unjust. Without any wood on the Island still there has been, until very recently, a heavy duty on charcoal. And its present removal we hear is but a temporary measure, for should the revenue, from some unforeseen cause, not reach the expenditure, this impost is again to be levied. Growing no olives, yet are the nations compelled to pay more than five thousand dollars a year for the oil which they import from Sicily—raising no cattle, yet are they annually charged nearly seven thousand dollars more for the privilege of landing the beasts which are brought to them from the different ports of Barbary, to be fattened for their consumption.

Mr. Forsyth at Washington, some time after we had sent him the seed, he told us the experiment had failed, as the cotton grown on his plantation was only slightly tinged with yellow, and the little color it had soon disappeared, when either exposed to the sun or frequently washed. Well knowing that the cotton raised in Malta was of a deep yellow, a color which it never lost, we inquired on our return of one of the chief cultivators to know why it should differ so much in America. Our query was readily answered. The cotton cloth of this Island when first manufactured is of as light a color as that which was made in Georgia, and it is only after having been exposed to the heavy dews, which fall here at all seasons and for several months, that it becomes of that deep yellow, for which it has so long been famed. We have mentioned the circumstance, that should the "Forsyth cotton" still be cultivated in the United States, this information may be valuable to those who are raising it.

* Although so large a part of the Island is in this wretched condition, still it should no longer be allowed to remain so. Much of the country which is now bearing its two yearly crops was in the same state, a few years ago, until Rohan hired some laborers to break up the stone on the surface, and make the soil in the manner which we have already described. Why does not the government give, let, or sell these rocky fields to their starving subjects, who so often apply to receive them? Is it that they wish to keep them in their present state, that no more wheat may be raised on the Island to jeopardize their annual income? We have heard as much and we think it true.

Is it right thus to tax the Maltese? Is it just? Is it necessary? To all of these queries we may give a decided negative, unless the government is determined to pay to its public servants for the future, the same exorbitant and extravagant salaries which it gives them at present. Can it be credited, that the governor of this wretched colony, the whole circuit "of which as sailed round in a boat," is only forty-four miles, has a greater salary by two thousand dollars a year than the President of the United States, who is the chief magistrate of twenty-seven independent states, and ruling over nearly eighteen millions of people; yet such is the case, and the simple statement of this fact is sufficient to show how much the Maltese are imposed upon, and their revenue squandered.* It too

* Annually, in the month of June, the Governor is directed by Her Majesty to lay a minute before his council of the probable amount of revenue which will accrue from all quarters for the year next ensuing, and also a note of the expenses of government for the same brief period. The minute left by Sir Henry Bouverie for 1844 is now before us, and from it we make the following calculations. The amount of revenue is based on an annual average of the five previous years.

IMPORT DUTIES.

On beer, cattle, olive oil, } Spirits, vinegar, and wine, }	-	-	\$122,560
On grain and its produce, } Pulse, seed, and potatoes, }	-	-	192,215
			\$315,075
Various other sources, -	-	-	185,135
			\$500,230

EXPENDITURES.

For established and supplementary salaries, }	\$107,042
For fixed allowances, charges, and special } services, }	97,936
To defray contingences, }	162,103
	\$367,083
Contribution for military services and other } charges, }	118,035
	\$485,119

Total revenue, \$500,230
Total expenditure, 485,118

\$15,112 Balance left in the treasury.

In looking over this list of expenditures the items appear without end. At the head is His Excellency, the Governor, with his salary, fixed allowances, charges, and contingences of \$27,000 a year. Next comes the Chief Secretary to government with his emoluments and expenses of office, amounting to \$20,294; and this is followed by several other out-lays of an equally extravagant nature. Suffice it to say, that the only item in the whole list of disbursements, of which the Maltese do not complain, is that which gives a few thousand pounds a year for the support of their poor.

often happens that those who come out as Colonial Governors, are as wretchedly poor as those whom they are sent to govern. Sometimes their condition is even worse than that of the colonists, as they are overburthened with families, which they are expected to provide for, and laden with debts which they are also expected to pay. Lord Londonderry in a late work has thus written*—"I think," says the noble lord, "an ambassador of England, at an imperial court with eleven thousand pounds per annum, should not live as a private gentleman, nor consult solely his own ease, unmindful of the greatness of the Sovereign he represents. A habit has stolen in amongst them of adopting a spare ménage to augment private fortunes when recalled. This is wrong, and when France and Russia, and even Prussia entertain constantly and very handsomely, our embassies and legations, generally speaking, are niggardly and shut up." Had the Marquis of Londonderry been writing of some Colonial Governors his remarks could not have been more correct, and stopping as his lordship did at this island when on his way to Stamboul, it is surprising he did not include them.

Lt. General Sir H. F. Bouverie, during his administration of seven years, is supposed to have amassed a fortune of twenty thousand pounds—no trifling sum, when it is considered that seven-eighths of those whom he governed are compelled to go barefoot for the want of money wherewithal to buy themselves shoes. It should be remarked that His Excellency to save this amount was obliged to live in the most economical manner, even to that of closing his residence for the most of the year, and when issuing from the palace to be always on foot. Fortunate however it was for the Maltese, that their Governor was so good a pedestrian, as to this circumstance are they indebted for many capital roads, which but for his order might have never been made. A Colonel of a regiment, living in an economical manner merely to check the extravagance of his younger officers, too many of whom on leaving this Colony are only remembered by the shopkeepers whose accounts are unsettled, is greatly to be praised, and the more so as instances of this kind in the English army, save among Scotchmen, so seldom occur. But whether such a course, when pursued by a Colonial Governor having twenty-seven thousand dollars a year, may be equally honorable is certainly a matter of doubt. General Bouverie, thinking that his economical establishment was perfectly proper, perhaps studied his expenses too closely, while some of his high-minded, honorable and princely predecessors, despising such a mean and beggarly course, lived too freely, and erred on the other extreme.

* A steam voyage to Constantinople.

THE LIGHT OF WOMAN'S EYES.

BY THE YOUNG BARD OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Brightly the lamps of ev'ning glow,
Along yon far, unclouded skies,
But there are brighter things below,
While earth can boast her brilliant eyes.

And when the sun lights up the day,
'Tis glorious to see him rise;
But far more glorious, poets say,
To gaze on woman's beaming eyes.

How beautiful the landscape green,—
The flowers, with their unnumbered dyes;
But still more beautiful, I ween,
The lustre of a pair of eyes.

Let earth and heaven their charms display,
And bid me seek the fairest prize;
Among the gems of night and day,
I would select a pair of eyes.

My heart is pinioned to this sphere,
By many yet unbroken ties;
Yet still I would not linger here
But for the light of woman's eyes.

LOVE SKETCHES.

Our feelings frame our life, its gloom or gladness;
The outer world reveals the one within,
The fairest things reflect our mental sadness,
And thought denies the rapture hope would win.

Our happiness in our own spirits lies,
Woe for the souls that such a trust profane,
That turn its soaring from its native skies,
And bid it wander through this world in vain!

Well! it was over! The romance which, heaven be thanked! comes once to every life, had come for them, and vanished without a trace. It had past with all its magical awakening of feeling and reflection, it was now but a part of old times, a thought full of painfulness; the love that like an angel had brightened its own pathway, making the present rapturous and the future radiant to two throbbing and earnest hearts. It had gleamed athwart those hearts, a vision of truest and holiest beauty; beneath its lustrous influence sweetest hopes were dawning, and fancies went onward to tint the hereafter, fancies gay and gladsome as if they were borne by sunbeams. Lovely was the picture they painted, for what has the earth more lovely, than the new home of young and devoted hearts, where care is yet a stranger, and grief but a name; where each hour bears to heaven its unpretending record of kind acts and loving words,

where youth's first wild and passionate tenderness is subdued and tranquilized; and affection, purified and exalted, kneels down, full of thankfulness and full of hope. Ah me! but it was a sorrowful thing, the severing of a tie like theirs, the fading away of imaginings like these!

Not in anger, but in the proud, repelling sorrow, which is worse than passion to those who love, Herbert read the ingenuous revealings of Bertha's letter, the letter of many prayers and countless tears. It was kind and touching, as a sister would have written to the brother she loved best, and he little knew the painful pauses over those simple sentences, the long, hesitating interval of doubt, irresolution, maidenly reserve—all that makes a woman instinctively shrink from betraying the sacred secrets of woman's nature, he little imagined that perplexing struggle which ended in the writing of those lines. Bertha was a child in knowledge of the world, and with the perfect truthfulness of her temperament she resolved to conceal nothing that could soften to the receiver the pain of so unexpected a rejection, and to her mind, with its beautiful appreciation of affection, there seemed nothing so consoling as the assurance of another tenderness, while withdrawing one, already known and valued. She told him, falteringly, and as she best could, a truth whose discovery had cost her so dear, and she spoke of Clara, as of one almost perfection. Even as she wrote, old times came back to her, sweet words and looks that had blest her when the deep shadows of sickness were over her soul, words that had reëchoed through her dreams, looks hoarded up among her memories' treasures. And now, these recollections were to be relinquished, a voluntary sacrifice, the beautiful love of her sweetest years, offered to an instinctive and long life affection. Bertha felt she could never be happy, if haunted by the consciousness of having been a barrier to Clara's hopes, and now the decision had been made, and the past, with all its bewitching delusions, was drawn aside like a curtain, and the future, like a new world, dimly tinted, but peaceful, lay quietly before her. And who may blame her, if even in the midst of her determination and resignation, there lay, far down in her thoughts, a faint hope, that for her that future might be brief, and that but a few years might intervene between her and the perfect repose awaiting the lowly in spirit. She was young, enthusiastic in suffering as well as in enjoyment, and it has been truly said, that enthusiasm in all its features is ridiculous and incomprehensible to those by whom it has never been experienced.

And to this conclusive, heart-speaking letter, what was the reply? and when will the calm, cold eye of man learn to read woman's nature aright?

"You have acted well, Bertha, in declining the continuance of an engagement no longer dear to you, and I thank you for the sincerity of your con-

duct. It will be a mournful pleasure to me hereafter, to recall *that*, and to feel that you are, in purity, truthfulness, in all but affection, the reality of my brightest ideal. But in one respect you have erred, deceived perhaps by your own wishes, though you needed not the reason alleged for your discarding. You flatter me in, for an instant, believing me the object of *more* than your sister's friendship. Her interest is true and sisterly; beyond that I can claim nothing. You will know that in this assertion I am not mistaken, when I confess that years ago, before you and I had ever met, I proffered my boyish love to Clara, and was unhesitatingly and decidedly rejected. No, Bertha, such happiness is not to be my portion. None loves me, since even you avail yourself of such an excuse, to sever the strongest and dearest link that has ever bound me. But I blame you not, and the remembrance of your gentleness and kindness cannot be forgotten, and it will go with me to prompt earnest wishes for your welfare, and to remind me, that though lonely and dejected now, I have been blest." What had Bertha done, to merit a reply like this, kind indeed, but wounding the more by the very quietness of its suspicion. She had doubtless acted romantically; the impulses of youth are prone to exaggeration, and hers were no exception. But it was too late for farther explanation, even had such been desirable or possible, for the next day Herbert left a formal farewell card, and shortly afterwards went abroad.

Who has not felt the deep, abiding sense of sudden desolation, which comes over us with the first separation from the being beloved, the silent yearning for the accustomed presence, the pining that shrinks from expression, and hides its sorrow, voicelessly, in the soul. Who has not felt the taunting self-reproach for some trivial deed, or word of kindness omitted; the longing to regain lost opportunities; the involuntary listening for the footstep now treading afar, and the unconscious seeking for the gaze whose light is shining upon strangers. Who has not then remarked the peculiar change which appears to have altered all things and painfully realized how much the outer, material world is colored by the world of feeling within; and turned with languid indifference from the strange dimness that seems resting like a cloud on scenes that but lately wore so rich and bright a beauty. We glance upon the earth, and it speaks a new language to our minds, sad, yet sweet, for its flowers have once been tokens, and now we welcome them as friends. They whisper to us too of the glorious summer, of the existence that springs up from the winter-sleep of gloom, of the renewal of hope, of all that heralds loveliness, and prophesies peace. We look up to the stars, but the poetry written there is mournful; we think of the heaven lying beyond them, and its fairest promise is the one which tells us, it has no farewell. Alas!

experience has many of these partings, "such as press the life from out young hearts," partings that steal the bloom from the cheek, the light from the eye, and cast on our pathway the shadows of the grave, but bring us not its stillness and its rest from weariness.

Grieved, mortified, perplexed and disappointed, Bertha's was the trouble most difficult patiently to endure, that which meets no sympathy and dares ask for none. She would not by word or look, betray the humiliating truth to Clara, for she saw that in one respect at least, she had not been mistaken, though now Herbert's absence seemed to bring her sister a feeling of relief and satisfaction. Bertha had many consolations blending with her irrepressible regrets; she returned self-approving, though saddened, to her simple home-pleasures, and the duties of her unobtrusive and trustful piety. For Clara, beautiful, gifted, but cursed with that vague, restless ambition which is wretchedness to a woman, such comforts had no existence. All that could be inflicted on a proud, resolute disposition by love in vain, aspirations betrayed, by self-respect forfeited, it was hers to endure, and yet she had never seemed happier than now, nor been more attractive. All the glowing loveliness of her fairest days, and more than their fascination was with her now, and she increased by studied, though unseen care, the charm always clinging about one naturally so beautiful.

Can it be, that having mentally suffered, from any cause, gives additional penetration to the intellect, truer divining of others emotions, and enables us to play with more skill, and touch with deeper effect, the mysterious chords of the human heart? It would indeed appear so, for those women who have claimed most influence over the feelings of men, and swayed their impulses most successfully, have usually been past the *première jeunesse* which is generally ignorant of grief. They have commonly attained the profounder thoughts which come with even a limited experience of life's perplexities and annoyances; they have looked into the recesses of their own hearts, and the secrets of others' spirits are unveiled to their gaze. They have felt and suffered, and thence acquired some portion of that knowledge which is but the outward reflection of hidden endurance. With Clara, it was assuredly thus, and now that Herbert's departure had removed the continual and harassing sight of his devotion to another, now that she thought less of love and more of herself, a new epoch arose in her moral being. She became less impulsive, less loving, but more self-possessed and resolute.

"It is a strange thing," thus ran Clara's diary, "the sudden calmness that now pervades my mind, hushing its emotions, like the solemn stillness which follows the track of the storm. And has not the heart its tempests more fearful far, because more abiding, than the wildest ones which sweep in deso-

lation over the earth—tempests that irrevocably shatter our mortal happiness, and too often wreck that which lives in immortality! O! why is it, that feebleness and briefness of resistance are blended in our being with such constant liability to temptation, and such continuing power for suffering! . . .

I have grown studious lately, not of grave and profound works, but of those heart-chronicles which record the bewildering mysteries of feeling; pages where genius has vividly portrayed its own dejection, and written in burning words its touching history and mournful moral. With such pictures I have sympathy, and they teach me too the knowledge I crave, the ability to sway, or at least to influence the minds around me. . . . I have been reading over to-day Bulwer's *Memoirs of an Ambitious Student*. What a graphic delineation it presents of immortal intellect, struggling unequally with human frailty; of restless, undying thought, hovering side by side with the awful stillness of death; of the gradual decay of interest in things once loved best, of the intuitive shrinking from earthly excitements and allurements, and the final centering of all emotion, all expectation, in that one terrible idea—the grave! The thrilling impression of that book on my imagination is most painful, the stern conviction it bequeaths, too full of awe. Is such ever the termination of undefined aspirations! Do the visions that soar in our youth with wild and gleaming wings, but sweep blindly onward, seeking no certain aim and finding no enduring resting place! Sad enough it is to leave the world without one living trace of all we sought and hoped and yearned for, to be carelessly forgotten where we dreamed so falsely and suffered so truly! . . . Herbert has gone, and I have wept in bitter self-abasement, to feel what a relief his departure has brought me. Am I then fallen so low, while pondering so proudly; can I in truth descend to find comfort in the knowledge that my sister is less happy! I have asked Bertha no questions as to the cause of her strange discarding; we rarely speak on such subjects, and I involuntarily recoil from such discussion. Why, I scarcely know, for her nature is too simple and unsuspecting, to penetrate the sad secrets of mine. But I never willingly confide; I am not sincere enough myself to rely implicitly on the sincerity of others. Ah! if I could but once have laid aside this worldliness and loved truly and disinterestedly; if self-elevation had but yielded to the warm impulses of earnest affection; if my fancies, that now wander idly abroad, had mingled to brighten one household hearth, to bless one peaceful life; if beauty, grace, imagination and reflection had only combined to follow the holier guidance of my softer nature, my better dictates, how enchantingly would the future now have risen on my enraptured gaze, how pure and radiant would have been the love, I profanely crushed and trampled on, and that now drags down my dejected

spirit, turning to evil, all of good that my being
ever claimed !”

JANE TAYLOR WORTHINGTON.

Chillicothe, Ohio.

THE TRIUMPH OF RELIGION.

BY MRS. MARIA G. BUCHANAN.

On the dark wing of night
A thrilling voice was wafted to my ear ;
Its tones were sad and low, as they were born
Of the sweet chords of woman's purer soul
Swept by the hand of sorrow, and they were
The echo of a woman's suffering heart.
These were the words they breathed :
Love was to me unknown,
Oh ! there was nought round which the clinging vine
Of warm affection in my heart might twine.
I was alone ! alone !
I gazed on Mem'ry's stream ;
No father's look of pride was imaged there,
No mother's smile of love as twilight fair,
Or youth's unbroken dream.
I heard sad Mem'ry's voice ;
Its tones brought back no sister's laugh of glee,
No sound of brother's footstep wildly free.
In life could I rejoice
Save in the hope of heaven ?
That hope which o'er my tears a rainbow threw,
Parting grief's storm-clouds with its golden hue,
While peace to me was given.
But oh ! this heavenly rest
Was far too calm for this unquiet earth :
Woman's sad destiny at length had birth
Within my lonely breast.
The fount of love which lay
For long, long years unopened, was opened at last.
On its deep wave an image bright was cast,
Fairer to me than day.
I long for love had pined,
As pines the poet for fame's garland bright—
As pines the lonely captive for the light
And sigh of summer wind,—
As pines the silken flower,
When noon has parched its rainbow-tinted leaves,
For the fresh spell of life the dew drop weaves
In night's refreshing hour.
But oh ! more dear to me
Than summer air, or light to captive lone ;
Than the high wreath to lofty Genius known,
Or night's tears gushing free
To quickly fading flower,
Was the bright time when, in my throbbing breast,

Love folded his glad wing to sunny rest,
And I joyed in his power.
No common love was mine.
His was my ev'ry feeling, hope and thought ;—
His love the only boon on earth I sought ;
He had the gems which shine
Brightest in woman's heart,—
Her first, first thoughts of love. Oh ! when the blight
Of the dark serpent's trail dims their pure light,
Earth knows no magic art,
To win the radiance back ;
And oh ! that deadly blight on my love fell.
Sin, conqu'ring sin, dissolved the glowing spell,
And henceforth sorrow's track
Must be my path to heaven.
Why must it be ? mine only is his love.
Back, tempter, back—oh, God ! enthroned above,
Let strength to me be given.
He owns not thy great name,
Oh, Infinite ;—he says the wondrous earth
And vaulted skies, where countless worlds have birth,
All, all, from nothing came ;
And that the darksome tomb
Is man's, proud man's eternal place of rest,—
That the high soul which beats within his breast
Will perish 'neath its gloom.
Oh ! tempter, thou hast come
Too truly in an angel's garb of light.
He burst on me as burst the stars on night,
To gild my lonely doom.
Oh ! with what truth I loved ;
How my heart trembled when his step drew nigh !
And when on mine was fixed his speaking eye,
My inmost soul was moved.
Alas ! I love him yet :
Though my light footstep will not, must not, glide
Through the world's dreamy pathways by his side,
I never can forget.
Tempter, from me depart ;
Veil, veil the lustre of thy sunny wile,—
'Tis sweet, but oh ! how full of darkest guile.
Be still, be still, be still my heart.
Yes, I must tear away
The clinging tendrils of this earthly love,
Must turn my thoughts alone to heaven above.
My God will be my stay.
'Tis o'er, the strife is o'er.
Safe through temptation's conflict I have passed,—
Far from my soul the glitt'ring wile I've cast,
And peace is mine once more.
Though day is turned to night,
All is not darkness : in Religion's sky
The star of Faith is beaming clear and high—
Clouds veil no more her light.

Along the clear path of the balmy air
The voice no longer stole ; and as it ceased,
I felt and owned Religion's majesty.

Holly Springs, Miss., 1844.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY OF VIRGINIA.

The Grand Tunnel in Scott County.

MR. EDITOR:—Few countries surpass Western Virginia in beauty and sublimity of natural scenery. The lofty and almost interminable ranges of mountains, which extend in all directions through this region, compose a mighty net-work, through whose mazes the traveller wanders in delighted amazement; his eye, at one moment, measuring the steep ascent of some huge mount, hoary with cliffs, or rustling with foliage; anon, resting on some broad, deep valley, robed in green and gorgeous in beauty—and again, tracing the course of some mountain river, rushing over a rocky chasm, or gliding softly through a quiet glen, its waters dashed into foam, gleaming in the sunlight, or resting, deep and still, in the shade of green and wooded banks.

Nor have nature's efforts been confined to the production of these more plainly apparent monuments of her power. Proud of her might, and capricious in her fancy, she has marked this region with many and wonderful results of her skill and labor. Out of materials, lasting as her own existence, she has constructed altars, meet for the orisons of her worshippers; shrines where love and admiration of nature, adoration and reverence of Nature's Author may be poured forth, unchecked by the intrusion of crowds, unshackled by the futile pomp of man's poor grandeur. To some of these I would fain, (so far as mere description can effect that object,) introduce the distant readers of the Messenger; and if they will accompany me, in lieu of a better guide, I will lead them to one—the *Natural Bridge*, as it is called, but in reality *Natural Tunnel*, in Scott county.

Turning Southwardly out of the Cumberland Gap Turnpike, about twelve miles North-West of Estillville, a rough and broken bridle-path leads down Stock Creek, a large branch of Chinch River, between two very high hills, or rather small mountains. Following the course of the glen nearly a mile, in a Southern direction, we find a third ridge stretching across from hill to hill, forming the valley into a vast but irregular representation of the letter H. This crossing ridge is several hundred feet in height; steep and inaccessible on each side. Against the base of this mound the water rushes in search of a passage, and it finds a channel, perhaps the most awful and sublime on earth, hollowed out by nature's own mighty hand. Standing in the brink of the chasm, the eye is raised to a vast arch, two hundred feet in height, and as much in width, composed of whitish limestone, and formed with considerable regularity. This arch gradually slopes downwards and narrows into the bosom of the mountain. Clambering over huge masses of rock, that have evidently fallen from

above, and among which the waters foam and plunge along, we proceed through the gorge about a hundred yards. Here we find the chasm, thus far constantly sinking and narrowing, reduced to dimensions of about fifteen feet in height, and in width, some thirty or forty. We are now involved in deep twilight, though at the entrance the sunlight is gleaming on the walls of white rock, and glancing on the cedar boughs that fringe the water's edge. At this point, the chasm turns to the South-East, and light from the farther extremity is visible. Thirty yards onwards and the tunnel makes another angle, and the stream resumes its former course to the South-West. The arch now begins to expand again, and with more regularity, symmetry and beauty than at the Northern extremity. Strange and awful, yet wondrously beautiful, is the spectacle which we behold on emerging from the bosom of the mountain. The arch opens out of a circular wall of solid rock, which, if extended in a straight line, would be four hundred feet in length; and is fully as much in height. On coming out we experience feelings akin to the sensations we would attribute to Sinbad the Sailor, when he found himself enclosed in the rock-walled Valley of Diamonds. The vast rampart extends in an irregular circle, or rather oval; and on coming out of the tunnel we do not immediately perceive a long opening, save that from which we have just emerged. Thus we are apparently confined in an immense dungeon, walled in by rock, and ceiled by the heavens alone. The stream does not run directly across this oval area; but entering near one end, we perceive it, after turning to the right and washing the base of a segment of the wall, plunge through a narrow outlet, and rush on down the glen, between rough and wild crags.

I have stood on peaks from which the eye's farthest range was unobstructed by any obstacle; I have almost trembled on the summits of precipices, from whence a single false step would have hurled me, a shapeless mass, to feed the carrion birds which alone could have reached my shattered remains. I have stood beneath the arch of the *real* natural bridge, and admired its vast proportions and finished symmetry: I have seen many of nature's master pieces in a region where she works on her most magnificent scale; but I have never experienced, amidst them all, such sensations as when standing alone in this mighty amphitheatre of God's own workmanship. In such a scene what an overwhelming sense of man's weakness and insignificance seizes upon us! how strong is the feeling of the almost *visible* presence of Deity. An eye, accustomed from infancy to measure lofty heights and penetrate profound abysses, reeled in its socket when upturned to view that towering wall: a shuddering frame witnessed the performance of an homage due to nature, in this temple fitted for her holiest worship. Then came the

thought of man : his power, his strength, his pride : his weakness, his woe, his madness. And I thought of pyramids, cathedrals, and coliseum :—aye ! *here* is a coliseum, prouder than Rome could boast when Cæsars were her rulers and monarchs were her citizens. Yonder jagged rocks, protruding from the wall, and those deep, shaggy crevices are seats : that overarching summit, sweeping round in ample curves, is gallery too noble for man's imitation : that dark tunnel, piercing the mountain's rugged breast, is a den whence ye might lead the wild beast and fiercer gladiator. But away with such thoughts, in such a scene. What should blood and misery, and man's crime and fearful fierceness do in this temple of nature—amidst these memorials of her skill and her grandeur.

The length of the tunnel is some two hundred, or two hundred and fifty yards : but on this point I cannot be exact, having visited it alone, without the means of measuring. In the centre it is not near so high nor so wide as at the extremities ; still a man can walk through erect. At the northern end, the arch, or precipice, is about two hundred feet high : nearly double as high at the southern opening. The oval area, which is so nearly surrounded by the precipices at the southern extremity, contains about half an acre of land. There is no view through the entire length of the tunnel, owing to the curve in the centre ; and when standing immediately in that curve, neither opening is visible, though the light finds its way from both, and renders a torch unnecessary.

The material of which this stupendous fabric is composed, is a whitish limestone, strongly impregnated with saltpetre. The saltpetre was formerly collected in large quantities for the purpose of making gunpowder. I saw large heaps of earthy matter from which the nitre had been extracted. Gathering the earth which contained the nitrous matter was an occupation almost as perilous as the "dreadful trade" of a samphire gatherer in Shakespeare's day. A tradition is current in the neighborhood, which I will give, though I cannot vouch for the exactness of the details. In order to reach a certain vein of saltpetre, it was necessary to lower a man to a small hole, one hundred and fifty feet below the top of the precipice, into which he could crawl, and thence throw the nitrous earth to the bottom of the rock. At that period, in this region, ropes were scarce and costly articles ; and their place, in the labor which I have mentioned, was supplied by green hickory wythes, lashed together, which made a very good substitute. The task of descending to the opening was, at all times, one of difficulty and danger ; for the cliff arches over at the top, and its side presents several sharp, jagged points. Upon one occasion an adventurous man had performed his task, and prepared for his ascent in the usual manner. He fastened the wythes under his arms, and having been swung off from

his foothold, his companions commenced drawing him up, Conceive the poor fellow's horror and dismay when, at this moment, he perceived that just above him one of the fastenings of the wythes was untwisting. His fellow-laborers, ignorant of their comrade's situation, pulled away as if nothing was the matter ; and at each involuntary gyration his peril became more imminent. There he was, swinging above the frightful abyss with nothing between him and a horrible death, save the slender grapple of the weak bough. Terror deprived him of utterance, though speech would have availed nothing. Slender as was his hold upon life, it proved sufficient. He was brought to the top before the wythe became wholly untwisted ; but though life was preserved, terror had produced an effect similar to that recorded in other instances. His bushy locks were blanched "white as wool," and to his dying day he bore a memento of his narrow escape from a fearful death.

This place has been often compared to the Natural Bridge ; but there is little resemblance between the two. Whilst the one is really a *bridge*, finished complete and symmetrical, the other is a *tunnel*. Born in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, I had been taught to consider it the master work of Nature : but this prejudice to the contrary notwithstanding, I know not if the bridge can claim the palm from its rival of the South-West. The bridge is certainly the more beautiful, the more curious, the more artistical : but it sinks almost into insignificance when compared in magnitude, in massiveness, in sublimity to the tunnel. Nature finished off the bridge with the more elegant touches of her skilful hand ; but she piled up, in yon mountain archway, rock enough to make half a dozen Natural Bridges.

A tolerably good road leads over the ridge, at a right angle with the course of the tunnel. From this road the valley on the upper or northern side is visible ; but the precipice on the southern side, rising above the level of the road, shuts out the view in that direction ; and I cared but little about creeping to the edge and throwing my eyes down the profound abyss below. Even now the thought of it makes me shudder. My eye never before faltered when gazing from the loftiest pinnacles—but it is, in truth, at least doubtful if the firmest nerves would not quail on that wild arch.

I cannot imagine why this place has attracted so little attention from the travelling public. It is but little known beyond the distance of a day's journey from its location. This is most likely owing to its remote situation in the midst of a rough and broken country. Now, however, this obstacle to its proper examination is partially removed. A capital road has been lately constructed, passing within less than a mile of the spot ; and I understand that the people of the neighborhood are about to make a passable road down the creek im-

mediately to the arch. Hereafter I hope that the many travellers who resort annually to our mountains, will behold the "Giant's Archway," among the many other natural wonders of Western Virginia.

W. H. C.

Carroll county, Va., Aug. 14th, 1844.

AUTUMN.

BY THE STRANGER.

Autumn's yellow leaves are falling
Withered and sear,
And a solemn shroud is palling
The fading year.

Like a stricken mourner crying
Over the bier,
Mournfully the winds are sighing
Lonely and drear.

Clouds above their watch are keeping,
Hovering near,
Like sad spirits sorely weeping
For one that's dear.

Meekly the last primrose paleth,
Yielding its bloom;
Zephyr plaintively bewaileth
Its sad'ning doom.

Autumn! thy brown foliage shadeth
A burial stone,
Where a much loved flower fadeth
In dust alone.

As thy troubled spirit sigheth
O'er falling leaf,
So o'er him that shrouded lieth
I pour my grief.

I can feel for thee in giving
To death thy store;
But they return—fresh and living—
The winter o'er.

Yes 'tis sad to see thy cherished
Beauties decay,
Mingling with the host that perished
Ere thou hadst sway;

But wail not, O thou childless weeper!
Spring draweth near:
Her breath will wake each floral sleeper:—
They'll re-appear,

Clothed in beauty sweetly smiling
O'er hills of green,
With their witchery beguiling
Earth's every scene.

Oh! autumn, thy deep voice speaketh
To us of death,
Saying—Time, the reaper, seeketh
For mortal breath.

And thy falling foliage teacheth
Lessons of light
That beyond this dark vale reacheth,
Wrapt in dim night,

Whispering of the spring that keepeth
Her sun-light hall;
That shall come when winter sleepeth,
And wake them all.

Thus the flowers we love are falling
Blasted by death;
But a voice from heaven is calling
From dust their breath.

O, autumn! when thou comest never,
Earth's spring time o'er—
Our grave-cold flowers shall bloom forever
And fade no more.

Baltimore, Md.

"YOUNG ENGLAND." "CONINGSBY."

Coningsby, or The New Generation; a Novel. By B. D'Israeli, Esq. M. P. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart. 1844.

The term "Young England" is one, which it has not been the fortune of every one to understand exactly in the sense in which it is evidently understood by those, who are entitled to the honor of having invented it, and by whom it is most frequently employed. When the expression "Old England" is used, no man is at a loss to understand what is meant. The imagination, at once, is carried to the fast-anchored isle, with its thousand years of battle and of glory—its adamantine institutions, which seem formed, almost, for eternity—its long line of heroes and sages—of statesmen and poets. It is the same England of which, in our childhood, we have gathered our first impressions, from the fascinating, but worse than apocryphal, writings of David Hume, who has related in language, such as was never employed by any other historian of his country, occurrences that never took place—facts which never existed, and both vouched for by records, which when examined by his more careful successors, have been found to prove directly the reverse of that position for the establishment of which he had pressed them into service. It is the England of our boyish imagination, rising like "a sea Cybele fresh from ocean"—its name is connected with some of the most agreeable passages of our childhood, and invariably carries us back to the day when we first gave our attention to the enchanting pages of Hume.

What a magnificent vision is conjured up by those two magical words "Old England." Such an one, Eastern Dervish never dreamt of in the gayest season of his fancy—such an one could never have entered the imagination of the most enthusiastic theorist, were it not placed actually before the eyes. In the history of the whole world there is to be found nothing bearing the remotest resemblance to the glory of "Old England." The annals of every other country which constitutes, or has constituted a portion of the civilized world, from the days of Cyrus to those of Wellington, may be searched in vain for a catalogue of warriors, statesmen, poets and philosophers, capable of bearing a comparison with those which shed a halo of glory around the "mistress of the seas." Enough of her; every one knows who she is. As long as law and religion, poetry and philosophy retain any claims upon the affections of mankind; as long as Shakespeare and Milton, Bacon and Lock, Halley and Newton, shall be classed among those immortal minds which, in different ages and at long intervals, have arisen to delight and instruct mankind, so long will "Old England" retain the highest rank in the scale of nations, past or existing. It is "Old England" of whom it was said by one of her own bards,

"Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep!"

Whose soldiers, in the Peninsular War, never attacked a position which they did not carry—never defended a fortress from which they did not repulse the foe. It is she, whose shadow is at this moment overcasting the world, exhibiting a degree of combined strength, activity and energy, directed by the most consummate wisdom, which excites the admiration, at the same time that it awakens the fears, of all other nations on the face of the globe.

And how, it will be asked, has "Old England" arrived at her present degree of power and glory, so far transcending those of all other nations, of which we have any record? How has she contrived to render the assistance of her subjects necessary to the march of every army, the equipment of every fleet, the success of every expedition, set on foot by the continental powers of Europe? By what process of government has she accumulated two thirds of the wealth of the world in the hands of her own subjects, and thus rendered all the nations of the earth her tributaries? The answer is plain; it has arisen from the wisdom and *steadiness* of her policy, springing from the solidity of her institutions, that she has been able to accomplish so much. From generation to generation, from reign to reign, from age to age, from century to century, she has steadily pursued, through all her political convulsions, one grand object, and that object is the glory and the welfare of "Old England." No matter which party may be in the ascendant, whether whig

or tory, with that party, this is always a paramount object. There is no vacillation—no weakness—no shifting of policy, in those essential points which contribute to the welfare of the country.

When we reflect that this general system of policy was thoroughly tried before it was rendered in a manner perpetual, and that it was found, by experience, to be built upon principles of wisdom and of truth, it will at once be apparent, that its long continuance was of itself sufficient to ensure national greatness. The prosperity of "Old England," like the conquests of Rome, has been the gradual accumulation of ages—the result of a wise and *fixed* policy—adhered to in all mutations of parties—in all changes of rulers—in the very convulsion which for ten years altered the very form of the government itself. Whenever this established system has been departed from, the effect has always been injurious; and the minister of the day, be he whig or tory, has never failed to return with all due speed to the old and well-tried rule. The present tory ministry of England was elected in consequence of certain promises relative to the Corn-Laws; but no sooner was it firmly established, than it was discovered that compliance with those promises was impossible, and it was compelled to pursue, (in effect,) the policy of its whig predecessor. It is this steady pursuit of certain fixed principles that has imparted to "Old England" the *reality* not less than the *appearance* of a stability altogether without example. She is indeed the very model of solidity—the very type of substantiality—lifting her head haughtily to the sky, like the pyramid of Cheops, yet like that wonderful monument of human art, retaining a foothold upon the earth, which may defy alike the fury of the whirlwind and the convulsions of the earthquake.

But what is meant by "Young England?" The expression itself seems to imply a paradox, for how can you speak of England and not of "Old England?"

To explain, however, what is meant by "Young England," the reader must take into consideration all we have said of "Old England," and then imagine the very reverse. In the antipode of "Old England" he will find that of which he is in search. "Old England" is proverbial for her prudence and discretion. "Young England" for her rashness and want of foresight. "Old England" was engaged for centuries in the consolidation of that immense power, which is the admiration, the terror and the envy of the world, and she will inform you that such acquisitions, to be durable, must be slowly made. "Young England" will tell you, on the contrary, that if not done at once, it is not worth the doing at all. "Old England" is a model of solid strength. "Young England" the very incarnation of weakness and mobility. "Old England" is a pyramid; "Young England" a running stream. To one it may be said, "Persevere to the

end and thou shalt be saved!" To the other, "unstable as water, thou shalt not prevail." It took "Old England" centuries to produce her great statesmen, warriors, poets and philosophers. "Young England" can send forth, any day, a half dozen Shakspeare's, as many Milton's, with Bacon's, Newton's, Marlborough's and Wellington's enough to stock the market. "Old England" was governed by precedent; she had great confidence in the experience of her fathers; "Young England" is convinced of that important fact, which few young folks fail to discover very early in life; viz. that old people are invariably fools, and that the young and inexperienced alone have any understanding among the children of men. This last is the grand principle of action with "Young England," and, as we shall presently see, she is not without authors to sustain her views and to advance them as far as practicable.

Every opinion which has been held sacred by her ancestors is repudiated as the effect of dotage by "Young England;" every name which has become sacred from its association, great deeds, or great suffering in a good cause, is visited with her most undisguised contempt. Had "Young England" only been in existence in the dark days of "Old England," how easy it would have been for her to dispel the cloud that lowered above her. But the men of "Old England" were not possessed either of that energy, or that ability by which the young gentlemen of the bed-chamber, who constitute what is called "Young England," are distinguished. The men of "Old England" held Napoleon in great terror, and, with the Duke of Wellington at their head, acknowledged him to be the greatest military genius the world had ever seen. The young gentlemen of "Young England" smile at such preposterous folly; they regard the emperor of the French as a mere humbug, whom they, the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, could have routed without any sort of difficulty, if they were only led by Col. Mitchel, who has written a book in which the said emperor is proved to be the most consummate ass that ever "set a squadron in the field." What laurels have they lost by being born some twenty-five or thirty years too late! They might have shared with the Cossacs the glory of having "nailed a horse shoe" to the gate of Thuilleries.

The principal characteristics of "Young England" are arrogance, vanity, inexperience and a thorough contempt for their fathers, whose *wisdom* is, to them, the consummation of folly. Her sons are aspiring to the last degree, and would fain convince all the world, that they alone are capable of conducting the affairs of the nation, alleging in support of their claims their very ignorance and inexperience. He must be a hardened unbeliever indeed, who would refuse to lend an ear to claims so well founded, and urged with a modesty so becoming! They are withal Tories of the most ultra

description, who would fain unhorse Peel and Wellington, because they are not Tory enough, but more especially because they labor under the great disadvantage of having had some experience in the affairs of government. They have made the important discovery, that the world has been going on wrong for the last six thousand years, and *their* advent is the signal for a general reformation. That great event is only wanting to produce an entire change in the system of government, to eradicate ancient and time-honored errors, and to produce a grand political millennium in the course of which "the lions and the lambs," of all parties, shall "lie down" in the utmost harmony "together." A new set of ideas will be introduced along with this tremendous social revolution, and mankind will open their eyes in astonishment at the ignorance in which they have been so long enveloped.

We have often thought, that had fortune cast his lot within the precincts of Great Britain, a late divine, of some reputation in the literary world, would have made a very proper Representative of "Young England." He, like them, was accustomed to broach opinions, whose novelty was startling at least, if the arguments, by which they were enforced, were far from convincing. He, like "Young England," discovered that men had been in the habit of thinking wrong upon a variety of subjects, from the very foundation of the world, and he most kindly undertook to put it right. The complacency with which he describes Nelson as "a vulgar hero of the cock pit," Wellington, when taken from the command of the army, as a complete ignoramus, Napoleon himself as by no means equal in the grand essential of *mind* to the most indifferent Unitarian preacher, and intimates that though it required *some* genius to arrange and combine the movements of four hundred thousand troops, the mental operation, requisite to effect it, would bear no comparison with that which enabled a divine of the persuasion above alluded to, to furnish the world with a hebdomadal discourse upon the beauties of the Arian system, is worthy of all admiration. His ideas were so novel—his opinions were so startling—his views of relative difficulties, and the mental effort which it requires to overcome them, were so utterly at war with all preconceived opinions, (prejudices it may be,) that the charmed circle of "Young England" must have opened for him at once.

In the absence, however, of a champion who would, undoubtedly, have done so much honor to the cause, "Young England" has found an advocate in the person of Mr. B. D'Israeli, "the wonderful boy that wrote Alroy," who has given his lucubrations to the world in a work, half novel and half political pamphlet, which he styles "Coningsby." It is to *some* of the maxims of this work that we would particularly direct the attention of the reader, for our space does not allow us for a

moment to contemplate any thing like a regular review.

Coningsby is a young scion of nobility; the grandson of the Marquis of Monmouth, a nobleman whose whole life has been spent in State intrigues, the grand object of which seems to have been the acquisition of a ducal coronet. With this object in view, he has truckled and fawned to all the administrations which have been in power from his youth up to the opening of this story, which finds him considerably past the meridian of life. He is a cold-hearted, cold-blooded Peer, and his treatment of Coningsby's father, his son and heir, who had had the impudence to marry a poor and pretty woman, had occasioned his premature death. At the opening of the tale Coningsby is a neglected orphan, whose existence is a matter of the least possible moment to the redoubtable Peer. The boy however goes to Eton and afterwards to Cambridge, in both which seminaries he wins renown, which has the effect of softening the heart of his grand-papa. He becomes proud of him, intends to leave him all his fortune, but in the meantime marries again, and the second wife, in conjunction with a toady of his lordship, one Mr. Rigby, undermines the heir and causes the Peer to leave his whole estate, (not to themselves, for he had smelt the rat,) but to a natural daughter. This daughter afterwards dies and leaves the whole, of course, to Coningsby. The novel leaves Mr. Coningsby, just as he is about to take his seat in the House of Commons, after an election, in which Rigby was his opponent.

A love story is of course introduced. Coningsby had saved the life of young Milbank, the son of a great manufacturer. Milbank had a beautiful sister, who was as much bound to fall in love with him, as he was to be enamored of her; and the diligent novel reader will perceive, at once, that both these things were matters of course. Old Milbank is violently opposed because Coningsby's father had cut him out of his sweet-heart—the Marquis is equally opposed for some other reason—and the young lovers are thus left in full enjoyment of the usual amount of distress. When Coningsby is found to have been disinherited however, Old Milbank, through the intercession of Oswald, consents to the match, and all parties are thus left as happy as novels ever allow their heroes and heroines to be.

So much for the tale which is but a flimsy contrivance, designed to convey the political sentiments of Mr. D'Israeli to the world. It is with them that our business lies.

In page 14, (of Carey and Hart's edition,) the author discourses as follows: (he is speaking of the conduct of the Duke of Wellington in May, 1832, when after having held the premiership for five days he threw it up in despair, at not being able to resist the progress of reform.)

"The Duke of Wellington has ever been the

votary of circumstances. He cares little for causes. He watches events rather than seeks to produce them. It is a characteristic of the military mind. Rapid combinations, the result of a quick, vigilant and comprehensive glance, are generally triumphant in the field; but in civil affairs, where results are not immediate; in diplomacy, and in the management of deliberative assemblies, where there is much intervening time, and many counteracting causes, this velocity of decision, this fitful and precipitate action, is often productive of considerable embarrassment, and sometimes of terrible discomfiture. It is remarkable that men, celebrated for military prudence, are often found to be headstrong statesmen. A great General, in civil life, is frequently and strangely the creature of impulse,—influenced in his political movements by the last snatch of information; and often the creature of the last aid-de-camp who has his ear."

Such is the character of Wellington as drawn by the Carpet Knight whose work is now under consideration, and who, as yet, has never served his country, save as a silent member of the House of Commons, in any capacity, civil or military; and he speaks in the very spirit of "Young England."

It is not our purpose to enter into a defence of the Duke of Wellington; we will merely express the opinion, that the publication of Col. Gurwood must have been, to the author of the above sentiments, a sealed book. In that publication, consisting entirely of Wellington's dispatches, he would have found ample material to doubt the soundness of the opinions here expressed. While in India, the Duke not only conducted war upon a large scale, but absolutely conquered and governed, with an ability that would have done credit to Alexander the Great, provinces larger and more populous than the united kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. He was frequently employed, in that most delicate of all species of diplomacy, negotiation with half-civilized princes, jealous of their prerogative, jealous of the over-shadowing influence of the English, and to the last degree, unsteady and perfidious. Yet in no one instance did he fail to accomplish the object which he had in view. His position in the Peninsula was one of even more difficulty. Commanding an army of heretics, he was obliged to reconcile the religious scruples of a proud and bigotted nation, who regarded the presence of that army, in some degree, as a stain upon the national honor. In the midst of a people, notoriously jealous of strangers, he contrived by an effort of diplomatic skill, not confined to a single stroke, but continued for five long years, to render the two worst governments in the world, effective instruments in the success of his plans. Thwarted in his purposes by a feeble administration at home, but meagrely supplied by the ruinous economy of those who could not, or would not, understand the delicacy of his position, by the exertion of his almost unrivalled diplomatic skill,

not less than by his great military talents, he upheld the feeble governments of Spain and Portugal, healed breaches, reconciled differences, and united and directed the energies of both governments to the accomplishment of his purposes. The success with which his efforts were crowned is matter of history. Surely the man who could accomplish tasks of such magnitude deserves, if any body does, the title of a great statesman.

Yet these diplomatic exploits, remarkable as they are, are by no means the greatest that the Duke of Wellington has performed. At different times, and under every variety of circumstances, he has baffled the cunning of Fouché, rendered nugatory the "tact" of Talleyrand, overreached Metternich, and proved himself, singly, more than a match for the craft of the whole Russian *corps diplomatique* combined. His name is terrible to the oldest and best Generals of Europe. It is not less so to the oldest and craftiest of her diplomats. With all of them, has he at different times been engaged, and not one of them has, hitherto, had any reason to triumph from the encounter. At home it is well known that he has been distasteful to the late and the present Sovereign, and it must be a source of infinite pride to him, to know that never, save in exigences of the most pressing nature, have they called him to the head of affairs. In fair weather, and on a smooth sea, a sailor of little nautical skill can stand at the helm and keep the vessel on her way. It is only when the storm comes, that the *true* pilot is called to his post.

No man is more opposed to the use of force, upon ordinary occasions, than Wellington; yet no man has employed it more skilfully, nor at a more seasonable time, whenever it has become necessary. If he ever sheds one drop of blood, it is done with the intention of preventing rivers of it from flowing. "A great victory," said he upon one occasion, "is the most melancholy of all events, save a great defeat."

Such is the man whom Mr. D'Israeli would represent as a person utterly disqualified for the duties of a statesman; and that too, because he has served his country in a great and perilous conflict, where the arts of diplomacy were to the full as necessary as skill in the conduct of a campaign. This is the first step which the author has taken in that process of reasoning by which he attempts to prove that youth and inexperience are alone adapted to the conduct of Government. The object at which he aims becomes more apparent as we advance.

Coningsby has been invited to spend a vacation at Beaumanoir, the seat of the Duke of ———, the father of one of his young associates. On his way, he meets with a stranger who rides a mare called "the Daughter of the Star," a pure Arab, as we are particularly informed, and who contrives

ties. How far that opinion coincided with his deserts, we must leave to the imagination of the reader, after having furnished him with a few scraps of the conversation which took place between them, after dinner, if indeed it be not rather a lecture than a conversation.

Coningsby, in reply to some remarks of the stranger, ventures to say,

"When men are young they want experience."

"Great men NEVER WANT EXPERIENCE," said the stranger.

"But every body says that experience"—

"Is the best thing in the world—a treasure for me, for you, for millions. But for a creative mind less than nothing. Almost every thing that is great has been done by youth!"

"It is a creed at least flattering to our years," said Coningsby with a smile.

"Nay," said the stranger; "for life in general there is but one decree. Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret. Do not suppose," he added smiling, "that I hold that youth is genius; all that I say is, that genius, when young, is divine. Why, the greatest captains of ancient and modern times, both conquered Italy at five at twenty. Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian Empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five—the greatest battle of modern times; had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritania. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravenna. Every one remembers Condé and Rocroi at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. Look at his captains; that wonderful Duke of Weimar only thirty-six when he died. Banner himself, after all his miracles, died at forty-five. Cortez was little more than thirty, when he gazed on the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two, all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson, Clive—but these are warriors, and perhaps you may think there are greater things than war. I do not: I worship the Lord of Hosts. But take the illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III., the greatest of the popes, was the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven. John de Medici was a Cardinal at fifteen, and Guiccardini tells us baffled with his state craft Ferdinand of Arragon himself. He was pope as Leo X., at thirty-seven. Luther robbed even him of his richest province at thirty-five. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley, they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only thirty when he made his pilgrimage and wrote the "Spiritual Exercises." Pascal wrote a great work at sixteen, and died at thirty-seven, the greatest of Frenchmen!

"Ah! that fatal age, thirty-seven, which reminds me of Byron, greater even as a man than as a poet. Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael when he painted the palaces of Rome? He died too at thirty-seven. Richelieu was Secretary of State at thirty-one. Well, then there are Bolingbroke and Pitt, both Ministers of State before other men leave off cricket. Grotius was in great practice at seventeen, and Attorney General at twenty-four. And Acquaviva—Acquaviva was General of the Jesuits, ruled every cabinet in

Europe, and colonized America before he was thirty-seven. What a career," exclaimed the stranger rising from his chair, and walking up and down the room, "the secret sway of Europe! That was indeed a position! But it is needless to multiply instances. The history of heroes is the history of youth." (pp. 41-42.)

We doubt whether, in the whole range of modern literature, replete as it is with a peculiar species of eloquence, which the "sons of Ocean" are wont to denominate "slack-jaw," there can be found a more genuine specimen of the mock heroic, than the author has thought proper to give us in the passages quoted above. "Youth," says he, "is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret;" a wretched and most abortive parody upon that sublime passage in the 14th chapter of the Book of Job, which has been adopted in its burial service by the Church of England, "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble."

"But," continues this wonderful stranger, "do not suppose that I hold that youth is genius." Of course not, for Master Coningsby has just been told that it is a blunder; "All that I mean to say is, that genius when young is divine." And is it any less divine when old? Was the genius of Homer any less divine than that of Chatterton? Was that of Milton less divine than that of Henry Kirke White? Nay! to test the matter still more closely, did the genius of Milton partake more of the divinity, when he wrote the mask of Comus, than when he composed *Paradise Lost*?

But to go back a little. "Great men," says this stranger, who was certainly "the wonderful boy, or else Alroy," "never want experience." So then, as "great men never want experience," and as "genius when young is divine," Alexander would have done much more, had he commenced his career when he first mounted Bucephalus; Hannibal when his father swore him upon the altar, and Bonaparte when he left the school of Brienne. If "genius when young is divine," it follows as a matter of course, that the younger it is, the greater the portion of celestial fire it is entitled to. This however may look like hypercriticism.

Did it not strike Mr. D'Israeli, when he was gravely telling the world that every thing which was great had been accomplished by youth and inexperience, that Cæsar was forty-three before he commenced his career of conquest, that Cromwell was forty before he "set a squadron in the field, that Turenne, in the full possession of all his vigor and all his intellect, was killed at sixty-five, that Marlborough was fifty-four at the time of his first victory, (Blenheim,) that Prince Eugene defeated the Turks when upwards of eighty, that Frederick the Great was past his prime when the seven years war broke out, that Rodney was more than sixty when he gained all his laurels, and that Wellington

did not command in the Peninsula until he was forty? These examples, and a thousand others equally as pertinent, prove any thing rather than the position he has thought fit to assume.

But the examples he has adduced, in support of the astounding theory, that "great men have no need of experience," are the most unfortunate for his cause, upon which he could possibly have fallen. If mighty deeds can be accomplished, by raw and inexperienced youth, the lives of Alexander, Hannibal and Bonaparte, at least furnish no proof of the fact. Let us try them by the test of history, commencing with Alexander the Great, who was the first in point of time.

That the Macedonian king was one of the most extraordinary specimens of human genius that the world has ever beheld, is a fact as incontrovertible, as that he has been more misunderstood and misrepresented by pretended historians, than any other man who possesses the least claim to immortality. Two thousand years ago, while commerce was yet in its infancy, he seems to have understood the importance of securing to his country the boundless wealth of "Ormus and of Ind" with as much clearness as the East India Company does at the present day. No statesman, even of these latter days, appears to have understood more thoroughly the great principles of political economy. He very early perceived that hoarded wealth was of no value to the community and that money is alone performing its proper functions, when it is in full and free circulation. The whole object of his government seems to have been to stimulate the industry of his subjects, and to open every channel by which capital could flow in upon them. It was for great political purposes, and not to gratify an insane lust of conquest, that he undertook the subjugation of the East. He knew very well that he should thereby open new fields of enterprise to his subjects, and drain into Greece the entire wealth of the Oriental World. It was the method, of all others, to place his native Macedon above Tyre and Sidon; and to make her at once the wonder and the envy of the world. All his invasions were conducted upon this principle. Every battle was a great political stroke, the ultimate object of which was the advancement in wealth of the people over whom he presided, or, at least, the means of widening the field of their enterprise. Posterity is astounded when informed, that Alexander, wielding despotic power, within the space of thirteen years built no less than thirty cities, which were named after him Alexandria, and extended all the way from the Mediterranean Sea—that those cities have been admired by travellers for their majestic appearance even when in ruins, not less than for the admirable foresight of their projector, who always selected situations the best adapted to securing his object, with an eye which belongs to genius alone. Napoleon could not restrain his admiration at the

footprints of his mighty predecessor while in Egypt, and while on board the frigate which bore him back to France made a number of comments upon his actions, which probably impress the reader with a higher idea of Alexander's achievements than any other work that is to be found on the subject. They are to be found in De Bourrienne's memoirs.

Yet, though Alexander worked all his wonders and died at thirty-three, it is not to be inferred that he entered upon his career without the light of personal experience to guide him. His father, Philip, was the most warlike chieftain of the age—his whole life had been spent in arms. Had he lived, he would have left Alexander nothing to do. The latter was trained by Aristotle from the beginning for a great monarch—was deeply initiated by him into the art of government, and took, from the first, peculiar pleasure in the study of that art by which alone, in those days, it could be maintained; namely, the art of war. Accustomed to the society of his father's old Generals, who had dared death in a thousand shapes in the field, his warm imagination was, as a necessary consequence, filled with visions of adventures, escapes, war, battle and glory. He was carried at an early age by his father to the wars, and himself made two campaigns as a commander-in-chief, before he set out upon the grand object of his life; the conquest of the East. In these campaigns, made against a description of force very different from the gaudy legions of Persia, he acquired that *experience*, which is necessary to finish the education even of the greatest military genius.

In all the actions of this remarkable man, we see a wonderful adaptation of means to the end. When he met the effeminate and glittering troops of Darius upon the banks of the Granicus, deeming it most effectual in acting against troops of that description to strike terror into them by a single daring achievement, he plunged into the stream, followed only by a few horsemen, and having reached the opposite shore assaulted them sword in hand. This has been stigmatised by his detractors as the act of a madman; to us it bears the appearance of deep wisdom. It was evidently based upon mature calculation and a perfect knowledge of his enemies' character. He knew that they were effeminate and undisciplined—he knew that they would disperse at the first discomfiture—and it was true policy to strike them at once with astonishment and dismay, and to make them believe that he was invincible. How well he succeeded, the history of his subsequent campaigns amply proves.

But would Alexander have attempted the same thing, had Porus and his legions defended the pass of the Granicus? Had he done so, his triumphs would have had an early termination. It is indeed to be doubted whether, if he had met that great

man, under even favorable circumstances, in Asia Minor, his career would not have been cut prematurely short. But before he came in contact with *him*, the only adversary he ever met worthy of his sword, he had by long experience grown to be a consummate commander. The campaign against him was of a nature altogether different from the several which he had made against Darius and his Persians. The latter were distinguished for a boldness and hardihood, verging upon rashness. Caution, circumspection, and the most skilful combinations, were the chief characteristics of the former. In both instances and by the pursuit of systems the most opposite, his triumph was signal. He thus proved himself alike master of the art of war in all its phases, and perfectly acquainted with the description of force with which he was called to contend. In both he acted upon the most profound calculation; his daring in the one, and his circumspection in the other, being alike the result of deep policy. Great and continued experience, combined with uncommon military talent, assisted by the most experienced officers of the age, enabled him to foil the veteran Porus, when genius alone, without experience, would have signally failed. That genius, and that experience would have produced the same results, had their subject been forty-five when he commenced his career, instead of twenty, as he actually was.

All mankind must admire, however reluctantly, the genius and the fortunes of Alexander the Great; but not for the reason assigned by Mr. D'Israeli, "that genius when young is divine." Does any man the less admire the immortal Roman, that object of almost stupid wonder to succeeding generations, because he entered upon his wonderful career at a mature age, when his mind was stored with wisdom, and his path lit by the lamps of experience?

The second example which our author has chosen is still more unfortunate for his theory than the first. It is that of the great Carthaginian General. Has Mr. D'Israeli never read that most spirited of all historians, Livy? And if he has, is it possible that he can have forgotten the inimitable pomp with which, in his twenty-first book, Hannibal, the true hero of this most epic of all histories, is introduced to the reader? Does he not recollect that sublime act of devotion recorded of Hamilcar, who is said to have led his son, when only nine years old, to the altar, and made him swear undying hostility to the Roman name? Can he have forgotten that the boy, when only fourteen years of age, his imagination no doubt even then teeming with visions of glory, entreated his father to carry him along with him to the army in Spain? Does he not recollect that this request, simple as it may appear to us, was made the subject of grave debate in the Carthaginian Senate, and that Hanno, the constant enemy of the Barcinian name, exclaimed in a voice, which after-

wards proved prophetic, "take care, lest out of this small spark, a great conflagration may be kindled!" Can the conduct of the future hero, during the lives of his father Hamilcar, and his successor Mago—the eagerness with which he sought employment in every enterprise of difficulty and danger—the dauntless courage and consummate skill, with which he conducted them to a successful issue—the admiration of the troops, who recognized in him the genuine son of their great commander—his contempt of ease—his disregard of dress—his untiring perseverance in the pursuit of professional knowledge—his temperance—his patience of hunger and of cold—the readiness with which he threw himself on the ground when he wished to sleep, without even the covering of a cloak—the various means which he took to harden his body preparatory to undertaking the great task which he always seemed to think would devolve upon him—can all these things have escaped the memory of Mr. D'Israeli? Not to remember them is to forget the most striking passage, in the most spirited, the most exciting and the most picturesque narrative that was ever produced by a human pen.

At fifteen, Hannibal entered the army of Spain. At twenty-five, on the death of Mago, he was called to the supreme command by those veteran troops whom his father had so often led to victory. In all that vast and disciplined multitude, among whom he had so long lived, and to whom he was so well known, there was not, as far as is known, one dissenting voice. Had he been without experience, nay, had his experience not been at least equal to that of any other within the range of selection, is it fair to presume that the choice would have been so unanimous?

But he was destined, even then, to obtain much experience before he came down upon the provinces of Rome, and the fruit of that experience appears in all his Italian campaigns. By the most skilful manœuvring, with an inferior army, he crossed the Tagus, in the face of 100,000 men—fierce warriors—belonging to a nation renowned for their bravery, and put the greater part of them to the sword! The *experience* thus gained was of lasting benefit. From the peculiar nature of the countries through which he passed to Italy, he was compelled to cross more rivers in the face of an enemy than any other General of antiquity, and none other has displayed so many resources and so much skill in that peculiar species of service. On the other hand, he was taught by the siege of Saguntum, which lasted nine months, and cost him a vast number of men, that the troops which he commanded were not adapted to that species of warfare, and accordingly we find that no General ever engaged so seldom in enterprises of that nature. Thus, before he entered Italy, was he taught, by experience, two valuable lessons, the want of which might have caused him infinite vexation and much

loss, and the possession of which contributed in no small degree to the formation of the high reputation he still sustains among military men.

When Hannibal actually descended upon Italy, he was already, though only twenty-seven, the most experienced General in the world. He had fought two or three great battles in Spain, in which he was uniformly victorious—had conducted one of the most memorable sieges recorded in history to a successful termination—had made a march of fifteen hundred miles through the bosom of warlike and hostile nations, had defeated Scipio on the Rhone, and had scaled the Alps in spite of the resistance of their rude and warlike inhabitants. He had an army inured to victory—placing the highest confidence in his conduct—and ready to follow him to the end of the world. Surely it cannot be said that Hannibal performed his great deeds before he had gained any experience.

With regard to Napoleon, it is true, that *he* had gained less experience, in the field, before his first campaign, than either of those last mentioned. But he was bred to arms from childhood—had studied the campaigns of the masters with the greatest assiduity—and had passed through all the grades from a cadet to the lieutenant general. He had moreover commanded an expedition to Ajaccio—had directed the operations of the Artillery at Toulon—and made one campaign as a general of brigade, in the army of the Alps, afterwards called the army of Italy, being in fact that very army with which he made his first campaigns. He had thus formed an acquaintance with the men and officers of the army he was afterwards destined to command—perfectly understood their character and capabilities,—had an accurate acquaintance with the ground on which he was to operate and knew the enemy's mode of fighting. These, to a genius like that of Napoleon, were advantages, the value of which it is impossible to estimate, and doubtless contributed largely to the success of his celebrated campaign in Italy. That this campaign was the most extraordinary *first* campaign of which there is any record, we believe is conceded by all military men. But it has been made a question by a profound military writer* whether at that time he would have been capable of performing those extraordinary combinations which distinguished the campaign of 1807.

These three extraordinary men, were instances of what genius guided by experience was able to effect. The latter has declared, in his review of the Baron De Jomini's work, that experience is superior to all theory, and so far from being the creature of fortune as described by Sir Walter Scott, he ascended the ladder of promotion slowly and painfully at first, not missing a single round, until he reached the top. True his accession toward the last was uncommonly rapid; but it was all earned by hard service.

* Col. Napier.

But though genius without experience has never yet been able to sustain itself for any long period, it has occasionally performed brilliant achievements, as we see in the case of Gaston de Foix. Singular, isolated acts, however, do not constitute the great General. The conduct of campaigns can alone give a title to that designation.

The battle of Rocroi was a brilliant achievement, it is true; but Condé was never the great Condé until he had been taught by Turenne, that something more than brilliant valor was necessary to constitute a finished commander. No man was more cautious and circumspect than he, when in presence of his redoubtable rival, and we hear no more of brilliant victories gained, as it were, by a *coup de main*, and armies routed by a single charge of the fiery young chivalry of France.

Mr. D'Israeli informs us that Cortes saw the cupolas of Mexico at thirty. He does not tell us that he had been engaged in war against the Moors from his boyhood to that period.

With regard to the poets and painters whom he has placed in array, in support of his theory, it may be sufficient to say, that few could detect in the Hours of Idleness the future author of Manfred, or the last canto of Childe Harold; nor, we imagine, could any but the eye of prophecy itself discover in the first rude efforts of Raphael, the pencil which has rendered its possessor immortal. The poet and the painter obtained immortality by the only process, by which it is attainable; by long practice, hard study, and the continual self-rivalry which can alone lead to fame. Of the statesmen whom he has mentioned, it may be barely necessary to say that Bolingbroke and Pitt were trained for Parliament from their earliest youth. Though they came to the head of government in early youth, they had already acquired a vast fund of experience. Of Cardinal Richelieu the same thing may be said. But we have been speaking all this time of men of great and overshadowing genius. Some of them it takes a thousand years to produce; few of them appear more than once in an age. If the sternest experience has been found necessary to mature their great powers, how many years will take to render "Young England," with all her crudities, fit for the conduct of the Government! How long before Mr. D'Israeli, and those whose opinions, as a class, he represents, will be able to fill the shoes of Peel and Wellington? He has conceded that some experience is necessary for all but great men. Would he have the Government placed in the hands of persons devoid of it, merely that they may have an opportunity to prove themselves great men! For our own parts, we should conceive the experiment extremely delicate, if not imminently hazardous.

Experience then is the great guide of man. It is a lamp hung up behind him, which casts its rays far before on the path he is pursuing. It is of

little moment at what age it be acquired. Whether at twenty-five, which was the age at which William Pitt became premier, or at forty-eight, which was the age of his father when he reached the same eminence. To maintain that youth, even when blessed with experience, is the only or even most common season of great deeds, is wilfully to shut the eyes to the lights of history. But to hold that youth, merely because it is youth, without the smallest ray of experience, should be entrusted with matters of the gravest importance, and requiring the maturest wisdom, is a deadly sin against the dictates of common sense.

It is natural, however, that men should endeavor to show their strongest points to the greatest advantage. Mr. D'Israeli and his "Young England" politicians can alone hope to compass their end by unseating older and more experienced statesmen. It is therefore, perhaps, the true policy to decry those points in their personal history, which the majority of the world is inclined to regard as a recommendation. If they can prove that years and experience form a disqualification, it follows as a matter of course, that youth and inexperience are the best cards of introduction to public service. How the establishment of this rule is to operate in favor of the author, who is no longer a "wonderful boy," it passes our ability to see.

So much for the political opinions set forth in this work. In other respects, this novel abounds even more than is usual with productions from the same source, with that most distressing of all species of composition, usually denominated "fine writing." Rarely does the author let himself down to the level of an ordinary capacity—frequently is his style so mystical, that we can account for it in no other way than by supposing that he is in a state of "*clairvoyance*." The Scotchman's definition of Metaphysics, "a thing which the writer does not understand himself and which he can make no one else comprehend," occurs to us on every page. This mysticism is so complete that we are sometimes almost tempted to believe that the author is not always in possession of his own meaning. What, for instance, can the reader make out of the following mysterious paragraph?

"There are some books when we close them—one or two in the course of our life—difficult as it may be to analyze or ascertain the cause, our minds appear to have made a great leap. A thousand obscure things receive light; a multitude of indefinite feelings are determined. Our intellect grasps and grapples with all subjects, with a capacity, a flexibility and a vigor, before unknown to us. It masters questions hitherto perplexing, which are not even touched or referred to in the volume just closed. What is this magic! It is the spirit of the supreme author that, by a magnetic influence, blends with our sympathizing intelligence, directs and inspires it. By that mysterious seasibility, we extend to questions, which he has not treated, the same intellectual force which he has exercised over

those which he has expounded. His genius for a time remains in us. 'Tis the same with human beings as with books. All of us encounter, at least once in our lives, some individual who utters words that make us think forever. There are men whose phrases are oracles; who condense in a sentence the secrets of life; who blurt out an aphorism that forms a character, or illustrates an existence. A great thing is a great book; but greater than all is the talk of a great man!"

We confess we have never met with books of the rare and miraculous character here described; nor should we have been aware of their existence but for this voluntary revelation of Mr. D'Israeli. The *Novum Organum* is, beyond doubt, the wisest of uninspired productions, and if any book could work the marvellous effects alluded to by the author, this, of all others, would be it. Yet the majority of minds, nay, any mind except one like that of Mr. D'Israeli, revelling in all the luxuries of *clairvoyance*, might read the *Novum Organum* for months without receiving any definite ideas upon the binomial theorem, and might even commit it to memory, without being enlightened upon the four cardinal rules of arithmetic. Those must be rare books of which the author speaks, which professing to treat, and actually treating of one subject only, yet shed a flood of light upon all. It is said, indeed, that persons in a state of *clairvoyance*, become omniscient—that they dive into the human frame, and discover the seat and the causes of disease—that they penetrate the secrets of the human heart, which were before scrutable to eternal wisdom alone—that they ascend to the sun, the moon and the planets, and hold familiar converse with the denizens of the entire solar system—that the gates of the most abstruse sciences are open to them, and that all knowledge lies perfectly level to their comprehension. But we had never imagined that there were any volumes in existence, which could produce the same magical effect. It is due to science, that Mr. D'Israeli should disclose the names of these rare and valuable works. The process by which this singular effect is produced, is described with a clearness, which would have entitled the author, beyond all doubt, to a seat upon the tripod had he lived in the days of heathen Rome or Greece. "A magnetic influence blends with our sympathizing intelligence, directs, and inspires it." If this is not downright mesmerism, what is it? The same influence is ascribed to certain men. Those "whose phrases are oracles?" The author is one of them, so far at least as mysticism is an element of prophecy. "Who condense in a sentence the secrets of life;" we should very much like to know what is meant by "the secrets of life;" "who blurt out an aphorism that forms a character, or illustrates an existence." We acknowledge ourselves indebted to Mr. D'Israeli for a new idea. We had thought before that character was to be formed by education, experience

and robbing against the world. In our ignorance we had supposed that it was the work of years, and never dreamed that it could be effected by the utterance of a proverb. What a pity it is, that Sancho Panza, instead of following the Knight of La Mancha about as his squire, had not assumed the chair pedagogic, and applied himself to the task of "forming character." He would have been altogether without a rival; for no man ever had such a number of proverbs at command.

Jesting aside, however, we believe we understand the kind of books to which the author alludes. They are the revelations of the German Illuminati, vague and mystical, producing infinite confusion in the mind of the reader, and leaving him with the impression that he has mastered all learning, whereas in effect they have taught him nothing. Of all others in the world, we hold them to be least calculated to bestow any lasting benefit on the student. On the contrary, they produce a confusion of ideas, and leave him "dark and puzzled" for the rest of his life. To the political aspirant, whose vocation requires method and clearness above all others, we should judge them particularly fatal. Our readers doubtless recollect the interview between Mephistopheles and the young German student, when the fiend assumed the gown of the doctor, and made answer to the various interrogatories propounded by the eager votary of knowledge. It was his object to puzzle and confound the raw youth—to give a vagueness and indistinctness to all of his perceptions—to confuse his ideas of right and wrong—and thus leave him a victim ready for the sacrifice, when he thought proper to enslave his soul after the barriers of truth had been broken down.

As a matter of curiosity we cannot refrain from giving Mr. D'Israeli's definition of "a great man." It is found in the paragraph next to that last quoted, (p. 43.)

"And what is a great man? Is it a victorious General! A gentleman in the Windsor uniform! A field marshal covered with stars? Is it a prelate or a Prince? A King or an Emperor? It may be all these; yet these, as we must daily feel, are not necessarily great men. A GREAT MAN IS ONE WHO AFFECTS THE MIND OF HIS GENERATION; whether he be a monk in his cloister agitating Christendom, or a monarch crossing the Granicus, and giving law to the Pagan world."

This definition of "a great man" is utterly at war with all experience. The greatest genius the world ever saw, was neglected during the life of its possessor—he passed long years of misery, unnoticed, unknown, or known only to be despised. It was only after he had filled the grave of a beggar, that his immortal works began to be estimated at their true value, and that seven famous cities of Greece contended for the honor of having given him birth. The very record of his labors and his trials has been swept from the face of the earth,

and modern criticism, unwilling to accord so much genius to a single individual, has endeavored to part his works among a number of obscure and insignificant names. If it be contended, that this was a consequence of the remote age in which he lived, an age long anterior to the first dawn of literature, how then are we to account for the exile and death of Dante, whose immortal poems produced so little impression upon his contemporaries, that they could not preserve their author from the persecutions of a miserable faction? It is evident that his generation saw in him, not the author of the "Divina Commedia," but the adherent of the Ghibbeline faction—not the mighty poet, whose work was to live through all time, and to survive the ruin of the language in which it is written, but the *party-man*, whose adherence to a falling junto was a sufficient warrant for exile, confiscation and every ill attendant upon the want of success in politics—not the immortal genius whose works and whose sufferings were destined to render his native Florence infamously illustrious through all succeeding time, but the stern and inflexible advocate of principles considered dangerous by the party in power. Never did any man fail more signally to "affect the mind of his generation." He was cast forth from his native city, to become immortal in a foreign land. He "sleeps afar," and the cheek of the Florentine is tinged with shame, when he is asked for the tomb of his mighty countryman. All the cities of Italy contend for the honor of having been each the particular spot at which his great poem was composed, though few during his life were willing to allow him to rest the sole of his weary foot within their precincts.

When Copernicus revived the theory of Pythagoras, that the sun was the centre of the system, and that all the planets, of which the earth was reckoned one, revolved around it, in order to avoid the persecution of the clergy, he dedicated his work to the pope; and in his dedication, after declaring most solemnly, that there was nothing in it to contradict the Mosaic account of the creation, he took care to say, that his theory was a mere speculation, designed to awaken investigation, and was not to be taken as asserting undeniable facts. He escaped persecution from the quarter in which it was apprehended; but if we are to put any faith in the declaration of Kepler, he did not escape the derision of an age which was unable to appreciate either the merits of the man, or the importance of his discovery.

Who can contemplate Gallileo languishing in prison, for expressing his belief in what no one at this time of day would dream of denying, without concluding that *he* at least had failed to "affect the mind of his generation."

Has Mr. D'Israeli forgotten through how many courts Columbus was forced to travel before he

found a patron who could understand him, in the person of Isabella, Queen of Castile?

When Bacon gave the *Novum Organum* to the world, he perfectly well knew that the generation in which it was written could never comprehend him. He expressly declares that he writes for posterity, and with that consciousness of power, which is ever the inmate of great minds, expresses a confident belief that posterity will do him justice. During his life he was distinguished as the brilliant courtier—the enemy and rival of Essex—the bitter foe of Lord Coke—the bribed judge—and the unwavering supporter of the royal prerogative. It was generations after his death, before he began to be considered what he really was,

"The wisest—brightest—meanest of mankind."

How long was it before England and the world began to understand the deep wisdom of Raleigh's views, in the settlement of the Northern portion of South America? His "generation" regarded him as a mere pirate—a desperate adventurer—a man bent only upon the advancement of his own fortunes. But had the besotted prince, under whose reign he perished, or the age to which he belonged, understood his views, as they are understood by posterity, he would have stood forth among them a miracle of wisdom, instead of a speculating fool—a statesman of the most gigantic proportions, instead of a wild and desperate adventurer. But the greatest genius to which England has given birth—the man who in this particular can alone compete with the "blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," failed as signally to "affect the mind of his generation," as did either of his contemporaries, Bacon or Raleigh. We take it for granted, that he did so fail, because every generation is apt to contain memorials of those who deeply affect it. But what memorial have we of Shakspeare? The very prints of him, which are prefixed to every edition of his works, are taken from a portrait, which may as well be the portrait of any one else. There is not one anecdote related of him, which is known to be authentic; there is not one, which has not in turn been asserted and denied by the thousand and one commentators, who have attempted to go down to posterity by fastening themselves to the skirts of his coat! It is known that he was born at Stratford upon Avon, in April, 1564, and that he died on his birthday in the same town in 1616. The parish register tells us so much, and this is all we know with any degree of certainty; the rest is all wild, vague, unsatisfactory conjecture. The very works which conveyed his name to posterity were not published until fourteen years after his death, and this too, in an age distinguished above all others for its great men; an age in which Sydney and Essex, Cecil and Walsingham, Raleigh and Bacon successively rose and disappeared, like brilliant stars in a firmament peculiarly adapted to

set off their lustre to the best advantage. Does the reader want any better proof, that the humble player was wanting in Mr. D'Israeli's main essential to true greatness? In other words, that he had failed to "affect the mind of his generation?"

The last, but by no means the least, example remains behind. When we see Milton in the depth of poverty, at an age when most men are apt to think their task in life already accomplished, encompassed with darkness and surrounded by foes, from year to year steadily pursuing the great work which places his name first on the roll of English poets, we are apt to enquire what was the reward of so much toil! When we reflect, that the work, produced amid so many disadvantages, was "*Paradise Lost*," we are lost in amazement to find that it brought the author the EXACT SUM OF FOURTEEN POUNDS, neither more nor less; that it fell almost still-born from the press—and that two generations passed, before it began, slowly enough, to be estimated at its proper value! But the great bard was by no means disappointed at his apparent failure. With a sublime confidence in his own powers, he waited for the judgment of posterity, and well has his patience been repaid. "One Milton, a blind man," says Lord Chancellor Whitelock, "wrote the answer to Salmasius—that celebrated '*Defensio Populi Anglicani*,' which in despite of the hypercriticism of Johnson, will always maintain the very highest place among the specimens of modern Latinity."

Such in all ages has been the lot of genius. The age in which it exists is never able to comprehend it, for the simple reason that it is always in advance of it. The mind of the present generation is fixed upon the events that are continually occurring around it, while genius marches in front, and pitches its standard far in the dark and unexplored region of futurity. It is only when mankind slowly march up to it, that the value of the *pioneer* begins to be estimated! The far-sighted statesman, who sees the permanent interest of his country at a glance, and lays his plans with a view to the future, is almost sure to be despised by the generation of which he is a member; while the mere politician, who governs by expedients of a temporary nature, is usually the idol of the rabble. A Newcastle, or a North, would elicit the applause of the same multitude, which would execrate a Godolphin, or a Chatham. If any thing were wanting to confirm the truth of the view here presented, let the reader call to mind the fate of Barneveldt and the two Dewitts, who perished merely because their genius ran ahead of the age in which they lived.

But the most remarkable instance of contemporary injustice upon record, is to be found in the person of Niccolò Machiavelli, the profound statesman, the elegant historian, the man of universal acquirements. Notwithstanding a life of singular purity, passed in an age of corruption, when it was some

merit to be honest, he has been handed down to posterity as the most execrable wretch that ever lived to libel mankind, and his great work, "*Il Principe*," which, if properly understood, is one of the most exquisite satires upon the craft, cruelty, and ambition, that distinguished the Princes of his day, has been, by a strange perversity of intellect, understood in a literal sense by succeeding generations, and its author branded as a monster of iniquity. Yet there was no man whose heart swelled higher with every sentiment that would do honor to the man and the patriot—none who recurred with fonder reverence to the day when his country was free, or who more ardently wished to see every human being in the enjoyment of as much freedom as was consistent with obedience to the laws, and as much happiness as is compatible with the imperfect nature of man. His whole life was a continued struggle with poverty, in an age and a country, when pliancy of principle was a certain road to wealth, and when virtue was a quality always in the market. But he is at length reaping the sure reward of genius and of virtue; posterity begins at length to understand his great work in the sense in which he intended it; and men will now recognize in him the most profound of politicians—the most subtle of reasoners—the most finished of satirists, and what is better than all, the warmest of patriots, and truest of philanthropists.

"Saul, Saul," said the Roman pro-consul, when the great Apostle of the Gentiles first laid open to his inspection the sublime truths of that creed, which was destined to overthrow the mighty system of fraud and imposture, which formed the Religion of ancient Rome, "much learning hath made thee mad." As the heathen Governor of India thought with regard to the precepts of Christianity, so do the mass invariably judge of the inspirations of genius, and it is vain to say "I am not mad, but speak the words of truth and soberness." Who does not sympathise with Fulton, upon reading his celebrated letter to a friend, in which he gives an account of his first experiment upon the waters of the Hudson? The fear of ridicule, which induced some to withhold their countenance, the certainty that he would fail, which kept others from contributing their support, the sneers of the cynical, and the compassion of the friendly! Who does not feel his respect for the projector increase, when he sees him without support, without encouragement, abandoned by friends as a man who was worthy of bedlam, sneered at by the super-sapient as one whom the gods had driven mad, and were now in the very act of destroying, steadily pursuing his object in the full confidence of ultimate and complete success. Yet Fulton was gathered to his fathers before his prophetic visions had assumed the substantial form of history.

All history proves this definition of a "great man" to be utterly without foundation. It is time

and time alone, that can ascertain the just claims of any human being to be considered great. Time alone can mellow and sanctify the deeds which aspire to the merit of greatness. It is this species of immortality, the thirst for which has been called the "last infirmity of a great mind," that can alone put the seal upon every thing that is really and intrinsically great! And of those who have been preserved by the judgment of posterity, how few are there who have "affected the mind of their generation!" In opposition to Mr. D'Israeli, we find Sir Walter Scott expressing an apprehension that his novels would not go down to posterity, for the very reason that they had been so well received by the age in which they were written; in other words because he had so powerfully "affected the mind of his generation."

Those men who have been found most to "affect the mind of their generation" have, in general, been such as have flattered its foibles, or been foremost in prosecuting the ephemeral objects of the day. They have occupied themselves with the topics which occupy the minds of their contemporaries. They have followed where the multitude lead the way. They have been popular, because they are on a level with the crowd. They have not, like the man of genius, to fear that they will be misunderstood by their generation. They take their tone from the crowd, and do not seek to impress

the image of their mind upon the age. The flashy orator, who understands how to heighten an excitement already existing, the ready paragraph-writer of a daily newspaper, who dexterously wields, to his own purpose, the passions and the prejudices of the mob, the skilful demagogue, who understands perfectly the materials upon which he is to operate, knows the weak points of the populace, and plays upon them with success, these are the men who most "affect the mind of their generation." Of such there are hundreds in this country; and each of them, according to the theory of Mr. D'Israeli, is a greater man than Bacon, Raleigh, Locke, or Godolphin!!

We have been carried much farther in our remarks upon this subject, than we had supposed possible, when we first commenced. We have no doubt our readers will agree with us in considering it time but indifferently spent. There is just as little probability, that the English nation will become converted to the peculiar faith of "Young England," as there is, that the silly and mischievous book upon which we have commented, will be popular with any but the more sublimated portion of the transcendentalists. To both at once, to "Young England" and to Coningsby we bid a "long good night," reserving for the author the usual monumental inscription, *requiescat in pace.*

Hugh R. Pleasants.

WOODWORTH.

Did'st know him friend! 'tis said his mind,
Mild, gentle, radiant and refined,
Was like Heaven's own ethereal blue,
When bright and pure 'tis beaming through
The gentle genial summer showers,
Smiling to cheer the young sweet flowers.
The thrilling joy, the wild delight,
That wraps the poet's vision'd sight,
With playful ease, his powers control,
And back the waves of darkness roll
From nature's bower, while fancy's dreams
Wake into life like morning beams.
Gifted and guileless naught knew he
Of worldly cold economy:
Patient endured from youth to age,
The poet's earthly heritage,
Fortune's dark frowns. She ever shuns
Nature's deserving virtuous sons:
While artful flatterers fill her train,
Must honest merit sup on fame.
What marvel that the radiant mind,
By heaven's eternal truth design'd
To attest the unknown reality

Of man's bright immortality,
Stoops not to mingle in the throng
Where passion's votaries whirl along?
He touch'd the harp, and sweetly 'round
The soul-inspiring notes resound.
The silver chords so gaily prest,
Woke symphony in every breast;
Now, as the lightning's beams intense,
In thunder-pealing eloquence,—
All plaintive as the mourning dove,
And gently whispered thoughts of love.
Sorrow forgot the bitter tear,
Towering ambition paused to hear,
Avarice on tiptoe glided near,
Hoarding sweet sounds with greedy ear.
Dost doubt me, friend? Go ask the brave
Whose manly tears adorn his grave:
Ask of the great who toil for fame,
And they will bid thee read his name
Inscribed upon Columbia's dome,
And proudly claim him all her own.

ISRAEL.

NOTES ON OUR ARMY.

Phinton Bragg.
NO. VI.

"An army is a collection of armed men, obliged to obey one man."—*Locke*.

TO THE HON. THOMAS H. BENTON:

In contrasting the cost of our military establishment with that of England, and showing the great disparity existing between the expense of maintaining the soldier in their service and in ours, it has been stated, that "our *Staff* is enormously large and expensive, compared with the *line* of our Army."* This expression may be made to bear an interpretation not intended, and one which would not be sustained by facts and sound reasoning: but so far as it will apply and is intended to be used, it strengthens the positions assumed and gains force by being qualified. It was never intended to apply to every branch taken separately, but to the *Staff* of the Army as a whole; some corps of which, it is readily admitted, are by no means larger or more expensive than they should be. But when this is acknowledged to be the case, how disproportionately large, unwieldy and expensive must other branches be to produce the disparity proved to exist by the comparisons just referred to.

CORPS OF TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEERS.

In reference to this corps serious doubts are entertained, and a variety of opinions expressed on the propriety of registering and paying, as a part of the military establishment, a set of officers with military rank, but who have no connection, even the most remote, with the Army. They have no feeling in common with it, except in so far as it gives them rank and title, with the privilege of exercising their taste in bedecking themselves with gorgeous uniforms and displaying at their sides a sword which they well know was never intended for use.

Our service is now honored with two corps of Engineers. One of them, the Military Engineers, as they are usually termed, (in contradistinction, I suppose, to the others, which are certainly not military,) a legitimate portion of every Army, and without which it is imperfect and unsuited for military operations upon proper scientific principles. The other is termed "Topographical Engineers," and in their nature are neither civil, naval nor military. Shortly after the organization of this corps in 1838, for up to that time it had no organization, a serious controversy ensued between it and the Engineer corps proper, for the ascendancy. The province of the Military Engineers had never before this been invaded; but the success attending the endeavors of our "Topographical Engineers" to

secure a great addition to their numbers, and the promotion consequent to that success were so exhilarating as to inspire them with a belief that, with due diligence and attention, they might supplant the Military Engineers, or, at least, be associated with them in their high and important duties. But in this, fortunately for the reputation and character of our "Engineer corps," they were unsuccessful; and those works which have been planned and commenced by our able and diligent Military Engineers are left to be finished and perfected by their scientific projectors. This just but unexpected decision left the "Topographical Engineers" no alternative, but to fall back and seek such employment as might be offered by any other branch of the government; not a foothold being left for them on the military platform. It now hangs like the Indian department, on the skirts of the Army, with an additional and very objectionable feature—the military rank conferred upon its officers—to which they have no stronger claim than Indian agents, if we except that of possession.

The original right in the one case to be considered a part of our military establishment is about as great as it is in the other. The only advantage accruing to the Army is a privilege, graciously granted, to father their expenditures: a repudiation of which would now be considered as treason. That the duties of this corps are independent of and distinct from those of the Army, or any branch of it, will fully appear by reference to the estimates of its chief.

For the fiscal year, ending the 30th of June, 1845, he estimates for the gross sum of \$1,341,716. By a minute examination of the detailed items which make up that sum, it is seen that but two of them can by any possibility be made to refer to the Army or the military defences of the country. These two amount to the inconsiderable sum of \$30,000. For the fiscal year preceding this, the sum of \$1,181,500 was asked for by this department; about the same proportion of which was applicable to the military defences of the country. And for this insignificant service rendered our military defences—the application of \$30,000 a year—the Army is made to bear an annual burden of \$70,000 for the support of this corps of officers. It would seem to be more appropriate that the whole establishment, officers, appropriations and expenditures should be attached to and accounted for by the Treasury or Navy Department, or divided between the two. The "erection of light-houses and improvement of rivers and harbors," for which nearly the whole of their appropriations are asked, are certainly more intimately connected with those departments than with the military. That, however, would be a sad blow, as it would relieve them from the burden of "our sword," and with that would fall all "pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

* *Sou. Lit. Mess., May, 1844.*

The annual cost for the payment of this corps of officers is about \$53,000. If we add to this the commutation which they receive for allowances not drawn in kind, and the expenses attending their periodical changes from North to South, and from South to North again, we shall find a sum exceeding that which has been assumed as the annual expense incurred for their support. Whether these periodical journeys, which have secured to their performers the appellation of "birds of passage," and which occur about the time of the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, are to be attributed to the affinity existing between this astronomical era and these devotees of science, or whether they result from the faithful discharge of some unknown and mysterious duty, has not yet been made known with sufficient certainty to admit of comment.

It is entirely unnecessary to go into a detailed account of the duties done by the officers of this corps, and the time occupied therein, since it is contended they have no legitimate connection with the Army; and are merely joined to it for convenience sake, if not for deception. As this position is denied, however, and military rank, privileges and prerogatives are claimed, a reference to the origin, progress and present condition of the corps, as compared with the Army, will show it has never been regulated by the latter nor associated with it in the discharge of any but the most trivial services. In the year 1814, when the aggregate strength of our Army was over 60,000, and it was engaged on active service, there were attached to it *nine* officers called "Topographical Engineers" and their assistants. By an act of the 3rd of March, 1815, which reduced the strength of the Army to 10,000, these officers were unprovided for. In 1816, *three* "Topographical Engineers" were added to this Army of 10,000 men. In 1821, again, when the aggregate strength of the Army was reduced to 6,000, the number of these officers was increased to *ten*. When that memorable Staff act of the 5th of July, 1838, became a law, the strength of the Army advanced to 12,500 from about 7,500. Not so slow, however, with these "birds of passage," they made a leap at once from *ten* to *thirty-six*, including just double the number of field officers allowed a regiment of troops. When the Army was again reduced in 1842 to near about 8,000, not a single reduction occurred in this corps. Where now is the relation to be found between this "corps of Topographical Engineers," and the Army? Since 1838, additions have been made to the *thirty-six* officers of this corps, by the appointment annually of Brevet Second Lieutenants from the graduates of the Military Academy, until their number has increased to *forty*, sometimes more. This latter circumstance has, to a great extent, contributed to that violent opposition shown to the Academy within a few years past, which is now on the increase and will continue until the custom of por-

verting the intentions of the institution is reformed. Unless it is reformed, the injurious effect must prove serious, and when that noble institution falls, as I fear it is destined to do, from an accumulation of ills, the days of honor and pride in the Army are over.

The officers of this corps of "Topographical Engineers" are mostly distributed to the large and pleasant cities of the country, principally on the sea-board, and in numbers varying from *one* to *six*, engaged probably one third of their time whilst the appropriations last, which is not more than half the year on an average. It is frequently a cause of merriment to hear the juniors at these places "define their positions"—gravely asserting that they are assistants to Captain —, and in the next breath most innocently admitting the Captain has nothing to do, but expects to have when Congress makes another appropriation. This they all most ardently desire, as they suffer excessively from *ennui*, especially during the dull seasons.

It is a matter scarcely within my scope, but I cannot refrain from remarking to those of our statesmen who are opposed to the splendid schemes of "internal improvement, by the general government," which have been frequently started in our country and as frequently put down, that, in sustaining this corps of officers, they are merely paving the way to a vast expenditure of public money on river and harbor improvements, which many of them believe to be unconstitutional.

The detailed estimates of this department, annually submitted to Congress, show that nineteen twentieths of the money expended by this corps of officers, is upon schemes of "internal improvement;" the most violent opponents of which—Southern members of Congress—are the very men who afford the most generous support to the Army, including this disavowed and uncongenial member; unconscious they are fostering a system against which they entertain a most inveterate and uncompromising hostility.

A very strong reason why this corps of officers should not be considered a part of the military establishment, and its members clothed with military rank, is the fact that such rank renders them eligible to seats on Courts-Martial, for which they are entirely unsuited. Their positions and duties are not such as to induce them to study military law, or to regard it even as coming within the scope of their duties. And, besides, they are from necessity utterly ignorant of the "customs of service," by which we are as much bound as the civilian is by the common law of the land. Indeed, the members of our courts are sworn to be governed by "the custom of war in like cases," when any point shall arise not fully explained by law. Many of the officers of this corps, it is known, were at one time in the line of the Army, and were then probably conversant with the laws and customs of ser-

vice: but others there are who never have been, and since their appointment to this corps have had no opportunity of learning what they are sworn to abide by when placed on Courts-Martial. Yet from these men, no doubt very able, competent and efficient in their proper sphere—over a drawing-board with a lead-pencil, india-ink and a goose-quill—we frequently see selected members of a Court-Martial who are to set as judges in cases involving the commission of an officer, or the life of a soldier.

The remark of a committee at the last session of Congress, in their report on the system of compensation, &c., in the Army, applies with equal, if not greater force to its organization. "The evils and abuses * * * appear to have been the results of piece-meal legislation—legislation made upon the spur of the occasion, for a particular purpose, and afterwards permitted to remain for general uses." The Army is at length made up of "shreds and patches," having been alternately increased and diminished until it is necessary for one to read a moderate size volume, in order to arrive at its organization. Which, by a peculiar facility of interpretation, possessed only at head quarters, can be so read as to mean any thing, or nothing, according to the whim or caprice of the moment. Light Artillery seems to be the prevailing mania at present, and to that the law has made its bow with becoming submission. Viewed in all its parts, our organization now bears a strong resemblance to the Irishman's blanket, which he had lengthened by cutting off from one end and sewing on to the other until the whole fabric was destroyed, and though his time and labor were gone, he was mortified to find a complete failure in attaining his object. It will before long become necessary to pass another law with the strange but significant title of, "An act to ascertain and fix the military establishment of the United States."* To accomplish the first part of the requirement in such an act would require "a special committee with authority to send for persons and papers." Our present organization and the laws applicable thereto, can by no possible contortion be made to harmonize. Some of the variations from law are probably improvements, but because the end is a good one, the means, being in violation of law, are not justifiable. One of these violations is to be found in the appointment of Brevet Second Lieutenants in the corps of Topographical Engineers.

THE CORPS OF ENGINEERS.

This corps, usually called "Military Engineers" in contradistinction to the others, which are civil if any thing, was considerably increased with the other Staff corps in 1838; and although it is large beyond all proportion in comparison with the

* Act approved 30th May, 1796.

strength of the Army, yet few doubt the expediency of the increase, when the present condition of our military defences is considered, in addition to the vast extent of sea-board we have entirely unfortified. Were our country in a perfect state of defence, so far as military works could make it, we did even an approximation to it exist, it would be inexpedient to maintain a corps of Engineers large enough for an army of 100,000 men. But there is no probability, that within the next half century sound policy will admit of the reduction of our present corps, so ably and efficiently officered. It is a source of great annoyance to these officers, and one of no little loss to the government, that appropriations have been dealt out with such parsimonious hand. Works have to be suspended, materials laid-up, implements disposed of and hands discharged, because appropriations are not regularly made and in sufficient quantities—for made they must be, sooner or later. The officers of this corps, when the necessity exists, will perform all the duties of a military nature now assigned the Topographical Engineers, in much less time and with far more ability.

THE MEDICAL STAFF.

In this branch of our Staff is to be found another instance of the necessity of regulating the number of officers by the peculiar circumstances under which their services are to be rendered. If our little Army were concentrated for operations in the field, as a body, we should have medical officers enough for ten times the duties to be performed. But scattered over a vast extent of country in small detachments, remote in many instances from all intercourse with the world, it becomes absolutely necessary that our corps of medical officers should be proportioned to the number of positions to be supplied. Having had most favorable opportunities of judging, both as patient and observer, I should be doing violence to my own feelings, were I making any mention of this department, to withhold my most cordial and sincere acknowledgments to its officers for their devotion to duty, and the ability with which they perform it. This subject has been sometimes referred to by the Surgeon General, in his annual reports. In 1839, speaking of the services rendered by these officers in the pestilential climate of Florida, where they frequently had to ride from post to post through the enemy's country to attend the sick, he says: "For this very severe and perilous duty—this extraordinary devotion to their country's cause, (this extra service being peculiar to themselves, and not absolutely to be required of them,) these officers are entitled to a full measure of praise; and I do not hesitate thus to express the high sense that I entertain of their public services and of their pub-

lic worth." In this just tribute it is believed the Army has united with unusual unanimity.

COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT.

The Commissariat is an important branch of every military service, and deserves some notice whilst on the subject of organization. As it at present exists in our Army, the approximation to perfection is so near that I forbear a single suggestion, except to repeat the objection made to clothing Quarter-masters with military rank, even beyond that they hold in the line of the Army. It is an anomaly to confer rank on an individual for performing duties done every day by merchants and grocers—the purchase and distribution of supplies. The admirable success attending the duties of this department, the perfect quiet and want of ostentation with which they are performed, and the universal satisfaction manifested by all having the slightest connection or intercourse with it, must be attributed in a great measure, if not entirely, to the able, yet mild, affable and gentlemanly veteran who presides over its duties; aided as he is and has been by that talent which such men may readily command.

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT.

This is the only one remaining to be noticed, and in importance is secondary to none, unless the Engineers. From 1821 to 1838 one officer with the rank of Colonel sufficed for the duties of this department. He was always at general head quarters. In 1838, it was discovered that an addition of six officers—two Majors and four Captains—was necessary. This necessity it was presumed arose from an increase of the Army from near 8000 to 12,500. But it appears not to have been the case, or the reduction of 1842 would have rendered them useless. Like some other branches of the Staff, it now requires in this department five times the number of officers, with greatly increased rank and pay to accomplish the same duties as formerly. In its chief, however, the line of the Army has a firm and stanch friend, to whom they in gratitude acknowledge their indebtedness, and appreciate it the more since it is perfectly disinterested.

An Adjutant General at the head quarters of the Army, and an assistant in each of the military geographical divisions, would be ample for all duties in their department. The other offices should be abolished as useless excrescences.

The Pay Department has so little connection with the Army, that it is deemed unnecessary to notice it further than to express surprise that its officers should ever have been decorated with epaulettes, and armed with "our sword."

In concluding this subject, it seems to be an appropriate occasion for remarking, that, if any thing

which has been said by the writer heretofore, is deemed to be harsh and personal in its application, he fully disclaims such an intention, and atones for what he admits to have been a transgression, if the inference of personality is just and natural. In making this admission, however, the right to examine into and comment on the official acts of all public servants is not yielded, the acts of individuals in their official capacity, being as open to comment and scrutiny as those of masses. Not claiming to be infallible, or even more free from errors of judgment than others, nothing will be more gratifying than to consult their views when an opportunity is afforded. But under no circumstances will the slightest notice be taken of any personal reflections, or sly and covert insinuations.

A SUBALTERN.

"WOMAN, THY PLACE IS BEHIND THE THRONE."

In the October Messenger appeared some lines upon the foregoing sentiment, which have called forth the following appropriate answer. We found it in the Evening Mirror, lately established by Morris & Willis.—[Ed. Mess.

LINES,

SUGGESTED ON SEEING THE STANZAS UPON THE WORDS,

"Woman, thy Place is Behind the Throne."

Go to the humble peasant's cot, go at the close of day,
And odors from a thousand flow'rs shall round your path-
way stray ;

But sweeter than those odors are the joyous notes they
raise,

Who innocently offer up their hymn of grateful praise.

Whose whisper prompts their song and pray'r ?

Woman ! thy gentle voice is there.

Go where the taper dimly burns, go to the humble bed,
And watch when fitfully is turn'd the restless fever'd head :
Whose eye is that which gazes on the form that suffers there ?
Whose thoughts anticipate each wish, with never-ceasing
care ?

Whose voice breathes love in every tone ?

Woman ! the praise be all thine own.

But if the page of hist'ry must speak of deeds gone by,
One far more fair than Briton's boast fails not to meet the
eye ;

Behold Columbia's flag, as its stars and stripes unfold ;
Not half the deeds beneath it done have ever yet been told.

Search 'midst the annals of its fame ;

There oft is written woman's name.

Hark ! what a voice is that we hear, breath'd by the lapse
of time ?

What infant shrieks are those we hear, which tell the reign
of crime ?

Mary ! it is thy wicked reign, which Britons blush to name !
When woman's tears, and infant's cries, commingled with
the flame.

Those annals England's 'scutcheon stain,
Deeper than all her foes can name.

But few behold thy sex's form enclose a heart so cold ;
And Russia's hist'ry woman's heart more truthfully has told.
Elizabeth ! thy gentle hand ne'er sign'd the writ of death—
Thou could'st not give, and would not take thy subjects'
fleeting breath.

We love to dwell upon thy name,
And write the record of thy fame.

Go to the Hill of Calvary, and woman's form is there,
Where Roman banners proudly wave, and float upon the
air :

Look on the dying Saviour, where all save one had fled,
Who oft with him hath journey'd—oft with him broke bread.
A faithful and a female band,
These then around him closer stand.

And still we bid thee seek not "the cloud-cap'd tower of
fame ;"

Ye need no herald there, to sound the praises of thy name.
Within our heart of hearts is plac'd affection's sacred throne,
'Tis there that thy dominion is, we fully, frankly own !

Thy gentle sceptre there we bless,
And feel what fame can ne'er express.

DESULTORY NOTES ON DESULTORY READINGS.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE NAVAL COURT-MARTIAL IN
THE CASE OF ALEXANDER SLIDELL MACKENZIE,
A COMMANDER IN THE NAVY OF THE UNITED
STATES, &c., &c., to which is annexed an elaborate
review by JAMES FENNIMORE COOPER. 8 vo.,
pages 344. Henry G. Langley : New-York,
1844.

Of this large octavo, 255 pages are taken up
with the trial, and 81 with the Review.

According to the "advertisement" these "pages
comprise an *authentic* account of the official pro-
ceedings of the Naval Court-Martial, convened in
the case of Alexander Slidell Mackenzie," &c.

By what means, or through what channel the
author of the "elaborate Review" obtained "the offi-
cial proceedings" is not stated, although it is as-
serted that this volume is an *authentic* account.
Was it obtained from the archives of the govern-
ment by permission ? There is some doubt as to the
authenticity of this copy of the proceedings. We
read, page 309, "We have turned to this boy's tes-
timony, as given in the Tribune's report of the
proceedings of the court of inquiry, &c." "One
objection to the statement of the boy *as given in
the newspaper*," &c. Again—page 344. "At
pages 288 and 283, the names of Anderson and
Browning are confounded together in a way that
may mislead the reader. This has arisen from the
fact that a *portion of the record had not reached us*,
and we *followed newspaper reports*—always unsafe
guides—for a small portion of the testimony." How
can any account of "official proceedings" of any
court be *authentic* when a portion of it is derived
from "newspaper reports—always unsafe guides ?"

Connected with the question of authenticity of

this account of this very important case, we call
attention to the following sentences, page 339,
which give some indication of the manner of making
this book, as well as the *quo animo* of its author :

"We owe it to ourselves to say, that the record
has *reached us so irregularly*, while the publishers
pressed so fast for copy, as to render *our examina-
tion of this mutiny less compact and lucid* than we
could wish. The *case was not wholly before us
when we began to write*, and we confess that the
testimony, as it has become more fully developed,
has wrought some modifications of our views, which
will possibly be apparent to the reader. *As the
changes have been adverse to the case of Captain
Mackenzie*, however, we have not thought them of
sufficient importance to rewrite the earlier portion
of our article."

After hearing a judge declare that he began to
write his opinion before he heard all the testimony,
and that what he had heard before he began to
write reached him irregularly, and that he was
obliged to give it a hasty or hurried examination,
who will regard the opinion, or place any confidence
in his decision, no matter whether it be for or
against the prisoner ! The inference is, that the
judge, (or reviewer,) has prejudged the case of the
prisoner, and that he sat himself deliberately down
for the purpose of "proving more clearly his guilt."
The reviewer condemns the whole course of Capt.
Mackenzie in the mutiny of the Somers, and
labors to prove the propriety of his opinion, and in
doing so, implies that the mind of the captain is not
capable of perceiving logical deductions. "We
have had some occasions for understanding the
mind of Captain Mackenzie, and we ascribe more
to its peculiarities, perhaps, than total strangers
and severe judges might be disposed to yield." Here
the reviewer appears somewhat in the aspect
of a witness against the prisoner, while he presides
on the judgment seat. There seems to be a strongly
hostile and personal feeling against Captain Mac-
kenzie, on the part of the reviewer, which occasion-
ally displays itself ungenerously. "The ambition
of the author has let us into the secrets of the
commander, in more than one instance," page 336.
Again—"many imagine that Captain Mackenzie's
report betrays the evidence to glean personal
renown, from the manner in which it is pretended
he saved his own life and those of his associates.
The feebleness of this extraordinary document
renders its writer obnoxious to very injurious sus-
picions certainly, and this among the number ; but
the mental obliquity, so very obvious throughout
the whole affair, renders any ordinary analysis of
human motives exceedingly precarious. God alone
can say how far any selfish feeling was mixed up
with the mistakes of this terrible transaction."

It strikes us that the work of writing an elabo-
rate and just review of the Mackenzie case yet
remains to be done. In the present instance there

seems to be a still lingering resentment of Mackenzie's Review of Cooper's Naval History, and all the leaven of the stale tale of the Battle of Lake Erie has not yet worked itself off. Under this impression it is our notion that Mr. Cooper, under the circumstances, would have acted more in accordance with good taste and generosity by leaving the subject of the Somers' mutiny entirely to other hands.

We do not think the volume can be safely referred to as a perfectly accurate and entirely authentic report of Mackenzie's trial. It is to be hoped that both the proceedings of the Court-Martial and the Court of Inquiry will be some day published under legal authority without the commentaries of either friend or foe.

The review is alone valuable in showing us what are the opinions of Mr. Cooper, as to the value of which it is probable many persons will differ.

PANCOAST'S OPERATIVE SURGERY.—Here is a quarto volume, containing eighty beautiful lithographs illustrating every operation in surgery, so clearly and elegantly described in the text, that no man can fail to comprehend them. Messrs. Carey and Hart have reason to be proud of publishing such a book, and the profession of medicine or surgery will be gratified that such a work has emanated from an American author. One medical journal declares that, "of its kind, it has no superior," and we do not hazard much in venturing our opinion that this declaration will meet with universal approbation.

The New York Journal of Medicine holds on and promises to be worthy of patronage, which ought to increase to reward the editor and the distinguished contributors to its pages. Its tone, however, is not precisely to our taste; it deals a little too much in mere personal and local jealousies, and, in this respect, too closely resembles the London Lancet. It may get rid of this when it gets to be older.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF VENTILATION, with remarks on warming, exclusive lighting, and the communication of sound. By David Boswell Reid, M. D., F. R. S. E., &c., &c. London 1844. 8 vo. p.p. 451.

Intimately connected with the subject of warming is that of properly ventilating dwellings and public buildings of all kinds. British scientific travellers, and especially Mr. Combe, the phrenologist, complain of the little attention given to this subject by architects and builders in the United States. A perusal of Dr. Reid's book, however, satisfies us that of all people on earth we are not alone censurable on this account. In England and Scotland there is room for improvement, and there is quite as much necessity perhaps on the continent as in other situations for attention to this very important subject. As a striking illustration of the

beneficial effects of proper ventilation we extract the following from the work mentioned, in hopes that it may attract attention and lead to the increase of health, comfort and longevity in our country.

"It appears to be universally admitted, that a low diet diminishes the necessity for much air, and that, on the other hand, where there is little air, there cannot be a great appetite for food. There are no periods accordingly, if we except a period of severe bodily exercise, where the constitution demands such a variety of supply as immediately before and after dinner; and, in the present state of society, a large share of the evil not unfrequently attendant upon a dinner party, does not always arise so much from individuals having taken more than their constitution requires, but rather from the vitiated air with which the system is usually surrounded at such periods. Some years ago, about fifty members of the Royal Society club, at Edinburgh, dined in an apartment I had constructed, where, though illuminated by gas, the products of its combustion were essentially excluded, as they were all removed by a ventilating tube connected with, but concealed in, the crop of the gothic pendant in which the central lights were placed. Large quantities of mild atmosphere were constantly supplied and passed in quick succession through the apartment throughout the whole evening, the effect being varied from time to time by infusing odoriferous materials, so that the air should imitate successively that of a lavender field, of an orange grove, &c. Nothing very special was noticed, during the time of dinner by the members; but Mr. Barry, of the British Hotel, who provided the dinner, and who from the members of the club being frequently in the habit of dining in his rooms, was familiar with their constitutions, showed the committee that three times the amount of wines had been taken that was usually consumed by the same party in a room lighted by gas, but not ventilated—that he had been surprised to observe that gentlemen whose usual allowance was two glasses, took, without hesitation, as much as a half a bottle—that those who were in the habit of taking a half a bottle took a bottle and a half, and that, in short, he had been compelled twice to send hackney coaches for additional supplies during dinner, though he had provided a larger supply than usual, considering the circumstances under which the members met.

"Minute inquiries afterwards assured me that no headache nor other injurious consequences had followed this meeting, nor were any of the members aware at the moment that they had partaken more heartily than usual, till Mr. Barry showed them what had taken place. The meeting included individuals of all ages and of extreme variety of occupations, among whom there were judges and members of Parliament, medical men and members of the bar, naval and military officers, whose different ages varied as much as their various professional occupations." Page 180-1.

The work of Dr. Reid refers more particularly to the mechanical contrivances for securing proper ventilation, and only touches incidentally on its effects upon health. The mechanical or rather the dynamic phenomena connected with moving currents of air under various influences, and explanations of the principles of his subject, are accompanied by 330 wood cut illustrations. The style of writing may be understood by the above extract.

The various modes of heating by steam, by high and low temperature hot water apparatus, high and low temperature stoves and furnaces, and by open fires are touched upon; and the laws of heat and

the constitution of the atmosphere, as well as the gases with which it is contaminated in various situations and under various circumstances, are briefly noticed.

This work is worthy the special study of seafaring men, and to officers in the navy and naval architects we particularly recommend it, for we have no where met with clearer views on the subject of ventilating ships, or stronger instances of the baleful consequences of want of ventilation in ships of war and other vessels.

We recommend an American edition of this work, which is calculated to produce as much interest and benefit among the people as any of the popular books of Liebig. Let the Publisher do it justice and give us all the illustrations.

ON THE NATURE AND MANAGEMENT OF THE HORSE IN HEALTH AND DISEASE.—By William Roper, Surgeon, T. C. D. 12 mo. p. 117. London, 1844. A neat and excellent little book well worthy of an American dress.

A GENERAL OUTLINE OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM AND MANUAL OF COMPARATIVE ANATOMY. By THOMAS RYMER JONES, F. Z. S., &c., &c. 336 Engravings. 8 vo., pp. 732. London, 1841.

We scarcely expect to see any lignographic engravings more exquisitely beautiful than those which illustrate the volume whose title is written above; which gives a very satisfactory view of the general structure of the animal kingdom. To the great majority of the readers of the *Messenger*, we presume this volume is unknown, and being an expensive one, and treating of matters which interest comparatively few persons in the United States, will, in all probability, not be reprinted. Nevertheless, as some copies have found their way across the Atlantic, it may serve a good purpose to call attention to the work. To physiologists and students of physiology, naturalists and physicians, it ought to be interesting to trace animal organization through the great series, from the seemingly lifeless sponge to man, the crowning glory of the animal creation. But to read this work profitably, some little elementary knowledge of physiology should be previously possessed, and also some knowledge of Natural History, a subject of more importance and of wider bearing on the future condition of our country than is commonly believed. It is not necessary that every man should be a profound naturalist, but every man in a new country like ours might advantageously know enough of the subject to appreciate wisely the various phenomena which daily occur and pass unnoticed for want of elementary knowledge of this subject.

We may remark, in passing, that we do not agree with Dr. Dunglison, who, in his most admirable little book entitled the "*Medical Student*," conveys the idea, that Natural History is of no use to the physician, because such knowledge rarely is called into

requisition by the practitioner, to select the drugs and medicines he may use in practice. To druggists and dealers in drugs he does not seem to think it of consequence; nevertheless, in another work of great value, his "*Human Physiology*," he draws largely on Natural History to elucidate the subject.

By the term Natural History we mean that science which embraces a knowledge of the structure of all bodies, living or brute, inorganic, which are on the whole face of the earth, or united together to constitute its mass; a knowledge of the phenomena observable in these bodies, the characteristics by which they may be distinguished from each other, and the parts they play in the great total of the creation. Its domain is immense, and its importance does not yield to its extent. Some men, possessing little acquaintance with science, perceive in it a mere collection of anecdotes more fitted to gratify idle curiosity than to exercise the mind, or they regard it as a dry study of technical names and arbitrary classifications; but such an opinion has its source in ignorance, for no one possessing the most elementary notions of Natural History can fail to recognize its great utility. The spectacle of nature, so grand and so harmonious as it is, showing how vastly superior the beautiful reality of the creation is to the beau ideal of human inventions, elevates and disposes the mind to high and salutary thoughts. The knowledge of ourselves and of the objects which surround us is not only to satisfy our craving for information which is developed in proportion to the increase of intelligence; it is a necessary basis to many other studies, and is eminently calculated to give that rectitude of judgment, without which the most brilliant qualities lose their value, and, in the course of life, rather lead from than conduct us to useful ends. The importance of the natural sciences should be too evident to require demonstration. But let us look round us a moment: think of the wealth buried in the bowels of the earth, and the services daily rendered to industry by Geology and Mineralogy; behold the plants, so varied and so beautiful, which supply our wants in magnificent prodigality, and think how important a guide Natural History may be made to agriculture; enumerate those animals which produce wool, silk and honey and those that assist our toils with their strength, or those which, instead of being useful to us, destroy our crops; remember too the long list of diseases by which the human machine is afflicted, and bear in mind the fact that medicine acts blindly when it does not rest upon scientific knowledge of the nature of man. The practical importance of the study of Natural History, we repeat, requires no proof, and must be felt, no matter what may be our career; but its utility does not stop here; the influence it can be made to exert over our faculties themselves is worthy of the most serious attention. In fact

the natural sciences, by reason of the routine system peculiar to them, accustom the mind to go back from effects to causes, and at the same time, invariably, to submit results deduced from preceding observations to the test of new facts; their study leads to speculations of the most elevated character, but never leads the imagination astray, because it always places material proof along side of theory. And beyond any other pursuit, Natural History exercises the mind in habits of *method*, a part of logic without which every investigation is laborious and every exposition obscure.

Natural History ought to constitute one of the elements of every system of liberal education; but it is not necessary that every young man should be a naturalist. In a science so vast in its scope, to become a proficient would require more time than can be spared from other classical studies, and it comprises a host of details, useful only to those who are desirous of devoting themselves especially to it. What every well educated young man ought to know, is not the characteristics which distinguish this or that genus of plants or animals from another genus, nor the exact course of every nerve, or every artery in the human body. To charge his memory with such details would subject him to labor which would be neither useful nor durable in its results; but what he ought to possess are sound views on all the great questions that it is the province of the natural sciences to solve; on the constitution of the earth, and the physical revolutions that have taken place on its surface; on the manner in which the functions of all creatures are performed, and the principal modifications observed in their structure, according to the kind of life for which they have been destined. Such information, once acquired, would not be soon forgotten, and such information must be specially sought by all who would become naturalists, and still it is enough for those whose occupations are not closely connected with these sciences.

Such are the opinions of an eminent naturalist in France, and I am sure, the propagation of these opinions in our country will advance its interests. Not many months ago the agricultural society of New-York discussed plans of schools of agriculture and plans of agricultural education; most of these plans were confined to the dissemination of a knowledge of agricultural chemistry, and of the improvement and management of soils, and only one member suggested that a work on insects ought to form a part of the school libraries. Now, it may be properly asked, what advantage is any book on insects or any class of animals, in a school, if the students or pupils are ignorant of the language, of the meaning of the systematic and technical language in which it must be written. To read Harris' or Say's book on insects advantageously, the pupil must first be acquainted somewhat with the structure and functions of insects

as taught in elementary works on Natural History. Let us take a short extract from Say's "American Entomology."

"Above sanguineous; five spots on the thorax, four on each elytrum, and scutel black; head and all beneath black." This is a specific description of an insect, perfectly intelligible to any one acquainted with the elements, but which can convey no useful information to one ignorant of them. The pupil is at once arrested by the technical names of parts, namely, thorax, elytrum, scutel, &c., and for want of understanding them, the description is Greek to him.

To the science of agriculture, Natural History, properly taught, is of great importance, because it teaches us the structure of animals, the mode of their existence, and what is essential to their life. Knowing this, we are better able to treat their diseases, and to destroy those which are injurious to our interests.

But enough has been said to show, that in our opinion, the elements of Natural History should constitute an important branch of agricultural education especially, even at the expense of Latin and Greek, or of other languages.

Phila.
Dr. Ruschenberger.

HOLGAZAN.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AN ADIEU TO OUR PATRONS AND FRIENDS.

Once more, kind patrons, we have to bid you farewell—an affectionate, grateful farewell! The Autumn is past, our annual fruits are gathered, and, may we not hope, garnered by you. It has been our aim to make them fit for preservation and to remove all impurity that might lead to corruption. How far we have succeeded is left to your liberal judgment. Of our desires and aspirations alone will we boast. They have been elevated—far beyond present attainment; perhaps beyond ultimate realization. But with your encouraging smiles and support, we will struggle on, only remembering "the things that are behind" so far as to derive incitement towards those that are before us. The way of improvement is open and known. Your aid only is required to enable us to pursue it. In offering you, then, our parting thanks, we would solicit a continuance, yea an increase of your patronage. Few caterers for the Literary taste are on the road to opulence; and hence they need and, it is generally admitted, deserve a richer reward than that which they receive.

Though the wheels of Time have brought us, as it were, to a fork in the road, we trust that we shall not be separated; but will soon resume our journey together under brighter skies and over

smoother, fairer ways. But whether this be our fortune or not, may you enjoy overflowing prosperity and a peace calm as that which fills the breast of early innocence.

All our contributors will please accept our cordial thanks; and we return our acknowledgments to the various enterprising publishers who have kindly furnished us with their publications; and to the conductors of the Press for their courtesy and friendly notices, which if undeserved, were unso- licited.

To all our colaborers in the fields of Literature, we offer the right hand of fellowship and good feeling. We are proudly conscious that no narrow jealousy, nor vindictive bitterness, nor even uncourteous disparagement has marked our course. We can never be an Ishmaelite in Letters; and hope to flourish along with our cotemporaries, not upon their ruin, or demerits, but upon the Literary Spirit of our countrymen and of the South, where we feel that we have a *special* claim.

To every friend and well-wisher we tender our adieu and wish them a "merry Christmas" and a "happy New-Year."

LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE,

EARL OF ORFORD,

TO SIR HORACE MANN, HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S RESIDENT AT THE COURT OF FLORENCE, FROM 1760 TO 1785. Now first published from the original MSS. Concluding series, in 2 vols. 8 vo. pp., 420, 553. Lea & Blanchard, 1844.

In the Letters of Horace Walpole there is one of the greatest treats that the Literary world has enjoyed for many a day. For variety, for attraction, for useful information, and for style they have never been surpassed. The son of an Eminent Statesman and favorite minister, he enjoyed from infancy the highest advantages of education and association, which his rare endowments enabled him fully to improve. Hence, the position he has always held has been such as to give him the best opportunities of observing the transactions of his times, upon which he looked with an attentive eye and with ability to understand and judge of them. The materials with which he constantly stored his capacious mind, were continually wrought out and re-produced, and his thoughts and reflections put forth with a wit and eloquence rarely equalled. During the three generations through which he lived, nothing escaped his observation, and the momentous events of a most stirring era and the gossip and dissipation of fashionable life, with all between, above and below them, occupied his fascinating pen. Writing from Strawberry Hill, 16th May, 1781, he says:

"The House of Lords, who never fatigued themselves, are become as antiquated as their college, the Heralds' Office, and as idle. In the other

House there are not many debates, and the unshaken majority renders those of little consequence. The disunion of the leaders increases this supineness. For smaller events, I go so little into the world, that many escape me, and fewer interest me. Can one take much part in the occupations of the grand-children of one's first acquaintance? I might, no doubt, collect paragraphs if I took pains; for certainly no reformation has taken place. Dissipation is at high-water mark; but it is either without variety, novelty, and imagination, or the moroseness of age makes me see no taste in their pleasures. Lateness of hours is the principal feature of the times, and certainly demands no stress of invention. Every fashionable place is still crowded; no instance of selection neither. Gaming is yet general; though money, the principal ingredient, does not abound. My old favorite game, Faro, is lately revived. I have played but thrice, and not all night, as I used to do; it is not decent to end where one began, nor to sit up with a generation by two descents my juniors. Mr. Fox is the first figure in all the places I have mentioned; the hero in Parliament, at the gaming-table, at Newmarket. Last week he passed four-and-twenty hours without interruption at all three, or on the road from one to the other; and ill the whole time, for he has a bad constitution, and treats it as if he had been dipped in the immortal river: but I doubt his heel at least will be vulnerable."

This gives some idea of his versatility—but is only a poor specimen of that, or of his wit and humor.

As a philosopher and deep observer of human affairs his letters alone place him in no ordinary rank. As a literateur, his attainments were of a very high order. He carried on a correspondence with many of the most distinguished authors of his day and wrote with ability and beauty upon a great variety of subjects, and had many sharp Literary controversies to encounter. He looked upon the Arts with the eye of a patron and a connoisseur; upon the political events of his time, with the eye of impartiality and wisdom, and often foresaw consequences of which those more actively engaged in those events never dreamed. Hence his letters, so conspicuous for their brilliancy and epistolary excellence, are also one of the best epitomes of political history that any country possesses. In this respect they are particularly valuable to the American reader, and should engage the eager attention of every mind that loves to dwell upon the history of his country. These United States can never expect to have a very impartial historian in England. The conduct of king, ministers and people there, in our great struggle for Independence, can hardly ever be fairly portrayed by any of England's historical authors. But here we have their history written, by a man of eminence, a patriot and a scholar; who yet can do justice to America and impartially condemn the folly and injustice of his nation. We recur to these volumes of Letters now principally for the purpose of giving some extracts from Walpole's running commentary upon the

events of the American revolution, in which he will appear a prophet and the friend of Liberty. The volumes so abound in interest, that we are tempted to open a wider field; but even with the restriction proposed, ample space will be occupied, and our readers will be able to judge from one subject, how he has treated others. To begin with the year 1774: Oct., 6. He thus writes,

"It would be unlike my attention and punctuality, to see so large an event as an irregular dissolution of Parliament, without taking any notice of it to you. It happened last Saturday, six months before its natural death, and without the design being known but the Tuesday before, and that by very few persons. The chief motive is supposed to be the ugly state of North America, and the effects that a cross winter might have on the next elections. Whatever were the causes, the first consequences, as you may guess, were such a ferment in London as is seldom seen at this dead season of the year. Couriers, despatches, post-chaises, post-horses, hurrying every way! Sixty messengers passed through one single turnpike on Friday. The whole island is by this time in equal agitation; but less wine and money will be shed than have been at any such period for these fifty years." * * *

"America, I doubt, is still more unpromising. There are whispers of their having assembled an armed force, and of earnest supplications arrived for succours of men and ships. A civil war is no trifle; and how we are to suppress or pursue it in such a vast region, with a handful of men, I am not an Alexander to guess; and for the fleet, can we put it upon castors and wheel it from Hudson's Bay to Florida! But I am an ignorant soul, and neither pretend to knowledge nor foreknowledge. All I perceive already is, that our Parliaments are subjected to America and India, and must be influenced by their politics; yet I do not believe our senators are more universal than formerly."

How much political wisdom and forethought are in the following, of January 25th, 1775.

"The times are indeed very serious. Pacification with America is not the measure adopted. More regiments are ordered thither, and to-morrow a plan, I fear equivalent to a declaration of war, is to be laid before both Houses. They are bold Ministers, methinks, who do not hesitate on a civil war, in which victory may bring ruin, and disappointment endanger their heads. Lord Chatham has already spoken out: and though his outset, [a motion in the Lords last Friday,] was neither wise nor successful, he will certainly be popular again with the clamorous side, which no doubt will become the popular side too, for all wars are costly, and consequently grievous. Acquisition alone can make those burdens palatable: and in a war with our own colonies we must afflict instead of acquiring them, and cannot recover them without having undone them. I am still to learn wisdom and experience, if these things are not so."

On the 15th of February, he writes,

"The war with our colonies, which is now declared, is a proof how much influence jargon has on human actions. A war on our own trade is *popular*! Both houses are as eager for it as they were for conquering the Indies—which acquits

them a little of rapine, when they are as glad of what will impoverish them as of what they fancied was to enrich them—so like are the great vulgar, and the small. Are not you foreigners amazed? We are raising soldiers and seamen—so are the Americans; and, unluckily, can find a troop as easily as we a trooper. But we are above descending to calculation: one would think the whole legislature were of the club at Almack's, and imagined, like Charles Fox, that our fame was to rise in proportion to our losses. It is more extraordinary that Charles does not adopt their system, as they have copied his, but opposes them, and proposes to make his fortune when they are bankrupt. In the mean time bad news pours in from America. I do not believe all I hear—but fear I shall believe a great deal in spite of my teeth."

Something of his wit and caustic satire may be seen in the following,—April, 17th.

"It is more equitable to suppose that my conception is worn out, than that the world wants events. I tell you of a nation of madmen, and yet want instances. It is certain, both that we do not grow sage, and that I have nothing to say. The town is divided into two great classes, the politicians and the pleaurists. The first are occupied with that vast sœtus, the American contest; and wars at that distance do not go on expeditiously. Wilkes has arrived at his *ne plus ultra*; he has presented a remonstrance in form to the Throne; and, with the magnanimity of an Alexander, used his triumph with moderation—in modern language, with good breeding. The younger generation game, dress, dance, go to Newmarket. Some of them, not juniors all, learn to sing. Cortez was victorious in our last opera, Montezuma. I doubt the Americans will not be vanquished in recitative."

In July of this year, 1775, referring to the American troubles, he says that he had always augured ill of the quarrel and wiped his hands of it; and that it made him resume the thought of making another journey to Paris. He did go, but before he started, wrote again on the third of August.

"In spite of all my modesty, I cannot help thinking I have a little something of the prophet about me. At least, we have not conquered America yet. I did not send you immediate word of our victory at Boston, because the success not only seemed very equivocal, but because the conquerors lost three to one more than the vanquished. The last do not pique themselves upon modern good-breeding, but level only at the officers, of whom they have slain a vast number. We are a little disappointed, indeed, at their fighting at all, which was not in our calculation. We knew we could conquer *America in Germany*, and I doubt had better have gone thither now for that purpose, as it does not appear hitherto to be quite so feasible in America itself. However, we are determined to know the worst, and are sending away all the men and ammunition we can muster. The Congress, not asleep neither, have appointed a Generalissimo, Washington, allowed a very able officer, who distinguished himself in the last war. Well! we had better have gone on robbing the Indies; it was a more lucrative trade."

From Paris, he wrote, Sept. 7th and 11th.

"You will on your side not be surprised that I

am what I always was, a zealot for liberty in every part of the Globe, and consequently that I most heartily wish success to the Americans. They have hitherto not made *one* blunder; and the Administration have made a thousand, besides the two capital ones, of first provoking, and then of uniting the colonies. The latter seem to have as good heads as hearts, as we want both. The campaign seems languishing. The Ministers will make all their efforts against the spring. So no doubt will the Americans too. Probably the war will be long. On the side of England, it must be attended with ruin. If England prevails, English and American liberty is at an end! If the colonies prevail, our commerce is gone—and if, at last, we negotiate, they will neither forgive nor give us our former advantages.” * * * *

“I had made up my letter; but those I received from England last night bring such important intelligence, I must add a paragraph. That miracle of gratitude, the Czarina, has consented to lend England twenty thousand Russians, to be transported to America. The Parliament is to meet on the 20th of next month, and vote twenty-six thousand seamen! What a paragraph of blood is there! With what torrents must liberty be preserved in America! In England what can save it! Oh! mad, mad England! What frenzy, to throw away its treasures, lay waste its empire of wealth, and sacrifice its freedom, that its prince may be the arbitrary lord of boundless deserts in America, and of an impoverished, depopulated, and thence insignificant, island in Europe! and what prospect of comfort has a true Englishman! Why, that Philip the Second miscarried against the boors of Holland, and that Louis the Fourteenth could not replace James the Second on the throne!”

And again, Oct. 10, he says,

“I am still here; though on the wing. Your answer to mine from hence was sent back to me from England; as I have loitered here beyond my intention; in truth, from an indisposition of mind. I am not impatient to be in a frantic country, that is stabbing itself in every vein. The delirium still lasts, though, I believe, kept up by the quacks that caused it. Is it credible that five or six of the great *trading* towns have presented addresses against the Americans? I have no doubt but those addresses are procured by those boobies the country gentlemen, their members, and bought of the Alderman; but, is it not amazing that the merchants and manufacturers do not duck such tools in a horse-pond? When the storm will recoil I do not know, but it will be terrible in all probability, though too late. Never shall we be again what we have been! Other powers, who sit still and wisely suffer us to plunge over head and ears, will perhaps be alarmed at what they write from England, that we are to buy twenty thousand Russian assassins, at the price of Georgia: how deep must be our game, when we pursue it at the expense of establishing a new maritime power, and aggrandize that engrossing throne, which threatens half Europe, for the satisfaction of enslaving our own brethren! Horrible policy! If the Americans, as our papers say, are on the point of seizing Canada, I should think that France would not long remain neutre, when she may regain her fur-trade with the Canadians, or obtain Canada from the Americans; but it is endless to calculate what we may lose. Our Court

has staked every thing against despotism; and the nation, which must be a loser, which ever side prevails, takes part against the Americans, who fight for the nation as well as for themselves! what Egyptian darkness!”

But these references are so frequent, that we must skip many interesting passages. The views of Walpole are herein clearly expressed, and have been fully verified by subsequent events. On August 11th, 1776, he thus notices the Declaration of Independence.

“The Congress has declared all the provinces independent, has condemned the Mayor of New-York to be hanged for corresponding with their enemies, and have seized Franklin, not the famous doctor, but one of the King's governors. I hope this savage kind of war will not proceed; but they seem to be very determined, and that makes the prospect very melancholy.”

Particular mention is made by him of the arrival of “the famous doctor” in Paris, as one of the commissioners sent over by Congress to procure a treaty of alliance with France. There seem to have been various conjectures about the object of the great philosopher's visit; and possibly some rumors of his having deserted the cause of his country. Mr. Burke in a letter of the 6th of January, to the Marquis of Rockingham, throws out the following conjectures as to the object of Franklin's visit.

“I persuade myself he is come to Paris to draw from that Court a definite and satisfactory answer concerning the support of the Colonies. If he cannot get such an answer (and I am of the opinion that, at present, he cannot,) then it is to be presumed he is authorized to negotiate with Lord Stormont on the basis of dependence on the Crown. This I take to be his errand; for I never can believe that he has come thither as a fugitive from his cause in the hour of its distress, or that he is going to conclude a long life, which has brightened every hour it has continued, with so foul and dishonorable a flight.”

The idea of Franklin's “foul and dishonorable flight!” Mr. Burke did him the commonest justice; but was entirely mistaken as to the supposition of our dependence upon the crown of France.

April 3rd, 1777, Walpole pays the following just tribute to the immortal Washington. We are afraid that some of our own fellow citizens will ere long have to apply to such writers as Walpole for a proper appreciation of the father of their Liberties. He says,

“I have nothing very new to tell you on public affairs, especially as I can know nothing more than you see in the papers. It is my opinion that the King's affairs are in a very bad position in America. I do not say that his armies may not gain advantages again; though I believe there has been as much design as cowardice in the behavior of the provincials, who seem to have been apprized that protraction of the war would be more certainly advantageous to them than heroism. Washington, the dictator, has shown himself both a Fabius and a Camillus. His march through our lines is allow-

ed to have been a prodigy of generalship. In one word, I look upon great part of America as lost to this country! It is not less deplorable, that between art and contention, such an inveteracy has been sown between the two countries as will probably outlast even the war. Supposing this unnatural enmity should not soon involve us in other wars, which would be extraordinary indeed, what a difference, in a future war with France and Spain, to have the Colonies in the opposite scale, instead of being in ours! What politicians are those who have preferred the empty name of *sovereignty* to that of *alliance*, and forced subsidies to the golden ocean of commerce!"

Here we will give the whole of the following letter :

"Arlington Street, Feb. 18, 1778.

"I do not know how to word the following letter; how to gain credit with you! How shall I intimate to you, that you must lower your topsails, waive your imperial dignity, and strike to the colors of the thirteen United Provinces of America! Do not tremble, and imagine that Washington has defeated General Howe, and driven him out of Philadelphia; or that Gates has taken another army; or that Portsmouth is invested by an American fleet. No: no military *new* event has occasioned this revolution. The sacrifice has been made on the altar of Peace. Stop again: peace is not made, it is only implored,—and, I fear, only on this side of the Atlantic. In short, yesterday, *February* 17th, a most memorable era, Lord North opened his Conciliatory Plan,—no partial, no collusive one. In as few words as I can use, it solicits peace with the States of America: it haggles on no terms; it acknowledges the Congress, or any body that pleases to treat; it confesses errors, misinformation, ill-success, and impossibility of conquest; it disclaims taxation, desires commerce, hopes for assistance, allows the independence of America, not verbally, yet virtually, and suspends hostilities till June, 1779. It does a little more: not *verbally*, but *virtually* it confesses that the Opposition have been in the right from the beginning to the end.

"The warmest American cannot deny but these gracious condescensions are ample enough to content that whole continent; and yet, my friend, such accommodating facility had one defect,—it came too late. The treaty between the high and mighty States and France is signed; and, instead of peace, we must expect war with the high allies. The French army is come to the coast, and their officers here are recalled.

"The House of Commons embrace the plan, and voted it, *nemine contradicente*. It is to pass both Houses with a rapidity that will do every thing but overtake time past. All the world is in astonishment. As my letter will not set out till the day after to-morrow, I shall have time to tell you better what is thought of this amazing step.

Feb. 20.

"In sooth I cannot tell you what is thought. Nobody knows what to think. To leap at once from an obstinacy of four years to a total concession of every thing; to stoop so low, without hopes of being forgiven—who can understand such a transformation? I must leave you in all your wonderment; for the cloud is not dispersed. When it

shall be, I doubt it will discover no serene prospect! All that remains certain is, that America is not only lost, but given up. We must no longer give ourselves Continental airs! I fear even our trident will find it has lost a considerable prong.

"I have lived long, but never saw such a day as last Tuesday! From the first, I augured ill of this American war; yet do not suppose that I boast of my penetration. Far was I from expecting such a conclusion! Conclusion!—*y sommes nous?* Acts of Parliament have made a war, but cannot repeal one. They have provoked—not terrified; and Washington and Gates have respected the Speaker's mace no more than Oliver Cromwell did.

"You shall hear as events arise. I disclaim all sagacity, and pretend to no foresight. It is not an Englishman's talent. Even the second-sight of the Scots has proved a little purblind.

"Have you heard that Voltaire is actually in Paris! Perhaps soon you will learn French news earlier than I can.

"What scenes my letters to you have touched on for eight-and-twenty years! I arrived here at the eve of the termination of my father's happy reign. The rebellion, as he foresaw, followed; and much disgrace. Another war ensued, with new disgraces. And then broke forth Lord Chatham's sun; and all was glory and extensive empire. Nor tranquillity nor triumph are our lot now! 'The womb of time is not with child of a mouse,—but adieu! I shall probably write again before you have digested half the meditations this letter will have conjured up."

This will lead us to a short digression, which may be pardoned as exhibiting more particularly his literary character. There was no love lost between Sir Horace and Voltaire, and the cause of Walpole's aversion is thus given by himself, in the "Short Notes" of his life. In Feb., 1768, he published his "Historic Doubts on Richard III." Twelve hundred copies were printed and sold so fast, that a thousand more were published the next week. In June, he received a letter from Voltaire desiring a copy of the "Historic Doubts." He sent it and along with it the Castle of Otranto, that the French Philosopher might see the preface of which Walpole had told him. Voltaire did not like it, but returned a civil reply defending his opinions. Walpole rejoined with even more civility, but dropped the subject, "not caring," as he says, "to enter into a controversy; especially in a matter of opinion, on which, whether we were right or wrong, all France would be on his side and all England on mine." In a memorandum of April 24th, 1769, he thus continues:

"About the same time Voltaire published in the *Mercure* the letter he had written to me, but I made no answer, because he had treated me more dirtily than Mr. Hume had. Though Voltaire, with whom I had never had the least acquaintance or correspondence, had voluntarily written to me first, and asked for my book, he wrote a letter to the Duchess of Choiseul, in which, without saying a syllable of his having written to me first, he told her I had officiously sent him my Works, and declared war with him in defence *de ce bouffon* Shakspeare,

whom in his reply to me he pretended so much to admire. The Duchess sent me Voltaire's letter, which gave me such contempt for his disingenuity that I dropped all correspondence with him."

These "Notes" of his life contain ample evidence of his great industry in Literature. His pen was almost constantly occupied in composition, from a child's book for the great niece of the Countess Dowager of Suffolk, to tragedies, antiquities, historical and poetical criticism, and the memoirs of his times.

We have already occupied so much space with quotations, and the references to the subject before us are so frequent, that we shall be compelled to pass more rapidly towards the close of our revolutionary struggle. Walpole had declared that there was "no more chance of conquering America than the Holy Land." But as the long and arduous war, with its various fortunes, proceeded, we find him growing rather doubtful. The loss of Charleston, and the disasters of that period in both the Carolinas might well have cast a gloom of despondency over the prospects of the colonies and filled the best friends of the country with doubt and alarm. Franklin, however, was not of the number of those fearful ones. Writing from Paris to a friend in America he says,

"You seem to be too much affected with the loss of Charlestown. The enemy's affairs will not be much advanced by it. They have successively been in possession of the capitals of five provinces, but were not therefore in possession of the provinces themselves. The cannon will be recovered with the place; if not, our furnaces are constantly at work in making more. The destroying of our ships by the English is only like shaving our beards, which will grow again: their loss of provinces is like the loss of a limb, which can never again be united to their body."

In March, 1781, Walpole writes:

"America is once more not quite ready to be conquered, though every now and then we fancy it is. Tarleton is defeated, Lord Cornwallis is checked, and Arnold not sure of having betrayed his friends to much purpose. If we are less certain of recovering what we have thrown away, we are in full as much danger of losing what we acquired, not more creditably, at the other end of the world. Hyder Ally, an Indian potentate, thinking he has as much right to the diamonds of his own country as the Rumbolds and Syke's, who were originally waiters in a tavern, has given us a blow and *has not done*."

The following extract will show his sense of humanity and sympathy for the colonies well blended with his "tenderness for his country." Those who recollect the horrors of the prison ships of Charleston, or the sugar house of New-York can not cease to wonder that civilized Englishmen were ever guilty of such atrocities. Nov. 30, 1780, he says:

"The newspapers have told you as much as I

know of Arnold's treachery, which has already cost the life of a much better man, Major André—precipitated probably by Lord Cornwallis's cruelty. You hear on the continent, but too much of our barbarity; the only way in which we have yet shown our power! Rodney found Rhode Island so strongly fortified that he returned to the West Indies and yet we still presume on recovering America!

"Do you wonder that, witness to so much delusion and disgrace, it should grow irksome to me to be the annalist of our follies and march to ruin! I cannot, like our newspapers, falsify every event, and coin prophecies out of bad omens. My friendship for you makes me persist in our correspondence; but tenderness for my country makes me abhor detailing its errors, and regard to truth will not allow me to assert what I do not believe. I wait for events, that I may send you something; and yet my accounts are dry and brief, because I confine myself to avowed facts, without comments or credulity."

We will bring these extracts to a close with the capture of Cornwallis, which ended the war. Nov. 26th and 29th, he says,

"An account came yesterday that could not be expected, that Washington and the French have made Lord Cornwallis and his whole army prisoners. I do not know what others think, but to me it seems fortunate that they were not all cut to pieces. It is not heroic perhaps, but I am glad, that this disaster arriving before our fleet reached the Chesapeake, it turned back to New York without attacking the French fleet, who were above three to two, thirty-seven to twenty-three. This is all I know yet; and yet this comes at an untoward moment; for the Parliament meets to-morrow, and it puts the Speech and speeches a little into disorder.

"I cannot put on the face of the day, and act grief. Whatever puts an end to the American war will save the lives of thousands—millions of money too. If glory compensates such sacrifices, I never heard that disgraces and disappointments were palliatives; but I will not descant, nor is it right to vaunt of having been in the right when one's country's shame is the solution of one's prophecy, nor would one join in the triumph of her enemies."

"I mentioned on Tuesday the captivity of Lord Cornwallis and his army, the Columbus who was to bestow America on us again. A second army taken in a drag-net is an uncommon event, and happened but once to the Romans, who sought adventures every where. We have not lowered our tone on this new disgrace, though I think we shall talk no more of insisting on *implicit submission*, which would rather be a gasconade than firmness. In fact, there is one very unlucky circumstance already come out, which must drive every American, to a man, from ever calling himself our friend. By the tenth article of the capitulation, Lord Cornwallis demanded that the loyal Americans in his army should not be punished. This was flatly refused, and he has left them to be hanged. I doubt no vote of Parliament will be able to blanch such a—such a—I don't know what the word is for it. He must get his uncle the Archbishop to christen it. There is no name for it in any Pagan vocabu-

lary. I suppose it will have a patent for being called *Necessity*. Well! there ends another volume of the American war. It looks a little as if the history of it would be all we should have for it, except forty millions of debt, and three other wars that have grown out of it, and that do not seem so near to a conclusion."

In the same way that Sir Horace has noticed affairs as they transpired in America, he has taken cognizance of transactions in England and India, and in France, Spain and other parts of the continent; and the notes of himself and the Editor of the delightful volumes of his correspondence lend additional value to their contents. As we have already said, they are invaluable to us, as evincing a spirit of liberality and impartiality, which we know from experience is not always to be met with. From his eminence and talents we may regard him, so far, as the historian of his times, and his testimony and opinions will stand as an offset and corrective to those writers, who may espouse less liberal views. We have selected this one view of his writings as most akin to the Home-Spirit of our Journal and the patriotism of our people. But it may not be to many readers the most attractive one, and we assure them that they can not have a taste for which the versatility and variety of this noble author will not furnish abundance of gratification.

Notices of New Works.

WILEY & PUTNAM. NEW-YORK & LONDON, 1844.
REVOLUTIONARY ORDERS OF GENERAL WASHINGTON, issued during the years 1778, 1780, 1781, and '82. Selected from the MSS. of John Whiting, Lieut. and Adjutant of the 2nd Regiment Massachusetts line, and EDITED BY HIS SON, HENRY WHITING, Lieut. Col. U. S. Army.

Every thing that concerns Washington proves the consistency, the purity and grandeur of his character. Accustomed, as we are, to hold him in almost more than mortal reverence, whatever relates to him has a high value in our estimation, and we trust that his name is scarcely less embalmed in the hearts of others. But after the vast and valuable stores which have been preserved by a Marshall, a Sparks and others, more might reasonably be expected from any addition now made to them. It should not only be truly useful, but complete in itself. The Editor of the volume before us was aware of these things; and as long as he supposed that Mr. Sparks would make a volume out of the Revolutionary orders of General Washington, he forebore to publish the MSS. of his father. When Mr. Sparks had completed his "Life and Writings," and returned the MSS. in his possession to the Library at Washington, Col. Whiting made application for them, that his contemplated work might be rendered complete; but this he does not seem to have prosecuted with very great zeal; and not succeeding in procuring them, has determined to issue the volume before us. Like every thing else that relates to "the Father of his country" they show him to have been the best of the good and the wisest of the great. Nothing was too small for his attention, nor, as we think, too great for his comprehension. From the plan of a campaign on which might depend the fate of his country, down

to the powdering of the hair of his soldiers, we find him carefully employed. The health and cleanliness of his army were no less attended to than its discipline and evolutions, and every thing, trifling or important, passed under his immediate supervision.

The matters of chief historic interest in the volume before us, are the celebrations of the alliance of France and of the birth of the Dauphin, General Green's order about Arnold after his treachery, Washington's order in relation to the Jersey Mutiny, and his thanks to Gen. Howe for his exertions in suppressing it, the announcement of the actions of King's Mountain and the Cowpens, and of the rescue of Georgia from the hands of the enemy, and the trial of Gen. McDougall. There are other matters of curiosity and interest, which will repay the attention of the reader. In the following order issued in preparation for the celebration of the birth of the Dauphin, is a curious union of gallantry and attention to minutiae. The latter part reminds us of another invitation of Washington's to dinner, which is perhaps the most humorous thing in which he ever indulged.

"Head Quarters, Newburg,
 Wednesday, May 29, 1782.

The troops are to be supplied with an extra gill of Rum per man to-morrow.

MEMORANDUM.

The Commander-in-Chief desires his compliments may be presented to the Officers' Ladies, with and in the neighborhood of the Army, together with a request that they will favor him with their company at dinner on Thursday next, at West Point. The General will be happy to see any other Ladies of his own or his friends' acquaintance, on the occasion, without the formality of a particular invitation."

Washington's firm reliance on Providence, which was the great secret of his success, shines forth in many of his orders, and vice, unofficer-like conduct, and gambling are deeply branded by his detestation and abhorrence,—pronouncing in several instances the punishments awarded to these offences entirely inadequate. The Editor thinks, and very justly, that his work will be useful as a book of precedents for the guidance of Courts-Martial; but herein its incompleteness must be again lamented. In style, type and paper, the work deserves particular commendation.

MAURY'S NAVIGATION; NATIONAL OBSERVATORY.

We have already spoken of the excellent treatise of Lieut. Maury in the terms to which its merits entitled it. But as our journal has long had more or less connection with the Navy, and is a *quasi* organ for its members, we now recur to the subject for the purpose of inviting attention to the following order from the Navy Department. This order has already been widely circulated: it was our intention to publish it sooner, but we have been prevented.

"GENERAL ORDER.

Navy Department, Sept. 4, 1844.

'Maury's Navigation' is hereby adopted as the Text Book of the Navy. Midshipmen are therefore required to make themselves well acquainted with at least so much of Mathematics, Nautical Astronomy and the other kindred branches of Navigation, as is therein contained.

Professors of Mathematics, and Boards for the examination of Midshipmen are charged with the execution of this order.

(Signed.)

J. Y. MASON."

The Hon. Mr. Mason has herein evinced a proper spirit towards the professional culture of the Midshipmen; and the most favorable results may be anticipated from erecting for them a proper standard of scientific attainment.

It is highly gratifying to learn that our National Observatory at Washington is now under the superintendence of Lieut. Maury. Independently of scientific qualifications, many other things are requisite for the proper management of such an establishment, and these seem to be united in him. We now look forward to this laudable institution accomplishing some of those important ends pointed out by President Garland, of Randolph Macon College, in his recent letter addressed to the late Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Gilmer. On the proper arrangement of the Observatory, the nice adjustment of the instruments so as to attain that accuracy, which a Mathematician, accustomed to weigh infinitesimal quantities and to lament almost infinitesimal errors, alone knows how to appreciate, and on the professional pride, zeal and industry of the superintendent, its usefulness and honor will mainly depend. Whilst these will make it best subserve the present purposes of its creation, they will commend it to the favor of the public and to the patronage of the government—and all will then be ready to unite in promoting the cause of Science and Literature, so honorably represented by the only Institution to which National pride can now offer its hopes and congratulations. Now is the time, in this period of overflowing abundance, for our nation to be generous in its offerings to Science. The time may come when public lands are almost exhausted; when a people averse to taxation and restive under more than necessary imposts for the support of Government, may deny to objects so general and so prospective in their blessings a fostering care which they can now so easily afford. Let our Congress be liberal—most liberal to Science and Arts, now in the day of superfluity. We feel entire confidence that the National Observatory which they have so nobly planted, will under the administration of Mr. Maury, best fulfil the wishes and expectations of its founders, and furnish a strong practical appeal to them for a continuance and enlargement of their patronage to it and kindred institutions.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

Books for children constitute one of the most important and most difficult branches of Literature. By them life-impressions are made upon the youthful mind and heart; and the philosopher and philanthropist may both employ their most splendid efforts in seeking to give proper direction and control to those impressions. It is most lamentably true that many works put into the hands of children greatly pervert their minds. A short time since, one of the English Quarterly Reviews had a long leading article upon children's books, which might well command the attention of parents and instructors. The Messrs. Appleton have recently issued very beautiful editions of *Puss in Boots*, and *MARY HOWITT'S PICTURE AND VERSE BOOK*, which they have kindly sent us through Drinker and Morris. Upon these the public judgment has already been awarded. We have in our possession a very beautiful unpublished work, written by a lady of Virginia, for children, entitled *THE SOUTHERN HOME*, from which we may give a few extracts in order to introduce it to the attention of the public. Its sentiments are pure, its style attractive and its contents entertaining and instructive, and illustrative of our Southern manners. We hope to see the work published.

JOHN S. TAYLOR & Co. New-York, 1844.

Messrs. Perkins, Harvey & Ball have kindly sent us the following works, but they arrived too late for any thing more than a mere announcement. Any thing else, however, is rendered entirely useless by the reputation of the authors, and by previous notices which we have taken of many of them.

Personal Recollections. Letters from Ireland.
Floral Biography. Principalities and Powers.
Helen Fleetwood. The Wrongs of Woman.
The Siege of Derry. Judah's Lion.
 All by CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

SERMONS. By HUGH BLAIR, D. D. With a life of the Author by James Finlayson, D. D.

PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE.

We are indebted to Mr. Hewet for No's 22, 23 and 24 of this rich work—finishing *Lear* and commencing *Cymbeline*, which deserves to be more read than it generally is. Mr. H. proposes also to publish a very splendid edition of the "Tales from Shakespeare," by Charles and Miss Lamb. These will be a useful and appropriate companion of the pictorial work and will deserve and no doubt receive an equally wide circulation.

MAGAZINES.

Western Literary Journal, Cincinnati, Ohio. Edited by E. Z. C. Judson and L. A. Hine. 3 sheets. 8vo. \$3 per annum.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of the first No. of this new work, which bids fair for usefulness and fame.

Graham's American Monthly has just completed its volume and makes a bold push for 1845. The Editor promises every thing and we bear full testimony to his energy and enterprise.

The Southwestern Law Journal and Reporter. Nashville, Tennessee. Edited by Milton A. Haynes, \$2 50. We commend this work to the patronage of the legal profession, particularly in the West and South-West.

BLACKWOOD, J. Gill, agent.

This sterling Magazine for the month of October has been sent us by Leonard Scott & Co. The articles are excellent. "The great drought" is a thrilling conception and absorbs every thought and feeling of the reader. After perusing it, one feels almost covetous of water. The thirsty sufferer converts diamonds worth perhaps millions of dollars, a few weeks before, into only a few drops of water, to preserve his famishing wife and children.

ADDRESSES, PAMPHLETS, &c.

A great many of these have been received, for which no specific acknowledgment can be made. But in closing a volume we desire to present our sincere thanks to their authors and other donors respectively.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have had under consideration for several months a reply from Lieut. G. H. Talcott, to the remarks of a Subaltern in the June No. of the *Messenger*. But we must decline publishing it, because of the severe language employed.

The following are respectfully declined; "A Poem on Texas," by "C."; "Constance Devereux;" "Musings;" "The Doomed One;" "Slavery in the United States"—the writer has been anticipated by several articles recently published; "Memorial of Greenough's Statue to Congress"—we heartily concur with the writer in his indignant appeal, but think his mode of making it inappropriate; "Fredericksburg"—too local and individual.

The following will appear; "Love Sketches;" "Harbor Defence by Fortifications and Steam Vessels," &c.; "Perseverando, from the French of Victor Hugo;" Review of Barry Cornwall's Songs; "Acrostic;" "Marementis"—we are sorry is misplaced and not yet recovered; "Scenes Abroad." The addenda to *Young England* too late for insertion. We shall hereafter collect and publish some historical materials relating to Virginia. We have an old and important document already in hand.

The following are received and under consideration; "Dora, or the Spirit of Lake George;" "The City of Charleston before the Revolution;" "Thought in Spring;" "Farewell of the Mariner to his Love;" "Recollection;" "The Ascension;" "Guy and the Dragon;" "The Coming of the Mammoth;" "Night;" "Autumn," by T. H. C.; "The Morning Song of the Mocking bird;" "The Angel of the weary heart;" "When, where and how to die;" "A Ballad;" Mrs. Nichols' Poems; Poems of E. B. H., and "The Stranger;" "La Tortola."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

We have to acknowledge the receipt, but too late for notice, of Anthon's *Homer* and other recent publications of Harper & Brothers and Lea & Blanchard—all through Messrs. Drinker & Morris, who offer them for sale.

MR. F. W. THOMAS will please accept our thanks for his poem, the *Beechen Tree*. We shall recur to it and some of the works above alluded to.

Several pages are on the covers.

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